A REPLY TO BELFORT BAX.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

By such actions as its spirited questioning of the proposed visit of King Edward to the Tsar of Russia, the English Labour Party is making a mark in history. All the official forces of the day are in league against it. None of us will ever know the secret springs of the conduct of our Foreign Affairs; they are hidden away from the eyes of democracy by veil upon veil of convention, subterfuge and official statements. Nevertheless, the results are plain enough, and it is enough that we are profoundly dissatisfied. We believe further that the people of England are dissatisfied; and though the obedient ranks of party Liberals and Tories asseem to whatever is proposed by the Court politicians, the Labour Party stands for democracy, and, we believe, for England.

The week has almost been spent in significant interregation; and a promise of a full discussion of the proposed royal meeting has been made for Thursday of this week. Of course, there are objections to such a discussion; but they exist solely in the official mind. Objection can always be taken to public discussion even of the most intimately public affairs; and in Egypt, in India, and in Russia such discussion is made either wholly or in part a criminal offence. Fortunately in England the mandarins have lost the power of restricting discussion, at least by open means; and thus the debate on Thursday will take place, and, we hope, arise from their lethargy the friends of freedom.

To the Labour Party as a whole belong the honours of the week. Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Summerbell deserve and will receive the thanks of thousands of patriots for their courage and persistency in the face of the manifest opposition of both the Speaker and Mr. Asquith. The latter, it appears, has almost as extraordinary a theory of England's place in Foreign politics as he has of a Government's place in Social Reform. Replying to Mr. O'Grady on Tuesday last, Mr. Asquith assured the House that such a visit could "have no relation at all to internal affairs in either country, nor any effect upon them." And he continued: "It would be undesirable to make it dependent upon such considerations." Later, in reply to a further question, he deprecated a perfectly true statement made by Mr. O'Grady, regarding the internal policy of Russia—apparently on the ground that we had no right whatever to discuss publicly the internal condition and policy of any foreign nation.

This, we venture to think, is not only an extraordinary position to take up; but it is as complete a denial of Liberalism as could well be imagined. Canning, Palmerston, and Gladstone, at any rate, had no such demeaning conception either of the probable or the possible effects of an English royal and official visit, or of a discussion in the English Parliament. It is strange that as an apologist for the visit, Mr. Asquith should have attempted to reduce its significance to absolute zero. If the official visit of the King of England to the Tsar of Russia has not and cannot have any effect on the domestic politics of either nation, then in the name of common sense we must suppose that both King and Tsar are mere ciphers, whose movements are of no concern to anybody. Mr. Asquith has emptied out the baby with the bath.

But if we may admit with the "Nation" that the Tsar at any rate is intellectually incapable of diplomatic finesse, we cannot patriotically deny King Edward the possession of considerable political ability. It is conceivable that King Edward may manage England's foreign affairs with only the aid of a permanent official; but, as if to give the lie to Mr. Asquith's minimisms, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Times" telegraphed on Friday that the Tsar was to be accompanied on his purely family meeting with his uncle by M. Stolypin, the Russian Premier, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Marine, and numerous other high officers of the Russian State. That dispenses of the family party theory for Russia at any rate; and in the face of that political muster it is ridiculous to speak of the King's visit as merely polite and friendly.
We do not suggest that there is any pressing danger of unconstitutional action, that the growth of international authority is constitutional! But we do suggest that behind the scenes of Parliament, behind even the Cabinet itself (or, at least, behind several of its members) there are being carried on at this moment intrigues which, though double-minded in patriotic spirit, are, nevertheless, an indirect denial of the principles and practice of pure democratic government. And it was in this sense that we deplored last week the obvious fact that foreign politics are being allowed to slip out of plain public control.

But the whole incident is so significant and raises so many questions that we cannot hope to exhaust it in a few notes. Nor, we fear, will the discussion in Parliament on Thursday go to the roots of the matter. We may mainly rely on the Labour Party to do its best; and with Mr. O’Grady moving and Mr. Keir Hardie seconding, and a united party supporting, its best should be very good indeed. But we should like to see raised the whole question of our relations with foreign countries, and especially with European countries. The Manchester School was responsible for sterilising Liberalism in three directions. It hung round the necks of Liberals the two detestable doctrines of Non-interference in European affairs, and Laissez-faire. Each of these doctrines has proved, or is proving, destructive of the very life of the nation.

We are not concerned now with the doctrine of Laissez-faire. But regarding the doctrine of Non-interference in European politics, we may say that that doctrine, at any rate, stands in need of revision. Mainly by the action of King Edward it has ceased indeed to have any practical value; but like the albatross about the neck of the Ancient Mariner, it still lingers. The minds of old-fashioned Liberals like Mr. Asquith, Writing as Socialists, we desire to see the curse removed. It is certain that without a considerable and a consistent ‘interference’ in European politics we shall never get a European minimum either in the matter of wages, or sanitation, or education or hours of labour—consistent ‘interference’ in European politics we shall never get a European minimum either in the matter of wages, or sanitation, or education or hours of labour.

Hence we may be sure that by sheer force of circumstances England will be driven to resume, though, let us hope, on a higher plane, the traditions of Canning and Palmerston (and let us add, of Queen Victoria, whose ‘interference’ in Portugal in the second year of her reign ought never to be forgotten), and to interest herself as closely in the conditions of labour in foreign countries as in her own. That, at any rate, is the immediate idea of Socialism which began, it may be remembered, as the International Movement, and will, we hope, always remain international.

The bearing of all this on the question of the Royal visit to Russia is obvious; but we can apply it equally to the question of the proposed alliance with France. The proposal was natural enough; but the extraordinary filip given to the entente by the visit of President Fallières to this country last week. But we venture to affirm that the day for alliances is over. Alliances imply military and naval co-operation of a more or less offensive, as well as defensive character. It is absurd to pretend that they have no object, and no other object, than to prevent the spread of the Communism; and as alliances pure and simple they undoubtedly add to the ferment of pugnacity still working in all the re-actionaries of Europe. We are glad to see that the Russias, as well as the Nations and the Daily News’ object as strongly as we do to the transformation of our entente with France into an alliance. An alliance with Japan is permissible perhaps; but in Europe the sound policy is an extension of ententes. We should be happy to see Europe federated by a series of ententes; there is not the least reason why, with the exception of Russia, ententes between this country and all the countries of Europe should not be established within the next ten years. They would certainly give us a security infinitely greater than we can derive from dual, triple or even quadruple alliances.

To the discussion of the Budget on Monday last, Mr. Philip Snowden contributed a speech which for its grasp of detail, its exposition of Socialist economics, and its effective delivery has seldom been equalled in the life of the present Parliament. Members of the official parties were considerably impressed, and tried in vain to controvert the main contentions. Mr. Harold Cox blurted out the theory which decency has led his party to concede, that ‘one of the first duties of the present Parliament was to protect the taxpayers’ pocket.’ Anything more unlike a tolerable theory of a member of Parliament’s duties we cannot imagine; though, in truth, the practice is common on both sides of the House. Mr. Snowden pleaded for a Graduated Income-Tax of dimensions sufficient to make a real difference in the distribution of wealth. His exposure of the present system of alternately reducing direct and indirect taxes, thereby benefiting the rich in every Budget, will be remembered. He should not be surprised if Mr. Lloyd George, who listened with marked attention, made a note of it for his first Budget.

Mr. Gladstone introduced on Wednesday a Bill for the Reform of Criminal Law which, in its way, marks an enormous change in official sentiment regarding crime and punishment. The main features are the indeterminate sentence for ‘criminals’ of the professional type, and the Borstal or remedial system for ‘criminals’ of less skilful and determined character. You are glad to see that that financier, G. K. Chesterton, is alarmed at the first and dangerous proposal of detention during the King’s pleasure.’ On the face of it, the proposal seems reasonable enough; and Sir Robert Anderson in his Criminals of To-day long ago advocated it. As a Borstal institution there in London alone over a thousand skilled professional burglars, whose sole occupation is crime of this kind, who are personally known to the police, and who take their short sentences as part of the work, it would seem that their indefinite detention without any addition of punishment, would clear our streets of one undesirable class of persons.

So far, so good. But we must ask first, what guarantee their detention affords that the supply of such skilled professionals will cease; secondly, what portion of their criminal offences we can adopt without imperilling the liberty of whole classes of people whose burglary is even more skilful and more professional; and thirdly, whether we are wise in proceeding to such extreme measures until we have at least made the less profitable than honesty. On all three questions we have our answer ready; but we doubt if Mr. Herbert Gladstone or his advisers have considered the questions at all. Sir Robert Anderson certainly imagines that the ‘criminals’ of this type are not only few now, but are necessarily always few in number, being a kind of genius in the ranks of crime.”. But we doubted it when we reviewed his book some months ago and we doubt it still. Again, we at least are certain that the causes of crime are largely economic, and due to the
lamentable fact that crime pays better than labour. So long as the honest labourer is allowed to beg his bread, so long will the soil in which the bay tree flourisheth remain.

We congratulate Mr. Herbert Gladstone on his recognition of the futility of punishment either as a preventive or a corrective of crime; but we take leave to doubt whether his suggested treatment is not as superfluous as it is certainly dangerous. We shall, however, take an opportunity of discussing the subject during the progress of the Bill.

Once more the folly of handing over without guarantees to a young colony the administration of natives has been exemplified by the state bordering on crisis which has been produced by the disagreement between Natal and the Colonial Office over the proceedings in the trial of Dinuzulu. The difficulty of accepting the opinion of the "man on the spot" is increased in this instance by the fact that there is also a "woman on the spot." Miss Colenso is certainly not a sentimentalist, nor can she be accused of ignorance of the natives. Probably nowhere else in the British dominions is being grown the Zulul so half so well. Yet her defence of Dinuzulu is to be ignored by the "man on the spot" because she admitted and frankly believes Dinuzulu to be innocent. It is strange perversion of justice that disqualifies counsel on the ground of partiality. One might conclude that the judges should be condemned by that very condemnation. We are still far from understanding the reasons for delaying the trial of Dinuzulu. But we understand well enough the reasons for refusing him counsel and papers and communication with witnesses. It is a shabby story.

It appears inadvertently fell into the error last week of attributing the lack of official support of the Labour Party at Dundee to the National Council of the I.L.P. We are informed that the I.L.P. was not directly concerned, except as a constituent of the Labour Party's executive, upon which body the onus of the defeat must fall. However much we may still be dissatisfied with the action of some of its constituent members we gladly exonerate the I.L.P. as a body, the more so as we believe the I.L.P. have the root of the matter in it as a Socialist Party and is the real hope of the immediate future.

We confess the situation is full of difficulty; and the example of Dundee may easily lead to worse defections from the spirit of loyalty elsewhere. For example, we note that the local groups at Pudsey have determined to run a candidate contrary to the advice of the Central Executive. In this instance, at any rate, the Central Executive are entirely in the right. There is not the least chance of the Labour candidate winning the seat; nor, we believe, of even "making a good show." The day for mere candidate candidatures is over; and with a definite party in the House of Commons, subject to the fluctuations of public opinion, and therefore largely dependent on its electoral prestige, we cannot afford to exhibit a series of defectors, more especially when nothing good can be demonstrated as a cause of them.

It is true that the Socialist movement has two main concerns, one to make Socialists, and the other to return Socialist members of Parliament. Mr. Wells, we imagine, confines his attention, and would confine the attention of all Socialists, exclusively to the first. But the second is equally important. Hence it follows that the attempt to return Socialist candidates is perfectly legitimate and, moreover, is excellent propaganda. Of the other hand, there is a time to attempt it and a time not to attempt it; and we emphatically agree with the Labour Party Executive that the time to attempt it is not now at Pudsey. But the whole question of election policy badly needs discussion; and we should be glad to afford space for it in the pages of The New Age.
The Necessary Basis of Society.

Under this title Mr. Sidney Webb contributes to the current "Contemporary Review" an address delivered at the Social and Political Education League in May. Like all Mr. Webb's writings, the article is not only suggestive, but formative. We know no living economist who leaves his subject settled in the same degree as Mr. Webb. However controversial or beset with difficulties the subject may be, Mr. Webb is pretty sure to steer his way to a conclusion and carry the whole boat-load of his readers safely to the same port with him.

In the present article it is to be observed that Mr. Webb writes not as a Socialist propagandist intent on peaceful penetration of the enemy's territory, but as a sociologist simply. His view is that the necessary basis of society, whether the superstructure be Collectivist or Individualist, is the same, and that it consists of the establishment of a National Minimum.

But before discussing the four pillars Mr. Webb deviates from a stable society, we may observe his acute discussion of the question often asked: whether Democracy is not incompatible with special treatment. On the face of it, the charges of levelling and of dealing with things in a wholesale way are peculiarly relevant to Democracy. But Mr. Webb disposes completely of the charges, and demonstrates that not only in theory but in actual fact Democracy both may be and is compatible with very high degrees of specialisation. Not only so, but Mr. Webb foresees that this principle of special legislation is likely to be more and more in evidence as governments develop. "Whilst it has been the most pressing business of fourteenth-century governments to deal with the whole people, or, at any rate, with majorities, by far the most important business of twentieth-century governments must be to provide not only for minorities, but also for the sick and the cripples in the long run than another. The turn of the artist minority will come as certainly as the turn of other minorities has or will come. But with this increasing differentiation of democratic government it becomes more and more necessary to regard the function of government as consisting of the specialisation of treatment of minorities. If the community makes no exceptional provision for the sick, not only the sick suffer, but the healthy become in danger. It is, in short, necessary for the whole community that any particular minority should be specially treated. And here we come to the question of a National Minimum, which in Mr. Webb's view is going to inspire and guide and explain the statesmanship and the politics of the twentieth century."

"In the Democratic politics of to-morrow we may expect to see the policy of the National Minimum translating itself into the main branches of legislative and executive activity. They are:

A National Minimum of Education.
A National Minimum of Wages.
A National Minimum of Leisure.
A National Minimum of Sanitation.
A National Minimum of Education.

These, then, are the basis of a stable society. Once granted these, and there remains, it is true, the specific problems of a Collectivist or an Individualist superstructure. But they can afford to wait. Meanwhile we should have secured the necessary conditions for a state of society in which problems of the most exalted order might be specially discussed without, as at present, arousing the sickening sense of futility and pre-maturity.

We venture to add a single word of criticism of Mr. Webb's admirable and statesmanlike address. Can we regard in these days the establishment of merely National Minimums as completely satisfactory? With the multiplication of the means of communication, self-contained nationalities tend to disappear; at least, in their economic and fiscal forms. In the world-democracy of the future doubtless nationalities, and many of them, will have their place, exactly as now, a single nation is composed of many minorities; but can we be secure until our National Minimum has been more or less guaranteed by an International—in fact, by a Universal—Minimum?

It appears to us that this is the crucial question underlying the whole movement of Tariff Reform as well as of Imperialism in its largest sense. Vaguely men feel that a nation cannot stand alone in even the most virtuous isolation. If class legislation has to give way before the tide of Democracy, may we not also expect National Legislation to give way before the movement of International Democracy? It is this sense of the mutual interdependence of nations as minorities in the great whole of mankind that is doubtless inspired in the early Socialists no less than in the early Democrats their cosmopolitan leanings. Mr. Webb does not discuss the subject, does not refer to it; but we suggest that his address was incomplete by that very omission.
A Business Policy.

One of the many faults we have to find with the Liberal Party is that it is too often allowed to be swallowed up by the basic doctrines of the Manchester school. Its fanatically fond adherence to the shibboleths of Free Trade is based for the most part not, as it well might be, on practical experience and a well-reasoned appreciation of the economic situation, so much as on an emotional belief in the efficacy of free competition. An overwhelming majority of Socialists are convinced Free Traders, but, unlike most Liberals, they believe with their hearts and not with their heads. The Liberal insists on regarding Free Trade as a genuine panacea for all economic ills, and when he is faced with awkward facts regarding the state of trade or employment, he distracts his senses rather than his theory. The fundamental conception of his economic cosmology is that England has had free imports for fifty years and must therefore necessarily be a Utopia. The fact that it is not does not disturb him, because, in the first place, he is constitutionally inclined to doubt the fact, and in the second place, if he admits it, he puts it down as an extraordinary accident which he is powerless to remedy. But the Socialists, on the contrary, are not only capable of tampering with the existing fiscal arrangements, partly because it is far more likely to do harm than good, but chiefly because it is a comparative waste of time and serves as a red herring to divert the attention of the workers to causes of economic conditions other than those of the wage-earning classes, conditions which cannot be essentially modified one way or the other, either by a tariff or by the absence of one. The Liberal objects to such tampering on wholly different, or to us incomprehensible, grounds. He appears to regard it not as a mere foolishness, but as a sort of sacrilege. He resents it in precisely the same way that one might expect Lord Meath to resent an affront offered to the Union Jack. It is entirely an affair of his feelings.

Nor does Manchester-isation with Brunnerism be of little consequence if it were really confined to the question of Foreign Trade. But it is not. Its emotional, almost transcendental, basis produces a sneaking fondness for other applications of the doctrine of laissez faire. It remains but a sneaking fondness (except in the case of Mr. Harold Cox) because no party which advocated those doctrines to-day in the market-place would get more than about a dozen of its followers returned to the House of Commons as Conservatives. But it is there in the same way that the Liberal may vote for Old Age Pensions, for a Trades Disputes Bill, and for a restriction of the hours of adult labour, but in his heart of hearts he regrets that circumstances, in the form of elections, should force him to do so. He still cherishes a belief in Laissez Faire as part of his mental stock-in-trade.

So far, of course, we have been dealing with a more or less imaginary person. He may exist, indeed he does exist; he is the Typical Liberal, the only man who really has any right to the name. Even to-day he is the preponderant force in the Liberal Party. Nevertheless, there are in that great heterogeneous majority which the Government has at its back a number of men who by no means answer to his description. A Liberal in the right spirit. But you cannot borrow for the permanent endowment of education and for the reform and extension of the consular service. The Government, if it were to be paid out of revenue, and as to how this revenue is to be raised Sir John says nothing. We need not repeat here our views on the matter. We have explained them over and over again, and they were well expressed by Mr. Philip Snowden in his speech on the Budget last week. We will only say that without a thorough-going revolution in our methods of taxation so as to release the middle classes substantially and the working classes altogether (except perhaps in the matter of alcohol and tobacco) there is no answer, no way, except by a tariff or by the absence of one. The Liberal objects to the possibility of capturing the business vote; and if they can to the absurdly slow and generally unnecessary machinery of Royal Commissions and Departmental Committees such as that which is to consider the railway question; and if they would combine with it a really democratic scheme of taxation, the Liberals would be persuaded that this "alternative" policy would help them, who knows but what they may adopt it?

If only we could hope that the Liberals were capable of carrying out this business policy programme and have reformed to the absurdly slow and generally unnecessary machinery of Royal Commissions and Departmental Committees such as that which is to consider the railway question; and if they would combine with it a really democratic scheme of taxation, the Liberals would be persuaded that this "alternative" policy would help them, who knows but what they may adopt it?

As a programme for immediate use this is excellent.

It offers, as it is meant to offer, to the trading community an alternative to Tariff Reform. It cannot be called a Socialist programme because of one vital omission, but it is all in the right direction. One has but to add to its items the formation of a national mercantile fleet, and it becomes practically identical with the programme outlined in "Fabianism and the Fiscal Question." In that tract, in Sir John Brunner's letter, the whole thing was treated simply as a matter of principle. It was shown beyond dispute that the commercial benefits to be obtained by such corporate action, cheapening railway and steamship rates, and making our consular service a genuine and highly-trained intelligence department instead of the mere shadow to which the class to whom pseudo-diplomacy is the only gentlemanly way left of making a living, would far exceed the most extravagant claims of the Protectionists, and would be accompanied by none of the drawbacks and dangers of their system. Amongst other things, this programme seems to offer the only feasible method yet suggested of encouraging agriculture and farming and food production generally in this country without any raising of prices. Leaving aside the question of wheat, it is an extraordinary anomaly that we should be very largely dependent upon foreigners for such easily produced articles as butter and eggs and vegetables. And this is entirely due, as Sir John Brunner points out, to the fact that trade, as the direct result of our laissez faire policy, is unusually, scandalously overburdened by high rates of carriage.

The vital omission to which we referred above concerns the financial side of the programme. One piece of valuable financial advice Sir John gives to the Government when he tells them not to hesitate to "borrow freely for national works." This is eminently in the right spirit. But you cannot borrow for the permanent endowment of education and for the reform and extension of the consular service. The Government, if it were to pay out of revenue, and as to how this revenue is to be raised Sir John says nothing. We need not repeat here our views on the matter. We have explained them over and over again, and they were well expressed by Mr. Philip Snowden in his speech on the Budget last week. We will only say that without a thorough-going revolution in our methods of taxation so as to release the middle classes substantially and the working classes altogether (except perhaps in the matter of alcohol and tobacco) there is no answer, no way, except by a tariff or by the absence of one. The Liberal objects to the possibility of capturing the business vote; and if they can to the absurdly slow and generally unnecessary machinery of Royal Commissions and Departmental Committees such as that which is to consider the railway question; and if they would combine with it a really democratic scheme of taxation, the Liberals would be persuaded that this "alternative" policy would help them, who knows but what they may adopt it?

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Good Breeding or Eugenics.

Some kinds of wheat are very susceptible to attacks of the rust fungus, and whole crops are oftentimes destroyed by it; one variety with the somewhat Western cow-boyish name of Michigan Bronze flies to rust as the sparkler flies, but this is not a quality that endears Michigan Bronze to the British farmer. But these rust-loving grains possess some attractions for Mark Lane; because they are what are there known as "hard wheats," and make the kind of flour that is essential for our indigestible bread. On the other hand, there are some wheats which are not hard wheats, and which are immune to rust—they can pass their whole existence in the presence of the fungus and go scot free. But the miller has no use for them.

Now it there were some way of combining the immunity to disease of the one wheat with the "hardness" of the other, we should have a perfect grain. This problem has been solved by Mr. Biffen, on lines identical with that of mating eye-colours in man, only as two qualities are combined it becomes a little more complicated. Starting with Rusty Hard Wheat and Immune Soft Wheat, we shall get in the first generation rusty (or unreal) Rusty Hard Wheat, because "rust" is dominant to immunity (non-rust) and "hardness" is dominant to softness. If we now fertilise this (unreal) Rusty Hard Wheat with Immune Soft Wheat we obtain equal amounts of grain of the following four kinds of wheat:—

1. Immune hard wheat.
2. Immune soft wheat.
3. Rusty hard wheat.
4. Rusty soft wheat.

Each variety will breed true if fertilised with its own kind; we retain (f) the Immune Hard Wheat and dis- card the others. It is seen that we have a new kind of grain entirely: one that breeds true and rejoices both farmer and miller.

It is easy to destroy undesirable strains when breeding wheat; it is not so readily done in the case of man, to whom I now return. As to the difficulty, let the following instance serve in which a certain disease has been retained for 271 years. None of us sees the way for certain; we readily in the dark as in daylight, but there are some persons who can see nothing in a bad light or at night-time; these persons are said to suffer from night-blindness. Mr. Nettleship published last year a history of night-blindness continuing in nine consecutive generations. The investigation (not Mr. Nettleship's, of course) date from 1831, when a young (or M. l'Abbe Capin) wrote: "unless the moon is up, they cannot go about the village at night without either a guide or a lantern," which was drawn from the picture of the farmer's holding up objects at night to the children's eyes in order to ascertain whether they have or have not escaped the family scourge.

Mr. Nettleship's pedigree contains 2,121 persons, of whom 125 are known to have been night-blind. If the diseased parents bear a healthy child, the children of that healthy child will remain free from disease for ever afterwards—so long, of course, as they do not intermarry with night-blind persons. The continuity of the disease is not due to consanguinity; in the long family history there are two marriages between healthy first cousins; all the children of these two marriages remained unaffected.

The disease follows the same lines of heredity as did the eye-colours considered last week. If in this family night-blindness be regarded as prepotent or dominant and normal-sight retiring or recessive, an examination of the genealogical table works out in accord with the formula given; it is, to make a clean break of it, an instance of Mendelian. As we should expect, we get some good healthy stock from the union of two unhealthy parents. Jean Nougaret, of Vendémian, had three children, who were all diseased; the eldest daughter had again three children, who were all diseased. Her eldest daughter (diseased), Nougaret's granddaughter, begat some healthy and some unhealthy offspring. From one of the healthy children four generations of healthy offspring have been unravelled; from another of Le Provençal's children, some affected persons are found in the eighth generation. If any one will take the trouble to refer to last week's notes, it will be seen that Jean Nougaret's marriage was an instance of formula 3. The real way to eliminate the disease then is for the affected persons to forbear having children, and for healthy persons to have no children by night-blind persons.

There are many other instances now known where peculiarities or diseases are transmitted after this fashion. Among others, horrid palms and horrid soles, some forms of cataract, a few diseases of the cerebral nervous system, albinism in the negro, curly hair, and absence of hair. Curiously it has disclosed the following strange human document of heredity, on strictly Mendelian lines, in the mode of death. It concerns two families, known as the Drowning and the Shooting Families, both residing in the same English village. The members of the Drowning Family commit suicide by placing their heads in shallow water or immersing themselves in small pools. The Shooting Family adopts the explosive method. In each family there are some individuals who depart from life in the orthodox fashion—these are the "recessives." When a "shooter," married a "drowner," complications naturally occurred; some of the children were normal, and their descendants remained so; others were shooters, others again drowned; whilst some poisoned themselves. The genealogical chart in that published elsewhere for the "dominant trait.

The evidence that mental characters are inherited, as this extract suggests, just like physical traits must be held over. Goethe's words will recur to many, and are indeed of general applicability, if you are not too insensible upon the sex whence the traits are derived: "No man can give the picture of a man."

The evidence that mental characters are inherited, as this extract suggests, just like physical traits must be held over. Goethe's words will recur to many, and are indeed of general applicability, if you are not too insensible upon the sex whence the traits are derived: "No man can give the picture of a man."
Feudal Socialism.

A PLEA FOR A NATURAL COMBINATION.

By Captain F. P. Fletcher-Vane.

Or course, in suggesting a party called the Feudal Socialists I am quite prepared to be met with the objection that lihterto seeming political contradictions of this kind have had no great success. But this is because they were contradictions in fact and not only in name. We all remember the Tory Democrats and the Liberal Conservatives, who, though of some temporary popularity, are now as rare as orchids in a turnip field.

Now, the party which I desire to see arise differs from these because the contradiction is superficial and not fundamental. At bottom the complete aristocrat, Sir Roger de Coverley or any other type we choose to take, is a potential Socialist and a possible member of the Fabian Society, while the Fabians are themselves potential aristocrats. I will try to explain.

My friends among Socialists claim that the policy of Individualism carried to its logical conclusion has failed. It must be remembered that this sort of Individualism is quite a new invention, and came in about 1832. Sir Roger de Coverley did not know, and certainly would have repudiated, it. Everyone admits the failure, even if the admission is unconscious by, say, a subscription to a hospital, horror expressed at the Huddersfield case, or a study of the Report of the Commission on National Degeneracy.

Now there comes my friend of Toynbee Hall days, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who tells me in his book, "Socialism and Politics," how his school of Socialists propose to deal with the matter. He says that his faith "is one whose objective is the betterment of writing, and said: "Them's my sentiments." So I pray every night, wrote what he wanted over his bed, and on retiring pointed with this thumb to the name. We all remember the Tory Democrats and the Liberal Conservatives, who, though of some temporary popularity, are now as rare as orchids in a turnip field. And it has been shown there was much, for Mr. Fischer, the present Premier of the Orange River Colony, who was a consistent malignant, and whose estate was confiscated and given to another, had an amusing correspondence with Lord Milner. On the conclusion of peace, Mr. Fischer demanded his farm near Bloemfontein from the Government. Lord Milner wrote to say that it was already given to some one else, but that he offered Mr. Fischer £10,000 for it in the name of the authorities. Fischer then replied, I want £20,000. Then £20,000 was offered; the owner then claimed £40,000, and proposed to double at each offer. The farm was returned to him in lieu of compensation!

Nevertheless this latest attempt at expropriation only failed on account of the lack of force. Had we ever dominated South Africa as the Normans dominated the
The True Gospel of Feminism.
A reply to Mr. Belfort Bax.

On! Mr. Bax! Oh, Rip Van Winkle redivivus—and worse! He at least knew that things had changed, and that he had to learn them afresh. But though you are un asleep, your eyes are holden, so that you ignore the water that has passed under the bridge since first you took your stand thereby and tried to stem the flow. You refer us to pamphlets written twelve years ago anent the "legal subjection of men"—but if men are subject to men, is not man still paramount, and how can we remedy your grievances before we are in a position to redress our own?

In good sooth, Mr. Bax, you entirely fail to comprehend our movement, and though your arguments prance around and cavort bravely in the circumscribed field you have allotted to them, they have nothing whatever to do with the march of progress in which our forces are harnessed. Your specious concessions as regards pleas based on abstract justice, which assume, you say, "that women are on the average substantially similar and equal to men in intellectual and moral capacity," do not delude us. We may frankly decline to take advantage of them, and yet hold on our course with convictions unimpaired. Do not imagine, however, that we are oblivious to the value of such arguments. (I hasten to add this because I remember that you deny to women the power to appreciate abstractions.) No, they have served us well in their time during the last half century and more, and will doubtless come in again for future use, but in the long years of our struggle we have learned something which may surprise you, Mr. Bax, viz., that the mind of the majority of our brethren is constitutionally insensible to abstractions. One upon a time we hoped to convert men by logic, and counted much on its irresistible and immediately convincing effect; but we have been forced to recognise that its workings are concerns of geologic periods. The average man likes his mental pabulum suited to current capacity, we have powdered our abstract prin-ciple of the spectral of a man who has no other recommendation than his wealth being promoted over the heads of his fellow-men must be repugnant. And we may even oppose the scandal without being adverse in principle to hereditary honours; for even a Socialist, if he could find Bernard Shaw's Superman, and yet hold on our course with convictions unimpaired. Do not imagine, however, that we are oblivious to the value of such arguments. (I hasten to add this because I remember that you deny to women the power to appreciate abstractions.) No, they have served us well in their time during the last half century and more, and will doubtless come in again for future use, but in the long years of our struggle we have learned something which may surprise you, Mr. Bax, viz., that the mind of the majority of our brethren is constitutionally insensible to abstractions. One upon a time we hoped to convert men by logic, and counted much on its irresistible and immediately convincing effect; but we have been forced to recognise that its workings are concerns of geologic periods. The average man likes his mental pabulum suited to current capacity, we have powdered our abstract principles to pragmatic sanctions. I will just briefly explain the reason before I touch your article more closely.

The following is a list of non-compliant sentences that have been corrected:

- "No, they have served us well in their time during the last half century and more, and will doubtless come in again for future use, but in the long years of our struggle we have learned something which may surprise you, Mr. Bax, viz., that the mind of the majority of our brethren is constitutionally insensible to abstractions. One upon a time we hoped to convert men by logic, and counted much on its irresistible and immediately convincing effect; but we have been forced to recognise that its workings are concerns of geologic periods. The average man likes his mental pabulum suited to current capacity, we have powdered our abstract principles to pragmatic sanctions. I will just briefly explain the reason before I touch your article more closely."
gories—social, private, and economic—but the three are so inextricably interwoven as to be almost indistinguishable.

(a) Social. We urge that masculine dominance unbalanced by feminine responsibility has been very largely the cause of the disastrous disregard of human life during the industrial development of the past 150 years. Men have not only the means and the directing power, but the result has been the setting up of a dividend standard instead of a vital standard of communal efficiency. I do not ignore the sympathetic efforts of masculine benevolence towards the drafting of more humane ideals on the body politic, but present conditions only prove their want of effective support. Their difficulties have been aggravated by the fact that the politically irresponsible section of the community has been entrusted with the enormously important duty of wealth-spending. With a reckless folly unparalleled in its appalling consequences, whilst women have been exercising a social and economic influence which cannot be over-estimated, their sphere of conscious intelligent interest has, so far as current expectations are concerned, been restricted to the home, and to the development of their instincts, already sufficiently emphasised by nature, towards luxury and their own personal adornment. The result has been a feverish, extravagant expenditure which has multiplied the desire for wealth and added correspondingly the natural human care for the lives for which it is drained. The demand for the suffrage, i.e., for the full recognition of a political responsibility we are eager to assume, is the strongest symptom of a healthy reaction on our part.

(b) Private. We understand well how far the evil effects of habit and custom incapacitate many of our sisters from even appreciating the necessity for political freedom. Their moral energy is sapped by long dependence. Nevertheless, we urge that if the break-neck race after and out of wealth is ever to be intel- ligent and restrained, the political entities are a handi- cap on progress which no social reformer can afford to ignore.

(c) Economic. My three categories, it will be seen, are interchangeable—for woman neither liveth nor dieth to herself alone—but supplementing the economic effects of woman's political liberty, by which I have already referred. I may remind you that the vote would help to bring home to women their share of responsibility for the continuance of bad industrial conditions, for the adulteration of the food they buy and the stuffs they wear, for the manufacture of worthless articles which the lives from whose energies it is drained. The demand for the suffrage, i.e., for the full recognition of a political responsibility we are eager to assume, is the strongest symptom of a healthy reaction on our part.

Isolation engenders individualism: at present petty barriers of disability form a fine mesh over the whole of our social structure, which impedes not only free and united action, but the full sweep of constructive thought. Socialized, Mr. Bax, you recognise this as necessary, it can only be done with and by the co-operation of women. They and their tastes are the great driving-power of the social wheel of wealth—they may make or mar the men who share their lives, and I am at a loss to understand how any man aroused to the needs of his time can main- "Can't you even rise to chivalry"

All the same, however, you are of course quite right in thinking that the movement has in prospect the im- provement of our status; but you must remember that your enumeration of our legal advantages utterly fails to convince us that such an aim is superfluous. In the first place, are not the very instances of favouritism which you adduce as many indications that justice is arbitrary, and its favours therefore question- able? Too many of your so-called privileges are nothing but blundering attempts to counterbalance the law- made injustice which is the gravamen of our complaint. In most, we see traces of that system of coverture under which a married woman's rights were completely absorbed by her husband, and we are not in the least inclined to be grateful for any reminder of a system so odious and degrading. Your prejudices, I fear, prevent the exercise of your usual perspicacity, Mr. Bax. We need no privilege before the law on the ground of sex alone—and if you can turn your logic on the legal mind, and convert it to a nice appreciation of justice based on broad social needs, and untainted by sex- favour, women will join with de-personalised men in a grateful testimonial to your beneficence.

In addition to the want of subtlety displayed in your criticisms, there is a narrowness of outlook which in a man of your undoubted ability is deplorable. You are so completely lost in envy of the "privileges" granted to the very small proportion of women who trouble the legal fraternity that you overlook the sex-penalty at- taching to almost every woman-worker. The male proletarian justly complains of his wages; but what of the women who work from one-half to one-third the amount of such inadequacy? Are they, also, members of such an enor- mous army of married women whose work has no legally-recognized remuneration besides support according to the husband's status? These cannot afford to share your oblivion.

It is indeed news to learn that we are responsible for "forges a weapon of tyranny called chivalry." I thought in my ignorance that that fine ornament was one of men's proudest boasts, one for which they demanded our ceaseless gratitude. We women—or must I say we feminists?—have, of course, seen the hollowness of its pretensions long ago; we have learned that this same chivalry is a mere stage-weapon; demanding limelight or a rose-shaded glamour for its most effec- tive play, and breaking short in the hand when real fighting's to the fore. True, it is of the carpet variety—fly to open a drawing-room door, or to fetch soft cushions for their liege ladies, and we have sought in vain their chivalrous devotion where it might have done real service—in the labour market, for instance, behind the counters where it provides seats for the male army of married women whose work has no legally-recognized remuneration besides support according to the husband's status? These cannot afford to share your oblivion.

At the outset I rejected your concession as to our moral and intellectual equality. Don't you see now that the plea is scarcely worth our making? Our wider and deeper knowledge of the social relations resulting from supramenial of the masculine intellect has not in- creased our reverence: rather it has fostered a recogni- tion of man's slowness in "absorbing the higher func- tions of the species," which we think without undue con- celt we may hope to emulate, if not surpass. But if, with a struggle, we win the booby-race, it is not better that we should be consciously racing, though only in your tracks, than sitting down by the roadside, waiting till you turn back for us, as inevitably you must?

It is the gentle art of love which is a handi- cap on progress which no social reformer can afford to ignore.

This brief summary of our position will, I hope, Mr. Bax, suggest to you that our claims are more deeply rooted in the economic roots of the social the moral weakens thus engendered saps the whole social
structure. The resemblance between Men and Women is sufficient for men's comprehension of at least this point, viz., that our demand for increased power is akin to their own natural expansion, and that refusal implies a stultification against which they would rebel as we do.

The sociological import of the matter is in the gradual awakening of hundreds of thousands—nay, millions! for the movement is world-wide—of women who had not till recently a suspicion of the bearing of their relation to the "Roots of Reality." They are now learning the "identification of personal interest with social interest," which is, as you very justly observe in one of your Essays, the idea underlying the new ethic. You may continue to decry the Feminist movement, Mr. Bax, but you are setting yourself against a surging tide of fresh vitality which promises a quickening and regeneration of all our social energies.

Remember Mrs. Partington, and forbear so futile a proceeding!

MILICENT MURBY.

**Some Suggested Definitions.**

By Edwin Pugh.

**Anti-Socialist,** one who argues for Socialism by arguing against it.

**Baron, Baronet.** See Baron.

**Barren,** unproductive, unfruitful, uninventive. See Baron, Baronet.

**Capitalist,** one who possesses other people's capital.

**Demos,** a dirty fellow, who makes our lucre filthy.

**England,** a rather large piece of dirt that everybody who happens to be born on it is expected to feel sentimental about.

**Food,** fuel for the human engine.

**Gaol,** a building or place for the incarceration of inexpert criminals.

**History,** a picturesque romance, made up entirely of chapters of accidents.

**Honour,** that which a man will often barter in the singular to possess in the plural.

**Ideal, Idealism, Idealist.** See Idiotcy.

**Idiotcy,** state of being an idiot. See Ideal, Idealism, Idealist.

**Idler,** one who never rests.

**Justice,** a thing we all want until we get it.

**Jealousy,** condemnation of another's good taste.

**Knowledge,** a form of abstract wisdom that would seem to be more easily imparted than acquired.

**Lady,** a woman who is entirely successful in concealing the fact that she bifurcates.

**Man,** a creature who wants but little here below—and usually gets rather less than that.

**Narcosis,** that last state of the Parliamentarians which signifies his apotheosis.

Now, that moment of time in which we feel least inclined to make an effort.

**Oppportunity,** a small black bird that flies by night.

**Opinion,** that which is mere prejudice in others.

**Prejudice,** that which is an opinion in ourselves.

**Quarter-day,** that day of the year on which quarterly payments are not made.

**Radical,** a Liberal of illiberal views.

**Socialism,** the substance of that monstrous shadow which Anti-Socialists tilt at.

**Thief,** an unlicensed robber.

**Usurer,** a licensed robber.

**Vote,** a weapon that is more often held by the blade than by the handle.

**World,** the playground of the rich; the workshop of the poor.

**Xerotes,** the one valid excuse for drunkenness that has never yet been used in Court.

**Youth,** an angel that we all entertain unawares.

**Zealot,** one who collects subscriptions.

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**A Jealous God.**

All day and night had I prayed:
"Far have I travelled, over all
Hangs like a pall
Wretchedness, sickness, and care,
Ecstatic souls in despair,
Bodies worn threadbare.
Lack of faith nowhere,
Among islamite, pagan, or jew,
Zarathustrian, Buddhist, Taoist, Osirist,
Brahmin, Omankuru,
Christian, Agnostic, too.
All look to Thee for relief,
And Thou,
O God, makest no sign.
Art callous or ignorant quite?
Then leave me the earth to set right,
I know what is wrong with mankind:
The plague-spots I've touched, the core and the rind."

Then sudden God answered,
"So be it.
Six days did I labour to make
The earth, of thy sore refrain
Which twelve days shalt thou have to reshape.
Omnipotent, omniscient,
Thou shalt reign."

I laughed: mankind's sorrow to banish
Was the joy of a moment's brief leisure;
'Twas Being, whilst Knowing did vanish.
God's Work was my Pleasure.

Time ended, again I ventured:
Now a man, not a God, in the throng.
Oh! horror, oh! cave of delusion.
No ill, not a grievance was cured;
Men spoke of the brief space of time
When to live was a glory sublime:
God again had forsaken the earth,
He'd awakened by hasty rebirth.
Thus their cry.

Then my story I bruited aloud,
Whilst Diverper of Glory was I,
The Maker of Ill is your God.
"Monster, Blasphemer," they shouted.

In prison
I'm cast with derision,
Whilst God, in my dank cell,
My torture seeks to swell.

In action, a dream-world, you forget
To right, the sun, a broad pillar of gold,
Shoots down the gently rippling water
As it to mellow the cold breeze blowing against it.

To left, the brown-and-green-enclosed water
Stretches unbroken to a little yellow bridge,
And over this there runs a stream
Of human souls home-hastening:
And behind the bridge a bank of trees, dense-green,
Just touched with presage of the Spring,
In blue mist delicately shrouded.

Further still, some still, red chimneys
And a waving flag half-mast;
Still further, in faint fragile grey,
Two towers, square-based and with a central mast
Up-pointing.

For the rest, the music of the town, most sad,
Most sea-like.

M. D. E.

**The Serpentine.**

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\* \* \* \* \*
\* \* \* \* \*
How I nearly caused a War.

The question is did it really happen? My friends say it didn't. My enemies say it didn't. My friends tap with playful finger on the nose; my enemies with significant finger on the forehead. And yet, you know, it's absolutely true. If I had the passion for proving things, I could heave you up a carry bag. I sign without a tremor. It doesn't look true for I always contend that if a thing doesn't look true it isn't true, whatever the facts may say. Let's see what you will make of it.

Once on a time I was poor. This sounds incredible, but I know it was so. And yet, I'll tell you, it is an exceedingly uncomfortable and devilish thing.

Gifted hunger and the distaste for honesty which is the essential factor in the journalistic temperament and you have a man ripe for any villainy.

This I put down, not in a spirit of vain-glory or self-abasement, but simply to show what causes pushed me to the shameful deed. My friends do not dispute the part of the story; they say the lie begins later. But I say if you want to shove the thing into Fairlyland, shove it all in; and so says my wife.

The dream begins, then, in an underground chamber near Fleet Street. A bloated person, with rings on his fingers, soft toes, and fair written document lies on a roller-top desk littered with business and my three guineas. The B.P. has pointed ears. He wears a long black frock coat. There is a smell of sulphur in the air. I take the pen. I take my seat. I sign without a tremor.

As the bold bold slash goes across my three junior "t's" there is a clap of thunder, a hurrying of feet, and the tinkle of a telephone bell, and with a loud ha! ha! ha! the bloated person vanishes up the chimney . . .

Then the scene changes; clouds and waves begin to rock the cabin. I lie down in the bunk and think cheerfully of my latter end. Another bloated person (or is it the same?) discourses pitilessly of the lusciousness of boiled pork. The smell of the things he devours is it the same? Discourses pitilessly of the lusciousness of boiled pork. The smell of the things he devours is it the same? Discourses pitilessly of the lusciousness of boiled pork. The smell of the things he devours is it the same?

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"'t's" there is a clap of thunder, a hurrying of feet, and the tinkle of a telephone bell, and with a loud ha! ha! ha! the bloated person vanishes up the chimney . . .
“This is a question of law.” He might frown (in MS.) I suggest. He shifts in his chair like a man who abominates action. Well, he will go down and talk to them, and take my claim. * * * For wages earned, for deposits, for salary in lieu of notice. My heart swells with pride. There is some use in being an Englishman . . .

An enthusiastic “professor” bursts into my attic and twirls his straw hat up to the ceiling. Glorious! He tells me all about it. Champing steeds, England’s four wheels rumbling to a standstill, teachers and scholars craning out of window, Belial and Moloch (still wet from the Sunday?) quaking and gnashing in their den . . .

And here the dream goes to smash. There ought to be a counterclaim (from a solicitor) lying waiting on the door-mat. Damages for assault, for broken umbrella, for claim. Back by the next post goes a copy of my claim, to go to law.

Broken contract. Altogether 100 francs more than my world—(but why did I go to a language school?). Then of him is not without its humour. I am posing as a long-lost brother, or an unpaid tailor, or something else. He sighs, blushes again, raises his hat to me, and turns away. What Mr. Galsworthy has to do is to go out and buy a penny paper, and the owner will tell him all about it.

“And curiously enough,” exclaims the owner, “we have an English model this week, and English models are rare.”

Sir Archy looks at me, catches my eye, blushes, and, says he, “I think I’ve met the gentleman before,” blushes again, raises his hat to me, and turns away.

The princely person smiles. Perhaps he takes me for a long-lost brother, or an unpaid tailor, or something of that sort, but he surely never suspects me of having been an international complication.

P.S. If any one of my readers be anxious to test the truth of the picture, let him buy a penny paper and answer an advertisement (there are plenty of them) that reads like this: “Gentleman (English) wanted to teach English abroad.”

W. R. TITTERTON.

A Wrinkle about Clothes.

Always have them washed with Hudson’s Soap, and then you can be sure they are as well washed as they possibly can be, and it is a washing that doesn’t wear them. All the wear is left for yourself.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Mr. John Galsworthy’s new book “A Commentary” (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) was published for Whitsunday, and as I write this the shape of the book, the title for which Mr. W. M. Rossetti has been plastered over him by the master-plasters of Fleet Street. There are a few critics whose approval would damn almost any book in the eyes of an intelligent bookman. Nearly all these chaps, etc., conspired to assert that “The Man of Property” was the greatest modern novel, except “The Country House.” The inordinate laudation poured out upon “The Silver Box,” an ingenious but very slight and naïf dramatic sketch, almost achieved the ruin of Mr. Galsworthy among bibliophiles. By the way, “The Silver Box” was not inspired by Anatole France’s “Crainquebille”; it ought to have been. But when the lamas, etc., announced that “Joy,” the successor to “The Silver Box,” was a failure, then there began to be hope for Mr. Galsworthy. I at once felt instinctively that “Joy” must be pretty good. And it was. It was a misunderstood play, as H. G. Wells’s “Island of Dr. Moreau” is a misunderstood novel.

Personally, I do not consider that either of Mr. Galsworthy’s novels comes within the four-mile radius of the first-rate. They both lack a sense of beauty. They are as hard and hostile, and as harsh in colour, as a portrait by Sargent. They are also almost entirely deficient in individual characterization, being crowded with types, not with persons. Now, “A Commentary” is frankly a collection of “characters,” and it shows very clearly the qualities and defects of the author. The general effect of the book is one of monotony. It is chiefly governed by a strong prejudice against its own subjects. It is as inflexible as a cocoanut, without the milk. All this is bad, and will assuredly debar Mr. Galsworthy from the immortality so kindly mapped out for him by mandarins, etc. I should say that Mr. Galsworthy will last about as long as Sargent, whose half-brother he is (in the arts). I read most of “A Commentary” as it appeared, once a fortnight or so, in the “Nation,” and that was the safest way to appreciate it. Some of the sketches are exceedingly and dazzlingly brilliant, while others are in the praise which Mr. Galsworthy written by a kind of astral Andrew Lang. The best of them reveal a writer. And when I say a writer, I signify one who can write. I mean this for high praise. There is a study of a barrister who, without knowing it, is always meeting himself. It is a pretty bit of work.

What Mr. Galsworthy has to do is to go out and buy some milk. Milk is a very difficult thing to buy, but if he can meet with some in his walks abroad, there is hope for him. For he has a soul, a mind, and an eye of his own. He must also contrive to take a walk with his prejudice against the successful classes, and lose it. First-rate writers have no business with hostilities. First-class writers ought to be aware that one kind of man is just as deserving of sympathy as another, and that to shed tears over the weak and the oppressed is a sign of facile emotionalism rather than of an ordered and powerful imagination. It is not morally reprehensible to live in Bedford Court Mansions.

One always finds literary news of vital interest in the “British Weekly,” and last week “A Man of Kent” gave honour to the announcement of a final work by Mr. Clement K. Shorter on the Brontës. I much regret the finality. I had hoped that Mr. Shorter would continue his researches into the dailiness of the gifted sisters for ever and ever. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has cruelly offered us his final work on Dante Gabriel, and...
now Mr. Shorter completes the gloom by this abrupt withdrawal from the field of which he was the gloomiest ornament. A pity! I feel sure that all has not been said about Anne Brontë. And I suggest that Mr. Shorter should undertake more of Anne's biographical tenor volumes, and that the "Times" people should practically give it away, as they practically give away all their masterpieces.

**BOOK OF THE WEEK.**

Holyoake, Social Pioneer.*

Students of social reform will be well repaid by a careful study of these volumes from the pen of Mr. Joseph McCabe. The "Life of Holyoake" is in many respects the most interesting book that has appeared since Morley's "Life of Gladstone." The period dealt with, his long and amazingly active career, his service in a hundred honoured causes make Holyoake's record a summary of the revolutionary energy of the nineteenth century. He was a singularly interesting man; his range of acquaintances was so wide as to include practically every famous reformer of his time; he was a zealous letter writer, journalist, and pamphleteer, and he lived to see many of the causes that he helped to start, grow and ripen.

Holyoake, who was born on April 13, 1817, died on January 22, 1906, and between these 89 years the greatest social revolution of modern times occurred. When, as a youth of seventeen, he began his work as a social reformer, the workers were ignorant and superstitious slaves; when he died they had outgrown the Church, secured most of the rights of citizenship, forced their way into the House of Commons, and put the fear of God into the hearts of the old political parties. At the beginning of his experience the wage-earner slaved for sixteen hours a day; his food was coarse and scarce; combination was denied to him; he had no education, and his pleasures were either brutal or sordid; his children died like flies of preventable diseases; and not having a vote, he interested the statesman only in so far as he could be induced to brawl for Church or King or riot for any cause that served their ends.

Some measure of the progress secured within this period may be illustrated by two acts of Holyoake himself. His very first tract, issued in 1841, was a plea for Trade Unionism, while from his death-bed in December, 1905, he wrote a letter to John Burns congratulating him on having attained to Cabinet rank.

It is perhaps as an Owenite missionary that Holyoake's best work has been done. It was certainly that part of his career that was furthest removed from the acknowledged respectability that graced, and perhaps tainted, his later years. It required heroism and complete unselfishness to be a Socialist advocate in those days; and it is interesting to reflect that much of what we are still demanding was being asked for by Owen nearly a century ago. His programme included "infant schools of a kindergarten type (the first London infant school was founded by his disciple Wilderspin in 1820) and the legal suppression of child labour; an eight-hour day for the adult workers; co-operation in production and distribution; the general diffusion of science and art; the corrective treatment of the criminal and the reform of jails; the substitution of arbitration for warfare; greater freedom and a wider life for women; the emendation of the divorce laws, the poor law, and the licensing law; the suppression of the national lottery, the collective ownership of the land; and the admission of Jews, etc., to Parliament."

These ideas were assailed by forces that have now been either subdued or tamed. Dean Close described Holyoake's Socialism as "devilism" and himself as "a poor misguided wretch," a "monster," and complained that a depraved audience in his locality actually "applauded the miscreant." One of the Owenite colonies are "Epicurean styes," and ap-

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*The Life and Letters of George Holyoake. By Joseph McCabe. Two vols.; 360 pp. (Watts and Co. 16s. net.)

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THE INTERNATIONAL VISITS ASSOCIATION.

**VISIT TO NORWAY.**

AUGUST 18th to 27th.

The object of these Visits is to give people of different countries an opportunity of making each other's acquaintance, and of learning something of each other's customs and institutions. At the same time the Visits serve as a medium of introduction for people of different countries who are interested in the same social movements.

A stay of ten days will be made in Christiania, and a Course of Visits (in English) will be given under the following heads:

**THE HISTORY OF NORWAY (3 LECTURES).**

**EXCURSIONS.** - Agricultural College at Aas - Small Holdings and State Holdings in the Neighbourhood of Christiania.

**SOCIAL & INDUSTRIAL LIFE (4 LECTURES).**

**GOVERNMENT & INSTITUTIONS (5 LECTURES).**

**NORWEGIAN LITERATURE AND ART (6 LECTURES).**

**RESPONSIBILITY &損 YIELD (7 LECTURES).**


**SOCIAL MOVEMENTS (6 LECTURES).**

**VISITS.** - The People's House - A Gaming Saloon.

**THE IBSEN WEEK.**

A SERIES OF PLAYS BY IBSEN AND BJÖRNSSEN

will be acted (according to custom) at THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CHRISTIANIA, During the last week of August, 1908.

Peer Gynt (music by Edward Grieg) on August

TO FABIAN & FABIAN SYMPATHISERS.

A Fabian Banner

WILL BE BORNE BY

The WOMEN'S GROUP in the Suffrage Demonstrations OF Saturday, June 13, & Sunday, June 21.

FALL IN AND MARCH UNDER IT.

June 13, WOMEN ONLY, Victoria Embankment, 2.30 p.m.
June 21, MEN and WOMEN, Trafalgar Square, 1 p.m.

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pealed to the authorities to prevent Hampshire from "so hideous a pollution." Atheism, with which Holyoake's name had also become associated, was regarded as a kind of moral leprosy that could not be endured. Sceptics were not permitted to offer evidence in the Court of Chancery; Orsini had even availed of this opportunity of escaping their debts, thereby driving Holyoake to employ in his bookshop a Christian who was qualified to do the necessary swearing before the magistrate. It was the imprisonment of Southwell for publishing the "Voyage of Reason" that proved the grave of Holyoake's remaining doubts as to the wisdom of heresy and the cradle of his real religion. "Christianner," he said, "had once more produced the iron evidences of its divinity." For talk of this kind he proved the grave of Holyoake's remaining doubts as to his own liability for fines in this connection. Mr. McCabe's book contains much important matter of general interest. Holyoake's connection with Garibaldi, the great fight against Napoleon the Third in 1858. The great light against the Taxes on Knowledge is well recorded, although less recognized is given to the work of Richard Carlile and Henry Hetherington than their heroism and endurance deserve. Both of these men, of the type that Governments might break but could not bend, and when we read our New Age to-day, we may fitly remember that in order to break down the iniquitous tax Carlile spent more than nine years in gaol, and that twice in six months the authorities sent smiths to Hetherington's shop to break up his press, while more than 500 men went to prison for selling his paper. Holyoake's own liability for fines in this connection amounted to more than £600,000. There is so much truth in Mr. McCabe's book that a too copious footnotes, occasional remarks by Eltzbacher, and corrections by the translator. All the charm of the original writers is gone, whilst Eltzbacher's heavy German style makes his own contributions impossible. "Austro-american are the teachings of Stirner, Tolstoi; nomistic those of Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and Tucker." Stirner and Tucker are also "endemonistic." But Kropotkin has no right to be regarded as a leader of anarchistic teaching; nor Proudhon either, although he called himself a "Jacob's ladder," while Mr. Charles Watts and others gave him a support which made his later conquests easy. Mr. Holyoake's connection with Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends is one that deserves to be known, as that which Mr. McCabe says that "no understanding" with the Reform Society, it is necessary to say that these relations were limited to occasional letters to their weekly journal expressing his disagreement of some attitude that they had assumed. Holyoake's life was both long and inspiring, but it was scarcely heroic. Thrice he stood as a Parliamentary candidate on independent lines, and thrice he succumbed to the pressure brought upon him to withdraw. He aroused antagonism by recanting from manhood suffrage, while the episode of his connection with Walpole over the Hyde Park riots in 1866 was at least open to grave suspicion. During the time that Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant stood in the dock for publishing the famous Knowlton pamphlet he wrote a letter to the "Times" which was an implied condemnation of the defendants, who were as yet unjudged, while he took a Glasgow correspondent, attitude on the nature question in which Mr. Bradlaugh was also involved. These incidents may seem to some the blemishes on a great career; but putting these aside, Holyoake is to be judged by the general character of his work, and this is always helpful and creative. Those who knew him after the storm and stress of his propagandist life was over, will be glad of this record of a sparkling and sympathetic personality; while Mr. McCabe has placed every student of the nineteenth century under an obligation to him for a singularly lucid and interesting record of its ambitions and achievements.

H. SNELL.

REVIEWS.

Anarchism. By Dr. Paul Eltzbacher Translated by S. T. Byington. (A. C. Fifield. 6s. ed.) The philosophical anarchist starts with the ridiculous assumption that man is a reasoning being, that he will always act on definite and set rules, and that all you have to do is to find the correct one. He regards our arteries as flowing not with vital blood but with some chemical fluid. The plan of this book makes it extremely dull reading. There are four chapters dealing in a general way with anarchistic teachings; the other seven are devoted to the description of seven leaders. The attempt is made to render their teachings by means of short quotations from the author's works, with copious footnotes, occasional remarks by Eltzbacher, and corrections by the translator. All the charm of the original writers is gone, whilst Eltzbacher's heavy German style makes his own contributions impossible. "Austri-o-american are the teachings of Stirner, Tolstoi; nomistic those of Proudhon, Bakunin, Kropotkin, and Tucker." Stirner and Tucker are also "endemonistic." But Kropotkin has no right to be regarded as a leader of anarchistic teaching; nor Proudhon either, although he called himself a "Jacob's ladder," while Mr. Charles Watts and others gave him a support which made his later conquests easy. Mr. Holyoake's connection with Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends is one that deserves to be known, as that which Mr. McCabe says that "no understanding" with the Reform Society, it is necessary to say that these relations were limited to occasional letters to their weekly journal expressing his disagreement of some attitude that they had assumed. Holyoake's life was both long and inspiring, but it was scarcely heroic. Thrice he stood as a Parliamentary candidate on independent lines, and thrice he succumbed to the pressure brought upon him to withdraw. He aroused antagonism by recanting from manhood suffrage, while the episode of his connection with Walpole over the Hyde Park riots in 1866 was at least open to grave suspicion. During the time that Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant stood in the dock for publishing the famous Knowlton pamphlet he wrote a letter to the "Times" which was an implied condemnation of the defendants, who were as yet unjudged, while he took a Glasgow correspondent, attitude on the nature question in which Mr. Bradlaugh was also involved. These incidents may seem to some the blemishes on a great career; but putting these aside, Holyoake is to be judged by the general character of his work, and this is always helpful and creative. Those who knew him after the storm and stress of his propagandist life was over, will be glad of this record of a sparkling and sympathetic personality; while Mr. McCabe has placed every student of the nineteenth century under an obligation to him for a singularly lucid and interesting record of its ambitions and achievements.

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THE NEW AGE.

JUNE 6, 1908

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REVIEW.

The Child's Socialist Reader. (Twentieth Century Press. 1s. 6d.) A good "children's" book is one that is acceptable to all children—of whatever age. This is nothing of the kind. At best it is "not so bad in parts." We are sorry to see that the managers of the Twentieth Century Press who produced that most excellent tract on Socialism and Art have themselves so little understand-
ing of the art of printing—we have seldom seen a worse piece of printing—and we are still more sorry that Walter Crane should have had anything to do with it. His drawing of William Morris is execrable, to mention only one, and as for the piffling ornamental border to the pages—we might have stood it once, but to have it repeated round every mortal page is intolerable. When will people learn that under present commercial conditions it is only possible to produce plain unornamental things? Even the material used must be of the plainest.

The contents are not much better. Some of the moral tales are passably good, more particularly that one called "The Rain of Gold," but on the whole the text is written at the worst Sunday-School level, and are such as would neither amuse nor elevate any proper child. The poems which with the volume is sprinkled are even worse than the stories, and the child who reads "Then everyone would have plenty of money like he himself had . . . " would certainly not learn English.

**The Wagnarian Romances.** By Gertrude Hall. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

For those to whom Wagner's stories are unfamiliar this book may prove interesting. In rather over four hundred pages Miss Gertrude Hall has retold the romances which have delighted the whole civilised world by its musical setting. The romances themselves are, from a literary point of view, but poor stuff, dramatically uninteresting, philosophically opaque. It is only when they are vitalised by the force of Wagner's music that they become at all possible. In this year of grace many of us are blasé about Wagner, and unassimilated; and it was thought that the literary skill which Miss Hall possesses to stimulate our tired minds might perhaps get the romances into a company and his own recovery from an illness. "Links," Ltd., is the name of a company which has been deposited out of the store of superfluous literature which has been deposited outside the temple of Bayreuth. We grow old quickly, and such a book as this insists all too strongly that Wagner is dead. If nobody would write anything about him for twenty years, he might have a chance of salvation.

**DRAMA**

Herman Heijerman’s "Links."

The Stage Society must set itself a higher and a more experimental standard. "Links" is neither sufficiently novel nor sufficiently experimental. It is a good solid drama of the life of Pancras Duif, with a background of Dutch family experiences, but it does not show us enough.

Do not imagine that I am not fully aware that there are hundreds and thousands of persons to whom even Pinero may be a revelation. That, in fact, is one of the reasons why I am a revolutionary Socialist. Similarly there are, no doubt, many persons to whom Heijerman gives something otherwise unobtainable. But no great effort is made to do this, the effort is all concentrated on giving a picture of one particular kind of Dutch life, and one central Dutch personality. This is sufficient for average solid drama, it is not sufficient for good drama. The one thing which would redeem it, the revelation of a personality as the unique thing it essentially is, we do not get in "Links." So revealed, any personality is enough for the central theme of a drama, but those we have to furnish out of the store of our own experiences, and clothe with our own make-shifts, must, if they are to justify themselves, be the prophets of some new and great ideas.

"Links," Ltd., is the name of a company which has been built up by Pancras Duif, who started as a working smith. When the play opens Pancras is just celebrating the dual event of the conversion of his business into a company and his own recovery from an illness. Pancras has retired from the management of the company, and his young son is now managing the forge. Father and son quarrel; another son and a son-in-law come in asking for money, and they quarrel. A telegram is received from another son, the student Toon,
scene, and having been exhibited goes off again, is a fearful example), and sums the matter up by saying that if Pancras wants to put an end to his life there are many simpler methods. Hein’s grimly cunning, but his was very effective here, and later on, when his prophecies have been realised, not by marriage, but by the furious opposition of Pancras’ family to marriage, the turning of each comic prophecy of Hein into tragedy was the more sensible, tragedy being in the nature of materialism obviously in the plotting which goes on among Pancras’ children in the third act; one of them has stolen some papers of Pancras, and on the strength of the eccentricities these display has called in a ‘ mental pathologist ’ to try to give him a diagnosis. Pancras is mad. This family scene was not pretty, and I daresay quite real; it compared very favourably with Pinerio’s family scenes in ‘ The Thunderbolt.’ The people were living people, but their ugliness and their reality were not interesting.

An incurable Socialist philosopher assures me that in some relation or other all persons are fine, or are seen in a perspective of fine things, and to see them in a perspective of bad parliaments and tears is repellent. It is a worthier thing to show a man a drunken hog than a middle-class cantankerous respectable. And Heijerman’s people are all as it were moving about inside their clothes and inside their conventions. They are too appallingly limited to come into contact with any less limited thing; in Jan’s house, for instance, they have forgotten where they put the Bible. This is the weak spot in the play. Pancras talks of his sexual struggles, and is fond of quoting Bible texts, and assumes a severe puritanical morality as a matter of course; these things imply a certain religious-moral outlook which ought to be emphasised. Had Pancras brought himself and his family into relation with the savagery and grandeur of the Bible their limitations would have assumed their true proportion. Exactly by doing this Miss Margaret Mack, for instance, was able to light up and display her terribly limited people in ‘The Gates of the Morning.’ And it is this lighting up and display that constitute permanent drama. For Heijerman’s ‘ Links ’ will pass away when we cease to be interested in other social fashions, and in the social conventions of the people there exhibited.

In the fourth act the tragedy drives on to its rather improbable conclusion. It contains a grisly scene between the ‘ mental pathologist ’ and old Pancras, in which the doctor collects evidence of alleged insanity, a scene in which a brother and the brother-in-law bully Pancras’ prospective wife into hysterics, and the scene in which she goes away and leaves him ‘alone,’ on which the curtain comes down. But the play is not finished. No permanent impression is kept. We were all quite well aware before this that middle-class families in small towns exhibit the savage ferocity of cannibals without their picturesque. This knowledge has been stated to us again, and here we are just as we started.

There is in ‘Links’ enough material for comedy or for tragedy, but only development enough for comedy. It is amusing to see silly limited people cynically displaced before us in comedy; the humour of the spectacle brings them into general human relations. If we laugh at a scene, however savagely we may laugh, then that scene has achieved. But a tragedy to which we are not indifferent must go deeper than this. A tragedy must bring us into touch with the humanity, the pathos, the grandeur, the savagery and grandeur of the Bible their limitations assume a true perspective. Exactly by doing this Miss Edyth Latimer, who, however, was not able to make Marianne’s quite unexplained behaviour in leaving Pancras credible.

L. HADEN GUEST

ART.

The New English Art Club and Henry Bishop

I often wish that the more modern of our art clubs would make it a rule to hold their exhibitions in the dark days of winter. I don’t put this forward as a reasonable idea. It is a whim. I could talk reason into it had I the mind, but then my whim would be no longer a whim, and therefore of less value. It is due to my readers, however, that I should say that the basis of my whim is probably a love of light. I find this same love of light, of light in all its innumerable effects, its subtilities, its pranks, its experiments, is the pre-eminent motif of modern painting: of the art of painting where it is most alive. The modern painter is mainly and consciously concerned with light, but he does not merely record its effects—he captures and immortalises it. Therefore I repeat my desire for exhibitions in the days of little light—so that there should be brightly illuminated cases for men when the sun seems a weary of shining.

My mind ran along this line of thought as I walked through the galleries of the New English Art Club in Dering Yard, Bond Street, on a recent bright morning. Surely the motto of this club should be, ‘Let there be light!’

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light," for that obviously is the keynote of almost every picture in the exhibition. Even the most casual glance at this collection of paintings convinces one that such a motto and such an aim would be worthy. What do we want in a picture? Is a picture the same as all other things, or, as is often the case, just a little—stirrident? These are but the accidental of right action. I would far rather spend my picture hours in an exhibition where one had occasionally to resort to "blinkers" than in one where one was perpetually forced to close one's eyes and find understanding by a process of mental illumination—like looking on the world by candle light.

My demand of a painting that it should first please the eye by revealing the manifold qualities of light playing upon material things, is always satisfied at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club. Here and there, it is true, my eyes ached at some too self-conscious adventure in colour, Miss Alice Farmer's "A Sunny Day in Winter, St. Ives, Cornwall," with its glamorous blues, or the challenging "Kneatha" of Sons, and P. Gorse. But these were exceptions. Generally the light was revealed in glorious inevitable rays, as in that fine harmony in white and green, "The Flour Mill," by Sydney Lee, with its delicately-informed shadows and finely-composed lines, and the existant landscape of P. Wilson Steer's "The Outskirts of a Town," with its masterly control and beautifully-imagined revelation of an evenly distributed light.


The peculiar riches of the exhibition are, however, to be found among the portrait studies. [W. Orpen has achieved a masterly portrait of "Prof. Frederick Brown's "St. Sauloe, Evening," and the three delightful canvases of Lucien Pissarro, to name but those which impressed me most. "RAGGING" SOCIALISTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age.

On Tuesday, May 12th, at about 10.30 p.m., a party of undergraduates of Trinity Hall entered the rooms of Mr. E. W. Patey and Mr. W. H. Edgar, for the purpose of "ragging" them. They broke all the glass in the rooms and retired. The damage is estimated at several pounds. They then pursued Mr. R. E. Gomme, who was crossing the court, and squirted him with water from syphons.

On Saturday, May 16th, the same party occupied the time from 10.15 to midnight in searching for Mr. Gomme and Mr. A. W. M. Bull. At 12.15 they entered the rooms of Mr. D. O. Pawson and found these gentlemen within. The door was "spotted" and entry could be gained either by a skeleton key or by the key of the staircase, supplied by a sympathetic head porter. Mr. Gomme and Mr. Bull were forcibly conveyed down the staircase, passing the head porter, who regarded the scene with indifference. The New Buildings were reached, and a bath was placed in the middle of the court, to which the objects of attention were successively plunged. Mr. Gomme was then released. Mr. Bull, however, was followed to his rooms by three of the party, who asked him whether he "believed in the aristocracy," and particularly in those who had recently brought back from Morocco. He is a painter with a full sense of the qualities of light, and he can put more vitality into that difficult quantity, a white wall, than most painters. He recognises the iridescence of white, and some of his Moorish walls are as radiant as pearls, yet they retain the essential brightness of white clay under the rays of a sub-tropical sun. These canvases have the rare distinction of impressionism without price.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

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SPECIAL OFFER—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

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SPECIAL OFFER to Readers of "THE NEW AGE" as an Advertisement. 20,000 10/- DIAMOND STAR FOUNTAIN PENS for only 10/-.......

SPECIAL OFFER to Readers of "THE NEW AGE" as an Advertisement. 20,000 10/- DIAMOND STAR FOUNTAIN PENS for only 10/-/...
the fact that he is College Secretary of the Cambridge University Fabian Society. Mr. Bull is also a member of both these organisations. The latter has been told to the editor of either of the Fabian Society; or to give up his rooms in College.

Mr. Trotter on the Tuesday informed Mr. Gomme that he was "unwise, being a Socialista, to come to a Conservative Club. Mr. Gomme was being conducted across the court on Saturday he enquired of Mr. Trotter, who at the moment was clutching the back of his neck, the reason for this visit. Mr. Trotter said: "You have held a Socialist meeting in the Hall!" Mr. Gomme denied this. "Then a Fabian meeting," said Mr. Trotter, "Or a woman suffragists' Radical meeting, or a Liberal meeting," Mr. Gomme denied all these accusations. "Well, we are going to bath you, anyhow," concluded Mr. Trotter.

No attempt is here made to do more than to give a bare outline of what occurred.

MR. BAX AND FEMINISM.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Might I ask Mr. Belfort Bax to reconsider his nomenclature? To regard the ability to vote as a privilege is surely new to the British constitution. The vote of a member of an Association is a part of his responsibilities as a member. Women have not voices because they are not regarded as responsible members of the body politic. To the same extent, if not all of the "private leges" which Mr. Bax enumerates, and of which he complains. Let him then co-operate with those who wish to establish the position of women as responsible members of society, and some of these inequalities may fall away.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your readers are doubtless puzzled by the vigorous argumentation of Mr. Belfort Bax against the "feminists." Socialists are all agreed to listen with respect when Mr. Bax speaks and so they do now, but surely no one is now convinced. Some instinct tells us that the note he is now sounding has a flaw in it. May I point out where and what that flaw is? He is forgetting that one of the fundamental differences between the psyche as it lives and finds expression in human conditions and the physical cosmos is that the former has nothing at all to do with number or weight, while the latter is entirely governed by these. Let me add, by the 25th April, upon the Society of which he is president, why does he, while soliciting adhesion and assent for its aims, at the foot of an article advocating these reforms that Mr. Bax in his anti-feminist zeal should have so overstated his case.

H. H. SCHLOESSER.

UNISEXUAL CRIMINAL LAW.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Heath's somewhat scurrilous attack upon myself in your issue of May 23 I consider unworthy of notice, and do not propose to bandy words with that gentleman.

Let there be any of the readers of THE NEW AGE, however, who from Dr. Oiffeld's letter this week, think that I unfairly saddled his views, as expressed in your number of the 25th April, upon the Society of which he is president, perhaps you will allow me to state my case as follows:

1. If it does, my allegation as to its professed aim being in effect no better than a feminist trick I consider fully justified (for the reasons given in my letter of May 10).

2. If, on the contrary, as a Society, it repudiates, or at least does not endorse, the one-sided feminist theories of its president, why does he, while soliciting adhesion and assent for its aims, at the foot of an article advocating these theories, not clearly dissociate the latter from the official object of the Society.

There can surely be no doubt that any ordinary impartial reader would, like myself, connect the appeal at the close of Mr. Bax's article with the substance of the preceding article.

B. BELFORT BAX.

THE FLORENCE PRESS.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We have been reading with interest the remarks contained in THE NEW AGE of May 23 anent the Florence Press books which will be printed in the new fount designed by Mr. Herbert P. Horne.

Quoting from the prospectus of the Press, you say that it is announced that the publishers to the Press, i.e., ourselves, will "issue the Florence Press books in reasonable editions, neither very small nor very large, but that the books will not be reprinted in the Florence types."

Having proceeded to consider "the depraved and foolish pleasure of an ass grazing in Bedford Park," which, having become possessed of a copy of one of these Florence Press...
IS RELIGION UNDERMINED?

By Rev. C. L. DRAWBRIDGE, M.A.

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