NOTES OF THE WEEK.

One of the first fruits of his Majesty's ill-timed visit to Reval is of a kind that may well please a certain influential school of British politicians who desire nothing better than a rupture with Germany. The outburst of the Kaiser during his inspection of troops at Dobrertitz may or may not have been literally reported, but there seems little doubt that it actually took place. "It looks as if they were trying to encircle us and bring us to bay," he is alleged to have said, adding, "Let them all come, we are ready." These words fit so well with our past knowledge of Wilhelm II.'s impromptu and with our preconceived ideas of the effect which our King's visit to the Tsar would have upon the neighbouring monarch, that we are loth to believe that they were not actually uttered. At all events, we may take it that they represent the sense of the royal remarks, and that they were intended to reach ears beyond the circle of those to whom they were immediately addressed.

* * *

This being so, we are driven to consider the expediency of coquetting with the Russian Government from a new point of view altogether. It would seem that Sir Edward Grey's policy is inspired by Germanophobia as well as Russomania, that he is as anxious to isolate the fire-eating Kaiser as he is to cultivate the friendship of the humanitarian Tsar. It becomes in short a question of whether or not we want a war with Germany. For although we are fully aware that the country was induced to believe that no such convention would be concluded until it had been submitted for the approval of the people's representatives. Then we are told that to upset those arrangements would constitute a studied insult to the Tsar and endanger European peace. Of course it was palpable to the world that the course actually pursued was a far more dangerous one from the international point of view. No one in his senses believes that Russia would dream of going to war with anyone at the present moment either to avenge the honour of the Tsar or for any other reason short of the necessity for preserving the territorial integrity of her Empire; whereas Germany—well, her Kaiser speaks for himself. However, Sir Edward Grey's excuse passed, and may pass again, for sound logic, and it therefore behoves us to keep our eyes open, and do our best to prevent international arrangements being made before there has been an opportunity for public discussion.

* * *

We refer particularly to the threatened visit of the Tsar to this country. Replying to a question on Tuesday last, Sir Edward Grey assured the House of Commons that "no arrangements had been proposed" for such a visit. But we have learnt—and we say this with a due sense of responsibility—that we cannot rely upon the bona-fides of the Foreign Secretary. It is impossible to forget how discussion was buried last summer on the Anglo-Russian Convention, how until the House of Commons had risen for the vacation the country was induced to believe that no such convention would be concluded until it had been submitted for the approval of the people's representatives. Then we trusted, now we are disillusioned. There is every reason to fear that early in August, when Parliament is no longer sitting, the Tsar's visit will be announced to the House of Commons. We hope that the 59 members who recently voted against the Reval meeting will see that Sir Edward Grey is constantly interrogated right up to the end of the Session, and the Government is given full notice of the sort of
welcome which their august visitor may expect if he comes.

The debate in the House on the second reading of the Old Age Pensions Bill was a scene of the purest comedy. There was scarcely a member but had one eye on his constituency and the other on the Labour benches. Members of the Opposition vied with Ministerialists in striving to express their generous sentiments and their desire to extend the scheme as soon as possible for the benefit of all the "deserving poor." Few dared to suggest a contributory system, and those who did took care to conceal the real purport of their proposals by talking of contributory "pensions"—a contradiction in terms. Others supporting the scheme spoke of "re-muneration to worn-out veterans of industry," and in the same breath asked for an extension in favour of those who whilst under 70 had always been physically unable to work. Such a scene of jumbled and discarded principles it has rarely been our pleasure to witness. Sauve qui peut was the order of the day. Even Mr. Balfour was outflanked by the situation, and having refused in discussion to commit himself to any view whatever, sat thinking which way he would vote until it was too late to vote at all.

Mr. Harold Cox stood almost alone in frank opposition, a heroic figure defying his constituents, his party, and even time itself, and denouncing as false prophets all who would question the philosophy of the French Revolution. We hearily join the Premier in regretting the impending fate of the member for Preston at the next General Election. The deadly earnestness with which he fills his role in the Parliamentary burlesque will never be equaled when he is gone. We shall have lost in him a really invaluable foil for his time-serving fellow members. At least, he will merit the epitaph, "He never hedged."

In point of fact Mr. Cox made several excellent points during the course of his speech. He ridiculed his leader, Mr. Asquith, for having said that his party scheme would place "half a million old folks entirely beyond the reach of pecuniary anxiety and care," asking whether the right honourable gentleman had ever tried to live in London on five shillings a week. He pointed out that the character test would involve in every locality a committee of investigation which, whatever it might be called, would be in effect a mere board of guardians over again. The inquisitorial examination would introduce into the new pension scheme all the favouritism and all the taint of the old poor law. If an industry test was wanted, why not adopt the automatic one used in Germany, and pay pensions to all applicants who had been working for 141 weeks during the previous three years?

Mr. Lloyd George's defence merely served to remind us that we have never had an explanation nor even an attempt at an explanation of the Government's reasons for misappropriating part of the nucleus reserved last year for this year's pensions. He dwelt at length on the cost of the scheme, and emphasised his determination on no account to increase it. "It is necessarily an experiment," he said, "we should wait and see how the thing works before we widen the sphere of operation of so liberal a scheme." Apparently the Chancellor is oblivious of the fact that he is ruining the chances of his scheme ever being regarded as a liberal one for the sake of a few hundred thousand pounds.

We do not expect him to increase the amount of the pension or lower the age limit this year, but we do expect him to do away with the anomalies in the Government Bill. He can well afford to adopt a sliding scale beginning at 10s., instead of at 8s., and to withdraw the clause which penalises married couples. The cost of the latter amendment would only, on his own showing, be £300,000 per annum. Is such a sum beyond the resources of Free Trade Finance? We may note here a curious fact: that the keener the Free Trader the less he is inclined to give the working-class a share in the "benefits" which he loves to proclaim, until when we reach the high-water mark of orthodoxy in the "Spectator" we find that the worker is to get no share at all.

Towards the end of his speech Mr. Lloyd George was guilty of a piece of altogether inexplicable honesty. "Remember," he said, "what a wealthy man does when he considers the charity which he is going to dispense in the course of the year. He does not look merely at the needs of the locality; he looks at his own means, and having made up his mind what his means are for the current year, he decides to dispense his charity within those means, picking out those objects which are most deserving of the funds at his disposal. That is exactly what we have done."

This is letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. It is at once the best description and the most damning criticism of the Government Bill that we have yet seen. We had already recognised that the scheme had all the inadequacy and most of the other vices of charity, that it penalised thrift and honesty and marriage, that it attempted moral discrimination, that it gave us as a favour rather than as a right; but we had scarcely expected this frank avowal. The fact is that the governing classes cannot get it out of their heads that poverty can only be relieved by charity; they cannot dissociate the two ideas. The self-complacency which has been so marked a feature during the past two or three weeks in the speeches of Ministers is precisely that of the conscious philanthropist who has just devoted one hundredth part of his income to some charitable object. All the same symptoms are there, the keen desire to make the most of their beneficence, the deep concern for the moral welfare of others and less charitable persons, the outraged feelings that are paraded at the first sign of ingratitude. One can almost hear the self-congratulatory murmur running along the front Treasury bench, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The philanthropist perhaps dreams of a title, the Government of a second term of office, but the instinctive demand to enjoy their blessed reward at once is the same.

After all, the Liberal Government is only making a virtue of necessity. They have been forced to give Old Age Pensions as a counterblast to the propaganda of the Labour Party, and it is to that party that the credit, such as it is, is due. If there were no Labour Party there would be no Old Age Pensions; of that we may be sure. The politics of the two great parties are fast becoming a wholly undignified struggle for popular favour, and the appearance of a third party really in earnest about reform has enormously increased the severity of the competition. Old established policies and principles are dropped with positively indecent haste as occasion serves. The situation in the House, which we have already described, is a replica in miniature of the
situation all over the country. We are in a period of turmoil and confusion and undefined issues. There is in truth no definite programme before the country but that of the Labour Party, no thinkable alternative to Socialism, no real Conservatism even. We by no means object to this state of affairs, but we cannot believe that it will last long. We look in the comparatively near future for a great rearrangement of political forces, and if the Labour Party succeeds in keeping clear of entanglements in the meantime it will have little to fear and all to hope for when that rearrangement comes. The reward of steadfast independence is one of the few sure things in politics. 

The discussion which took place on the Government resolution allotting time for the various stages of the Pensions Bill, raised a question of the very highest importance. A reform of Parliamentary procedure is, in our opinion, the most urgent, without exception, of all the political reforms that democracy is striving for. The slowness of the legislative machine is by far the finest asset of the reactionaries, whether they be Tories or Liberals. Anxious as we are to see the Hereditary Chamber ended, we heartily endorse the opinion of Mr. Jowett, "that the question of the procedure of the House of Commons is infinitely more important at the present moment than the reform of the House of Lords."

The complete solution of the problem which we should like to see brought about, presents, of course, many difficulties, but at least the Government might make one of their favourite "beginnings." There is plenty of room for decentralisation, for the delegation of powers to committees, and for the lengthening of Parliamentary Sessions. And there is certainly no reason why Bills that have passed through two or three stages in one Session should have to be reintroduced entirely afresh in the next. Indeed, this rule is so diabolically tiresome and unintelligent that it must have been invented by some great national genius of the past; the same, we suspect, who invented the House of Lords and the Bishops and the "Times" newspaper. His touch may be detected in many another British institution, and they all require to be remedied in the same way. Would that the Eugenics Society could tell us how to breed a race of iconoclasts. It would even then be a long time before the supply could satisfy our need.

Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army came in for some severe criticism on Thursday last. The most damaging was that of Sir Charles Dilke, who said that the new "terriers" were the old Volunteers under a new name, only there were fewer of them. That seems almost to be the last word on the system, at all events in its present form. It is condemned to a lingering death for want of healthy democratic elements, and when the inevitable end comes Mr. Haldane will have to take his place beside the other War Office failures, Lords Lansdowne and Midleton and Mr. Arnold Forster. We scarcely imagine that he will find them congenial company, and we hope for his own sake that he will repent of his aristocratic tendencies in time, and find salvation. But the fact that he actually congratulates himself on having enticed go per cent. of the old Volunteers to enlist under the new conditions does not help us in our desire to take a bright and sanguine view of the situation.

An influential deputation, representing the shareholders in British Railways, waited upon Mr. Churchill at the Board of Trade last week. The purpose of their visit was to urge their claims for less taxation particularly in regard to local rates and passenger duty, and to gain the Minister's aid in resisting the demands of railway servants for higher pay and shorter hours, demands which "had already been generously recognised." By special request of Mr. Churchill pressmen were excluded. It is only possible to draw one conclusion as to his reason for doing this. He evidently desired freedom from the necessity of making his reply to the shareholders compatible with his public utterances of sympathy with the railwaymen. If confirmation of this view were needed it could be found in the concluding sentence of the "Times" report. "The deputation were highly satisfied with his reply," Really Mr. Churchill might just as well have had the reporters present. The truth could scarcely be more damaging than the conclusions which an unsympathetic public will inevitably draw. Thorny is the path of the politician who would be all things to all men.

It would seem that there is a regular epidemic of Puritanism in England just now. The Manchester Watch Committee has but recently distinguished itself by surpassing even the London County Council in ostentatious modesty. But London is not to be outdone. The provinces are soon to learn that we in the metropolis can still find a blush for an exhibition of the nude—even when only portrayed in stone. A campaign of more or less gross abuse has been begun against the figures which form part of the decoration of the new headquarters of the British Medical Association in the Strand. An evening newspaper, whose editor evidently has a keen eye for circulation, leads the van of the attack proclaiming its outraged feelings under seductive headlines; and the Purity brigade is in full cry behind. The whole thing is so monstrously absurd that it is difficult to speak of it seriously. If the National Vigilance Association had their way the whole of the art of Ancient Greece would have to be abolished or breeched. We have heard of persons who could find sermons in stones; but far more wonderful are these people whose genius has discovered—or, to give full credit, invented—the pornographic possibilities of marble.

[NEXT WEEK.—S. G. Hobson will open a discussion on "Socialist Political Policy"; Rev. Conrad Noel on "Socialism at the Pan-Anglican Congress"; "A Defence of the Strand Statues."]

INTERNATIONAL VISITS
For the purpose of Studying the Customs and Institutions of other Countries.

A VISIT TO NORWAY
AUGUST 18th to 27th.
Inclusive Cost of Visits need not exceed Ten Guineas for the Forecast.
Full particulars will be sent on application to Miss F. M. BUTLIN, Hon. Sec., The International Visitors Association, Old Headington, Oxford.

A SERIES OF PLAYS BY IBSEN
AND BJÖRNSEN
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 24.
Pan-Anglicans on Marriage.

If you will bear flat blasphemy and some religious assembly; not a minute present at the Pan-Anglican Congress but you heard the name of God taken in vain. Every speaker insisted on assuring us that he and his church alone possessed the divine secret, that whatever did not happen to commit itself to his taste was "a practice which set at defiance the laws of both God and Nature." Statements were made to win gallery applause which are in absolute opposition to facts well known and readily ascertainable. Thus one speaker declared that Christianity was slowly but surely under mining the great religions of the East; another stated that Christianity had actually accomplished what other religious systems merely aimed at—the satisfaction of all the requirements of human nature. Our objection is not that these reverend gentlemen speak as the paid hounds of their religious order—the payment is a matter of indifference—but their ignorance and their insincerity are so blatant that when some honest man speaks, his utterance can gain no attention amidst the vapourings from these Pandean pipes of the wind.

The doubts, the fears, the hesitations with which religious men, men who are prone to dwell, most often from these Pandean pipes of the wind.

We give our entire concurrence to the last statement made by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, that "The New Age" is "written by scholars and gentlemen." We work at hand all uninterested for scholarly men; the "doctrine of the enclitic De" must be settled by our brains. We are not gentlemen; we are engaged in a grim and earnest fight, in an endeavour to bring some method of sense, divine sense, into this England of ours. We are the shock to make this land a fairly habitable one for men and women, not for prigs and parsons; we have to organise a revolution that shall allow men to reconstruct society upon the real permanent instincts of men and women, not upon the words of the Syrian mystic, forged, interpolated and misinterpreted by generations of unscrupulous ecclesiastics. Here is no work for gentlemen: we shall not recognise the knighthly code of honour. We shall never aspire to ape

The screaming creature who beside the ring
Gambles with basest wretches for our blood,
And pays with money that he never earned!
Let us die broken-hearted rather!

Mr. Russell was shocked because he had read in The New Age an article signed by a woman, in which it was laid down that what was called the unfortunate class were "the queens and high priestesses and the savours of society." (He could have read a similar statement by a man, Mr. Lecky, many years ago.) Let us ask our readers which is the more shocking, to hold with the writer of the article that there walketh not on the land of God alone, or to read a similar statement by a man.

Mr. Russell next formulated his own doctrine: (1) That the primary object for which marriage was ordained was the creation of children to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; (2) that a man might not marry his wife's sister; and (3) that it could never be lawful to put asunder those whom God by matrimony had made one.

We give our entire concurrence to the last proposi-
The Real Difficulty in India.

There has never been found a body of men anxious to benefit humanity at large at the expense of their own pockets; and the Indian Civil Service furnishes no exception to the rule. Their sentiments, in fact, are exactly those of Lord St. Aldегonde in Disraeli’s novel, who, as heir to the richest dukedom in the kingdom, was opposed to all privilege, and, indeed, to all orders of men—except dukes—were a necessity. They hold that the high function of government in India is the birthright of a minority of an alien minority, and are not at all disposed to enlarge the circle of the select. There may be nothing elevated or edifying in this attitude towards the world in general; but it is at any rate perfectly intelligible. And hence it comes about that it is utterly and absolutely hopeless to look for any real or radical reform in the system of administration from within.

What would English opinion have said if the drawing up of the Transvaal Constitution had been placed in the hands of the Randlords or if Lord Hugh Cecil and the Bishop of Manchester were officially entrusted with the task of framing an unsectarian Education Bill? Yet it is exactly this astounding thing that the ci-devant John Morley has done in the case of his Indian “reforms.” No wonder they have been laughed to scorn throughout the length and breadth of India, and that even Sir Bampfylde Fuller has stayed to fling a stone at them.

The tendency among Indian officials is to reject any proposal for genuine and far-reaching reform as an attack, veiled or otherwise, upon the “Service,” and as an attempt to encroach upon its administrative monopoly and perquisites. Of its very nature such a service must be intolerant of change and intolerant of economy. It is the triumph of the people and not of the government on their own account. We are not at all disposed to enlarge the circle of the select.

Criticism of an incompetent or wrong-headed official is represented as personal and ungenerous. The ventilation of an Indian grievance is construed as an unpatriotic and ill-natured reflection upon the best of governments and the members of the first distinguished service in the world.

That is very natural, no doubt, but how foolish and how mischievous! Dean Swift has been regarded as a madman because he pictured an island floating in the air which held in subjection a continent upon the earth below, and governed it by the simple expedient of sending down its orders attached to pieces of string. But is it all so very ridiculous after all in the light of some expedient and vital in certain definite circumstances, it is not equally true and expedient and vital in a community which has driven the educated man in India to despair. If Englishmen wish for a peaceful and a contented India, the first and the last thing upon which they must insist is that their representatives in that Empire shall in all cases hold in all instances act in concert with the people and their leaders. There must be an end of the policy of mistrust qualified by fear and self-interest which has driven the educated man in India to despair. Moral principles are the same in all circumstances; and the obligation upon us of the contempt our many subordinate capacities—indeed, we could not even carry on the government for a single day without their aid—but we refuse to believe that the educated man among them have a better notion of the requirements of their own race than we can ever possess. We throw down our orders from above, and leave the leaders of the people to waste their energies and abilities in discontented criticism. It is a pity Swift is dead. Such admirable material for his sardonic genius is available among them who, as heir to the richest dukedom in the kingdom, was opposed to all privilege, and, indeed, to all orders of men—except dukes—were a necessity. They

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It is the intractability of the Anglo-Indian official minds that the real difficulty in India lies. Their policy is exactly the policy embodied in the declaration made by M. Stolypin to the Russian Duma on November 29 of last year. After repeating the usual promises of reform, that declaration emphatically and clearly pro-
The Congo Situation.

Events are moving rapidly towards some kind of early solution of the complications in the Congo Free State. The recent elections in Brussels have imperilled the Belgian Government, so that it is extremely unlikely that the Congo annexation scheme can be carried through. The opposition to annexation in Belgium appears to have the support of the country, though the Imperialist Party is appealing to the honour of the Belgian people. It is announced that M. Vanderveld, the Socialist leader, intends to visit the Congo Free State, so that he may acquaint himself with the real facts as to the resources of the country, the taxation of the natives, the methods of obtaining rubber, and the alleged cruelties.

A further White-paper has been published containing the views of Sir E. Grey, as stated in a memorandum which he submitted to the Belgian Government. Sir E. Grey urged that changes were required in the administration of the Congo State which should effect the following objects: (1) Relief of the natives from excessive taxation, (2) the grant to the natives of sufficient land to enable them to obtain not only the food they require, but also sufficient produce of the soil to enable them to buy and sell as in other European colonies, (3) a commission to travel wherever they will, to ascertain plots of land of reasonable dimensions in any part of the Congo for the erection of factories, so as to enable them to establish direct trade relations with the natives.

The first clause everyone will assent. The natives of the Congo Free State are grossly overtaxed, and reform in the mode of taxation is urgently needed. The British Consul's recent reports prove that taxation is being modified, but there is no doubt that the taxation is still excessive. The second and third clauses of Sir E. Grey's demands require close examination. The insinuation of the second clause is that the Congo natives, at present, have not enough land to provide themselves with sufficient produce of the soil to enable them to buy and sell. The innuendo of the third clause is that be-traders in the Congo Free State cannot obtain enough land to enable them to erect factories so that they may "establish direct trade relations with the natives."

It is a remarkable feature of the Congo agitation that one cannot penetrate very far into the maze of this controversy before finding a turning which leads to a centre where the trading influence predominates. It is true that the majority of English Congo reformers are humanitarian ladies and gentlemen, actuated only by the highest motives. Of that we are convinced. But we are being equally convinced that these ladies and gentlemen are being used as pawns to advance the un-humanitarian ladies and gentlemen, actuated only by selfish motives. Of that we are convinced. But it should be pointed out, however, in fairness to the Congo Free State, that twenty-two years ago it took over a cannibal country in which slavery was in full swing. We believe, on the evidence, that cannibalism and slavery have been practically abolished, but apologists of "forced labour" in British dependencies have stated that "forced labour" must be substituted as a step between the change from absolute slavery to complete freedom. This may or may not be true, but we fail to see why what is urgent as a "necessity" in British dependencies should become an abomination in the Congo Free State.

It is another of the peculiarities of the criticisms of the Congo Free State that what is quietly accepted and even advocated in British colonies and dependencies becomes the subject of the most vociferous denunciation when existing in the Congo Free State. The Conservative and Liberal statesmen who have defended Chinese labour, "forced labour" in Trinidad, Demerara, Fiji, the New Hebrides, etc., etc., calmly sit down and write despatches, or stand up and make speeches, reproving the Congo Government, in strong terms, for permitting this self-same "forced labour!"

The British public should be definitely warned where this Congo agitation is leading England. Assuming Belgium is willing to annex the Congo Free State, but on terms which the controllers of the anti-Congo movement deem unsatisfactory, what will happen? The people who are pulling the wires of Imperialist policy are not likely to betray their aim, but we will state it for them. It is that Congo agitation will be weakened or stifled. It is vigorously exposed, until the British flag is hoisted at Boma. The "Newcastle Chronicle," the journal which circulates in Sir Edward Grey's constituency, Berwick-on-Tweed, has declared for British annexation. The Cape-to-Cape Railway can only be constructed when an intervening slice of the Congo Free State is provided. British troops, in enormous force, are being maintained in the Transvaal, though that State has been granted representative government for over a year. These are three points which should be remembered by those who may think we are expressing an unduly alarmist view of the situation. Great Britain was engineered, after ten years' clever intriguing, into the South African War. Let us take care that we are not caught twice.

It would go some way to allay the suspicions which undoubtedly exist, if in some case or other the Congo Reform Association, if the Central Association followed the admirable example of its London auxiliary and published a balance-sheet and statement of accounts. The Congo Free State is sneered at as having something to conceal because no balance-sheet has been published; it is again noticeable that the very people who offer this criticism are guilty of similar conduct themselves.

Lastly, it might be an advantage if Mr. Hilaire Belloc explained to the world, clearly and explicitly, his opinion of the Congo Reform Association, its founders, and its supporters, avowed and unavowed. That he can advance cogent reasons for inviting the British people to distrust the Congo Reform Association we are willing to admit; but it is time such reasons were published by him under his signature.

C. II. Norman.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

IX.

It may seem a work of supererogation to insist that the moderns who discountenance all observations of living processes, that cannot be measured by the yard or weighed by the pound, have for all their erudition, their conscientiousness and their goodwill, hitherto betrayed nothing that is outside the common heritage of mankind, nothing that will not be found crystallised in the thought, in the precepts that have come down to us in the deeply-rooted traditions of the past. It is not a work of supererogation. The would-be measurers of life exemplify in the highest the failure of Western science to cash its promissory notes—notes issued with lavish recklessness. For the biometricians there is but one pathway to knowledge; what cannot be tabulated, what cannot be pressed within a mathematical formula is nescience. Without adventuring into the simple and less hazardous, but more comprehensible realm of philosophy, our endeavour is to show, from their own attainment, that the measurers of life have illumined us with but a scanty light, although with a vast pretence at having achieved giant success and with a lofty scorn of those who do not survey the universe from the summit of a curve—from the Western standard of objectivity. Credit must be given to those who consecrate their achievements and their attainments in science to show, from their own attainment, that the Western standard of objectivity is not the standard. Credit must be given to those who consecrate their achievements and their attainments in science to show, from their own attainment, that the Western standard of objectivity is not the standard.

A description is well enough when we would build or navigate a " Dreadnought," but a craving for some explanation of the perplexing cause laboratory workers deal only with inanimate objects, and living things astonish us by their diversity, their extreme plasticity, their ready response to alteration in their circumstances or ways of living.

The constitutional differences in the bacillus are of great interest, and explain in part how it is that we do not all die of consumption; for evidence that nearly every human body has been invaded by this ubiquitous parasite is found at the post-mortem table. Rarely is the tubercle bacillus found at the post-mortem table. Most human bodies have been invaded by this ubiquitous parasite.

The egg grows by a constant succession of segmentations into hemispheres (more or less), or blastomeres, as they are called.

Weismann says "Yes, one segment will form the right half of the body, the other the left, and in the next section at right angles to the first, one segment will form the head, the other the tail end. If this were true, there is a differentiation of the germ tissue or plasm at each section; each cell must be regarded as having a definite part in the fully developed animal. The embryonic parts could not be transposed without making a complete change in the animal. Driesch, however, says, the constitution of the germ tissue is purely quantitative, not qualitative. At the first segmentation one half of the entire substance goes into one segment, the remainder into the other. Differentiation arises, brains, liver; toes, toenails, etc., entirely through the different position of each cell in regard to other cells and through the far-reaching conclusions which have been drawn from them, must be held over. I shall better be able to give a few of the more striking experiments. From his own investigations and those of many others carried on now for many years, Driesch concludes that the egg acts like a conscious being, and that these actions are not accounted for by any chemical-physical laws; hence he has formulated his theory of the autonomous value of the egg as the foundation of his thought.
The Franchise for Walkers.

Up to the present, the ordinary way of getting a vote in this country has been by showing that one is a householder, or an occupier, or a freeholder, or something of that kind. But apparently Mr. Asquith has invented a new qualification for the franchise: one has to walk for it. At least, that is what it really comes to; for when the women asked the Prime Minister to allow them to exercise this most elementary right of citizenship, he replied that they must first show that they wanted the vote. (I thought it was the business of a statesman to lead the people, and not wait until the people led him; but if Mr. Asquith hasn’t a mind of his own, and prefers to be a booking-clerk of others’ opinions instead of national leader—well, one must do without statesmanship.) Now, presumably, when he asked for proof, he did not want all the women to call on him in Downing Street; indeed, he has already shown lack of hospitality by sending the ladies to expound their views at his public meetings. So Mr. Asquith obviously meant that they must walk about in processions. It is really not very obvious that the inclination of the powers of a motor omnibus or the running powers of a perambulator, but it doesn’t seem that the powers of the feet have much to do with the ballot-box. Mr. Asquith is confusing the franchise with football; but, poor fellow, he was in a terrible fix—for there is no logical escape from the women’s arguments—so he must have made himself look rather foolish. However, it is to be hoped this qualification by walking will not be extended: it might grow to a serious inconvenience. The next Government might insist on a walk to John o’ Groats, with a plural vote if one walked back to Land’s End.

However, Mr. Asquith, in his wisdom, said he must see a procession; and as, unfortunately, he happens to be the man in charge, a procession he had to have. They have given him two. I hope he enjoyed them. If he had a glimmering sense of the rhythm of a great march he would have joined step; for there was an infinite verve and dash about it all which was alluring. But I forget; it was only Walt Whitman who gloried in a marching people; whereas a Liberal or Tory Prime Minister must find them sadly disturbing. It would be so much pleasanter if the people would be lulled by the drowsy tunes of Downing Street. So Mr. Asquith did not join: though a member of the Swanian Agricultural College group bore aloft a bunch of carrots in a way which would have tempted . . . but I may have misunderstood his meaning. There was a vision of Revolution as one looked on these marching women; which was not dulled by their prim propriety, by their dainty dress, by the note of gentleness. Before this touch of Revolt it sounded such a cheap sneer to say that, after all, many of them were only asking for a very limited franchise which would reach only a few. Even the magnificent conception of adult suffrage seemed a trivial thing when placed beside this assertion of the principle of sex-liberty, standing alone, apart from the expediency of the practical politician, who must judge everything by its value on polling day.

There was something utterly convincing about the whole affair. As banner after banner passed bearing the names of the women who have made so much history one began to understand why some men dread it all. It is the tradesman’s dread of competition. Napoleon would have disliked Joan of Arc; and Sir Edward Grey would find Cleopatra a serious complication in the settlement of Egypt.

It is only fair to mention that the “Times” published very indignant letters from friends and relations of some of the departed whose names were held aloft. It is possible that Miss Kingsley and Miss Herschel would not have favoured the suffrage movement had they lived until to-day; it may be so, but it was not exactly true to say it—de mortuis nil nisi bonum. If the postal arrangements with foreign parts were more efficient, it is also possible, though not probable, that both Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba might have asked the “Times” to dissociate them from the Processions. I quite agree it is not at all likely that Joan of Arc and Boadicea would have walked in the march to the Albert Hall: they would probably have been riding up and down Whitehall in war-chariots. When I saw Mrs. Despard posted with her detachment quite close to Downing Street, I confess I had a lingering hope that at the last moment they were going to raid No. 10 and carry Mr. Asquith along with them. If ever a woman’s eyes flashed triumphant war they were the eyes of the leader of the Women’s Freedom League. The Saturday walk was her personal triumph. She seemed the summary of all that her sex demands: and one man had the courage to confess his homage when he ran forward to kiss her hand; while a hundred thousand others, by standing passive, confessed that their minds were too dull to understand the meaning of as fine a flash of personal magnetism as ever gathered together a great movement into one body.

One could not help thinking that Mrs. Despard would have been more in keeping with the second procession than the first. It may not be a strictly fair description, but the Saturday march was of the people who wanted the vote if it did not inconvenience anyone to grant it. On Sunday, they were determined to have it whether it inconvenienced anyone or not. Sunday was Christabel’s day. She must forgive the omission of her surname and a prefix; really she has no more right to a surname than Victoria or any other member of a ruling house. The tactics of her association may be given in any other term you please; they have only the redeeming virtue of all great generalship—they are successful. And as I listened to her in Hyde Park I meditated that Alexander and Julius Caesar would have enjoyed a quiet battle chat with her. Of course she would have been better in Hyde Park, except a few boys with healthy lungs and empty heads, but it’s the empty-headed people who have to be managed sooner or later. I virtually intended to visit every platform in the Park; but I got no further than Miss Gwathmey’s, where it became quite clear why certain politicians don’t want women to interfere. Why, Miss Gwathmey’s dainty wit would drive half the Cabinet off the Treasury Bench, and her subtle gestures would be worth fifty votes on a division.

Well, Mr. Asquith asked for proof that the women demand to be made citizens. He has had two processions that have astonished the whole country. Now the burden of proof lies on him; let him produce the anti-Suffragist League; let it find a hundred respectable women, whose names are known beyond their parish boundaries, who will walk—not to the Albert Hall or Hyde Park, but once round Trafalgar Square, as a declaration that they have not sufficient intelligence to vote at a Parliamentary election, that the Suffragists will produce a hundred on the other side. Surely that is fair? If the anti-Suffragists desire to walk with their faces covered, that will be considered quite reasonable; they may even send dressmaker’s dummies, if a magistrate will certify that the dummies exist. But make a show of some kind, otherwise the world must proceed on its way; we cannot always loiter about with the social habits of the veiled East.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
Woman as State Creditor.

Mr. Bax strikes a peddling catalogue of legal advantages enjoyed by a few women law-breakers. He attaches to the end of the string a disability which women suffer, and only by their suffering of which Law and Bax have become Law and Bax: I mean, of course, the endurance of maternity. The enormity of this disability makes Mr. Bax’s star as trivial an honour to women as the signature of a tourist to a pyramid. These preferences he denounces so deliciously are indeed the Law’s way of saying to women: “I’m proud to know you.” But Mr. Bax may be consoloed to hear that they do not. No man-made laws, no man-given preferences, can really help women. Women alone know what women need. If it is true, as Mr. Bax deposes, that women are permitted to tell lies in court “with impunity”; if a woman can claim support from a man she has voluntarily deserted; if a wife can beat her husband whenever she likes: I reply that I, personally, have been unaware of my privileges, and I thank Mr. Bax very much for . . .

I thank Mr. Bax for . . . nothing. I, and all women, want things much more important than the privileges which Mr. Bax, more than a child is now left to the mercy of her ignorant husband. Bax, can have any conception of unless he realises that women love liberty of mind and body as much as himself.

But this love of liberty is the very sentiment the anti-feminist does not appreciate in us. The denial is a part of the familiar, ignorant argument: “Women do not realise, let alone dislike, their enslavement.” Certainly there are still women whose release from the harem seems to be halting; whose attitude savours of the seraglio; whose attitude savours of the harem. The denial is an odious ignominy and finally a struggle with death as through waves of flame. And no alleviative surgery ever discovered is worth the adjective. Everybody in the scientific time can point to some man he knows of her own suffering—and to that measure only—understands. But there is a sympathetic saying: “The easiest lot is hard.” The less sensitive the mind, the less sensitive the organism. No sense—no sensibility! (The reverse is not necessarily true.) To the dull-minded female maternity means a dolorous day. To a highly-developed, imaginative woman it means months of odious ignominy and finally a struggle with death as through waves of flame. And no alleviative surgery ever discovered is worth the adjective. Everybody in the scientific time can point to some man he knows whose wife has died in childbirth. Civilisations go down successively before this failure to abrogate the curse upon Eve.

The comparison is often made of the risks of a soldier’s life with those of maternity. Medea stated her sentiments on the subject some time ago. Of course there is no parallel. As soldiers men run risks it is true, when on active service; but they are risks only. Moreover, they have an element of adventure not other than other men’s wives.” Nay, the anti-feminist says: “Other women shall not be better off than my wife.”

Stem the tide, Mr. Partington, as Miss Murby meant to advise you. It is about all that a valuable and active suffragette like Miss Murby can have time to say.

None the less, many women among those not yet militant, desire these things to be said for them. In face of the single fact that women bear children, often in agonies no man would face once, let alone twice, the whole protest against women’s right to govern themselves becomes impotent. Women will not cry to dull ears the facts about pregnancy. Among themselves each one, up to the measure of her own suffering—and to that measure only—understands. But there is a sympathetic saying: “The easiest lot is hard.” The less sensitive the mind, the less sensitive the organism. No sense—no sensibility! (The reverse is not necessarily true.) To the dull-minded female maternity means a dolorous day. To a highly-developed, imaginative woman it means months of odious ignominy and finally a struggle with death as through waves of flame. And no alleviative surgery ever discovered is worth the adjective. Everybody in the scientific time can point to some man he knows whose wife has died in childbirth. Civilisations go down successively before this failure to abrogate the curse upon Eve.

The comparison is often made of the risks of a soldier’s life with those of maternity. Medea stated her sentiments on the subject some time ago. Of course there is no parallel. As soldiers men run risks it is true, when on active service; but they are risks only. Moreover, they have an element of adventure and are stimulating and often enjoyable. Maternity is neither adventurous, stimulating, nor enjoyable; nor merely a risk. Its horrors are certain, and the oppression of their slow and secret approach is unrelieved by a single chance of escape, save death.

It is clear to women that the first feeble attempt to recompense them for their share in the making of humanity, is based on a callous repudiation of the magnitude of their service. And I repeat that even the shoddy return proffered is worthless because misdirected.

Naive and childlike man has determined the contract both for himself and for us. But he has exhausted our innocence. We are prepared to draw up our own terms now, and the fiercer the opposition, the more certain we become of the justice of our demand. The militant suffragettes have saved us from the last ignominy of the slave—the obligation to give thanks for enfranchisement.
The New Age.

I was walking the other day along Eaton Terrace, a symbolic street which has a public-house at one end and a retired duchess at the other, like a stick with a head of wrought and tarnished silver whose ferule is pressed into the pavement. The sun was setting and a complacent melancholy suggested tea with a gay young companion who reads the Theory of Criminal Law and lodges on the second floor of a yellow house next to the "Red Man." "The business of the day is done," I murmured, "The last-left haymaker is gone." I feel bound to record that this is what I actually said, for the quotations which come spontaneously to my lips are always (I will speak for myself) curiously inappropriate. But on this occasion I had not had time to retort that the departure of a haymaker from Eaton Terrace was not to be wondered at and that he would probably be found, if anywhere, agitating in Trafalgar Square for a heavier duty on imported tobacco, when I was enabled to my great delight to continue the quotation instead of adjusting it to urban environment:—

See the wild Maenads
Break from the wood
Youth and Iacchus
Maddening their blood.

I cried, as four little girls, showering tangled hair over their white pinafores, broke from the narrow gorge of the palace of the mighty bulged and shook, and I saw in a flame for a better purpose than for the saving of their lives. Women are alive, I caught the glow of the choked and blistered stars. But the young gods of human joy and sympathy were always with us. Millions of men and women about the world were ready to dance and sing in the discovery of their freedom, "For the earth is Man's and the fulness thereof." John Nicolas.

The world seemed suddenly to glow around me. The palace of the mighty bulged and shook, and I saw in a flash the arrogance of Pentheus torn and mutilate. I cried, as four little girls, showering tangled hair over their white pinafores, broke from the narrow gorge of the palace of the mighty bulged and shook, and I saw in a flame for a better purpose than for the saving of their lives. Women are alive, I caught the glow of the choked and blistered stars. But the young gods of human joy and sympathy were always with us. Millions of men and women about the world were ready to dance and sing in the discovery of their freedom. "For the earth is Man's and the fulness thereof." John Nicolas.

Falsehood Loquitur.

Truth—What care I for Truth?
Let her stand naked for all the world to gaze on if she choose.
Naked and unashamed.
No shame know I but this—to drape my garment ineffectively.
(Tis Vanity who blinds her, bids her pose Thrice bare, unchallenging—unchallenged.)

I would not lose
The power of my studied mystery
For all thy Temple famed, Neglected Truth!

Lend me the pinkest fringe of a light cloud,
If she choose,
Hang him on the lamp-post,
And leave him there to die!

The vision passed, and I found myself battering madly at the door of Mrs. Hapheithwaite's lodgings next to the "Red Man": for new thoughts far above China Tea were not content to pull an ordinary bell.
The Maud Allan Myth.

SALOME! At the word up starts the music of Strauss, and the daughter of Herodias, naked-limbed, with thongs and posture before us. Her flesh gleams with dusky light under her gleaming jewels. The eyes of her pulsing breasts search us, her hot red burning lips suck out our soul. She moves in the dance; slow and sensual, with calculating provocative gestures; fast and faster—passionate—4; thought lost in the clutch of her whirling lust. The eyes fall they fall, those serpent-clinging veils. Her naked heart heaves and sways like jelly of flame. The serpent stage-lights dizzyly sway and curl. The horrible mad music curls round us in throbbing sweeps. Broken lights and shadows play liquidly over the flood of her flesh. In her (and is Vienna also among the prudes?).

Men got tired of it and put it away. 'I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan,' comes the voice from the sky or the earth or from those just parted lips? 'Jokanaan, I have, have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood?'

This is how in Germany they danced the Salome till men got tired of it and put it away. I think very think is how Maud Allan danced it before the King at Marienbad, and how the authorities forbade her (and is Vienna also among the prudes?). She knew better than to dance it that way in England; she knows, dear girl, what the English palate craves, videlicet—to be tickled with anticipation of extreme wickedness and to be horribly disappointed; for we have few imaginations, look you, and Puritan conveniences, and each and every demands satisfaction. We want to be able to say to our friends, 'You'd think it was immoral, but no, not a bit of it!—purest thing in the world, old man—might take your sister.'

Oh, Nadir of beastliness! Oh, the best bastinado side of the English national character the unholy business concern which is booming Maud Allan and her Salome posters has taken full advantage. No, I am not banging too hard on the Salome pedal. Miss Allan and her advertising agent have played it cleverer than I do. It is that cunningly displayed poster body and dumb the classical which draws the London mob.

And yet you know, and this is the shameful thing, Maud Allan dancing has in essence nothing at all to do with Salome at all, and yet she stands, bar profit-mongering, for anything. She has travelled everywhere. Munich and Vienna have acclaimed her, Paris knows her and worships, Munich and Vienna stood. Then she went travelling, and throve on her limbs swayed like reeds lightly shaken in the wind . . .

She was being on the sea-shore. Now she ran to pick up a bright-coloured shell, now she tossed a pebble in the air—caught it—threw it—held it returned it a new suckling. After due deliberation, Berlin accepted it and installed Isadora as a personage, but refused to make her fortnight for her; still she got her hearing and the critics understood. Then she went travelling, and throve on it. She has travelled everywhere. Munich and Vienna have acclaimed her, Paris knows her and worships, and she has plans, organized, and is there in the Venusburg dances at the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth. She has not danced the Salome, thank God! I first saw her in Gluck's 'Iphigenia' at the Theatre des Westens, Berlin.

Miss Duncan has written and spoken much of the purpose of her work: To free dancing from its twin obsessions of sensual provocation and mechanical gymnastics, to bring it back to the grace, dignity, and universality of the Greek, to make it the interpreter of all music and (therefore) of all moods and emotions, a servant of folly and of death. (The Greeks have left us, she has followed the Attic dance and tears of many mourners, and the sculptured terrors of death slept in the folds of her saffron gown.

But I like best to picture the Duncan as she comes straight at me with laughing, jolly face, head tossing, arms flapping, legs splashing and pawing. So they danced in the morning of the world or ever percentages were and the striking of each balances. She says that a little girl taught her this dance, but I think the little girl was Isadora, kicking the spray up from the mill-stream that ran hard by her father's cottage between the pines and kitchen garden . . .

She has learned by heart the tale that the Greeks have left us, she has followed the Attic dance from statue to bas-relief, from bas-relief to urn, from urn to tragedy to comedy, from history to the commentary of the sciolist. And she has strung her beads of learning, cut and polished, on the thread of this wise child of hers, so bubbling with vehement life. And every bead is a prayer, and every prayer a song.
bad reception, not on the score of indecency, but of circumstances devoutly to be wished! With this double provocation was no go-have at you then with the advertisement hoardings.

Allan-hailed by Richard Strauss and the best Viennese critics as the best Salome dancer, and banned by the authorities had forbidden her to earth a rara avis, a tip-topper, a Salome among Salsomes; but that the authorities had forbidden her to advertise it in Vienna — then she so completely misinterprets the music so as to choose the joyous movement for her damnest poses, and what in the name of comic sense does she look for on the floor but one thought of the parable of the woman who had lost a thrupenny bit; can it have been that?

The Salome is detestable. I cannot imagine anything more immoral and less artistic than this passion-tinging of the gestures of lust, this intoxication of the middle ages, this St. Sebastian in the Starlight, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine starved emotions, and print a new programme which snaps off Rubinstein, I spy salvation.

The future of dancing is with the angels. And then the Spring Song; how she undoubtedly was in her lighter moments, Graceful she undoubtedly was in her lighter moments, and wears a picture hat, a Paris gown, and a parasol. (And in garments such as similar Isadoras and all the other saved members of her family do walk and Djjibah in the streets of Rome. Whereas out of office hours Miss Allan is a society lady and wears a picture hat, a Paris gown, and a parasol. This is not irrelevant, for it marks the distinction between a pseudo private performance before societies and unions of a literary and artistic character (or lack of it).

For instance a programme now lying before me relates that at the Winterfest of the two Unions of Berlin Writers and German Writresses held on the twenty-first of February, 1906, she presented four “Duncan-musical-plastic-atmospheric-pictures” inspired by Schu- bert’s “Ave Maria,” two of the Mazurkas and the Funerals of Chopin, and a waltz by Rubinstein. Look at the current contents bill of the Palace Theatre, and you will see with what admirable tenacity she has clung during the past two and a half years to her first loves.

She danced well, but not remarkably well. She seemed a good imitator, that was all, and she wove into the true pattern of her art threads of quite alien design; there was a hint of the sexually provocative. Graceful she undoubtedly was in her lighter moments, but she lacked any feeling for tragedy, and her Funeral March was nothing — if not mildly amusing.

Berlin, which barely paid the baker’s bills of Isadora, offered no prospect of big cash prizes to her parodist, and so Maud Gwendolen faded away from the advertisement hoardings.

Then came the great craze, and every actress in Germany and Austria who could dance danced the Salome, and every actress who couldn’t posed as the Salome in more or less appropriate costume. Here, surely, was a chance for Miss Allan. The Duncan anti-provocative game was no go—have at you then with the Salome hyper-provocative game. Miss Allan seized her chance bravely.

News came that Vienna and Richard Strauss had un-earthed a rara avis, a tip-topper, a Salome among Salomes; but that the authorities had forbidden her to dance on the ground of indecency. Oh, fortunate Miss Allan, hailed by Richard Strauss and the best Viennese critics as the best Salome dancer, and banned by the censor as the most immoral one! Oh, combination of circumstances devoutly to be wished! With this double provocation was no go—have at you then with the advertisement hoardings.

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**Books and Persons.**

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

A good deal of interesting matter is being published about two French writers recently deceased, both well known and fairly well appreciated in England: J. K. Huysmans and François Coppée. There is a small but ardent cult of Huysmans in England. All people who understand what style means, and who have a deep knowledge of French, appreciate Huysmans, and most of them appreciate him too highly, for after all he was only a petit maître. Among his enthusiastic admirers in England looms the tall figure of Mr. Barry Pain. (By the way, I wonder when the Columbus of letters, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, will discover the singular distinction of Mr. Barry Pain’s style.) For several weeks past, a regular serial about Huysmans, by Mm. Céard and de Calduin, has been appearing in the “Revue Hedon- madaire,” but it is not sensational enough; it is in fact somewhat tedious. A much more agreeable affair is an article “In Memory of J. K. Huysmans,” by Madame Myriam Harry, in the “Revue de Paris.” Madame Harry is about as good a novelist as a woman can be (this is not a sneer, and I am in favour of enfranchising the sex of Sappho), and she formed her style on Huysmans.

She wished to present a copy of one of her novels to Huysmans, but a friend said: “Don’t you know he’s turned monk? Moreover, he has a horror of women, and particularly of their literature!” However, she sent the book, and presently she and the monk were sufficiently intimate for the monk to be talking to her in this strain (propos of the award of the Académie Goncourt prize to an unknown novelist, Antoine Nau) — “He’s quite young, and very poor, it seems. He couldn’t find a publisher, and ran into debt in order to publish this first book himself. And what’s more, he didn’t approach us in any way. He lives in a district where and probably hasn’t even heard of our Academy! It needed all the indefatigable energy of Descaves to ferret out his address in some hole in the South. Ah! Won’t he be happy, won’t he be happy, the beggar! Two hundred quid, think of it, dropping like that out of the sky. I’d give something to see his phiz when he gets the telegram telling him the good news! He’s capable of not believing it!” “Caressing the bookcase with the unconventionality of the language should read Huysmans. + + + u”

The most highly curious passage in the whole article is this (Huysmans was ill in bed with a malignant herpes): “He must have suffered severely. Even his voice was changed. He told me how he had worked down by this mysterious evil which bewildered the doctors and prevented him from correcting his proofs. His own explanation of the disease was that it was a warning from the Virgin, who was displeased with certain passages in the book.” This extraordinary belief in

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the length and power of the Virgin's arm is further
hinted at in a letter written by Huysmans, so that it
must not be dismissed as a misconception on the part
of Madame Harry.

* * *

The surprising thing about the obituaries of François
Coppée is the warmth of his post-mortem reception by
the younger schools. Even "Vers et Prose," the most
advanced literary periodical in France, is very kind to
the memory of this second-rate talent who was the
favourite poet of the bourgeoisie. The explanation is
to be found in an article by Octave Uzanne. "The
fact is," says M. Uzanne, "Coppée was a man of
letters and a Parisian to the marrow. This Academician
remained a Bohemian till past fifty. One met him in
Montmartre. . . . In the Latin Quarter, during many
years, all the young ladies of the Butler Ball and the
serving wenches in the brasseries had in him a familiar.
He remained a student, a chaffer, amusing, fond of
broad talk, and highly-spiced tales. His language was
deliberately local, slangy, of a high Rabelaisian flavour,
and his wit of the best French growth." If the excellent
bourgeois ever read the literary press-improbable!-
they
never printed.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Erewhon Butler Revisited.*

The general regret that Butler has been neglected is
assuaged by the appearance of the first volumes of a
complete edition of his works through the enterprise of
Mr. Fifield. Really Mr. Fifield will deserve a monu-
ment if he deals with neglected authors after this noble
fashion. Admirably printed, and sold at a low price,
there will no longer be an excuse for Butler's neglect.
The publisher for once has done his best.

The reasons of Butler's comparative obscurity are
difficult to discover. "Erewhon" appeared in March,
1872, and its first edition was sold out in three weeks.
Its success was as long as it was sudden. How many
drawings have appeared since I do not know; but along
with "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," and
the "Pilgrim's Progress," it ranked as a minor classical
planet. Butler never again succeeded. Book after
book came from his pen, and dropped upon an in-
different world; and when he died in 1902, only a dozen
or so people were aware that the author of "Erewhon"
had been recently alive amongst them.

The reason was certainly not that his later works
were inferior to "Erewhon." Speaking as a devotee
of Butler, I find "Erewhon" infinitely less entertaining
than "The Way of All Flesh." "Erewhon" bores me
almost as much as Swift's satirical utopia bores me;
and I should much appreciate a good abridgment
that should leave me the ideas and spare me the inter-
minable descriptions.

But "The Way of All Flesh" is almost the best
novel in the English language. Realist before modern
realism, revolutionary before Nietzsche, and witty
before Shaw, Butler anticipated by at least twenty
years everything that is typically modern. Were he in
the Fabian Society to-day nobody would be in the least
astonished. More, at this moment he would be in the
very front rank of the modern intellectuals.

I can only suppose that he came before his appointed
time. After all, the Zeitgeist seems to have some
reality. Turning the pages of these volumes, one is aston-ished that people missed the point of his ideas so
long; one can only conclude that they were doomed to
miss it.

It may be as, I think, Mr. Shaw has suggested, that

* Complete Works of Butler: "Erewhon," "All Flesh is
Grass," "Essays on Science and Life." (Fifield. 2s.
and 6d.)
the Darwinian future made Butler insurmountable. Butler was certainly not the man to swim with any current. "Hornet's nests," he says somewhere, "are exactly what I happen to like." And in opposing the Darwinian view, he was naturally in beloved opposition to the thought of his day.

Further, it is clear that thirty years ago Mrs. Grundy (or Ydgrun in Butler's word-play) was a more powerful potentate than she is to-day. A generation of fierce discussion of Sex, Marriage and Morals has worn the old lady almost to a shadow. But in Butler's time, similar discussions were confined to civilised Europe, which practically consisted of France alone, and Butler's Essays in Iconoclasme were in England certain to be resented by neglect.

"The Way of All Flesh," for example, though as good a novel as ever Zola wrote, is full of the most penetrating comments on morality in general. I could with a little trouble quite easily parallel the most audacious doctrines of Shaw with sentences from this novel. The advice to parents on p. 27, for instance, might have been written by Shaw. I defy Mr. Shaw himself to deny it. Then note the following sentences, taken almost at random:

Le père de famille est capable de tout.

Money losses are the hardest to bear of any by those who are old enough to comprehend them. The very phrasing is no less modern than the ideas; and, remember, they occur in a novel which until a year or two ago only a hundred or so people had read, though it had been begun, at any rate, as early as 1872 (the year, by the way, of Nietzsche's first book, "The Birth of Tragedy").

Implicit in "The Way of All Flesh" is a philosophy, or rather a point of view which is more fully revealed in "Essays on Life, Art and Science." As a matter of fact, Butler had no philosophy in the formal sense. He believed that on the whole people knew what was good for them, that pleasure was a safer guide than either ratio, and that the best standard of morality, the only one worth bothering about, was the "ways of the best men and women he knew."

All this is singularly human, and, fortunately, singularly modern. For if anything is clear to-day it is the trend of thought away from philosophic systems of thought. Butler, the family among mankind what nature has done with the compound animal, and confine it to the lower and less progressive races.

The Turn of the Road: A Play. By Rutherford Mayne. (Mansell, net.)

This play marks the latest development of literary activity in Ireland. It is of the north, with the qualities of the north. Mr. Rutherford Mayne has written a play; it is of high literary merit, and is the work of a Down. The play has been produced by the Ulster Literary Theatre, a sturdy and thriving organisation in Belfast, and at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. The players, like the original company of Mr. Yeats, are all amateur. But there is nothing amateur about this review.
play; it is of high literary merit, and is the work of a new and important personality in Irish literature. Mr. Rutherford Mayne in this little drama has given us not merely an accurate and authentic account of the County Down mind, but with the hand of the artist he has moulded his work into a shape that is living and powerful. The central character, Robbie John, is the unhappy son of a typically dour, matter-of-fact Ulster farmer, and cares more for the fiddle than he does for farming and the sordid affairs of the byre and stable. He lives only for his music, but his father and the latter's expulsion from the ancestral home. The play is in two scenes and an epilogue, and the curtain falls at the end of the second scene after a violent argument between the father and Robbie John and the latter's expulsion from the ancestral home. The short epilogue occurs a few hours afterwards, when, to the accomplishment of wind and storm and rain outside, the grandfather, a pathetic and beautiful character, ex postulates with the father for his hard-hearted conduct:—

"And you've sent out into the coul and wet, the one that was making your home something more than the common. Did the ordinary folk listen to his pipes? Did the old balls wi' the heart o' the boy singin' through them? It's only us—it's only us, I say, as knows the long wild nights, and the wet and the wind and the mist o' nights on the bog-lands—it's only us, I say, could listen him in the right way, and ye known, right well ye known, that every string o' his fiddle was keyed to the crying o' your own heart."

And the final curtain comes down with the father unbolting the door. Such in a few bald words is the plot of this little play. Only one character is weakly drawn, that of Taylor, the creamery man, but all the others are pictured with skill and certainty, and none of them play merely as foils to the principal characters—they are all principal characters. And that Mr. Mayne's great gift. We shall look forward with pleasure to his next play.


These two additional volumes of the Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens' Works are models of what such books should be, alike in the arrangement of their contents, the manner of the editing, the introduction, the format, and the illustrations. The present reviewer, being a confirmed Dickensian, has had great joy in them for two whole weeks of devoutly browsing. He does not pretend to have read every page exhaustively: that was not necessary for the purpose of this notice. It was enough to dip and dip again, to read here and there an essay or a sketch through from beginning to end, willy-nilly; to taste afresh the quality of certain arresting passages as they happened to catch the eye; and, best delight of all! to cut the leaves and turn them over and scan them leisurely, to con the titles and to make a mental note of them for future reference and refreshment.

And yet one wonders, after all, what Dickens would have thought of this kind of book-making. Probably he would have realised and accepted that the public had indefeasible rights in him which more than justified this particular enterprise; but even more probably he would have felt, now and then, a little dismayed and uncom

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his letters and speeches and all the many other scattered records of his life go to prove, he was a man of an acutest kind; as well as a stalwart dreamer of dreams; a publicist, politician, and sociologist of the most robust, but kindly withal; a patriot; a philosopher; a publicist, politician, and sociologist of the acutest kind; as well as a stalwart dreamer of dreams that time, too, the energy of him, through his own efforts.

**Tangled Wedlock.** By Edgar Jepson. (Hutchinson & Co. a.)

Mr. Jepson's work is always a pure delight. His joyous satire and simple-minded cynicism give him a unique character amongst modern novelists. He has created for himself a field and a method in which he is incomparable. One of his latest is in the manner of去年他得病, and he laughed is in the manners of last year and not of this. The particular thing, which he excels in depicting in the modern child. His latest novel is concerned with the birth, upbringing and marriage of a new heroine, one Iscuit—of Bloomsbury. Iscuit's early lot is cast in a stagnant backwater of the passionate culture of the eighties. Her lover dying early, and her mother being wholly absorbed in "soul-development," she is largely left to herself to develop. She spends much of her spare time exploring London streets, and by the time she is fifteen is a competent authority on cockney life. The story of Tikipu, whose artist soul grows under every impression or, relatively so to speak, for ever keep their picture and Tikipu follows him. Three years later he returns to find Mee-Mee, whose husband the astrologers predict shall be a great artist, and with her he elopes to discover life and experience. Mee-Mee's recipe for producing a great artist I commend to the notice of the woman's movement: can they allow this painfully masculine view to remain unchallenged? Now is the time for Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Billington-Greig to collaborate in a fancy maintaining the contrary proposition, or, relatively so to speak, for ever keep their peace. Mee-Mee's view is that when the artist paints someone must go near him to talk and wait on him. "Me there," when he paints badly, there must be someone with whom he can be cross, "Me there," and when he paints "abominably," someone at hand whom he can best. "Me there." Wiowani, the old master, explains in wonder, "Who taught you all that?"

This plain moral tale is enmeshed in a plot of mundane happenings in Olangstâ's (Tikipu's master) studio. But all the mundane happenings are fantastic (with a k.), Mrs. Back-of-the-house most fantastic of all. The costly get away without it. Why not call it "The Chinese Lantern," a "Fairy Music-Play." Twice at least, when Mee-Mee is dancing, the effect largely depends on the music.

"The Chinese Lantern" will, I hope, dispel some of the many, modest theatrical illusions. In this play, there is music, dancing, singing, comedy (papier mâché) tragedy, and extravaganza, and instead of being more difficult to obtain effects, it becomes easier. Nor are the actors and actresses overtaxed. Miss Irene Clarke's acting of Mee Mee was most charming, and at the end of Act II, most moving, but Miss Clarke was not especially suited to the part. In fact, a great deal more can get over the footlights than we are too lazy to have them otherwise.

**SPIRIT, MORALITY AND MATURITY.**

By R. Dimsdale Stocker.

(Owen. is rel.)

The old antitheses of Spirit and Matter have no longer any power to terrify us. As Goethe makes one of the gods say, "He who is good and evil; we put one under each arm and go on our way rejoicing. Mr. Stocker, however, writes less for the hundred than the million. On "Spiritualism and Ethics," "Materialism and " Rational Ethicism " he writes urbanely and intelligently. There is nothing profound in his views, and he is sometimes inclined to hold his imaginary opponents cheaply. Nevertheless, the little book is sincere and suggestive.

**DRAMA.**

**The Chinese Lantern.**

This is a "Fairy Play" of town fairies, an extravaganza on paper mache and lanterns instead of bricks and mortar. Never a whiff of the fairyland of Oberon and Titania and yet fairyland all the same.

"The Chinese Lantern" is a morality play; the simple story of Tikipu, whose artist soul grows under every kind of discouragement, whose hour of disaster is miraculously aided by the old master, Wiowani, but who must return from picture wonderland to get life and experience, is a plain moral tale.

Wiowani, the great master-painter, of 300 years ago, has painted for himself at the end of his days the picture of the gateway into a wonderland of rest and peace, and entered into it. Three hundred years later, when Tikipu, beated, disgraced, and his picture destroyed, calls on Wiowani to aid him, Wiowani steps out of the picture and Tikipu follows him. Three years later he returns to find Mee-Mee, whose husband the astrologers predict shall be a great artist, and with her he elopes to discover life and experience. Mee-Mee's recipe for producing a great artist I commend to the notice of the woman's movement: can they allow this painfully masculine view to remain unchallenged? Now is the time for Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Billington-Greig to collaborate in a fancy maintaining the contrary proposition, or, relatively so to speak, for ever keep their peace. Mee-Mee's view is that when the artist paints someone must go near him to talk and wait on him. "Me there," when he paints badly, there must be someone with whom he can be cross, "Me there," and when he paints "abominably," someone at hand whom he can best. "Me there." Wiowani, the old master, explains in wonder, "Who taught you all that?"

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The standard of interest and attraction is a very good standard to judge "The Chinese Lantern" by. Most plays are boring; Mr. Housman's play is interesting. This "Fairy Play" is interesting just because the author has abandoned the facile smoothness with which most plays are produced, and deliberately sought for and obtained effects of reality by the use of the bizarre.

It is so easy nowadays to accept the commonplace as the essential, because we live in towns where the
commonplace is omnipresent. This illusion Mr. Housman's play dispels. True, the city with which lies destroys our bricks and mortar city is one of paper mache, the happenings are incredible, and the characters have deliberately punning names, but could we for fantasy out of aldermen of the City (or even London County Council) or any art suggestion out of the schools of the Academy?

In the town it is not necessary to discover fairies, for unless we can find out that Mr. John Burns and Mr. Asquith are, after all, only joking when they proceed with their schemes, unless we are prepared to make it obligatory on policemen to cake-walk down the strand and police court magistrates to suck baby's comforters (they are very bad for babies, anyway), unless, in fact, they go to the serious sessions in sewers and ridiculous nonsense in everything, all our towns are going fast to the devil. If the Censor were wise in his own generation, he would prohibit "The Chinese Lantern," or he may find himself suddenly and inconceivably dressed in motley and with large born spectacles on his nose, dancing to the sound of flutes down Knightsbridge.

So here, of course, we dance up to the Censor's protaire, Mr. Somerset Maugham, and his latest play, "The Explorer." Being the soul of politeness, I will only say it is a most excessive, The explorer phenomena, in which Mr. Maugham ought to have shone, are artificial stagy comedy, the serious scenes are tosh. Mr. Waller must not allow himself to be carried away by the chance for a fine attitude; any play will give him that. But The Explorer is less real than "A White Maui," which at least had one or two moments of definite beauty. The psychology is all wrong, too. The modern Empire-maker is very far from being the stern, silent, melodrama gentleman Mr. Maugham recollects; he talks, on the contrary, economics, Socialism, psychology, and politics, everything except the soul-searchings that Mr. Waller is compelled (as per contract) to deliver to the only lady left on the stage in the third act. As to the young man in the play who murders a negro woman in Africa and generally shows himself poor stuff, the reason was that he had been a constant attendant at plays like "The Explorer" in the London theatres. Mr. Maugham ought to have interpolated a sentence or two making this clear.

L. HADEN GUEST.

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.

B A K K E R.

A BOOK OF THE MOUNTAINS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

When Mr. Carpenter says, in his review of Mr. Salt's book in your last number, "Even the climbers of the Lake-laud crags or of the Alpine snowpeaks are too desperately engrossed to catch the real spirit of the wonderful scenes that surround them," I presume he means merely that they do not enjoy the mountains in his particular way, and he certainly assures his readers that he and Mr. Salt get the real thing, "catch the real spirit," while climbers do not.

Sir, I confess myself a climber. I confess also that I have times been too desperately engrossed to catch the real spirit of the wonderful scenes round me while getting up or down a crag or snowpeak. But I protest that I have a soul, and I maintain that the real spirit of a view is in the soul of the spectator, and not in the view itself, and it is noticeable to all that a man having walked up Scawfell Pike for unless we can find out that Mr. John Burns and Mr. Asquith are, after all, only joking when they proceed with their schemes, unless we are prepared to make it obligatory on policemen to cake-walk down the strand and police court magistrates to suck baby's comforters (they are very bad for babies, anyway), unless, in fact, they go to the serious sessions in sewers and ridiculous nonsense in everything, all our towns are going fast to the devil. If the Censor were wise in his own generation, he would prohibit "The Chinese Lantern," or he may find himself suddenly and inconceivably dressed in motley and with large born spectacles on his nose, dancing to the sound of flutes down Knightsbridge.

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L. HADEN GUEST.
entry continually widening. This means that women are passing from absolute dependence to what we may term economic freedom.

The ultimate penalty of the law is death; all other penalties attach first to the person, secondly to property. All penalties, in law, upon a property basis can only attach to property-holders. Therefore, women, being unpunishable, in law, under a property-penalty, are, so far from being a privileged class, proved to be an enslaved class. So long as this original position of women persists, in law, they will be more and more a "privileged" class, upon the property basis set up by Mr. Relfert Bax, as they gain more and more economic freedom. So that we are forced to conclude, by growing obsolete, a standing rebuke to Mr. Bax and the New Age of which we see the dawn. Their "injustices"—assuming injustice exists—of the commercial laws of society, have to be set up by Mr. Bax. Woman have to adjust themselves to changing social conditions, intelligently, and to attempt to apply obsolete laws to modern conditions and to the tide of evolution upon their basis is to emulate Mrs. Partington.

There is an old saying, "There is one law for the rich and another for the poor." The poor have no property, they can only be punished by flogging, imprisonment, torture, death, penalties attaching to the person. It was so with men. To-day the law refuses them "maintenance." Assuming a time when women are economically independent, as this "original" position of women persists, in law, under a property-penalty, are, so far from being as great as at first sight they seem to be, for they can only be exercised in regard to the ordinary business of the administration. Orders involving large expenditure may be given by the Secretary of State, but they have no recognised means of obtaining information in regard to such subjects other than those of the general public.

The real question as to the framers of the law is, whether it is worth while maintaining at its present cost a body of gentlemen whose powers are practically nil. I know of one case in which a member, when pressed to retain his seat, refused to do so on the ground that his functions were of so little importance that (although the salary was tempting) he could not continue to serve without forfeiting such small self-esteem as he had managed to keep alive during his tenure of office.

GOD'S COUSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I fancy I am the "critic" referred to by Mr. Godard in his letter. The incident happened last August in Hindu Park. Mr. Leslie and another (mentioned in the previous numbers of your Journal) interfered with Miss Pankhurst in the discharge of her duties. I plied her with a series of questions, to which she gave a series of answers. She spoke for herself only, and neither before nor after had I cause to regret the speech. The trouble was that she had been imprisoned. Let me assure him that even if women were as little esteemed, made beautifully clear the entire absurdity of any attempt to read a system into Plato. See the admirable same essays Plato in Lewes's "History of Philosophy," which some publisher ought to have the nous to reprint, having first got it competently revised.

ARNOld Bennett.

FOREL'S "DIE SEXUELLE FRAGBE." TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It will interest your readers and correspondents to learn that we have made arrangements to supply copies of the English edition of Prof. Forel's "Die Sexuelle Frage." The work will be published at 1s., and it will be ready about the end of July. Those wishing to secure a copy should do so on the ground that his functions were of so little importance that (although the salary was tempting) he could not continue to serve without forfeiting such small self-esteem as he had managed to keep alive during his tenure of office.

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