KING AND TSAR. By VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the causes of the King's visit to the Tsar are still secret, not so the results. The price of the Russian Loan on the British Exchange has risen from 89½ to 97.

Let us repeat the abominable story. In October, 1905, the Tsar, being hard pressed for money, was induced to make a solemn pledge to create and respect an elementary constitution for Russia, the first Duma. In consequence of this, and for the first time in England for half a century, a Russian Loan was floated in London and Paris amounting to 90 millions sterling.

In the very same month of October the Black Hundreds of Russia under the name of "The Union of Russian Men" were formally reconstituted for the express purpose of maintaining the Russian autocracy and bureaucracy against the democracy of the Duma. So effectual were they that the Tsar was emboldened to break his pledge, to dissolve first one Duma, then another, and finally to openly consort with and support the Black Hundreds who had served him so well.

Meantime, however, the loan of 1905 was exhausted. A few months ago Russian credit stood at a low ebb. Her debt had grown during the last five years from 467 to 665 millions, and on the present year's budget there was a deficit of 20 million pounds. What was to be done? The credit of the third Duma, in spite of Stolypin and Miluloff, was not enough to warrant the Franco-British Semitic financiers in staking more to loosen their purse-strings Tsarwards.

What troubles us most about it all is the secrecy in which the origins have had their being. A frank statement seems to be regarded by Sir Edward Grey as indecent in the highest degree; and he is nothing if not decorous. Nobody, we gather, outside the "inner circle" (Mr. Asquith's incautious phrase) knows anything of the Cabinet's foreign policy. We do not even believe that all the members of the Cabinet are in that "inner circle." But it is certain that there is something in the wind, something, too, which dares not be named. What did King Edward mean, for example, by his phrase to the Tsar regarding the settlement of "some momentous questions in the future"? Did Mr. Bello write that sentence for the King? The question, however, is one of principle and not of detail.

This may be the true explanation, though we admit in the presence of Mr. Bello's omniscience that it is only the guess of a worm in the dark. But at least it sounds more probable than any of the explanations we have heard. There are other results, however, which may or may not have been foreseen. The Tsar is made an Admiral of the British Fleet. The Tsar is coming to England for some pensive shooting in September. (In Russia it is not pheasants that are shot.) Several of the Russian papers cast the shadow of an alliance between England and Russia following on the present rapprochement. Also, we understand that the Balkans question was discussed—settled, of course, is quite another matter. Lastly (to our present knowledge, that is) the Radical members of the twice-purged Duma have sent messages of thanks to the English Labour Party and Liberals who voted against the King's visit to their beloved but despicable monarch.

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The corruption of good manners that comes from evil associations is evident in the virtual renewal by Lord Minto in India of part of the 1878 Press Act of Lord Lytton which was courageously repealed by Lord Ripon (the only Lord, we fancy, that made it). Lord Morley, if we remember rightly, was loud in his denunciation of that Act in 1878; but, as he told the Indian Civil Servants on Thursday, he approves of it now. Such a change does twenty years make in a man's political opinions. Lord Minto assures us that "India is not ripe for complete freedom of the Press." May we assure him in return that India never will be in his opinion or in the opinion of men like him. No nation is ever ripe for freedom of any sort in the opinion of its bureaucratic rulers. The definition of bureaucracy in France is distrust of freedom. But Mr. John Morley once knew better, even if in making the passage to a peerage he has drunk of the perfidious Lethe, and forgotten. We agree that the Indian situation is difficult; but Mr. Robertson's proposal will make it impossible. If the Newspaper Bill can be passed by the Viceroyal Council in a single day of ignoble panic, why should not a day of noble panic, panic lest the promiscuity and impotency of liberty be destroyed, be sufficient to pass a measure that will inspire young Indians with hope? Picric acid is the symptom of despair. We regret that Lord Minto threatens even more extreme measures than the Newspaper Act. Has he been listening to the advice of the egregious Sir Bampfylde Fuller, who used to advise us that "If it be once decided that a man is a danger to society, then society is perfectly entitled to confine him for the whole of his life if necessary." Mr. Belloc urged that the proposal of "indefinite detention" should not give as much of the "indefinite detention to others than himself. We gladly note Mr. Belloc's excellent speech in The New Age, June 20, 1908.

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The political warfare of our age is not Democracy against Monarchy nor Democracy against Aristocracy; both those battles have been won, save in Russia and Turkey, all over Europe. The battle is now Democracy against Bureaucracy; and it promises to be a long, a bitter, and a costly war. We should not be surprised to see every European nation fade and fall before this most insidious of all the enemies of the State. We do not apply to murderers and the like. One is not convicted four times of murder, unless he is a Tsar. It applies to thieves and burglars chiefly. Now, are thieves and burglars a danger to society? Irritating, yes; but not a danger to society. Yet, so many are company-promoters; vexatious, terrifying, and an abominable nuisance, yes; but so are bores, borrowers, and bureaucrats. But they are no more dangerous than vermin, disgusting, in fact, exactly that office in the body politic. But Mr. Robertson's astonish-

Another Minister who has fought his battle with bureaucracy is Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Only, unfortunately, Mr. Herbert Gladstone has ignominiously capitulated. We have considered his Prevention of Crime Bill, read a second time on Wednesday, and we discover it to be with each re-reading worse than we thought it to be three weeks ago. Briefly, it is the proposal "indefinite detention" which Mr. Gladstone proposes should be passed on criminals at their fourth offence is intolerable; and it is intolerable on the simple ground that the life-liberty of men is placed at the disposal of constituted prison authorities, and as we have already suggested, Mr. Gladstone was particularly insistent on the necessity for trusting the prison authorities. We might, he said, drop the Bill at once unless we had confidence in the authorities. Well, let us drop the Bill. For, frankly, if we had to choose between trusting people like Sir Robert Anderson and, say, Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, or Tom Snout, the tinker, we should choose the latter. All prison authorities, however, start as children of light, become in a very little while children of darkness; the sword of punishment is irrevocably two-edged, and smites him that gives as well as him that receives. Hence any faith in "prison authorities" is out of the question.

If, therefore, we must trust the Prison Authorities we reply by saying, like Mr. Birrell, "we simply won't." What is more, Mr. Gladstone will find that public opinion "won't" either. If it is known that a fourth conviction may rob a man of liberty for life, sensible and humane juries will cease to convict; they will fight shy of a fourth conviction as now they fight shy of a death sentence. Moreover, humane householders will overcome their fear and revenge and cease to put the law in motion; for, among cultured people, the more revolting and brutal the law, the more it will tend to foist its brutality upon the less cultured. Depending on the possibility that this Bill is passed. Even Lord Robert Cecil would pause before sentencing to indefinite imprisonment an old lady whose only weakness was a preference for a neighbour's ham.

We gladly note Mr. Belloc's excellent speech in opposition to the proposal. We hope he was inspired to his democratic defence by his failure of last week. Mr. Belloc urged that the proposal of "indefinite detention" was a breach in the tradition of both Roman and Christian Italy as possibly Mrs. Stephen Garnett himself thereby became retrospective. But he made a better point in observing that the sentence was aimed chiefly at offenders who were irritating to the governing classes. No doubt for our plutocracy it would be very desirable to have his weapons and as he told the House of Commons last week, the life-liberty of men is placed at the disposal of constituted prison authorities, and as we have already suggested, Mr. Gladstone was particularly insistent on the necessity for trusting the prison authorities. We might, he said, drop the Bill at once unless we had confidence in the authorities. Well, let us drop the Bill. For, frankly, if we had to choose between trusting people like Sir Robert Anderson and, say, Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, or Tom Snout, the tinker, we should choose the latter. All prison authorities, however, start as children of light, become in a very little while children of darkness; the sword of punishment is irrevocably two-edged, and smites him that gives as well as him that receives. Hence any faith in "prison authorities" is out of the question.

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Plato asked: "How can a word not understood be the basis of legislation?" And he replied: "Impossible." Does Mr. J. M. Robertson understand the meaning of, we will not say justice, but the danger to society? Mr. J. M. Robertson, once, sad to say, the editor of The New Age (1878) followed Mr. Belloc with this incredible saying: "If it be once decided that a man is a danger to society, then society is perfectly entitled to confine him for the whole of his life if necessary."
The Premier's Confidence Trick.

The discrepancy between Mr. Asquith's Budget speech and the details of his Pension Scheme as revealed in the Bill itself cannot easily be explained except as an exhibition of a positively cynical disingenuousness. We are forced to suppose that the Premier regarded the desperate position of Mr. Churchill and of his other friends who were then fighting in the country as insufficient to justify him in deliberately misrepresenting the character of his own proposals. We cannot deny that he reapèd his immediate reward in the ensuing crop of bye-elections, but we doubt whether those successes were worth the price that will have to be paid for them when the electors discover how they have been duped. For the nonce Mr. Stuart was beaten, but we predict with confidence that such a defeat will do the Labour Party more good than harm. It should not be difficult to teach the Government that quite apart from all ethical considerations tactics of this sort are unwise on the lowest grounds of political expediency.

The character of the actual proposals which are now being discussed by the House is cheese-paring. The whole Bill amounts to a barren islet in the middle of the ocean of the Government's desire to obtain a maximum of kudos at a minimum of expenditure. The history of party legislation is of course full of precedents for such an attempt, but never before, we rest assured, has so mean a bargain been offered to the electorate. For the credit of having introduced the most important and popular reform of the present century the Liberal Government only intends to pay £1,200,000, and in this spirit of its promise last year to find more than double that sum "as a nucleus." True misers and nincompoops that we are, it is true more money will have to be spent, and if the Liberals are still in power Mr. Lloyd-George will find it; but why wait till next year? Brave words about the inexhaustible possibilities of a Free Trade Budget may suffice to three thousand Breaths of Materialist members with confidence and pride, but they will not be so much as listened to in the country until they have been translated into action.

Why are two or more pensioners living together in the same house "to be penalised by having their pensions reduced from five shillings to three and ninpence?" Bitterly as Socialists have been denounced for their imagined attack upon home life, they have never been accused of anything so villainous as this Liberal proposal. Why is any old man or woman who has received poor relief since January 1st, 1908, to be disqualified for the receipt of a pension? Apart from the inherent injustice of any such arbitrary ex post facto condition, which defends it, it can be made to appear that Mr. Asquith is never tired of profaning its desire to do away with the stigma and disgrace attaching to the aged pauper. Why are the habitually idle to be excluded? Why is there to be a character test? Why is there to be an income limit? And, finally, why is the qualifying age fixed at 70 instead of at 65? The answer to all these questions is the same. In every case common sense and common fairness are to be sacrificed to the sacred Liberal tradition that makes for petty economies.

The most serious point in the Bill is, of course, the provision which Mr. Asquith concealed until the last moment, and which introduces a character test. The full text is as follows:—

"A person shall be disqualified. . . . . if, before he becomes entitled to a pension, he has habitually refused to work or habitually refrained from working when he was physically able to work, or if he has been brought into a position to apply for a pension through his own wilful act or misbehaviour."
against such an inquisition as must result from this clause; and we are persuaded that an overwhelming majority in the country are of a like opinion. But even if there were not this difficulty about a character—a fact, there is no justification for it on other grounds. Old Age Pensions are not a question of decent, but of need. A man who has "habitually refrained from working" is at least as likely as anyone else to need a pension, and the State has no right to concern itself with his moral delinquency as long as the rich idler is treated as a respectable citizen. After all, if a man has succeeded up to his seventieth year in avoiding work and thus emulating the gentlemanly life of his superiors, he almost deserves some special recognition for his personal semi-control over the slave-driving conditions of modern industry.

The clause excluding criminals is equally pretentious and absurd. We have before us now those persons who have been imprisoned for any offence without option of a fine to be released after ten years. And it is this same Government that tells us that much of applying common sense reform to our criminal system.

We hope that the Bill will be amended, and that it will serve as the foundation of a great and valuable national institution, but the fact remains that the manner of its introduction and of its drafting has been distinguished by an amount of chicanery, meaness and stupidity we sincerely regret the necessity for such language—unsurpassed in the history of Liberal Government. And it is this same Government that tells us that people for some measure of freedom; to the often expressed wishes of that people for some share in their own government. For years the members of the National Congress have been flouted, their speakers insulted at, sneered at as ignorant Babus, harmless cranks. Upon you the official cliques would set the entire burden of the responsibility for the displays of force that have startled you into the only policy your doctors can conceive—Force. And when that fails, then, More Force.

We are no apologists for the dynamitard; we hate any resort to physical violence as much on one side as on the other. We can, however, find sufficient excuse for a resort to violence by those for irreconcilable and perchance ill-educated men goaded into desperation by a contemptulation of their undeserved wrongs. There is no excuse for the anarchical methods of Lord Minto and his Council. The Newspaper Bill and the Ex-convict Bill were rushed through a sitting without the slightest pretence at any consideration. The Indian members of the Council protested, of course in vain, against the hasty manner in which the Newspaper Bill was passed.

What a bitter reflection upon English methods of government is it not that after more than a century's rule in India we should resort to the very methods that we are the first to denounce when employed by Russia and other Powers.

Yes, measures for the suppression of such little freedom as is left to India can be passed in a few hours, whilst measures to meet the wishes of the people themselves are delayed and postponed for ever. Lord Minto said at the conclusion of a speech which betrayed the utmost anxiety: "The outrages have been sprung upon us almost on the eve of the introduction of constitutional changes." Almost upon the eve; but why cannot constitutional changes be passed through in a single sitting? Why must the people of India, perchance, be still more delayed? Lord Minto of Blackburn has fought against the method of governing India was that adopted by the Viscount Morley, that, with all your seventy years, you have not yet sunk into complete intellectual and moral decay.

We refuse to believe that anarchy must be met by anarchy, dynamite by dynamite; the long history of Rousseau's ideas is that repression imprisonment, lugging are no remedies. They but engender the very evils which they pretend to remove. What is the meaning of this resort to violence among the Indians, a people the most gentle, the most humane in the whole world? Lord Minto can govern India only by coercion. Viscount Morley can govern India only by coercion. Lord Minto was the declared enemy of Castle Rule; Viscount Morley is the obsequious servant of Castle Rule. India is dominated by a bureaucratic system more fettering, less in touch with the government, than any form of government in our day. Bureaucracy in Russia is almost liberal compared with the system that holds India in its sway. There is the Viceroy and the Viceregal Council, which has quite recently admitted some Indians as additional members. Not content with this Council, we have another India Council sitting in this country composed mainly of Anglo-Indian officials and the Secretary of State. The members of this extraordinary Council, that talks so very differently from the Minister. A body more out of touch with Indian feeling it is not possible to imagine. In 1907 two Indian members were nominated to this Council; the members selected were known to be amongst the most reactionary and servile to be found in all India. Saiyid Husain Bilgarmi publicly said that the only method of governing India was that adopted by us in Ireland.

We have no knowledge of the inner history of the India Council. It is possible that both John Morley and Viscount Morley of Blackburn have fought against this hopeless imbroglio. If so, and if the Viscount cannot obtain a hearing for the views of the author of "Compromise," there is but one way for a man of honour. Resignation. Take the nation into your confidence, Viscount Morley; make it clear to us that the Secretary of State for India cannot be confided at that ignoble policy of silence on the inner life of officialdom which stands in the way of every attempt at reform. In Mr. Shaw's play, John Tanner, at the height of robust manhood, foresaw his decline into a decrepitude" which is the most reactionary and servile to be found in all India.
at great expense. It is, of course, in the interests of the spies to create a scare, just as it is in the interests of the officials to make their measures as rigorous as possible. Not satisified with the rigging of India's most revered leaders, with their exile or imprisonment, they have now obtained summary powers over the entire Press. The right of free discussion is buried in India, but the agitation for constitutional reform will not be killed. It will, however, make it more difficult for the moderate section to remain in control. The Anglo-Indian bureaucracy has initiated the policy of Force; then comes reprisal by the oppressed; now from the bureaucracy. Where is this policy of Force leading? Need to waste a precious time, Lord Morley! Let not our cry be another Lost Leader—just for a ribbon to stick in his coat. X.

The Prussian Socialist Victories.

The forward march of German Social Democracy, temporarily checked at the Reichstag elections eighteen months ago, has more than recovered the ground then lost. For the first time in its history the Prussian Parliament, the citadel of all that is reactionary in the Empire, has been compelled to open its doors to the Red Flag and admit representatives of the strongest political party in the nation. The return of six Socialists—which strength upon the election will be increased to eight when the final stage of the election is gone through—can only be appreciated in its full significance when the circumstances of the electoral contest and the nature of the Prussian franchise are understood. This apparently small victory of the democratic movement is not, however, a fleeting achievement. The Social Democrats are rapidly gaining ground among the masses, and, what is equally important, permeating at last some sections of the timorous and passive Bürgertum.

Berlin, as usual, is the leader in the new Socialist success story. The figures relating to the election in the latter constituency are eloquent of the peculiar impieties of the three class, indirect system of franchise. Each of the three classes elects one third of the electoral college. In Linden the number of first-class electors voting was 280; of the second-class 1,111; of the third-class 5,849. Hence one voter in the first-class was equal in electoral power to twenty in the third. And this is by no means one of the worst instances of the working of the system.

Throughout the campaign the Socialists had the united opposition of practically all the other parties. The voting being opened gave opportunity for the exercise of pressure of the most tyrannical and cowardly character. Liberals no less than Conservatives threatened the municipal and state employees with denunciation to the authorities and consequent dismissal if they dared to vote for the Social-Democrats. One Berlin Liberal organ distinguished itself after the election in seeking to revenge its party for the losses it sustained by not only pointing out cases of teachers and municipal officials voting Red, but also endeavouring to stir up the authorities to take measures against those public servants who did not go to the poll on the ground that they were outside the scope of an imperial Chamber, and which have been handled in the Landtag owing to the want of a really earnest opposition to the Government, will now become subjects of frequent interpellation and serious discussion, and the speeches upon them circulated broadcast by the efficient Socialist press. Although nothing may be done immediately to democratisate the Prussian constitution, the effect of the new development of Socialist strength may be exhibited in Germany as a whole will be undoubted. It will influence greatly the next general elections to the Reichstag, the results of which already promise to be vastly different from those of the last. The presence of their representatives in the Landtag will give fresh confidence to the democratic movement in the country and encourage them to adopt new tactics in their fight for emancipation. For it should not be forgotten that the Social Democrats have displayed less patience and more boldness in the recent electoral agitation than are usual with them. At their outdoor demonstrations and processions they have defied the armed police not only in words but in deeds which throw a new light upon the capacity of the German people which cannot be dealt with in the latter place because they are outside the scope of an imperial Chamber, and which have never been thoroughly handled in the Landtag owing to the want of a really earnest opposition to the Government, will now become subjects of frequent interpellation and serious discussion, and the speeches upon them circulated broadcast by the efficient Socialist press. Although nothing may be done immediately to democratisate the Prussian constitution, the effect of the new development of Socialist strength may be exhibited in Germany as a whole will be undoubted. It will influence greatly the next general elections to the Reichstag, the results of which already promise to be vastly different from those of the last. The presence of their representatives in the Landtag will give fresh confidence to the democratic movement in the country and encourage them to adopt new tactics in their fight for emancipation. For it should not be forgotten that the Social Democrats have displayed less patience and more boldness in the recent electoral agitation than are usual with them. At their outdoor demonstrations and processions they have defied the armed police not only in words but in deeds which throw a new light upon the capacity of the German as a political fighter. An exhibition of sufficient devil and in a previously somewhat too orderly and philosophic movement is a sign of life upon which the Social Democrats may be congratulated.

W. SANDERS.

At a Fabian Soiree.

Gay gay, gay,—
The glamour of an English June,
With morris dance and old folk-song
Of hearts a-jangle, hearts a-tune,
Is being drawn by all the ilk
At a Fabian Soiree.

Of money-hog and money-loon.

Gay gay, gay,—
The old songs breathe out many a scent
Of woodland and of garden bloom;
Gay gay, gay,—
And all their hoarded, sweet perfume
At a Fabian Soiree.

Who listen, for their grace and ease
And this none better knows than these
Of hearts a-jangle, hearts a-tune,
At a Fabian Soiree.

The world is now a huge cocoon,
And make of life a grateful boon,
At a Fabian Soiree.

Who fight and won in freer years,
With morris dance and old folk-song
At a Fabian Soiree.

While this none better knows than these
At a Fabian Soiree.

Who listen, for their grace and ease
At a Fabian Soiree.

And all their hoarded, sweet perfume
At a Fabian Soiree.

Gay gay, gay,—
The old songs breathe out many a scent
Of woodland and of garden bloom;
Gay gay, gay,—
And all their hoarded, sweet perfume
At a Fabian Soiree.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

VIII.

"The Inheritance of Ability," the first publication from the Eugenics Laboratory, assures us at the outset that "in 1869, the belief in the hereditary nature of inborn natural ability was held by very few." I cannot easily recall what was believed in 1869, but at a far earlier date it is written: "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." This seems sufficiently definite; the authors of the Eugenics memoir attempt to make the idea less in- defined by substituting "for a description that is merely qualitative, one that is also quantitative." Their definite conclusion is "by disregarding minor differences, and speaking somewhat broadly, we may say the degree of intellectual similarity between father and son, as indicated by the degree which each took, is .3 or nearly .3." This exactitude is arrived at by comparing the degrees taken at Oxford by fathers and sons. 149 men took first-class honours; 27 of their fathers had taken first-class honours; others were placed in the lower lists, whilst 15 had taken no degree at all; out of 868 men who took pass degrees, 41 had fathers who failed. In all 3,990 persons are dealt with on these lines. On similar lines the resemblance between brother and brother, com- paring the degrees which they took, works out about .4.

One obvious objection to these statistics is that it is only a measure of resemblance between some of the children and the father. To have anything like reality we must have an estimate of all the children, of the sons who go to the University, of the grandchildren who died in infancy, and so far as I can see, an estimate of the daughters' ability is likewise required. All we have is the degree of resemblance between many fathers and some of their sons who went to the same University. Minor objections are the varying characters of the examination and of the examiners in the years that are considered; and the one considered by Professor Pearson—that it is a selected class—but selection must be understood as he generally implies, selected for merit. Seeing that the required corrections cannot, from the nature of things, be made, I regard these figures not only as useless but dangerous, since they give an air of greater exactitude than is warranted. In short, indefinite verbal statements, such as we make daily when we say that children take after one another, or of their parents in disposition, are much more reliable than the false security of these figures.

If we turn from ability to diseases, we are confronted by some very curious visions of the pendulum; in "The Doctor's Dilemma," it was said, I think, that medical opinion revolves in cycles of 150 years, but Mr. Shaw exacerbates as usual; probably cycles of 10 years would be nearer the mark. Sir T. Watson, whose treatise on medicine was the recognised authority of his time, writing on consumption, said: "Is phthisis contagious? No, I verily believe it is not. Neither can the disease be easily, if at all, generated in a sound constitution. Nor is it ever imparted to another." Watson died in 1882, the very year that Robert Koch announced the discovery of the tubercle bacillus; a discovery which rapidly led to the belief that phthisis is contagious, can be generated, and is imparted to others. For a time this view swayed almost unconquelled. It was, I believe, Dr. Harry Campbell who first insisted that both the soil, the constitution, and the seed, the bacillus, must be taken into account. At all events, the simple ob- servation that many persons living under pretty similar conditions, and so equally subject to the infective agent, reacted differently—some fell sick, others did not—caused many to hark back to Sir Thomas Watson's view. And now comes in the mathematician to main-
The Philosophy of Mrs. George Collins.

In one of those tender epistles, on cheap paper, which Mrs. George anonymously wrote to the Bishop of Chelsea, she expressed the desire to meet him in heaven, and not before. The careful selection of this meeting place was typical alike of the worldly tact and the dreamy mysticism which together made that incomparable woman. She clearly was not prepared to discuss the propriety of the relationship with her friend's ecclesiastical superior at Canterbury, preferring to face the archangels. But she might reasonably have expected that her bosom adventures would be more sympathetically regarded by the hardened gentlemen who write dramatic criticism for the London papers. If so, she was sadly disappointed; the critics, so far as I know, with unanimous voice have declared that they do not see what Mrs. Collins was driving at; that they do not understand, in fact, what Mr. Bernard Shaw had in his mind when he created her and all the rest of the people who appear on the stage in "Getting Married." And the critics have not only confessed their ignorance; they have proved it in columns of print. But what, indeed, is Shaw's play? Most of them, with professional urgency, had to see the play on one day and write about it in time for the paper next morning. That is quite possible when they have to discuss the plots and morals of a musical comedy or a play by Mr. Pinero; but you can no more hope to comprehend Mr. Shaw in one performance than you can hope to grasp the "Origin of Species" or the Psalms of David after three hours' reading. And the latest of Mr. Shaw's plays is the most gigantic masterpiece of scientific sociology and purest poetry that has been born these many years; and it is quite impossible to sort out one's ideas in time to catch the next newspaper train. Of course, there are a few people who find nothing new in the play; they say that it has all been done before. A friend frankly told me that not one of Mr. Shaw's characters had anything new to tell him. Now a man who appreciates intimately all the multitudinous matrimonial complications which appear on the stage during the course of "Getting Married," is a person whose experience I respect; on the understanding that it goes no further, one might add that he is to be envied—though the confession should not be made to a maiden aunt with a nonconformist attitude toward her own marriage.

But it is necessary to come to the philosophy of Mrs. George; and to get there one has to listen to two-thirds of the play before she arrives on the scene. The first two acts are, in short, an elaborate preparation for her entrance, and, incidentally, the most searching scientific analysis of marriage, in its economic, social and moral aspect, that has been put on paper. Of course it is cast in the form of brilliant wit; and the critics, being unable to conceive of a man who can laugh and think at the same time, decided that the author was laughing. They only took Herbert Spencer seriously because he had the great advantage (for a scientist) of being a chronic invalid and distinctly dull. So, just because Mr. Shaw has a practicable digestion, they have labelled him better, instead of a duller, author. The Bishop and his lady have called together their friends and relations to witness the marriage of their most lovely object, of the wedding party, will stand by their promises; if they are not made responsible for each other's legal obligations. It is quite clear that the existing marriage law cannot satisfy all these varied demands. The Bishop admits that he told four successive Prime Ministers that if they would not amend the laws there would be a revolt against marriage altogether. Someone suggests the drafting of a model contract; and the irony of fate settles that Father Anthony, who believes in celibacy, shall draw it up. Quite naturally, they cannot do it; as Mr. Alderman Collins tells them, there must be "all sorts of bonds between all sorts of people." He adds that anyone who is authorized to help in this tangle it is his sister-in-law, Mrs. George. They send for her; she enters, in a rather loud yellow dress, her age is apparently between forty-five and fifty, and her husband is a flourishing coal merchant, at present the mayor of the borough.

The alderman has already written her history. Her earlier married life had been a rapid series of affairs. She would say: "I must go to him, George;" and her husband, having the foundation of a philosopher, gave up talking about these adventures after the fifth. Mr. William Collins contented himself with more explicitly telling the Bishop that they are ready to marry, because they had committed no graver indiscretion than to sit beside each other in church in the presence of the clergy and the congregation, and had been to the whole human race was giving you a bit of its mind," as the appreciative William Collins put it. And the Bishop was exactly what she did in the Bishop's house. She had never spoken to him before; but she had written to him those anonymous letters, in one of which she had said that she "must have one great man, high above all my lovers." So it came about that the Bishop, with whom she had committed no graver indiscretion that to sit before him in church in the presence of the clergy and the congregation, had been to this woman of vast experience above all her lovers. And from the words of her trance one caught glimpses of her personality:

"I gave you the sun and the moon to play with; I gave you eternity, and put the strength of mountains in your embrace . . . . Must I mend your clothes, and sweep your house as well? I gave you your soul. When I do that for men I am their prey." She awakes suddenly; and in a few moments Edith and Cecil are telling the Bishop that they are ready to marry, because they have found an insurance company which will guard them against each other's liabilities: but one turns away from their paltry materialism with Father Anthony's words (spoken in another connection however) in one's ears, "Do you think that a man who has sung the Magnificat and adored the Queen of Heaven can listen to such trash as that?"

These people had been foolishly trying to translate the sublimest relationship of life into the terms of a legal document, with the President of the Divorce Court to judge when the contract is fulfilled; when, by a flash of the most delicate inspiration in literature, Mrs. George snatched the whole subject out of the realms of law and adored the Queen of Heaven can listen to such trash as that?"
In the debate in the House of Commons last week on the King's visit to the Tsar, Mr. Grayson was unfortunately prevented from delivering the speech he had prepared. The following resume from his notes has been kindly written out by Mr. Grayson for The New Age.—EDITOR.

Mr. Chairman,—Before this debate closes, I desire emphatically to associate myself with the sentiments expressed from these benches against the visit of the King to the Tsar of Russia. I must confess that I was unable to make some of my remarks in their fulness of King Edward and their gratitude for his beneficent international influence. If I understand the Constitution rightly, we employ an elaborate and expensive Foreign Office to make international arrangements and to administer foreign affairs. If his Majesty negotiates independent of the Foreign Office, there ought to be something said about it to this House. This country, Sir, has done with autocracy, even of the benevolent species. If any honourable member has the temerity to argue that the Tsar was not cognisant of and responsible for this indescribably horrible massacre, superintended with bloodthirsty zeal by his military confidant, General Trepoff, and his beloved uncle, Vladimir? Will honourable members try again to visualise that scene of slaughter? Over two hundred thousand working people, with their wives and children, without arms, and suffering under the lash of cruel oppression, march in the Winter Palace to present their humble petition. Instead of a smiling Little Father, who would hear their woes, they were met by brutal battalions, who shot, sabred, bayoneted, and trampled them under the horses' hoofs. And Sir, it has been said in this House to-day that to any one event in a long career of sanguinary despotism. But, I wish to say that if it were the only event, it is small. To point out the Tsar of Russia as a subject for isolation. But look at the actual history of our friendly ally. During his interesting career there have been over six hundred "pogroms," involving the wounding, torment, and death of 150,000 people. And the Tsar felt it consistent with his duty to the people to receive the chief of these brutes, and to decorate himself and his son with the badge of the Black Hundred.

Sir, it has been said that the Tsar has yielded to the desire of the people for representative institutions, and granted them a Duma. But what did the Emperor Nicholas mean by a Duma? Not a Parliament of strong men who should voice the people's will, but an assembly of submissive functionaries who would urge to execute his low and coarse designs. During two Dumas the moment they have approached the border of beneficent and needed reform they have despotically dissolved and even banished, tortured, and imprisoned. Such callous brutality, Sir, has had its only possible effect, and churned the country into scething discontent; so that the Tsar's life is not worth a moment's purchase. The soul of the country has practically shattered the Government's credit. And the Tsar, cunningly enough, sees a chance of establishing it and procuring a needed loan by a visit from his uncle, our King.

Sir, I could not conscientiously say that this country is free from tyrannies,—none the less tyrannies because they are draped in the vestments of law and religion. We do not shoot our people down. We let them starve. But backward as we are, cruel as are our laws, we are not good to match even our traditions by contact with this quite monstrous exception.

Hence, Sir, on behalf of a strong and numerous body of educated opinion in this country, on behalf of the brave souls in Russia who are nobly struggling to be free, on behalf of the haters of tyranny throughout our dominions, I enter my passionate protest against this sinister enterprise.

VICTOR GRAYSON.
Undiluted Masculinism.

Of course, Mr. Bax cannot see what the hero of the Katekiahd has to do with the case—I never expected he would, though I hardly anticipated that his reply would go so far to warrant my parallel as to start with reminiscences of ancient controversies. The particular variety of mixed pickle ascribed to me, however, is an error in diagnosis: it was not supposed to be biting at all.

Is Mr. Bax really so set-up with the human mind that he cannot allow it to be criticised as an imperfect instrument? If so, I am afraid that we shall have seriously to discount his value as a philosophic writer. Of course, we've got, mind you, and we cannot afford to be very rude to it, but no Good is done by refusing to recognise its defects, and the difference between the intellects of the sexes is not worth the consideration of either in comparison with our conceptual standard. I very much regret that Mr. Bax has not just thought, as I do, that non-enfranchised womanhood is groaning under the oppression of unjust man-made laws, and he alleges that he cannot allow it to be criticised as an imperfect instrument! (viz.: that women are unsuitable as depositories of political power), but some future time will I hope provide the opportunity.

Meanwhile, I must again take up my main contention, which I still hold, however, in its proper place in my previous article. Mr. Bax is like a man who would argue against the possibility of a pontoon bridge because a single plank will not cross the stream. We Feminists (how sick I am of the continued necessity for using this word!) are marching forward over the Bridge of Time on a roadway so solidly built as to withstand the strain of our advancing legions, whether in rhythmic step or broken order. Mr. Bax grasps a bit of scaffolding—that it'll sink into the water, and defies me to cross the river thereby. I believe the slightest intention of trying—I'm no Captain Webb—and Mr. Bax's own balance is obviously far too precarious for him to maintain such a bridge will suit me better.

To quit metaphor, however, and come to the point, Mr. Bax says it is a flagrant and a brazen falsehood that non-enfranchised womanhood is groaning under the oppression of unjust man-made laws, and he alleges that the real facts furnish its powerful by maintaining the thesis he suggests (viz.: that women are unsuitable as depositories of political power), but some future time will I hope provide the opportunity.

I can and do urge as a probability that the suffragette movement is mainly concerned. Mr. Bax is like Marie Antoinette when the people were starving—I'm no Captain Webb, and Mr. Bax's own balance is obviously far too precarious for him to maintain such a bridge will suit me better.

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A Book of the Mountains.

By Edward Carpenter.

It would almost seem as if the love of Nature in her wilder and more intimate haunts was on the wane in modern life. Folk, it is true, rush furiously in trains to the seaside when the weather is hot; they fly through the countrysides on cycles, or past charming scenery in their motor-cars; they snatch a fearful joy from the climbing of perilous rocks and peaks. But go a little aside from the beaten track, roam the lanes and hills inland from the crowded promenades of Brightlon or of Douglas, or take a boat and row a mile out from their shores, and you will be in the veriest solitude. Even the climbers of the Lakeland crags or of the Alpine snow-peaks are too desperately engrossed to catch the real spirit of the wonderful scenes that surround them. And the number of those who in Cumberland or Wales spend a few days actually walking on their own feet over hill and valley, noting, enjoying, and absorbing the ways and moods of Nature in her own domains is strangely small; and—if we are not mistaken—grows yearly less instead of greater.

Henry Salt’s book, “On Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills,” is a much-needed offset and argument against this trend. The headings of some of the chapters, e.g., “The Shrine of Snowdon,” “The Shrine of Scawfell,” “Pleasures of the Heights,” “Wild Life on the Hills,” “Slag-heaps or Sanctuary,” are alone sufficient to indicate the nature of the contents. The devotion with which he approaches the great mountains, the evocation of their stems, the endless charm and interest of their surroundings, the variety of their winged and their four-footed inhabitants, the passionate plea for their dedication as Nature-sanctuaries free from the defilement of commercialism—all these things are spontaneously in evidence here.

For intimate knowledge of the Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills, and of ways and routes over them (many of which are indicated in the book), I suppose Mr. Salt has hardly an equal. I was once climbing a rugged slope in his company, in a wild spot near the summit of Tryfan, I think, where it might almost be thought that no human beings had trod before, and was just about to plant my foot on a slab of rock—when a thousand voices cried to me, “Don’t step on that stone; it is loose.” I thought he was joking; but, on trying, I found the stone nearly loose and a little unsafe to tread. It was an old friend of his! “After visiting Tryfan some dozens of times,” he says (p. 34), “I still feel its attraction as strongly as when I first discovered it (for it comes to every mountain-lover as a discovery of his own), and I have sometimes thought that a summer might be well spent in making a thorough study of the peak, until one becomes familiar with the many unexplored recesses which the climber passes by, that labyrinth of cyclopean masonry—terraces and galleries, slabs and spires, turrets and gargoyles—with which it uprears itself, like a thousand beauties and charms. The wild birds and animals especially command his attention—the buzzard, the peregrine falcon, the raven with “his deep kroon or his wild dog-like bark”; or the fox and the mart, and the wild goat still “living in a state of absolute freedom on the hills.”

I will close this short notice of an excellent book with an extract (p. 115) on the necessity of Nationalising these fair domains, in order to rescue them from defacement by the commercial owner and speculator: “What we need, in short, is the appointment of mountain sanctuaries—highland parks, where the hills themselves, with the wild animals and plants whose life is of the hills, shall be preserved in their wildness as the cherished property of the people—consecrated places, where everyone shall be entitled to walk, to climb, to rest, to meditate, to study Nature, to disport himself as he will, but not to injure or destroy. When we truly care for these hills of ours, we shall remove them from the tender mercies of the mine-owners and railway lords, who now seek profit in their disfigurement, and shall place them under a council of mountaineers and naturalists and Nature-lovers who understand and reverence them, with the instruction that they shall so administer their charge as to add to the present happiness and the permanent wealth of the nation. How long will it take us, hag-ridden as we are by the nightmare of private ownership, to awaken to the necessity of such a change?”

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The First Meeting will be held at the offices of the Ramoneur Company, 19, Buckingham Street, Strand, on Thursday, June 25th, at 4.30 p.m.

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Apply to M. D. EDER,
2, CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, W.
My Black Boy.

By Richmond Haigh.

His father brought him round to me one afternoon, saying simply, “Viganoajo, m’ere!” (Your child, sir.) I looked at the youngster, and smiled, partly at the comical little figure and partly that I was very pleased to know that old Jaboadi, one of the principal headmen of the tribe, and an honest, good-hearted warrior withal, placed such faith in me as to give me, of his own thought and wish, his son to train and rear in my service. When the next morning the boy arrived and said, “Child, sir,” he meant that for three or four years he resigned the child to my care, understanding that he was to be my servant and that I would reward or punish him according to his obedience and behaviour, and that I would feed and clothe and protect him. He did not say a word to this effect, nor did I ask a question or make any stipulation.

The tribe had known me for two years, rather extraordinary years because of intertribal troubles, and had decided as to what manner of man I was. Some few weeks before, Jaboadi had said he would like to give me his son, and asked if I would take him. I knew the man’s family and standing, and said yes with pleasure. During the interval he had doubtless gone into the subject thoroughly with the boy’s mother, and discussed it with his friends as they sat in the shade dressing skins or cutting out wooden platters or kerries. A full decision had been arrived at without a single question or reference to me. The old man was wealthy, but there were other children to look after his flocks and cattle, and this boy, the son of the favourite wife, should be given an opportunity of learning new things and the ways of the white people, so that when he came to take his position as a man in the council of the tribe he would be able to talk with knowledge of these things.

The boy was about eight years of age, tall and very thin and bony as became a true son of the Sepede. Of course he wore no clothes, not even a hide; that at his age, would have been unusual. But his features were of a good Kaffir type, and the eyes bright and intelligent. “Your name, boy? Otai.” “Good. Now, think of your name, Jan, the son of Jan, for a piece of soap. Then have a swim and wash yourself thoroughly in the spruit; you will come back I’ll find a shirt for you. Quick now!”

Off he ran. Then turning to the father, I said, “I’m glad you gave me the boy, and I think you were wise to resign the child to my care, understanding that he would be able to talk with knowledge of these things.”

Not a sound had been uttered as yet by any of them; but Otai knew that his triumph was coming. Taking the first boot again, he picked up a piece of soap thoughtfully, looked at it knowingly, then laid it back and took a long-haired soft one, which he ran over his shin bone as a test. Now holding out the boot at arm’s length, he swung the brush across it and back swiftly to and fro just touching the leather. The little rascal evidently had been an apt pupil of the boy Jan. The brush was suddenly dropped, a soft cloth grabbed up and passed quickly round once or twice, then, bringing his arms down, he gently gave the finishing touches, and stood the shining beauty away from him.

“Otai!” “Otai knows!” “Else, Otai can do things!” The ejaculations of the delighted and astonished little group were sweetest honey to Otai, and I never saw a funnier little face than his as he screwed his mouth up, trying hard to keep back the smile which would betray his gratification. I called him, and still without a word to the admiring bystanders he came over, and I gave him some work to do inside.

So keep that bit of soap for your own use.” I found a shirt for him. “Take this to Jan, and ask him to cut it down for you. Then get something to eat. I’ll call you when I want you.” “E’mre,” and off he goes, delighted.

The youngster was intelligent and quick, as I expected he would be, and seldom required to be told of a thing twice. The pride of his superior knowledge was very amusing to see when any other picaresques were about.

He had been with me about a month or so when one day he came into my room, picked up a few of my boots, and went out again. But it was not his private time for boot cleaning, and something about the boy drew my attention, so that when he was gone I moved to the open window to see what he was up to. He stroiled carelessly across to the boys’ huts, put the boots down, and went inside, but as there was a group of little nigger boys of about his own age watching him close at hand, I guessed there would be a little play worth seeing, and waited. He came out in a moment carrying the blacking and everything necessary, and without a glance at the curtained window, swept up with drops of water still glistening here and there, and a few feet away, his skin shining like burnished copper.

The tribe had known me for two years, rather extraordinary years because of intertribal troubles, and had decided as to what manner of man I was. Some few weeks before, Jaboadi had said he would like to give me his son, and asked if I would take him. I knew the man’s family and standing, and said yes with pleasure. During the interval he had doubtless gone into the subject thoroughly with the boy’s mother, and discussed it with his friends as they sat in the shade dressing skins or cutting out wooden platters or kerries. A full decision had been arrived at without a single question or reference to me. The old man was wealthy, but there were other children to look after his flocks and cattle, and this boy, the son of the favourite wife, should be given an opportunity of learning new things and the ways of the white people, so that when he came to take his position as a man in the council of the tribe he would be able to talk with knowledge of these things.

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He was anxious to learn how to read and write, and so often got into trouble by neglecting his work on an occasion on which it was necess-
sary to treat my ward very severely I was made well satisfied on that point.

Arriving home one day earlier than usual I glanced in at the window as I passed, then moved quickly to the door and threw it open. Reclining in my most comfortable chair with one leg thrown over the knee of the other and my slippers on his feet, Otai had his left elbow resting easily on an arm of the chair while he held my favourite pipe in his mouth. He had not lit the pipe, and the mouthpiece was hardly through his lips. He was dreaming of great things.

The young scamp had seen me resting exactly in that position nearly every evening, and I have no doubt as he sat there he was issuing imaginary orders to everyone about the place and felt hugely important and dignified.

My entry was so unexpected that the poor little beggar could hardly move. He put the pipe down sheepishly, took his feet out of the slippers, and stood my favourite pipe in his mouth. He had not lit the pipe, and the mouthpiece was hardly through his lips. He was dreaming of great things.

The effect was tremendous! He was a highly-strung youngster, and all the blue blood of the Sepeke rushed to his face, while his eyes glared at the pipe on the wall, his jaw was shut tightly, and his bony hands clenched. I had never anywhere seen such an exhibition of pure breed, and one could hardly imagine this was the same boy who had before shuffled awkwardly out of my chair. That was a silly " kid!"—this was a passionate young man. There were years between them.

I was rather more than satisfied, and looking the boy in the face said quietly: "Now, go to your room." The night I saw the half-breed attended to the table, mentioning that Geelbooi, as he preferred to call Otai, was stretched out on a rock halfway up the kopje and that night formed one of the ring periods of Otai's life; he was never quite the same irresponsible boy afterwards. The next morning he presented himself at his usual time, but paused for a moment on entering. I looked at him half-questioningly. "Kgos, Ki rapilla!"] Let any man who disagrees with me dare go to Mudle's and get out a few forgotten novels of thirty years ago and try to read them!

Also, I am prepared to offer £50 for the name and address of a literary agent who is capable of getting the better of a publisher. I am widely acquainted with publishers and literary agents, and though I have often met publishers who have got the better of literary agents, I have never met a literary agent who has come out on top of a publisher. Such a literary agent is hardly wanted. I have been looking for him for years. I know a number of authors who would join me in enriching that literary agent. The publishers are always talking about him. I seldom go into a publisher's office but that literary agent has just left (gorged with illicit gold). It irritates me that I cannot run across him. If I were a publisher, he would have been in prison ere now. Briefly, the manner in which certain prominent publishers, even clever ones, talk about literary agents is infantile.

Still, I am ready to believe that publishers have lost money over the six-shilling novel. I am acquainted with the details of several instances of such loss. And in every case the loss has been the result of gambling on the part of the publisher. I do not hesitate to say that the terms offered in late years by some publishers to some popular favourites have been grotesquely inflated. Publishers compete among themselves, and then, when the moment comes for paying the gambler's penalty, they complain of having been swindled. Note that the losses of publishers are nearly always on the works of the idols of the crowd. They want the idol's name, and they commit indiscretions in order to get it. Fantastic terms are never offered to the solid, regular, industrious medium novelist. And it is a surety that fantastic terms are never offered to the beginner. Ask, and learn.

But though I admit that money has been lost, I do not think the losses have been heavy. After all, no idolised author and no diabolic agent can force a pub-
lisher to pay more than he really wants to pay. And no diabolic agent, having once bitten a publisher, can persuade that publisher to hold out his generous hand to be bitten again. These are truisms. Lastly, I am quite sure that, if fourteen or at least as a psalm. Doubtless, as Nietzsche himself supposed, there is a philosophy hidden within its purple folds, but Nietzsche never lived to dig the whole of it out, and nobody but a fool will attempt to complete the task. The mistake was made of treating Plato as a systematic philosopher until Lutoslawski only a few years ago corrected the world and saved the unborn profiteer. Similarly, some minds are intent on finding a system in Blake; a system which we profoundly hope will never be discovered. Nietzsche likewise has suffered, though chiefly from himself. Sensible readers will spare themselves the trouble, and take their "Zarathustra" without a thought of system, but merely as an intellectual delight.

A. R. O.

REVIEWS.

The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain. By Leonard Williams. ("The World of Art" series.) Three Vols. (Foulis. 15s. net.)

The history of the major arts in Spain resolves itself into here and there a name, and any feeling of internal continuity or tradition is remarkably absent. It is through the medium of the decorative rather than the mimetic or synthetic arts that the riches of her invention and the exuberance of her imagination are able to exercise the fascination they do upon the traveller. Velázquez and Goya, wholly native as they are at least in respect of an uncompromising realism, can by no means be received as the inevitable culmination of a national tendency; they are isolated phenomena, and rightly belong to the palaces and museums of a city as pre-eminently European and non-peninsular in character as Madrid. In sculpture, as in painting, only a very few individuals were successful in achieving a masterpiece that is capable of an existence independent of its purpose or its surroundings, and among these few there are some foreign names; while the architects were, with scarcely an exception, imported. It is in the symbols and accessories of her religion, and particularly in things by nature inseparable from

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This absence of creation in the highest plane may perhaps be in some measure due to the African origin which Mr. Havelock Ellis has recently ascribed to the Iberian ancestry of the Spaniard, perpetuating a tenacious veneration of barbaric glitter rather than the more solid beauties of structure and form. It is, however, with more probability to be traced to the natural inertia of the Spanish temperment, which, as it is the secret of the weakness in so many other respects, has likewise in art rendered them incapable of the sustained effort necessary to the production of the noblest works.

But if the supreme forms of beauty are seldom attained, it is certain that the "arts and crafts" of Spain, both in respect of their function in the carved choir-stalls, the elaborate nobility, in the days when all the gold of the Americas lay at her feet, would doubtless make an array scarcely less formidable than that of her ecclesiastical circumstance, were it not that time has everywhere dealt with the emblesh of temporal pomp.

The Northern Iron. By George Birmingham. (Maunsell. 6s.)

As a story this book is admirable, but it will do little to enhance the literary reputation of Mr. George Birmingham. It is written with more probability to be traced to the history of painting. Surprisingly little that is fine in Anglo-Irish literature has been inspired by the period of 1798, when Ireland was living a most intense drama; the moment when her life was the most tortured thing in the world. And what of it all for some inexplicable reason, a happy-ever-after ending. Treachery and corruption, slaughter and lust, starvation and death, went strolling through that desolate land like monstrous figures in some dream of hell; the red-coated soldiers of merry England, ravishing, burning, looting, torturing beyond everything that is conceivable in modern civilisation. And what of it all now? A few old stories, a few old ballads—and cattle-ranching, the most beautiful folk-melody in the world—and a stolen-jewels scandal in Dublin Castle, with a reverence for the arts and literature—and empty homesteads. Today, of her younger sons she has such writers as Padraic Colum and Seumas O'Sullivan, each of whom in his own way is carrying on the intellectual tradition of the race. Dramatists, poets, artists, all are there, but of novelists there are not three with any genius. And we are sorry that Mr. George Birmingham is not really creating anything permanent in literature. With his first book in our hands we think he might win the field, but "The Northern Iron" leaves us where we were. We have certainly a strong story, vigorously told; a story of Capulet and Montague, vested interests and love-making, national rebellion and individual honour. To those who know the people of Antrim, let this be ample evidence that the author has an intimate knowledge of that hard-headed, remarkable race; their characteristics are here true to life, their lineaments as accurate as a photograph. For instance, at a most exciting point in the story, when the soldiery are torturing some man in the street, he makes a woman, who is just running out to the kitchen and them flogging a clever young man in the next street? "This has a strong flavour of Synge, but it is Belfast up-to-date. Mr. Birmingham achieves something like passion in a speech of the rebel James Hope:—

But the people are slaves, actually slaves, not a whit better. Are nine-tenths of the people in this county slaves? The thing is unendurable. Look at the Catholics in the south, men without representation, without power, without direct influence, men masked with a brand of inferiority complex as large as their religion. Look at the Protestants in the north. Our case is not wholly bad, but it is bad enough. We have asked, petitioned, begged, implored, for the removal of our grievances. If we are men we must do more—we must strike for them. Else we confess ourselves unworthy of the freedom which we claim. The people alone are fit for liberty, it is they who alone will fight for it and win it. Think of it, Neal Word, think. It is we, the people, digging in the fields, toiling at the looms, it is we who make the riches, who win the good fruit from the hard ground, who weave the threads into the precious fabric. And we are denied a share in what we create. It is from us in the last resort that the power of the governing classes comes. If we had not taken arms in our hands, if we had not stood by them, no English Minister would ever have yielded to their demands, and given them the power which they enjoy. And they will not give us the smallest
part of what we won for them. "What inheritance have we in Judah? Now see to thine own house, David. To your tents, O Israel!"

And when another character remarks at an exciting moment, "Fighting’s no test of courage. It’s running away that tries a man"—one forgives the unliterary finish of the book for such a dainty aphorism.

Fourteen Years in Parliament. By A. S. T. Griffith-Boscawen. [Murray. 1os. 6d. net.]

In this volume Mr. Griffith-Boscawen supplies us with an interesting and impartial narrative of political events from the year 1902 to the overthrow of the Conservative Party. As a prominent Churchman, Conservatist, and Tariff Reformer, he was closely identified with both the good and evil fortunes of his party. The greater part of the book consists of a summary of the events and business of Parliament from year to year, which may prove indispensable to the political and historical student, without being specially interesting to the general reader. Whether from temperament or resolution Mr. Griffith-Boscawen has rightly suppressed any leanings towards hero-worship, and writes in the easy conversational style of the man of the world. Indeed, with the material at his command, we have been more than a little disappointed at the meagreness of his personal descriptions of our great political figures, which more than anything else enhance the interest of a book of this kind. Here, however, is a description of Gladstone at the very end of his public career:

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Very shrewd is his allusion to the lonely farrow:

"Lord Rosebery's conduct at this period bore a sort of inverted resemblance to that of a great actor or music-hall star, who was always making his positively last appearance. In the political world he was always making his positive reappearance, and consequently drawing great attention to himself, but he continued to do it over and over again, and seems to be doing it still."

Mr. Griffith-Boscawen discusses with commendable candour the causes which finally led to the disastrous defeat of his party, and we think rightly lays much of the blame upon Mr. Balfour for his strange irresolution in matters of his own mind. Until the formation of his last Cabinet we are told:—"The idea seemed to be the formation of a Ministry which was favourable to Tariff Reform in principle, but not prepared to do anything practical in that direction for the present. How the Ballouite policy was to be carried out, in fact, was never explained. This was a source of great embarrassment, the more so as every time that Mr. Balfour spoke Mr. Chamberlain interpreted his speeches in one way, and Lord Hugh Cecil in the opposite. There was, in fact, an perpetual fight for Mr. Balfour. If not the author, Mr. Griffith-Boscawen would have heartily subscribed to an "Emergency Resolution,"ふつに巡廻してた at the Sheffield Conference at the time, but, of course, never moved: That this Conference refuses to adjourn without recording its humble, but hearty admiration of the extraordinary skill with which Mr. Balfour has at once succeeded in eliminating Mr. Chamberlain from the Cabinet, while retaining the services of Mr. Brodrick, an arrangement which makes for the efficiency of the Empire, and removes all doubt as to the result of the next General Election."

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the writer frankly admits that apart from the dissensions created by the Tariff Reform movement the Conservative Government had outlived both its popularity and its deserts. As one who lost his seat in the general run which followed, we cannot question his accuracy, and can only congratulate him upon being able to discuss a painful subject with such sang froid and freedom from resentment.

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We like the title of this book, which is taken from the opening words of Defoe's "A Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain". Mr. Russell's task is not easy; it is the task, in fact, of the historian and the artist; for he has to describe the history of the common sixpence, and, not least, the history of the people who have made use of it. The sixpence is a symbol of the common man, and the common man is a symbol of the nation. The sixpence is a symbol of the past, and the past is a symbol of the present.

We are told that the sixpence was first coined in 1662, and that it was then a piece of silver worth thirteen shillings and sixpence. It was a piece of money for the people, and it was a piece of money for the king.

The book is well-written, and it is well-illustrated. It is a book of interest, and it is a book of importance. It is a book that will be read with interest, and it will be read with profit.

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A Breakfast Cup for a ld.
BOOKS RECEIVED.

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"The Next Step in Evolution." By Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. (Funk and Wagnalls. 2s.)
"The Case against Socialism." By P. C. Elgee and E. G. Raine. (George Allen. 5s. net.)
"Education and the Heredity Spectre." By F. H. Hayward. (Watts and Co. net.)
"The House on the Borderland." By W. Hope Hodgson. (Watts and Co. 2 vols.)
"Life and Letters of G. J. Holyoake." By Joseph McCabe. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)
"The English People Overseas: A History." By A. Wyatt Murray. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)
"The Story of British Diplomacy: Its Makers and Movements." By T. A. S. Escott. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)
"The Triumph of Socialism." By John D. Mayne. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s.)
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"The New Encyclopedia of Social Reform." Edited by W. B. Yeats. (Watts and Co. 10s.)
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"The Gospels of Anarchy." By Vernon Lee. (Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Woman who Vowed." By Ellison Harding. (Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d. net.)
"Through Finland to St. Petersburg." By Cecile Matheson and George Shann, M.A. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)
"The Dual Heritage." By Mabel Godfrey-Faussett. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
"The Land and the Landless." By Cadbury and Bryan. (Hodder, 1s. 6d.)
"Three of Us." at Terry's. 

"The Drums of Doom," in which Mrs. Tree and Mr. A. Goodsall will appear. (Producing company. 5s. net.)

DRAMA.

Where There is Nothing.

I REGRET to delude you. This is not a criticism of Mr. W. B. Yeats's play, it is a reflection on the vacuity of the dramatic prospect. As a hopeless and pessimistic person, I always expect something or other of interest to turn up week by week, and this last week pinned my hopes to Miss Fanny Ward's production of "The Three of Us" at Terry's.

Let us be polite. "The Three of Us" is a very nice play; it has moments of pathos and of drama, several times it gives good acting openings, and it rounds off at a final curtain which the actors valiantly strive to make final by smiling broadly all over their faces. But it is second-hand. It is plagiarised from every other play that has ever been written during the last thirty years. It is a rechauffée of the same old dinner we had yesterday and the day before, seasoned with sauce à la Mincing Camp in Nevada and garnished with trimmings à l'Americaine.

There is one big joke in the play,—the which resides in the plot. The play hinges on the sale of a mining property, the value of which is accidentally discovered by the hero to be three times its current market value. This information the hero (who, by the way, never brushes the mud off his riding breeches, in contrast to the villain, who is always very neat) proposes to present to a speculator on the understanding that money for working hero's claim adjacent shall also be provided. The owner of the claims, a friend of the hero's, is not considered. Hero, however, makes mistake of confiding this little plot to the heroine, and as Miss Fanny Ward, who played this character, had forgotten to shut one of the four stage doors, the plot is overheard by young and foolish brother sick to death of Nevada mining camp life. In that, I am sure, he had the sympathy of the audience, and a bold appeal to our innate love of the defence of the old (stage mining camp) conventions by youth would have met with a riotous tornado of applause. But when the brother who has overheard the plot sells the information to another speculator for five hundred dollars, instead of allowing hero (kindly keep your eye on the unbrushed riding breeches) who has stumbled on the information to do down the owner in a square business deal, all the morality of the speculators is up in arms. And worst of all, the brother ends by slobbering his repentance on his sister's shoulder, while the hero (who, of course, has suspected the heroine) smiles broadly at the descending curtain.

Rachel Crotless, the author, has lost either a fine chance for a Diabolian fantasy or a real mining camp play. The realistic play would begin when the curtain falls on "Three of Us" and the ordinary life of the camp resumes. The elements of the fantasy play exist on the stage as it is, only the fantasy is one played upon the frayed and worn strings of melodrama mutuality, of which we are all weary to death. The rash and wilful brother ought to have been the saving of the play. He has the root of the matter in him; his extremely pertinent enquiry as to how the family of three, plus an Irish maidservant, live on the interest of four thousand dollars never having been answered. The fantasy plot ought to give him the chance of robbing the widow and the orphan on strictly business principles to accumulate a nest-egg, and then of proceeding to blow out as a millionaire by a callous disregard of all the moral conventions which stage speculators hold dear.

There are the beginnings of this fantasy idea in the play as it is. Unfortunately the author mistook her
hero, and made it Stephen Townley, when it would have been the brother, Clem Macchesney. Miss Fanny Ward could have acted the licentious, Miss Rhy Macchesney, just as well and twice as naturally, because the play as it is turns on the brother. Stephen is merely a sacrificial figure. The fantasy consists in putting Rhy into a number of typical dramatic situations, out of which she escapes by sheer ordinary common sense. Rhy is discovered in the villain’s “rooms” (in a Nevada mining camp) at 4 a.m. (approximately), and serenely observes that she has come on business. Her word is given by a trick to keep a secret; for the villain, the keeping of which involves her own unhappiness, that of her lover, and that of her brother, and she refuses to keep it. And these outrages on melodrama, which suited Miss Fanny Ward admirably and enabled her to get the sympathy of the audience, would just as well have suited brother Clem and lover Stephen, who must have been positively panting to do something rational.

I await with patience and resignation the rebellion of actors against the theatrical dramatist. When will they insist that these second-hand wardrobes have lasted long enough and that something new is needed? For until we get plays produced habitually in which the observation of character and locality is genuine, scenic illusion is but a sham of observation. The villain not only is unable to divine actors and actresses a real chance of showing their powers.

“The Three of Us” has just enough local colour about it to prove that there exists material for a very interesting play. The Chinese servant of the villain, who appears for a too brief interval in Act III (most Chinesey done by Mr. A. B. Tapping), the breakfast scene in the dull first act, and the occasional hints of the love of mining speculation, all indicate the presence of good stuff. But there ain’t nuthin’ to it. Probably the author was afraid of putting in too much local colour, and of outraging theatrical proprieties, and, most of all, of doing any original observation.

It seems absurd to accept from the stage and from books a few idea patterns into which the experiences of life may be more or less accurately fitted than to see things and note things as unique. But to produce plays in which a few of these stock patterns are trotted out is very bad taste and disastrous, and will only deprive the ground on which they supplied him with sugar-sticks, he would realise how much that plea is worth.

Just one additional observation as to the “privileges” which women enjoy, and which Mr. Bax regards as a justification for withholding “rights.” He says, if women do not want these privileges why do they not say so in the course of their agitation? Well, I suggest he would consider Miss Christabel Pankhurst a leading “agitator,” and myself heard her state publicly, in reply to a critic who had taken up the same line, that if a paternal government deprived him of his vote on the ground that he supplied him with sugar-sticks, he would realise how much that plea is worth.

FEMINISM AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

Allow me to suggest to Mr. Charles D. Leslie that he should look up a reliable dictionary for the meanings of the words progress, birthright, and retrograde. Also, in view of the painful threat to emigrate to Germany, which warns us to Mr. Bax’s arguments, he needs to rely upon is superior force; but as tyranny is repugnant to him, he is thrown back upon the well-worn plea that the superior force is beneficently exercised. Perhaps if a paternal government deprived him of his vote on the ground that he supplied him with sugar-sticks, he would realise how much that plea is worth.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

Without attempting to criticise in detail the naughty-boyish remarks of your correspondent Charles D. Leslie, will you permit me to express the hope that he will take care to warn him that this childish “Woman’s Movement” is quite stupidly universal—I feel so sorry for him because even heaven would seem to be unavailable as a refuge from it; up to the present we have not heard of any special sex laws amongst the angels.

MARY SERVAU.

WORDSWORD’S FUNNIEST LINE.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

How comes it that your contributors, in their quest for Wordsworth’s funniest line, have overlooked:

“Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant.”

W. W.

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FOREL'S "DIE SEXUELLE FRAGE." 

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Jacob Tonson should have the right to do pretty ways. Nearly a year ago I proposed to translate Dr. Forel's book, "Die Sexualfrage," now in its seventh German edition, thirty-fifth thousand. I submitted the offer to a leading medical publisher, and was told that such a popular book could not be produced in English. The same publishers "degrade everything which they touch!" Their evil in- 

To the Editor of "The New Age."

With reference to the remarks of Dr. Saleeby and Mr. Jacob Tonson in The New Age regarding "Die Sexualfrage," I wish to state that the work has just been translated into English and published by the Rebman Company, New York. It should now be on its way to England.

ASHLEY DUKES.

UNISEXUAL CRIMINAL LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In a discussion under this heading, may I point out that in cases from conscientious motives, it is the man, not the woman, who goes to prison, though the wife may be the anti-vaccinator. Again, it is pointed out by Mr. Collison, of the Humanitarian League, that a man may be sent to prison for his wife's debts, in regard to which he may be in entire ignorance until he is arrested on a County Court warrant. In Industrial School cases the law is more oppressive and unjust. A few days ago I read a case in which a step-father was committed to prison for non-payment of 15s. od. weekly for maintenance of his second wife's illegitimate son in an Industrial School.

MARY L. PEDDER.

DR. MILKER MAGUIRE'S "JACCUSE." 

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

You ask me will I write a new "J'accuse." I certainly am prepared. If the War Office have any outrage to charge certain officials by name with being curses to our community. They know very well what kind of questions they have to answer if not fully satisfied.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Permit me to suggest to Mr. Tonson that he is still quite in the dark as to the possibilities of fine printing. Had he himself been concerned with the issue of hand-printed books, or owned a private press, he would know that how ever one may wish the public to purchase large editions of finely printed books, the public have other ideas; and were it not for the public willing to pay for them so large an edition as 500 copies of a book, the cost of which is necessarily increased by hand-printing and the use of good paper. These things cannot be had for nothing, and experience has shown that the public will pay for them if not limited to, at the most, a few hundreds.

A. K. COOMARASWAMY.

THE FLORENCE PRESS BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I, as a Cambridge graduate, draw your readers' attention to a simple explanation of the recent "ragging" at Trinity Hall? Each college is unfortunately bound to receive a varying proportion of irresponsible youths, whose real object in residing at Cambridge is not the pursuit of learning, but the pursuit of pleasure. Considering its relative size, Trinity Hall generally gets an unduly large share of these useless people. Again, this is the chief 'varsity shrine of an almost imbecile devotion to the god of muscle, hence intellectual balance is not to be expected from its average Cambridge student who is becoming more Socialist daily. They are very obviously drawn from these unhealthy sources, which, happily, are in no way typical of the average Cambridge student who is becoming more Socialist daily.

WILFRID LEADMAN.

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