H. G. Wells's New Worlds: by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
Edited by A. R. Orage.


CONTENTS.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2 Tool's Court, Fournival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We had occasion last week to remark that the decease of the "Times" would not after all be wholly regrettable. In view of its latest performance, we can but add that the sooner it is dead the better. The leader which it printed on Friday in reply to the Kaiser's letter to Lord Tweedmouth was a piece of yellow journalism of the worst description. No blunder has been perpetrated by an English newspaper since the "Daily Mail" published its famous account of the massacre of all the Europeans in Peking.

Had a less well-informed journal committed an accident of this kind, it might have been possible to find an excuse for it. But the "Times" cannot claim to be treated with any such leniency. It must have been fully aware of what it was doing, and one can only regard the incident as a deliberately calculated attempt to create a sensation at the expense of the Kaiser and generally to damage Anglo-German relations. Fortunately, it is well known on the Continent that the "Times" is up for sale to the highest bidder, and no longer represents the feeling of the English nation; otherwise the attempt might have succeeded. As it is, the "scare" has already been laughed out of court, and its failure is merely the death-blow to the already dying prestige of what was once a great newspaper. Up to the present, through all its vicissitudes, the "Times" has remained a great force in foreign politics, and we can only say that it has been a real source of alarm to the friends of peace, but now it has over-reached itself, and we need treat it seriously no more.

It is interesting to note that during this recent crisis the "Times" found its chief supporter in the "Daily Express." It would appear that there is a similarity of outlook between these two papers which may well encourage Mr. C. A. Pearson to believe himself the most natural and fittest of rulers for Printing House Square. We wish him every success.

Another move has been made during the week in the game in which King Leopold is playing with the Belgian Parliament. A new Act relating to the Congo has been laid before the Chamber, but although it provides for a practically complete transfer of the whole State, including the Crown Domaine, into the hands of the Belgian Government, it cannot be said that the outlook is much brighter than it was before. The onerous financial obligations to which the King and his Government is going to be? To us it seems that the real division of opinion. That the real views or to define the real issue.

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time this policy was abandoned in favour of a more modest one, then undoubtedly there is need for a full discussion and a decisive vote without delay. We cannot afford to be indefinite on this matter merely in order that party interests may be served.

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A fuller discussion of the whole subject is printed elsewhere, and we will only say here once more what has been said a hundred and one times before without result: that these questions ought long ago to have been raised out of the sphere of party politics. There is no conceivable reason why the differences which separate Liberals, Conservatives, and Socialists in regard to internal affairs should also separate them in regard to the question of National Defence. If the means were in dispute, and if the question of universal service had arisen, then Socialists might have something special to say. But it has not. We are agreed in relying upon the Navy, and it is only a question of what measure of security and power is to be regarded as a minimum.

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The charges made by Mr. Jellicoe against the Natal Government in connection with the trial of Dinuzulu have at last been answered officially. The procedure throughout has, we are informed, been in strict accordance with the law of Natal. The only reply to this which is worthy making under the circumstances is that the law of Natal evidently requires some very considerable modifications if it is to be brought into harmony with common everyday principles of justice. Mr. Churchill himself took the unusual course of admitting in the House that the procedure which has been followed "seems scarcely immune from criticism."

* * *

Mr. Churchill made some other statements which the British public, and particularly that section of it which claims an exclusive right to "think Imperially," will do well to bear in mind. Dinuzulu is on trial in a British Colony. He is accused of acts of high treason, sedition, and rebellion without any specific facts being alleged to show in what these acts consist. He is accused of murder, of conspiracy to murder, and of incitement to murder, but, again, no specific facts are alleged as to whom he incited to murder or who was the person murdered or when the incitement was given. In fact, this black chieflain is not only denied facilities for preparing his defence, but is wholly unable to obtain information as to what he is accused of having done. We are assured that when his case comes before the Supreme Court of Natal these little deficiencies will be remedied. We should like to know why principles of English law, which are admitted essential to justice, should not obtain in the law of Natal and in the highest judicial Courts. Is it because the farmer and landlord almost exclusively by natives?

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Week after week passes without any apparent improvement in the Premier's condition. There has been nothing in recent bulletins to allay our worst fears. We have referred before to the general belief that in any case he will resign the leadership during the Easter recess, but it now seems more than likely that he will shortly retire from politics altogether. We do not hesitate to say that if this should turn out to be the case it will be as a personal loss, not only by members on all sides of the House, but by everyone who is in any degree in touch with the political life of this country.

* * *

The Hastings election result came as a surprise to no one, and does not seem to mean anything in particular. The "Times" suggested before the election actually took place that it would provide an interesting test of the feeling of the country as to the Licensing Bill, especially as a large number of the inhabitants of the town were employed in catering for the thirst of visitors. We confess we are unable to see the force of the reasoning. No one can deny that London shall be conducted on lines of absolute fairness and accuracy. If the Municipal Reformers are the "business men" they claim to be, their present be-
haviour does not reflect much credit on modern commercial methods.

Many questions have been asked in Parliament lately in regard to the political organisations which exist amongst Post Office servants. Mr. Buxton has successfully defended himself from the charge of favouritism, and has restated quite definitely the nature of the regulations relating to this subject. Post Office servants, in common with all other Civil servants, are expected to exercise a certain self-restraint in political matters. They may form political societies amongst themselves provided that they do not take a prominent or active part in political contests. In other words, they may hold strong party views but vote quietly behind closed doors, and cannot put their names to get into the papers. The reason for the existence of these regulations is clear enough. It is thought undesirable, for example, that Post Office servants should be in a position to influence the Postmaster-General by means of political organisations in his constituency. But even if this is admitted, the position remains anomalous when so large a number of persons are concerned. They ought either to be disfranchised or else to be allowed complete political freedom.

Disfranchisement is clearly out of the question. A very large and ever-growing section, and perhaps one of the most intelligent sections, of the electorate would have to be applied to municipal employees as well. Moreover, when the railways are nationalised, more than half a million votes would be destroyed at a blow. What then is to be done if complete political freedom is undesirable under present conditions? The existing regulations are all very well as regards the comparatively small number of Civil Servants employed in the chief administrative Government offices, like the Colonial and Foreign Offices and the Local Government Board. But to demand "political reserve" from every postman and, providing a solution of the present difficulty.

There appears to be no reason why the business, as distinguished from the administrative, Government offices should be run on political lines at all. If the Post Office, the Inland Revenue department, The Patent Office, and the Railways were under the control of non-political boards of directors nominated with the consent of all parties, there would exist no possible objection to the servants employed by these boards exercising full political rights. There would be many additional advantages in the continuity of administration which would thus be secured; indeed, the reform would be justified on its intrinsic merits quite apart from its providing a solution of the present difficulty.

The Executive Committee of the Fabian Society have forwarded a letter dealing with the omission from the Children's Bill now before the House of Commons, to every Member of Parliament. The letter raises a question that the practical solution lies in a discrimination between the various classes of Civil Servants and a certain change in the methods of public administration.

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Sir,—The Children's Bill introduced by the Government earlier this Session has, before it becomes law, been put down for consideration at the Annual Meeting of the Chief Constables' Association, held at the Mansion House, London, last May, said:

"Street trading, of all juvenile wage-earning occupations, is productive of a greater amount of moral and physical injury than any other occupation followed by children. Their earnings were spent very largely in dissipation by their disreputable parents; the boys became shiftless and worthless men whilst the girls went down to the lowest depths of shame."

The downward path of these boys is quickly followed. As soon as their business success was achieved, they passed from the social and adopt less honest means of livelihood, becoming, for the most part, racecourse jockeys, often traveling thieves and loafers, and, as such, spend their lives in common lodging-houses, and their money, when they get any, in drinking and gambling.

They dislike more and more honest work; they become mere creatures of chance, and, without ambition or care, sink down until they end their days either in the gaol or the workhouse."

It should be pointed out that the evil to be prevented is the fraud by children on their own account, and not the employment of children by others for various industrial services. However desirable it may be to raise the age for child employment, it is less urgent than the need for abolishing street trading by children on their own account. Public attention has not been adequately directed to the latter, because the newspapers, the chief vehicles of publicity, are participants in, and cannot well denounce, the evil.

The Act of 1903 was a useful beginning, but the time has come when its good intentions should be made generally operative. Experience since 1903 local bye-laws have been passed under the Act has shown the great value of licensing and regulation; but street trading by girls, with its unspeakable consequences, needs to be stopped.

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While a thorough overhauling of the Act of 1903 might be held beyond the scope of the present Bill as defined by its title, we believe that the following new clause, embodying our suggestions, would be in order:

1. If the Secretary of State is satisfied that the bye-laws made for any area by any local authority under sections one and two of the Employment of Children Act, 1903, are insufficient, he may make for that area Special Orders to take such steps as are necessary to prevent the enforcement generally of model bye-laws, with local variations according to local needs.

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2. No child under the age of ten shall be permitted to engage or be employed in street trading.

3. Anything done in contravention of this section or of any Special Order made under it shall be a contravention of the Employment of Children Act, 1903, or of a bye-law made thereunder.

We ask you to put down an amendment in some such terms, and to force the Government to get the promised new clause embodied in Part II of the Bill.

I am, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society, Yours faithfully,

EDW. R. PEASE, Secretary.
La Force Oblige.

The truth of the observations which we made a few weeks ago that for practical purposes the whole nation might be reckoned as belonging to the "blue water" school, was never more clearly demonstrated than in the debate last week. Not a single speaker suggested that the problem of National Defence was anything other than a problem of ships. Indeed, the man in the street might well conclude that but for the existence of the North-West frontier of India, of certain possibilities in Africa, the British Army would have no raison d'être in the eyes of British statesmen. We are not going to quarrel with this view, because on the whole we believe it to be a sound one, and because in any case the present unanimity tends to simplify the problem which has to be considered.

The real issue with regard to the Navy was never discussed until the very end of the debate, when Mr. Balfour pointed out that economy and reduction were two very different things, and that what Mr. Murray Macdonald and his friends desired in their hearts was reduction, whereas, it was a question of the maintenance or not of the "two power" standard. It is to be regretted that the division was not taken upon these definite lines, but the exigencies of party tactics forbade the adoption of this course, and we do not know with any certainty the real views of that solid phalanx of Liberal members who supported Mr. Asquith's colourless amendment.

The elements of the problem are sufficiently simple. We all want peace, we all want security, and we all want to avoid paying more than we can help for it. The division arises over the question of what is the minimum which that price which Mr. Murray Macdonald represents takes the view that we are spending too much, and that the superiority over other nations which we at present insist on maintaining is made greater than is necessary, considering our friendly relations with Europe generally and the improbability of a war in the near future. This assumption that there should be a mutual inter-dependence between our Navy and our momentary relations with other powers is based upon an utterly fallacious view of the purpose of armaments. We maintain a police force not primarily to arrest criminals, but to prevent crimes being committed; and in the same way we maintain a Navy equal, shall we say, to those of Germany and Italy together, not for the purpose of sinking the combined fleets of the two countries, but in order to prevent their co-operation against us extending beyond their heads. Our present happy position in the diplomatic world is largely, if not wholly, due to our strength. At all events, it is safe to say that any reduction of that strength will diminish the size of our power, and would in all probability bring into being forces which would drive us once more to building "Dreadnoughts" in feverish haste. The net result, therefore, would be considerable perturbation throughout the Chancellories of Europe, and very likely a disastrous and expensive panic in our own country.

The fallacy, we repeat, lies in that way of regarding armaments as if they were merely so many instruments of destruction, whereas in fact most of our wars are broken up without ever having destroyed anything. In France this fallacy finds expression in the extreme anti-militarist propaganda of such men as Mr. Hervé ; and in England this fallacy produces the reductionist. But whereas for Continental anti-militarists there is considerable excuse in view of the necessity for combating the opposite tendency, for England's reductionists there is none, it is mere Non-conformity. Both schools are obsessed with the one idea that war is an altogether accursed thing, let us not touch it; if we cannot have complete abolition let us reduce the number of licenses, and in the meantime set about teetotalism. But just as the cure for drunkenness will never be found in teetotalism so the abolition of war will never come about by means of reductionism.

Of course, war is a barbarous and inhuman affair, but we shall not reduce the chances of it by refusing to look facts in the face. " Fleets and armies," as Mr. Balfour puts it, " are the only expedients known in this world by which alone a desire for independence can maintain it in spite of the fluctuating movements of human passion." That is the fundamental fact from which we are bound to start. We may deplore it, indeed we must deplore it, but we cannot alter it until the whole world has reached a state of civilisation at least as high as, if not higher than, our own. A second fact which must not be forgotten, is that which the enormous national armaments which now exist would be infinitely more fighting and spilling of blood in the world. The days of petty warfare on the one hand and of long drawn out conflicts like the Peninsula war on the other are gone, but with small armies and limited naval resources they would surely return. War is a possibility which grows more horrible but at the same time more remote with every increase of armaments. It is certain that no European country would now enter upon a conflict as lightly as it would have done fifty, or even twenty, years ago. It is possible more certain that no such conflict between powers of the first magnitude could last more than six months. Indeed, armaments are tending to become guarantees of peace rather than instruments of war.

Of course, there is another and very important aspect of the question. Mr. Clynes, speaking for the Labour Party, dwelt upon the crushing burdens which were cast upon the nations, and especially upon the wage-earners, by the pressure of armaments. It is obvious that we cannot go on increasing our naval expenditure at the present rate, and at the same time find all the money that is needed for internal reform. Hence it is most urgent that something should be done to check the wholly unnecessary competition that exists between Germany and ourselves. But that is quite a different thing from reduction per se. If Mr. Murray Macdonald had urged the Government to open fresh negotiations with other powers with a view to obtaining smaller programmes all round we should have heartily supported him. But he called for a reduction of our programme and failed to recognise both the necessary relation which it must bear to those of other nations and the diplomatic " general post" which would inevitably follow our abandonment of the two-power standard.

We have the greatest sympathy with those who are prepared, as we believe Mr. Murray Macdonald and his friends are prepared, to face popular demands to serve what they regard as the true interests of peace and reform. But we would urge upon them the necessity for bringing their ideals into some closer relation with the facts of the situation. There are signs that we in England are just starting upon an era of great social change; our chiefest need is to be left alone to work out our internal salvation without having our attention diverted by international complications or dangers of any sort. At all costs we must preserve a sense of national security; it is no time for dangerous experiments. Moreover, as long as civilisation is compelled to rest upon a basis of force, the best guarantee for international amity is that the most intelligent and peace-loving nations shall also be the strongest. If it can be shown that England is especially likely to abuse her power then the danger which may arise in case of reduction, otherwise there is less than none. The long and short of the matter is that the more democratic and enlightened the government of this country becomes, the stronger will be its duty to ensure that our influence amongst nations is fully maintained. The real hope of the immediate future cannot be better suggested than in the words of the Brazilian deputy at the recent Hague Conference—" La force oblige."
Is Mr. Morley Right About India?

By Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

The first time I saw the Right Hon. Jesse Collings was on the quay-side at Bombay. As he passed the ticket officer next in front of me I heard the latter say, "Ah, Mr. Collings, and when are we going to get our three acres and a copy." I knew that I was having in the wake of one of England's Empire makers.

On board the P. and O. on our homeward journey we had adjoining cabins, and when I was seasick no one could have been kinder to me than my distinguished neighbour.

But about India! When I came to talk of India and her sorrows, which were hot and bitter in my mind, to this Minister of the Empire, I felt how hopeless the condition of India really was.

Mr. Collings had visited the towns and cities that I had visited; he had received with gracious and kindly hospitality by native Rajahs and by English officials. Mr. Collings had seen the show sights of India. His steps had been only directed by forces of which he knew nothing. He saw what he was wanted to see, and he was supremely satisfied.

I remember so well the two impressions that he publicly referred to several times as demonstrating the chiefest things that had influenced his mind about the Indian people.

"Ah," said he, "they are an affectionate and faithful people; talk about disloyalty and dislike of the English, why I never saw such touching devotion as I had from a servant. He actually kissed my boots when I came away, and real tears were in his eyes when he parted from me. Oh they are an affectionate people." I suppose that visitors to Killarney could pick up for a small pittance out a faithful and affectionate servant who could do the "comether" with tears and kisses thrown in wholesale, but this would not prove that Mr. Redmond is the grateful spokesman of a contented people, or that Lord Ash town is the beloved squire of a happy countryside.

I remember, too, that the second thing which had impressed Mr. Collings was the amount of salaaming which he had received. "I shall really," he said jokingly at the public dinner table, "expect a great deal more reverence when I go home than ever I have had before." The Indian people are certainly a most deferential people. One might almost be a king by the perpetual salaams he received everywhere were a token of deferential people. One might almost be a king by the perpetual salaams. The English race, owing to the justice and uprightness and imaginative people moving their bowels to compassion--but the British Raj is a machine, a just machine--possessing the same justice as every other machine which grinds out flour--whenever you put wheat into the hopper--but having no heart or soul or kinship with the people.

The secret of India's unhappiness and discontent lies in the fact that she is governed by an unsympathetic machine instead of by a father and a king. This system demands mediocrity in the governed people, and no aspirimg race can tolerate being dummied to national mediocrity!

It is only too sad that many a Rajah is no more fitted than the bachelor who owns the Tower of London and Shakespeare's house and spent a week at Rhy!

Keir Hardie made much of the overtaxation of India and the grinding of the faces of the poor. But what demagogues there who does not try to win cheap popularity by uttering the catch cry of "a cheap loaf and lower taxes" when he is seeking to get into office? It must never be forgotten that the heavy burden of taxation in India upon the poor is largely owing to the inherent capacity of the taxgatherer. The close connexion between "publicans" and "sinners" exists today in India as it existed in Palestine in the time of Augustus.

Of course, in England too strict an eye is kept on the tax-collector, so that it is the trade of exacting commissions which is the Western equivalent of the peculant publicans of the East.

The chief evil about the taxation is not the incidence of it, but its cast-iron rigidity. A Rajah in a native State has a tax of trouble or famine or drought, remits of one portion, or the whole of the taxes for a time. He is the father of his people, and when they suffer he fellow-suffers with them, and by lessening his own expenses won the warmest sympathy. He saw what he was wanted to see, and he was supremely satisfied.

In a British State, the chief authority is only a cog-wheel in a machine. Before he can remit taxes, the machine has to be stopped and fresh gears adjusted. He has to make representations; they have to be passed back to a soulless office; there is no public opinion to act like the Socratian gadfly to the machinery clerks in the machinery head office; the central authority is too far away, too cold, too out of sympathy beating hearts of groaning peasants. While the great machine is unwinding its red tape, the poor peasants are suffering, and may be dying, but their taxes must be forthcoming!

To them, their Rajah and their old-time Mahomedan conquerors might be cruel ruthless fathers, but they were fathers, and there was always the hope for an imaginative people moving their bowels to compassion--but the British Raj is a machine, a just machine--possessing the same justice as every other machine which grinds out flour--whenever you put wheat into the hopper--but having no heart or soul or kinship with the people.

In the time of the old East India Company India was more happily though more harrewely governed. The British Nabobs settled down and married and became overlords of the people. India was their home, and to-day in India so close to England that there is no need for England's people they were attached--but to-day the English are a temporary and alien class. Their house is England. Their hearts are in England. They are always looking for a furlough or a retirement to England, and steamboats and cheap postage have brought India so close to England that there is no need for English officials to be dependent on India for anything--except sport and salary! The English officials are, therefore, autocratic without being sympathetic; supercilious without being wise; authoritative before becoming experienced; and take no pains to conceal their own disadvantages that they are in India but out of India, and that Indians are their inferiors socially, intellectually, and morally!

Can you expect much happiness from a people who are thus governed?

The secret of India's unhappiness and discontent lies in the hope that she is governed by an unsympathetic machine instead of by a father and a king. This system demands mediocrity in the governed people, and no aspiring race can tolerate being dummied to national mediocrity!

It is only too sad that many a Rajah is no more fitted to govern his little kingdom than were John of England, the Frenchman and the Duke of Modena. The States have their statesmen, fully as wise and philosophic as Mr. Morley, and as conversant with the needs of their people and with the methods of honest legislative powers as Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith.
Russia and Sweden in the Baltic.

Six Edward Grey is having a trying time over the rather ugly question of the Aland Islands. He has discovered—what Quasi of the Quarti long has known—that Russia does not make alliances for the sake of her new friends' fine eyes. Russia denies that she is discussing with France and England the subject of fortifying these Baltic Islands. That is to say, she allows a denial to go out through Reuter's and through such compliant journalists as the English political agent and his subs., but it will be seen below that these denials are mere verbal jugglery, and the fact remains that the discussion of the Baltic question has taken a turn which once more reveals Russia as a state which, contrary to the covenants of the treaty, is seeking the Atlantic, threatens ridicule for the second Hague Conference. Russia has intimated through the usual channels that the discussion of such proposals will involve her raising the question of her now restricted powers in the Aland Islands.

At present, owing to a sort of codicil to the Treaty of Paris, Russia cannot fortify the Aland Islands. If she cannot be denied that if she induces France and England to waive this agreement, we shall soon see a fortified naval base almost at the doors of Sweden, with that country straining every nerve to become a great military and naval power, and ourselves compelled to a considerable augmentation of our fleet against the day when Russia makes a dash for Sweden with the view to finding a path across her to the Atlantic. Germany, uneasy both at Russia's move and our counter-move, would then have to enlarge her naval programme, and so the evil game of piling-up armaments would go forward again more feverishly than ever.

History repeats itself. Russia, seeking the Pacific, made a mock of the first Hague Conference. Russia, seeking the Atlantic, threatens ridicule for the second Conference. If we had reason to be uneasy at the idea of Port Arthur, what should we think of a Russian railway across the northern parts of Sweden and Norway, and an ice-free naval port for Russia with easy steam of the Orkneys and Shetlands.

I have been fortunate enough to get some light thrown upon this matter by a particularly well-informed Swedish journalist on a visit to this country. The Aland Islands—pronounced "Ohland," but not to be confused with Oland Isle—lie south of the Gulf of Bothnia, about a half-way between Finland and Sweden, the larger islands being barely twenty-five miles from the Swedish coast.

"If you could not throw a stone across," said our friend significantly, "you could, at any rate, throw a shell."

"And in the winter—?"

"In the winter, Russian troops would be a day's march over the ice from our coast."

"And Stockholm would be invaded as Copenhagen was invaded by your own Charles Gustave when he took these very islands from Denmark?"

"Yes, they were then ours until 1809, when we had to cede them to Russia with Finland. Soon after that the trouble began."

In further conversation I learned that from 1856 onwards Russia made gradual preparations to fortify. One day—in 1859, in fact—England, probably having her eye on her friendly business, but the materials remained until the Crimean War. Then in 1854 an Anglo-French fleet attacked the islands and completely destroyed the principal fortress of Bomarsund.

"Now comes an important point for you to note," said my friend earnestly, "the very question of these treaties. What happened is this. In the following year—1856—Russia began operations in the northern parts of Sweden. Therefore England and France entered into a treaty with Sweden and Norway by which the latter Powers agreed not to cede any territory to Russia on condition that the former Powers intervened if Sweden or Norway surrendered any portion of its territory to Russia. Then in 1856 came the Treaty of Paris, and with it a supplementary agreement between England, France, and Russia, by which it was understood that the Aland Islands should not again be fortified. From that time they have been the peaceful homes of some 10,000 hardy seamen and fishermen of Swedish race."

"On what grounds, then, does Russia seek to disturb this situation?"

"Oh, she does not propose to disturb the situation!" cried my friend ironically. "All that she suggests is that the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden has released her from the agreement of 1856."
"Oh, is that all? But her agreement was not with Sweden and Norway?"

"Of course not, but Russia talks misleadingly about the treaties of 1856—pretending they were one thing, which is nonsense. However, she cannot hope to get her way merely by such 'bluff,' and she now touchingly appeals to France and England as a matter of friendship to release her from what she calls 'a humiliating agreement.'"

"Why did the subject come up just at present?"

"In the discussion of the proposal to guarantee the territorial integrity of Sweden, Russia took the opportunity to indicate that it would only give such guarantee on certain terms, one of them being her release from the 1856 agreement."

"Has France or England expressed an opinion upon the validity of the 1855 treaty?"

"I have three best reasons for believing that both the countries indicated to Sweden that they have no reason to regard the treaty as in any way abrogated."

"But isn't there something in Russia's point that the condition as to not fortifying her own territory is humiliating to her?"

"Nothing at all in it. Sweden and Norway have an agreement that neither power shall fortify its side of the common frontier, nor even keep troops within a certain distance of that frontier. They don't regard it as humiliating. Again, both in the Paris Treaty of 1815 and the Vienna Treaty of that year, there were stipulations as to the non-fortification of such provinces as Chablais and Faucigny, in Sardinia, and of the town of Huningen, in Alsace. When at subsequent dates France in the one case and Germany, in the other case, acquired Alsace, they willingly took over these conditions without any idle talk about 'humiliating obligations.' This talk of merely asking for her 'sovereign rights' covers something more sinister."

"You regard Russia's move then as distinctly dangerous?"

"We do. Everyone in Sweden, from the Chauvinists to peace men like myself, is agreed upon the evils now threatening us. It would put an entire stop to our present social progress."

"You would have to arm and fortify on a great scale?"

"Yes, we should have to face a crushing burden of taxation. To-day we are steadily developing our arts, our manufactures, our education, and our social organisations. We have been grappling with our drink problem, as you know, and although we have no very rich social gulf such as you have here-yet we have certain minor troubles, and we are facing those bravely. Meanwhile our elementary schools are among the best in Europe. So that given security for peace we have a hopeful future for our country. But with those fortresses frowning across at us—"

"Frankly, what do you suppose is Russia's ultimate aim in this move?"

"A port on the Atlantic. Look at the map. You will see that she has but to pass across our northern territory and a narrow strip of Norway, and there she is on the Atlantic! We stand between her and her next move."

"So that if Sir Edward Grey gives way—"

"The Peace Conference need not meet again."

S. D. Shalard.

INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL ANTI-VIVISECTION ASSOCIATION (BRITISH SECTION.)

The Third of a Series of Lectures dealing with the Scientific and Medical Aspects of Anti-Vivisection will be given at the

OXFORD HALL, WESTMINSTER,

On Monday, March 16th, 1908. at 8 p.m.

STEPHEN SMITH, Esq., M.R.C.S.
(Surgeon to the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital, Battersea).

Subject: "VIVISECTION APOLOGIES."

The Chair will be taken by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B.

Hon. Secretary: Miss L. LIND-ALDER. 214, Lauderdale Mansions, Maida Vale, W.

What is a Gentleman?

By Edwin Pugh.

(Being Chapter I. of Part III. of "Dickens as a Socialist.")

The poor are hide-bound by the rules of an involved and elaborate etiquette beside which the simple, easy usages of polite society are comparatively negligible. There are many sorts of fashions to which you must bow down on certain occasions and in certain special circumstances. And if you are from the upper world you are no more to be excused for your ignorance of these intricate observances than the parvenu is to be excused for his ignorance of the various uses of a multiplicity of knives and forks. It is painful easy for the aristocrat to wound an infinity of tender susceptibilities in a bewildering variety of ways so soon as ever he associates with the plebeian. But there are so many current misconceptions concerning this matter that the truth is hard to realise. Always on the stage, and very often in novels, the poor are represented as eating and drinking and comporting themselves generally in the most gross manner imaginable. In Robertson's "Caste," I remember, Polly Eccles offers Captain Hawtree a sausage on a fork, or does something—and many other things—of that kind; and the audience is quite satisfied that this is quite as it would be. Whereas, in reality, Captain Hawtree would have been embarrassed, not by the free-and-easy manners of his host, but by their stiff formality and awkward ceremonials. He would have been greeted, not with a cheerful reckless disregard of appearances, but by a succession of civilities almost as elaborate, and as hard to master, as some ritual of High Mass.

The point need not be further laboured, however. It is sufficient to give some indications of the differences. Not so much between the respective manners and customs of the poor and the rich, as of the totally false notions which prevail in regard to them.

Thus, when Thackeray in his essay on George the Fourth, penned that insincere nonsense about a Gentleman necessarily having lofty aims and so forth, he was merely ticking the ears of the groundlings; and was no more expressing his real convictions as to what constitutes the gentlemanly qualities than the Parliamentary candidate is, when he describes his electors as independent and enlightened citizens. I repeat that when we speak of a Gentleman we have in our minds a being essentially made up of clothes and deportment, speech, and manners. And this particular type never has been rendered with any approach to true realism by any author with whose work I am acquainted.

To begin, the Gentleman must have a cultivated and unnatural accent. He must speak very indistinctly and with a slowelyy pronunciation, giving false values to his vowels and consonants, and especially to his 'a's' and 'r's.' Yet he is always represented in books as speaking English with a most admirable discretion and exactitude; as only an educated Celt—a Welshman or an Irishman—ever does speak it. The Cockney is ruthless bosh of his 'h's' and his 'g's'—in books—and his speech is otherwise rendered in faithful phonetics to convey the impression of a weirdly inaccurate pronunciation; though it is demonstrable that the Cockney accent is not a whit more inaccurate than the (Being Chapter I. of Part III. of "Dickens as a Socialist.")

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Native Policy in South Africa.

By Richmond Haigh.

Sometime Native Commissioner.

In considering the action lately taken by the Natal Government in arresting Dinuzulu, it appears to me that this was the violent and perhaps inevitable reaction consequent upon a native policy of weakness and indecision. Dinuzulu, upon being placed by the Government at the head of the Zulus, had already been in the position of chief constable and adviser to the Natal Government. It was his province, and easily within his power, having the face of the whites with him, to put down crime and disaffection immediately it discovered itself. No one personally acquainted with the inner workings of native tribes can doubt for a moment that the head chief knows positively within a very short time of every happening of any importance in any part of his country; and it can generally be accepted that he is aware of the planning of these events before they take place. There would indeed soon be trouble for someone if the chief was not kept well informed.

This being the case, it is unnecessary and unwise of the Government to look beyond the head chief. Should crime exist or disaffection, the Government looks to the head chief, and to him only in the first place, for an explanation and the producing of the culprits, and that immediately. Should the chief evince the least hesitation in attending to the matter, it is a sure sign that immediate action is required. He is reminded by the Government of the terms on which he holds his position and told plainly that if he is not sufficiently strong to keep his people in order the Government will find it necessary to consider a re-arrangement.

This course is just, and perfectly satisfactory. The value of the whole position is lost if the chief is allowed to treat small crimes and petty offences in his own way. His tendency is not to punish his friends or those of families of use to him, and to be excessively severe on others. If the Resident Commissioner is a weak man and overlooks this sort of thing—and there is no reason whatever to fall out with the chief in checking it—he is accepted as a figurehead only, and the chief is quick to take full advantage of the position. Now, that the head chief is a murder, should the Government, instead of arraigning him, have, in the first place, gone to a lot of needless trouble and expense. Secondly, they have wilfully allowed to reach the pass they had, the course taken by them is an edifice of cant compiled from the traditions of the Upper Classes as the final example of what good manners should be. The phrases Good Form and Bad Form were struck: Good Form being that conduct of life which best accorded with the ideas of the Oxford undergraduates; and any deviation from their arbitrary rules for the social guidance of the many-headed being adjudged Bad Form. Super-imposed upon this silly convention was an edifice of rant compiled from the ancient moralists and others which affected to confer a brevet-rank of gentility on all who were merely good and great, in spite of their humble birth, whilst it still retained its patent of true nobility for the unimpeachable blue-blooded only, whatever their vices or weaknesses. Hence the dismay about the names that have enriched the language with a list of handy synonyms for broadly representative types that we should find it hard to do without, nowadays. For Dickens had a unique talent in the devising of names: one that comes in an average novelist's bag, by the way. Dickens, in short, knew the class—his own class—that he wrote about, as no other writer, before or since, has; and he pictured it faithfully, according to the light of his temperament.

THE FABIAN NURSERY.

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Tickets, 3s.--------------- Address Miss KEVIN STEWART, Sunbury, Grove Park, I.O., S.E.
Now, just a word on native policy as a whole. I must here state that I speak for no one but myself. The opportunities I had of studying the first hand the views I hold have not, as far as I am aware, been put forward in any of the Colonies. The policy favoured by England, and acted upon to a great extent in South Africa, is that of setting aside districts for Reserves. A Commissioner is placed in these to represent the Government, but the head chief is allowed to rule the district according to native law and tradition. Criminal offences are supposed to come—and do generally—before the Commissioner.

There appears to be a desire in England to see this system of Reserves extended, and the chief given even greater power over his tribe. What is it in this arrangement that recommends it so strongly? Is it that the natives are happier and more contented, prosper more, and are likely to be of most use to the country. Or is it, I wonder, that having taken their country from them, we are anxious to make some amends and, while not inclined to get them back their beautiful blankets and shawls and prints and knives and beads and brass wire which he gives in return for their services. "Shocking! You catch the wicked medicine man and say this cannot be allowed. The poor chief, wishing to assert his authority, perhaps calls in his medicine man, and there is a "smelling out." Witchcraft!

For the purpose of this article, we will reject the last two propositions as absurd, and consider the reasons first given. In the first place, a native head chief, no matter how powerful, considers himself little better than a serf as long as he has power of life and death over his subjects. Very well. You draw the line there and say this cannot be allowed. The poor chief, wishing to assert his authority, perhaps calls in his medicine man, and there is a "smelling out." Witchcraft!

Concerning the ordinary black man, history and our own experience tell us that uncontrolled native rule is a horror. Can it be suggested that by merely depriving the chief of his power of capital punishment the condition of things for the ordinary native man and woman is changed to one of happiness and content? Such miracles are not in our day. If proof is wanted, the fact that within the last fifteen years such numbers of the people have left their chiefs—having lost their fear of them—to settle on farms and in locations close to towns will serve the purpose. Of course, the king and barons desire the reserves to be maintained and increased; but life is hard for the serf and his family, who are beginning to perceive that they have far more independence, freedom, and justice when they put up their huts on their own little plot of ground under the white man's rule. They have to do more work, certainly, because the white man has stores in which he gives in exchange for money, and this can only be obtained by working for it. Only by an effort under great temptation is his repugnance to work overcome.

It is difficult to see what this system of large native reserves was expected to lead up to, and why, at its best, a feudal system of government which has been rejected by the rest of the world should be encouraged and practically insisted upon for the African native.

There really seems to be—one hardly likes to hint it—one more powerful than the reserve idea in the reasons we have been considering. My experience is, in fact, all against the Reserve system. The policy I would advocate would be to gradually constrict the Reserve and make it easy for natives to go on to farms or locations when they wish to do so. Pensions might die out in, say, the second generation. Use no force and very little persuasion in the matter. The simple act of depriving chiefs of their power—not of their rank or income—would in time serve to disintegrate the tribe; and the families would be found of their own free will to move away to different parts of the country.

When you think of asking what will be the effect of having these hordes of natives moving practically without restraint about the country, remember that I have used the words "gradually" and "in time." The world is moving rapidly, but, even so, the chiefs and barons will cling tenaciously to the old traditions and superstitions, and do what they can to prevent their power—in the person of the serf—from leaving them. Working on the policy which I suggest, there would still be found at the end of fifty years large numbers of natives squatting in Reserves. Polygamy, however, would be dying out, and the tendency would be even greater than before to leave. The women are the moving force here.

The native child going to school to-day will be a very different man from his father, and will hardly be able to imagine the life his grandfather lived. The next generation in spite, my dear Colonial, of all our talk of a "white man's country," etc., will be taking his place as rough worker in every trade in all parts of the land—and many of them will not be satisfied with the rough work.

It will be seen that no such thing as an inrush of natives over the country would take place. The strongest objections to the country accepting this policy, would, possibly, come from missionaries and the mining houses in Johannesburg; but, plainly, it would be immensely for the advancement of the native, and by having its fear of native risings at an end and rough labour in quantity well distributed, the whole country should benefit. Basutoland would require attention of a special kind, but with Zululand, Swaziland, Sekukuni, and other native Reserves some such general base of policy might well be adopted and acted upon by the various Colonies immediately.

IN TROUBLE.

It's all for nothing—I've lost 'im now:
I suppose it 'ad to be:
But, oh, I never thought it of 'im,
Nor 'e never thought it o' me.
An' all for a kiss on your evening out,
An' a field where the grass was down:
An' 'e as gone to God knows where,
An' I may go on the town.

The 'ardest of all was the thing 'e said:
The night when 'e went away:
'E said 'e'd a-married me right enough
If I 'adn't a bin so gay.
Gay? When I'd cried, an' I 'asked 'im not,
But 'e said 'e loved me so.
An' whatever 'e wanted seemed right to me—
An' how was a girl to know?
An' now 'e's gone—an' drowned folks sleep sound,
General 'an it might be the best to do;
But when 'e made me a light-o'-love,
'An' a field where the grass was down.
An' I may go on the town.

When I feel it move an' turn,
An' I may go on the town.

But when 'e made me a light-o'-love,
'E made me a mother, too.
I've 'ad enuf sin to last my time.
If 'twas sin as I got it by—
But it ain't no sin to stand by 'is kid,
An' work for it till I die.

An' 'adn't a bin so gay.
When 'I'd cried, an' I 'asked 'im not,
But 'e said 'e loved me so.
An' whatever 'e wanted seemed right to me—
An' how was a girl to know?
An' now 'e's gone—an' drowned folks sleep sound,
An' it might be the best to do;
But when 'e made me a light-o'-love,
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But 'e said 'e loved me so.
An' whatever 'e wanted seemed right to me—
An' how was a girl to know?
"He Stands at the Kerb and Sings."

In Berlin they are discreet with their very poor. That there are very poor ones one gathers from statistical returns, but one does not meet them in the street, and to gather is not to know. Their cheeks and staring eyes rain-beewet do not haunt us with uncomfortable momentoes; misery vessels are not plentiful enough to send to my shrivelled and lady tripping under shelter between her hat shop and her motor-car. There be no walls and cries in quiet suburbs, no one to say, "Lost Chords, breaking in tremulous cracked crashes, no haggard wallking of the songs of joy. Underground, and at the back of the riot and the splendour, back of the studied composure, we gather that they crawl, those lost creatures, but it is so dim and far away, and these gay things flit between.

Once there was an Exhibition, a scandalous Exhibition, and sometimes even now we cannot help seeing a dreadful figure bent over our pretty priceless stuffs, and a feverish needle flitting in and out. But that was long ago, and the figure grows slimy; we are no longer quite sure what it means; and besides have we not been sorry for it? For the rest the rules are strict and the Salvation man is inflexible. We may go on our path of dalliance undisturbed.

But in London we are not so careful. Poverty fringes out our picture when we are at our carriages' steps. The cry of its agony goes up to heaven (as much as the smoke will let it), from Highbury to Winchelsea, from Shepherd's Bush to East Ham. Horrid spectres block our path at every turn; we cannot escape them. And this costs many pence for the quieting of the qualmish soul. Still, things are better than they were. Once before every theatre stood the yelping pack;—the old actor, the degraded gentleman, the whispering mother and child; thank God we are done with them; now we can sit at the feast of reason with minds unruffled and unstoned. Only in some cramped alley-ways of gallery houses. In Suburbia the cry of misery still echoes to the very portals of delight. . . .

The other day I went to see Gilbert and Sullivan at a certain suburban theatre. When I joined the queue a jovial coxer girl—a huge basket of oranges held by one arm on her bent knee—was joking intimately with a friend in the crowd; one or two of us were whistling Savoyard airs, my next-door neighbours were pitting Passmore against Workman for the great part; a lady in front was wondering whether you gained much by going to the early door, and who over the water a penny hairpin coming down the street were worth the money. All of us were tense with pleasurable anticipation—every nerve with its mouth open for a lollipop; and all the while in the gutter a respectable woman in shabby careful black shivered and sang.

"O Comforter, sweet Comforter, The days may come, the days may go . . . ."

She sang well, though the top note shrieked. Perhaps once she had figured at a ballad concert and got a double encore. The song was stupid enough.

"I do think it is so sweet," guessed the speculative lady without humming about penniment, "and the poor dear child too! I think we ought to give her . . . ." and then she whispered finance in her companion's ear.

I had not noticed the girl, she was wandering aimlessly up and down the pavement flapping an empty bag. Her degradation was to come.

Away down opposite the next entrance a hideous blind man, with white hair straggling over his forehead and from his upper lip, bowled a dirty dusty song.

The hour waxes late. Hasten, oh mother, hasten, oh white-haired father, your messengers, lest your night's bread and butter vanish from you through the portals of delight! While the collection is taken the choir states:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your gates and sing."

They pay their pennies readily—it is all in the day's routine—to wrangle the world, this world of shadow and shine.

"Oh faded child with the listless air, is it thus we train our messengers, lest your communications be a mother of the race? Is there anything you love them too?—oh spare me the cant!" (at least have we not been sorry for it?)

"Oh, my lady, how can you be so stupid as to think that these entries balance? It is so grossly unfair. My nerves are needlessly jangled by this interlude. It takes all the wit of Gilbert to put them in tune again. And my mind cannot rid itself of the painful suspicion that all this elaborate humour is nothing like so funny and grotesque as the spectacle of a child begging pennies at the theatre door while her mother sings Hosanna in the gutter.

But what is far worse from my point of view is that the naves of the speculative lady are not jangled. Not jangled? Why? She feels all the better for her graceful act of charity. Of course she does! "Here is a woman who presumably wants food and lodging, so she sings—very nicely, I'm sure, and I give her a penny—three pennies. If a quarter of the people here (say a hundred) give the same, there you have 25s., and you can get a bed and breakfast at a first-class hotel for age."

"Just so. The woman is in the water. And you throw her a cork. A ginger-beer bottle cork. If ninety-nine other people throw her a cork a piece she will float. For a night or two. The banks are too steep for her to climb out. The great thing is to keep on throwing corks.

And what of the people under the water, my lady? The lady is a cheat. She has no right to that feeling of satisfaction. She gets a million per cent. for her investment."

Look at the balance-sheet:

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<tr>
<th>To Social Problem Poverty By Charity £ s. d.</th>
<th>£ s. d.</th>
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<tr>
<td>An Enfeebled Nation</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prestation</td>
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<td>Crime</td>
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<td>Death</td>
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Oh, my lady, how can you be so stupid as to think these entries balance? It is so grossly unfair. My commercial instinct revolts at it. That is why I favour the Berlin way. If you will not abolish poverty because to do so is impossible, un-English and atheistical if you will not kill off your undesirables because you have not the pluck (not because you love them too—oh spare me the cant!) at least put them out of sight so that my nerves may not be jangled by this interlude. It takes all the wit of Gilbert to put them in tune again. And my mind cannot rid itself of the painful suspicion that all this elaborate humour is nothing like so funny and grotesque as the spectacle of a child begging pennies at the theatre door while her mother sings Hosanna in the gutter.

W. R. TITTERTON.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.
Wells and his "New Worlds." By Arnold Bennett.

The Socialist party as a whole may have heard that H. G. Wells has recently published a book entitled "New Worlds for Old" (Constable, 6s.), which book is put forward as an answer to the question: "What is Socialism?" I am not going to review this book, because I cannot criticise it in the manner in which I think it ought to be criticised. I am merely going to tell the Socialist party how the book strikes me. It strikes me as being easily the most persuasive and the most immediately important tract on Socialism that I have ever seen as being a work about which, unless one is either prejudiced or simply a fool, one cannot but be vocally enthusiastic. It is good-humoured, amusing, witty, kind, universally sympathetic, written with an astounding ruggedness of brilliance, full of expert psychology, full of large political sagacity, prudent, moderate, immensely serious, and, above all, constructive in spirit. Whatever may be fairly said in depreciation of its constructive tendencies, there is no proposal or suggestion in it for which an admirable case is not made out; and its temper is unassailable. No other man combines as Wells does the first-class creative artist with the first-class politician and the first-class student of detail in social phenomena. Where is the other man who could have described a Hyndman meeting in Queen's Hall as Wells does it, described the sensations of a planetary stranger on first encountering our institution of private property as Wells describes them, generalised the main principles of Socialism as Wells generalises them, appreciated Karl Marx as justly as Wells does, painted pictures of such existences as Wells does, discovered the beauty of life as Wells does, observed the groupings of men as Wells does, drawn deductions from vermin in a child's hair as Wells does, scanned the political horizon as Wells does? I should like to meet the man who dwells in the same world as I do, who has picked up its skirts and running away; the "Leader" about five-sixths of Wells's views under another label. Hubert Bland was quite irreproachably sympathetic about it in the "Chronicle," and a leader-writer in the "Birmingham Post" had a narrow escape of blessing the book under the very guns of his proprietor; one felt that the brave fellow was going as far as he dared and a little further. These notices I saw within twenty-four hours of publication. A prominent Fabian agreeing with a still more prominent Fabian; the "Telegraph" about six of Wells's views under another label. Hubert Bland was quite irreproachably sympathetic about it in the "Chronicle," and a leader-writer in the "Birmingham Post" had a narrow escape of blessing the book under the very guns of his proprietor; one felt that the brave fellow was going as far as he dared and a little further.

THE NEW AGE. 1908
Per cent. 41

Wells's amazing book. Here they are, arranged statistically:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Per cent.</th>
<th>Count</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh! Really!&quot;</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I wish he wouldn't write those airship things&quot;</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I wish he would stick to his scientific romances&quot;</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Good heavens! Another!&quot;</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;That's not Socialism, you know&quot;</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I must read it sometime, I suppose&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;By Jove! I'll get that as I go home&quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
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Let me now turn to the attitude of the Press. And in the first place, I failed to detect any exhaustive critical review of the book, or indeed any review of it at all. I read the issue of The New Age immediately following its publication; the book being the most telling piece of Socialist propaganda yet issued, and The New Age being the chief organ of intellectual Socialism. The mighty organ of unreasoning anti-Socialists bore witness to the effectiveness of Wells's propaganda by discretionally deciding, at the end of a lengthy article, that "this is not the time or place to examine into the errors of Socialist propaganda." Wise "Telegraph," with all the Licensing Bill on thy infuriated shoulders! The "Telegraph" did indeed accuse Wells of being throughout the book "oblivious of a fallacy as old as Plato," but what the fallacy is that has escaped poor, purblind Wells while leaping to the eye of the brilliant critic of the "Telegraph," the brilliant critic of the "Leader," who did not say. The brilliant critic admits that Wells "must give any intelligent thinker pause," but doubts whether the extreme and most active wing of the Socialist party will approve of Mr. Wells's statement of their case. Which is a sheer waste of the "Telegraph's" faculty of doubt, considering that Wells carefully avoids any attempt to state the case of the extremiste. So much for the "Telegraph's" tribute. A typical Liberal daily, the "Morning Leader," gave a account of the work, but no other book of its kind within the "Telegraph," the brilliant critic's, "Telegraph" and "Leader," who did not say. The brilliant critic admits that Wells "must give any intelligent thinker pause," but doubts whether the extreme and most active wing of the Socialist party will approve of Mr. Wells's statement of their case. Which is a sheer waste of the "Telegraph's" faculty of doubt, considering that Wells carefully avoids any attempt to state the case of the extremiste. So much for the "Telegraph's" tribute. A typical Liberal daily, the "Morning Leader," gave an account of the work, but no other book of its kind within the "Telegraph," the brilliant critic's, "Telegraph" and "Leader," who did not say. The brilliant critic admits that Wells "must give any intelligent thinker pause," but doubts whether the extreme and most active wing of the Socialist party will approve of Mr. Wells's statement of their case. Which is a sheer waste of the "Telegraph's" faculty of doubt, considering that Wells carefully avoids any attempt to state the case of the extremiste. So much for the "Telegraph's" tribute. A typical Liberal daily, the "Morning Leader," gave an account of the work, but no other book of its kind within the...
REVIEWS.


The late Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd was an American citizen with a full appreciation of the difficulties confronting the American people. In the hope of throwing some light on the political problems of his native land he set himself to study the working of democratic institutions elsewhere, and has recorded his impressions of New Zealand and of Great Britain. Switzerland next engaged his attention, but unhappily he did not live to complete his work. He had, however, collected a great mass of material, which has been edited by Mr. J. A. Hobson. The result is inevitably disappointing. In order to write of the politics of a country the publicist must know his facts; but he does not necessarily print them. The moral of such studies as those of Mr. Lloyd lies in their application. What we have before us is rather the materials for a really valuable book on the Swiss Democracy rather than the book itself. The first third of the book, indeed, contains information thoroughly in place in a Blue-book and out of place everywhere else. After all, the only thing the English and American reader cares about in Swiss politics is the Referendum. He wants to know how it works or whether it is a success. This question is discussed in the last 52 of the 260 pages the book contains. The value of a study in this line is in its immediate bearing on this discussion. Of this the author was fully aware, and we cannot but think that he would have accordingly suppressed about half the material that the Editor has added.

The discussion of the Referendum is necessarily a little scrappy. Unfortunately it is also inadequate. The author has faced the two opposite objections, that democracy is too rash and that it is too conservative. What he fails to see, however, is that these opposite defects manifest themselves at different times. A democracy may quite well be too rash in accepting a project; on the other hand, when the full bearings of reform have been worked out in a Bill, its conservatism may cause it to shrink from the change. Swiss history supplies instances of both types of error. The great merit of the Referendum in the author's eyes is that it is destructive of the party system. By sincere Americans that system can only be viewed as a curse; it will, however, meet with much more respect from Englishmen to whom "party" is not synonymous with "caucus." The real drawback to the Referendum is that there is only one thing which can control an Executive that is practically irresponsible to the people. Now, in Switzerland there is really no executive at all. In the first place the strength of cantonal feeling has retained a variety of functions in local hands—a state of things which, in its simplicity, has its immediate bearing on this discussion. Of this the author was fully aware, and we cannot but think that he would have accordingly suppressed about half the material that the Editor has added.

The timeliness only can be here emphasised; but that is not always timely, his book might have been said to appear at an opportune moment. Not every book of permanent value hits its hour with such nicety that it becomes immediately serviceable as well. This timeliness only can be here emphasised; but thoughtful men will be grateful to Mr. Fisher for more than the service he has done in correcting certain loosely current misconceptions, one of which is that Socialism played a part in the French Revolution. Not only did it not do so, but there is every reason why, in spite of those who talk of "the teachings of history," it could not have done so. The greatest obstacle to Socialism to-day, which Socialism's official enemies know how to exploit, is the small investor of capital, the small holder of land; and behind these the great capitalist enounces himself, finding there his strongest defence. Now, in Switzerland, and nowhere else, the small investor rules. Some day, no doubt, the small investor will be the social conscience of the world; and then Socialism will be the great government of the day. Not yet, however; and therefore it is too rash and too conservative. One can only say that it is not always timely, and that its author did his best to make it so.

To his notable contributions to Vols. VIII. and IX. of the "Cambridge History," Mr. Fisher has now added the substance of six lectures delivered to the University of London last June; and if history written as this is were not always timely, his book might have been said to appear at an opportune moment. Not every book of permanent value hits its hour with such nicety that it becomes immediately serviceable as well. This timeliness only can be here emphasised; but thoughtful men will be grateful to Mr. Fisher for more than the service he has done in correcting certain loosely current misconceptions, one of which is that Socialism played a part in the French Revolution. Not only did it not do so, but there is every reason why, in spite of those who talk of "the teachings of history," it could not have done so. The greatest obstacle to Socialism to-day, which Socialism's official enemies know how to exploit, is the small investor of capital, the small holder of land; and behind these the great capitalist enounces himself, finding there his strongest defence. Now, in Switzerland, and nowhere else, the small investor rules. Some day, no doubt, the small investor will be the social conscience of the world; and then Socialism will be the great government of the day. Not yet, however; and therefore it is too rash and too conservative. One can only say that it is not always timely, and that its author did his best to make it so.

Bonapartism. By H. A. L. Fisher. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

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with. Had he done nothing else—instead of having given us a brilliantly-reasoned, thoroughly co-ordinated and incisively-written study of Bonapartism as an organic whole—he would still deserve the deep attention of all who do not take their history as so much pageant and their economics as so many immutable laws laid down by the late Manchester School.

The Armada Gold. By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hoddler. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

If Pacific islands, hidden treasures, lovely heroines, undaunted heroes, bad villains, darkly-sinning priests, treacheries, abductions, assassins, murders, and sudden deaths would be sufficient in themselves to make a thrilling tale of adventure, this book ought to be thrilling. Instead of which, it is a bore. If the authors had taken half the trouble in putting the thing together and in the telling that they have taken in piling up untoward incidents, something might have come of it. There is a homely touch about some of the incidents that is taking in its way. To fill up a volcano with soap-suds is unusual, for instance. You see, clear plain water won't boil over. Soap-suds will, and did, filling the bosoms of the Brothers of the Fragrant Heaven with the consternation and dismay that a washerwoman feels when the copper does it. Also, when the two lovely heroines, under that same conviction that led Tristram Shandy's abbess and novice to sin, leap together into the seething suds, it was distinctly thoughtful of the second hero to spread a net for them. The villains are in various and dreadful manners massacred to a man. Everybody else marries and lives happy ever afterwards.

Interludes and Fancies. By Lascelles Abercrombie.

In our sober middle age the announcement of a new poet produces no more than a faint tingling, not the thrilling pulse of twenty years earlier. So many publishers' announcements, so few poets' achievements. After closing Mr. Abercrombie's Studies in Cacophony, we strolled into the full street to hear the comparative music of the whirling motor-bus and coster's cry.

A small portion of the first edition will be bound in quarter cloth, gilt top, gilt back.

Price 2s. net. By post, 2s. 2d.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Owing to the great demand for this book, a large part of the first edition has already been sold, and those anxious to secure a copy should order without delay. Of all Booksellers or direct from the publishers

THE NEW AGE PRESS,
140 Fleet Street, E.C.
We hold it no blame that Mr. Abercrombie is reminiscent of other poets, nor have we ought to say in disparagement of his metres, which being somewhat novel, yet strike strangely monotonous upon our ears and to our taste in some of the less ambitious poems like “Roses Crept Wound” or “The Trance,” from which we quote:

“All round about I saw
The laws unalterable, fierce,
And like a forger of shining bars
The stresses of the suns were there, Establishment, in vain, my opinion,
My thought caged from infinity.

Not too original, but it will serve.

By Montagu Fordham. M.A. (Chiswick Press, 2s. net.)

The chief reason why nearly all the books classed as Scientific Socialism are so stupendously silly is because the authors have been content to accept the standards of the political economist. It has gone forth that it is cheaper to import wheat and to export iron and cotton, Socialists, with here and there an angry protest, have in craven fear of being considered impractical, scarce thought of transmitting the values into terms of health, the sanity, of the people. Mr. Fordham’s scheme for a well-paid, skilled labouring man, we must artificially build up, for on it depends the dangers which infest the wholesale businesses at present existing for dealing with supplies that we ourselves produce, together with the cotton, Socialists, with here and there an angry protest, was cheaper to import wheat and to export iron and cotton, the marks of the cultivator must be printed. Compensation to the living landlord is not forgotten. The local authorities are to reconstruct our country life, to cut off the needs of our manufacturers and of our agriculturists, and thus reorganise a country population. This is excellently said; we must make the conditions such as we would have them, not following in the wake of the Hegelian doctrine of evolution. Hegel has probably done more harm to the Socialist movement than all the capitalists bunched together.

One might as well provide an index and then omit the pagination. It is to be regretted that neither the study nor the picturesque and romantic in propaganda re-valuation scheme is required. Compensation to the cultivator is made of land ripe for improvement.

The final chapter is devoted to Mr. Fordham’s most novel suggestion: the formation of land clubs for all who are willing to work for the general revival of country life on a democratic basis. We certainly advise our readers to apply for a copy of the suggested rules; an association of this kind, under proper guidance, might do much to foster the legitimate desire to prevent the decay which threatens the countryside. now that Socialists and stockbrokers alike appear upon it merely as land ripe for improvement.

By A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley. (Lane, The Spanish Series.)

An attractive feature about this modest ‘invitation to Velazquez’ is that it makes no pretence to be anything it is not; and this by no means to praise it ill. It neither gives nor claims to give anything new, and it avoids the pitfalls of seeking to demonstrate the politician, practical man, emerges much pleased, with something inept.

Mr. Fordham realises that we must, as a first step, adapt the conditions of country life to the needs both of our manufacturers and of our agriculturists, and thus reorganise a country population. This is excellently said; we must make the conditions such as we would have them, not following in the wake of the Hegelian doctrine of evolution. Hegel has probably done more harm to the Socialist movement than all the capitalists bunched together.

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Wittc heartily welcoming the appearance of the “Socialist Review,” we cannot wax enthusiastic over the subject of our month’s number. The most important contribution is that of J. Ramsay Macdonald upon “Socialism and the Labour Party.” He says, mildly enough, that “the reason for recent developments in Socialist parties has not always been understood, and consequently they have not always received the support which was due to them.” He asks us if the Socialist and Trade Union alliance is merely a political move of a superficial and compromising character, or a necessary stage in the evolution of Socialist politics. This question Mr. Macdonald sets forth to answer by an analysis of the situation which produced the alliance. “The changing organism of society produces the forces which make for its own readjustment,” and it is “the Socialist’s business to organise these forces and give them a form of political expression, to select a DARLING free Trader; the markets of the cultivator must be protected, not in his interests, but in the interests of the nation itself. This is the most important industry that we must artificially build up, for on it depends the health, the sanity, of the people. Mr. Fordham’s scheme allows for farmers cultivating greater or smaller areas, for a well-paid, skilled labouring class on the soil, for village crafts and industries, thus providing, in his opinion, sufficient variety to make country life quite as broad and interesting as life in cities.

We shall not criticise his proposals, because there is much with which we agree; we must only ask our readers to remember that this scheme is not final, and that Kropotkin has suggested a much more desirable one in his little book on fields, farms, and factories.

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Commons may do what it thinks well unless law or custom
forbid.

The letters of Marx and Engels have their interest, but
purely biographical references to H. M. Hyndman should not
have appeared. Purely personal attacks of this nature
maturely injure those who indulge in them.

In the "Financial Review" for February contains some invaluable authoritative articles on the
Cost of Old Age Pensions in Germany, Belgium, New Zea-
land, and Australia; and though they are dug out for the
reader by the editor, they are printed in pamphlet form.

In the "International" the "Future of Sociology" is dis-
ussed by Francis Galton, Victor Huxley, Patrick Geddes,
Alfred Foulis, and other "sociologists" representing nearly
all the countries of the world. Mr. H. D. Brown deals with "The Conflict of White
and Negro Races." All the economic and racial difficulties are surmounted by us as to war the Kaiser should be putting
his menace to the policy to suit its own immediate problems.
They are only agreed in keeping the native in an inferior position. Inter-
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even at the cost of reducing Africa to something between a
slave compound and widespread European stunt. It is only
by such a law we can protect our black labour. Meanwhile, we must strengthen our own national
institutions, and in particular the communal ownership of
land.

International politics boils largely in the March maga-
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"Austria, Hungary, Italy and the West Balkans," by Scotsman
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morality, art, music, science, culture in any high sense are quite unattainable by the mass of mankind under existing conditions, and in respect to it there is no avail in regret that Mr. Monck should have disfigured his article by somewhat unnecessarily severe criticisms at the Labour Party. Value would attach to some sound criticism embodied in dignified language—however forcible—but jibes of the kind here used are quite valueless.

Writing on "The Coming Liberal Débâcle," a contributor signed himself "A Radical Stalwart," and remarks that the present.Ministerial situation as a close repetition of the situation of the liberal Government of 1895. Neglecting to a considerable extent the promises of its Radical supporters in the country, neglecting such demands as that for Women’s Suffrage, the Labour Party on questions of social reform, in a word, with a hopelessly weakened position, the Ministry has entered on a struggle with Church, brewers, and landowners which must end in just such a defeat as that of 1895. Gladstone won the 1895 election, as "C.-B." won that of 1906; and as Rosebery thereafter led the party to destruction so Asquith will lead it now.

In "Saint George" the most interesting contribution is that of Greville M. MacDonald on "The Sanity of William Blake.

"He was mad, if no man may see further than his neighbours can see.

But the motive of sexual passion generates its own destructiveness, and becomes merely intoxicated with its own beauty; the words call up images which are really alien to the feeling of the dramas. Neither poem is a riot of images of love and happiness; both march inevitably to their end, where "jealousy is more cruel than the grave." Perhaps under these circumstances the love motive will always be a subject. on the stage. Hardly any modern play does more than play at love with Rosalind. Every play that has real sex-passion in it has in it something terrible. Drama is conflict, and when sex-passion is the essence of drama, then the "Nympholytus of Euripides or the "Song of Songs" gives the happiest ending possible. With one exception, an exception created by the conception of Superman and formulated in Shaw's "Man and Superman" or guidance of sex-passion to the ends of conscious will becomes at once both intelligible and terrible. I do not believe that all the "Song" of Solomon and "In a Balcony" is a wonderfully well-conveyed sense of frightful and grisly moment. The motive of sexual passion is the broadest comic thing in the world, and is put, to such inhuman and monstrous effect that one is really startled when he looks back at it in its normal dimensions. The "Albany Review" contains a very interesting article by "Geo. A. Birmingham," (Rev. J. O. Hannay) on "Sinn Fein." Mr. Hannay says that the Sinn Féiner has no illusions about the greater heart of the English people. The Republic at a real independence for Ireland and is not such a fool as to suppose that Englishmen of any party will allow him to rule Ireland without a fight.

"The Grocers' Assistant under Socialism" is a subject discussed by the editor of the Assistants' monthly organ.

DRAMA

The Song of Songs.

The path of life Mr. Nugent Monck has laid out for himself—the English Drama Society is but an aura about his brain. There is no introduction of all kinds of new material and new motifs into the drama. In producing the "Song of Solomon" and "In a Balcony," Mr. Monck seems to have been inspired by the idea that there exist all around us unworked mines of lyricism and imagery rich unfitted for any attempt of a dramatic ore. While we go on crying out for the dramatisation of the life of every day, Mr. Monck produces the life that has been dramatised and that we neglect. I have never been the habit of regarding the Song of Solomon as a drama. But then, even for the most emancipated of us, there are painful associations in connection with the Bible. Its pages are written in a language unpalatable to daily life and far removed from the language of the drama. And my version of the Song of Solomon has such wild improbable remarks about "the Church professeth, etc., etc." that I have hardly got beyond an incoherent indignation.

Cut up into speeches of the four chiet characters and the "daughters of Jerusalem," the "Song of Songs" becomes at once dull intelligible and tedious. I do not know to what extent Mr. Monck has for the final brandmg of the Shulamite by a black slave, but it was a frightful and grisly moment. The motive of sexual passion appears, not as an opium dream of perpetual happiness, but as a tragedy of mad exaltations and grim disaster. Mr. Monck has put the "Song" into the mouths of the King, the Shulamite, the Shepherd, the other woman, and the daughters of Jerusalem. The King and the Shepherd speak their love, the Shulamite calls for her love, and through all there is the impending disaster, and a wonderfully well-conveyed sense of events and big happenings going on without. The play ends with the Shulamite and the lament by the daughters of Jerusalem, "We have a little sister that hath no breasts, etc.," and the last agonised cry of the maidened woman calling out for her love.

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beer, and laughed deeply and long, the "Song" would have had another ending. It is fine to look upon oneself as a spirit of strife and travails, it is safe to look on oneself with a wry, oddly shaped animal of fearful possibilities. It is this juxtaposition of high-flown sentiments and very mundane conceptions that is the essence of the comedy of that scene in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," where Caesar addresses the Sphinx and Cleopatra addresses the "old gentleman." It is this juxtaposition that may enable us to get real sex-passion on the stage in modern surroundings—a highly desirable thing, for it is a subject on which we are painfully ignorant.

But now we must be grateful to Mr. Monck. To have got the Song of Solomon realised as he did is a splendid achievement. I have my quarrel with the production, and I have my quarrel with the acting. The Shulamite (Miss Isabel Roland) was good, but the King was not up to standard. And there should have been more music, and more of the poem chanted as a sort of chorus. But what limitations there were were almost entirely those of stage and stage accessories. It is much to be desired that the play be produced elsewhere with more scope in these ways. The dresses, both in the "Song of Songs" and "In a Balcony," were quite beautiful. (Very well acted by Miss Isabel Roland) had a green velvet gown which in itself was exquisite, and the scenery of great simplicity was of great effect. I sincerely hope some of our more elaborate producers will take some hints, and apply them. Mr. Monck has shown the strenuousness of the enterprise by giving us his "Votaries" as an interlude. "Votaries" is a Pierrot Pierrette fantasia, circling around a speaking statue of Narcissus. Its scene is laid in a wood where, by a fountain, a statue of Narcissus gazes at the water. Pierrot gets one boon from the statue, the boon of self-adoration; Pierrette another, the boon of Pierrot's love. It was very pretty and very fantastic, quite avowedly ridiculous, quite avowedly cynical. An excelled intimate to the "Song of Songs" and "In a Balcony." Master Cyril Bruce made a very fine statue.

How much better a frankly Rabelaisian farce would have been, something to make us remember that, after all, this kind of thing is all very well, but there is another side to it. Yet is it possible to have Rabelaisian drama nowadays? Would our much beclothed and little border,
criticism of B. and C. was above my head; I know it, I confess it. Then a cabinet of Shaw followed to besmuggle me still further; and thereafter splashes of words galore.

Have you ever seen half-a-dozen kittens chasing one another's tail? You have, have you? Then do you appreciate the immense importance of those kittens in the scheme of things? You needn't scoff. Here have Wells and Shaw and Chesterfield and all the rest (I have read, been disporting themselves to the tune of "Ring-a-ring o'Roses," while we less gifted ones looked on and wondered what it was all about.

A friend of mine (he is a Fabian, and therefore a superior soul) suggested that the subject of the symposium was Socialism; but I rejected that with scorn. I told him that they have been talking about each other: the beausically unusually truthful in this case—show it. I offered him two alternatives, from which to select the real leit-motif of this Symphonic Poem; and these were they—

Either, said I, this is a Bacchic feast, or it is a Society of Mutual Admiration. I think it is the former, said I, for they are more concerned with Beer and Wine than with anything else that I can see. Of course, I admitted, they have wandered; they have diverged in the direction of everything under the sun. Nothing has been too far off, and nothing too small; with truly catholic impartially they have discussed on all. I am too young to remember the Bacchic feast.

I told him; but this is mighty like one.

And yet—well, the other alternative is attractive. They have been saying very nice things of each other. Each has admitted that the others are the greatest men on earth. When one has fallen foul of another, about Beer, perhaps, has he done as we groundlings would do—belaboured him with the cudgel of vituperation? No: he has told his opponent that he reverences every word that falls from his pen. Then he has proceeded to scorn him, with all the courtesy imaginable.

Besides complimenting each other, they have remembered the few other great men that survive. Shaw, for instance, went out of his way to pat Webb. (You have no conception of the glory it is for a nobody to handle thus irreverently the names of these Immortals.) He went out of his way, I say; and I quite expected that this week would see Webb breaking forth into decorous praise of Shaw and Wells and the others.

Webb's humour, being a sight more subtle than that of any of the rest (I have heard him lecture recently in a Northern City that is paved with rattling setts), ought certainly to have called forth fresh coruscations. And so on, ad libitum.

And we enjoy it very much, we outsiders. We like to be taken into Wells's confidence; we like to have Shaw whisper to us his egocentric ideas of the rest of humanity; we love the dancing of the Chesterbelloc, the grammatical creations of Fison Young. Keep it up, dear sirs. Only—

Only don't tell us that you are talking about Socialism. We know better, we commoners. We smile, we practical business men, when you tell us that. We remember what Wells has said—

"Socialism is a very large, but plain, honest, and human enterprise; its ends are not to be obtained by wit nor cunning, but by outspoken resolve."—

P"f have wandered in our ignoble way, with the problems and propositions of Socialism, and we have achieved just enough to understand of what it means to us—to, I say— to press for it with all our force. We know what we want. Go on with your fireworks, dear teachers; continue to chase your tails. Olympic kittens. Inspire us by presenting to us your magnificent ability, your glorious inconsequence, your freedoms, your high delights, as a pattern to which we—even we—may hope to aspire when we get Socialism. In those happy days to be we shall be able to take our noses from the grindstone, and frisk in wilful pleasures, even as happy days to be we shall be able to take our noses from the grindstone, and frisk in wilful pleasures, even as

We admire, we reverence; and then we turn to page after page, where your display is made; we peruse with a kind of holy joy; we admire, we reverence; and then we turn to page one, then we turn to the special articles, the really important things that count, and read about Socialism.

* * *

"A STATE DEPARTMENT FOR THE UNBORN."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Eden Philipotts, in his very interesting open letter headed "A State Department for the Unborn," invites your readers "to examine his idea," which is certainly a novel one. He does not, however, seem to be aware of the steps that have been taken quite lately to achieve, by indirect methods, the purpose he has in view. One of such steps was taken last autumn, when there came into existence "The Eugenics Education Society" (Office 82, Vincent Square, Westminster). The aim of this Society is to spread sound notions regarding those responsibilities attaching to parenthood on the gravity of which your correspondent dwells.

It is obvious that until public opinion on that subject has

---

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ripened a "State Department for the Unborn" would be premature and, therefore, powerless; for social legislation, to be effective, must follow in the wake of public opinion and not control that is to come.

To make my meaning clear, permit me to quote one or two sentences from the prospectus of the Society I have named.

The intention of the Society is to make generally known the fact that biological principles apply to the production of beings. The Society proposes to carry on its work by holding meetings for papers and discussions, by arranging lectures and courses of lectures, by collecting a lending library, and by the issue of publications on eugenical subjects. It is not the policy of the Society to advocate interference by the State. It is believed that eugenic selection will take place of itself when facts regarding it are sufficiently disseminated and understood. The appeal the Society makes is to that feeling or responsibility which all parents have with reference to their children, to motives of patriotism which regards the future good of the State, and also to the ethical interest in the betterment of mankind.

I have also to state that there was lately published a book of mine (Population and Progress, Chapman and Hall, 1907), in which our Legislature is urged to reader illegal the marriage of "degenerate" and other similarly unfit persons, as has been already done in Austria, Servia, and the North American States. But even this line of attack would amount of State action would be incomplete unless, as I have endeavoured to show, it was accompanied by a more general acceptance of the doctrine of voluntary or "purposive selection." The ultimate effect of the application of this doctrine would be (as I hold) to improve the human race physically, morally, and spiritually.

I am quite sure of my facts. I have seen The Follies five times, twice at the Royalty, twice at Terry's, and once at the Apollo. On the first three occasions the three items to which, in my article, I specifically objected, were not given. On the fourth occasion I believe one of the items was given. One of your readers writes to me as follows:--

As to the letter in this week's NEW AGE, when I saw The Follies at Terry's, about Christmas last, neither the old-age sketch nor the pipes sketch was in the show. This is quite certain.

[End of Article]

THE FOLLY OF THE FOLLIES.

To THE EDITOR.

Mr. Saunderson (of the Players' Club) be easy in his mind. I am quite sure of my facts. I have been The Follies five times, twice at the Royalty, twice at Terry's, and once at the Apollo. On the first three occasions the three items to which, in my article, I specifically objected, were not given. On the fourth occasion I believe one of the items was given. One of your readers writes to me as follows:--

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[End of Article]

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