NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the present Liberal Government be ever recalled to the mind of future generations, it will not be by the results of their Licensing Bill nor of their Trades Disputes Bill, nor yet by the ever-increasing scope of their Old Age Pensions scheme, but by the fruits of their approachment with the Russian autocracy. They will go down to posterity as the Government which concluded the Anglo-Russian Convention and arranged the Reval meeting. We would gladly let bygones be bygones and forget the regrettable incident at Reval, for we have no desire to dwell upon what we feel is a national disgrace. But circumstances in the form of evil results are too strong for us. The Reval meeting was the keystone of a policy which reflects as little credit on the heads as on the hearts of his Majesty’s advisers, and, in spite of ourselves, we cannot consign the incident to oblivion until that policy is abandoned.

We were told that the party of moderate reform in Russia rejoiced at the Tsar’s friendship with England, and we were defied to suggest that the influence of the King upon the internal policy pursued by his kinsman could be otherwise than good. This indeed was the chief of Sir Edward Grey’s arguments in defence of his action, that the progress of reform in Russia would be greatly accelerated by the friendship of a democratic Power. He did not explain why we had a right to hope for greater success in this direction than has been achieved by France during her long and much closer alliance. Nor did the fact that the French people are more democratic than we are and have a greater regard for political freedom than any other country in the world, trouble him in the least. He ignored these points with calculated insincerity, knowing that his followers would be swallowed by a Press which never dares to criticise a policy which is supported by both the Front Benches. Already, however, the hollowness of these pretensions has been exposed. Last week the Senate promulgated a decree dismissing Constitutional Democrats from all zemstvo and municipal bodies “because they belong to a party opposed to the Government and because they cannot be prosecuted under the criminal law, having committed no offence against the penal code.” What is this but an indication that the bureaucracy feels that its hands have been strengthened? What have English Liberals to say to it? And what part did Sir Edward Grey’s progressive influence play in the affair?

To put the matter on its lowest grounds, what do we as a nation get out of this unholy friendship? It is clear from the rise in Russian securities what the Tsar gets. It is clear from the Kaiser’s menacing remarks at Doberitz what the Germanophobes get. It is clear from the decree mentioned above what the Russian Liberals get. But what about ourselves? There is but one answer: We secure the honour of being intimately associated with the Tsar in regard to the reform of Macedonia and Persia. Our representatives in Constantinople and Teheran are to act as the understudies of their Russian colleagues and share with them the glory of any results that may be achieved. Those results will naturally be limited by the Tsar’s conceptions of good government and humanitarian methods, but such as they are, we shall be able to claim part credit for them. And for this we have to thank Sir Edward Grey. We are certain that the country has only to be enlightened to show its gratitude in practical form at the next General Election. Effectively drawn and properly advertised, the picture of the Russian and English Ambassadors going arm-in-arm to visit Shah and Sultan should be as serviceable in 1910 as was the picture of chained Chinese in 1906. We would gladly let bygones be bygones and forget the regrettable incident at Reval, for we have no desire to dwell upon what we feel is a national disgrace. But circumstances in the form of evil results are too strong for us. The Reval meeting was the keystone of a policy which reflects as little credit on the heads as on the hearts of his Majesty’s advisers, and, in spite of ourselves, we cannot consign the incident to oblivion until that policy is abandoned.

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tain members should be given up to him. The Parliament refused, and delivered a counter-ultimatum. Whereupon the Shah appealed to force. Unlike Charles I., however, he was able to count upon the support of two great foreign Powers, two Empires, the Russian and the British, and for the moment he has gained his despotic ends. He subdues the Parlia-
mentarians by means of Persian Cossacks organised and led by Russian officers and paid with Russian, and indirectly with British, gold. The Shah has indeed reason to be thankful for the existence of the Anglo-Russian Convention. By the way, will Sir Edward Grey now propose a visit of King Edward to Teheran in order that our progressive influence may be brought to bear on the Shah?

The general destruction and massacre carried out by the Cossacks under the Shah's orders was, we are told, exactly like a Russian pogrom. The reasons for the likeness are not far to seek, and require no further comment. We can only express once more the hope that the English masses, the genuineness of whose love of liberty is, after all, beyond question, may be made to realise how Sir Edward Grey is using the power which they have put into his hands. For unless a protest, and an effective protest, is made without delay we are likely soon to wake up and find all the old traditions of our foreign policy abandoned and ourselves allied with every tyrant and oppressor in the world.

There are doubtless many who hold that such an all-round alliance would not be improper nor at all uncongenial to the British Government. And such persons have certainly a strong case if they base it upon Lord Morley's methods of governing India. The latest instance of tyranny—or, if you like, of misplaced severity—in that country is the arrest of Mr. Tilak for publishing a seditious article. The purport of the article is given by Reuter's correspondent, whose bias against the Nationalists is sufficiently well known and whose report may therefore be taken to state the strongest case against the prisoner. Mr. Tilak, it seems, wrote in effect that “the obstinacy and perversity of the white bureaucracy inspire the young generation with utter hopelessness, impelling them to follow rebellious paths; and Indian subjects have been compelled to imitate partially the methods of the Russian people.”

Given that a Nationalist Party, with definite aims opposed to those of the Government, exists, could its language be milder? How does such an article compare with articles and speeches published every day in this country? Modesty forbids us to mention our own efforts in times past, and we will only ask our readers to contrast the violence of Mr. Tilak's words with the violence of Mr. Balfour's denunciation of the present English Government in the Albert Hall last Thursday. If Mr. Tilak is to be deprived of his liberty for saying that his rulers are obstinate and insolent bureaucrats, what should be done to Mr. Balfour for calling his rulers grossly immoral thieves? No doubt we shall hear more of this matter. In the meantime we can but draw attention to the extremely dangerous character of the new Indian Press Act, in view of the manner in which Indian magistrates interpret the word sedition. Such incidents as this do more than lend colour to the assertion that the Indian bureaucracy is entirely comparable to the Russian bureaucracy. They justify it.

Talking of Mr. Balfour's speech at the Albert Hall, we are reminded of an excellent suggestion which he made. At the end of a long discourse he put forward a proposal which the dreary negative quality of its context rendered positively brilliant. "On the Continent," he said, "you see a man and his family going to enjoy music in the open air in summer, hearing the band and enjoying nature and art and accompanying that enjoyment by consumption of lager beer and alcohol, which is rarely in such circumstances used to excess. Who but must regret that we see so little of that in this country." The idea, of course, is not by any means original. It has, for example, been advocated in these columns over and over again. But it is none the worse nor the less creditable to Mr. Balfour for that. Moreover, the principle has already been embodied in an excellent Bill which was introduced, if we are not mistaken, by Mr. Watson Rutherford a few days ago. The Bill, of course, has no chance of passing during the life of the present Parliament, but that the Leader of the Opposition should have endorsed it in this public fashion gives us hope for the future. The Liberal Bill, which Mr. Balfour denounced, amended and partially neutralised by the anti-puritan Tory Bill which he supports, would go a long way towards the solution of the drink problem. Perhaps there are some advantages in the party system after all.

The progress of the Old Age Pensions Bill in Committee has so far been fairly satisfactory, in spite of the number of what Mr. Barnes rightly styled "frivolous amendments" that were moved. Mr. Barnes was called upon by the Chairman to withdraw the epithet, and did so, but there is no doubt that he expressed the feeling of the House as well as of his own party in regard to the obstructive tactics pursued by Messrs. Bowles, Banbury, Cecil and Co. These tactics prevented discussion of the most vital sub-section in the whole Bill, the sub-section which fixes the age limit and renders the measure a mockery as far as the great majority of the industrial town population are concerned.

Two important changes, however, were made in Clause 1. The Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed to substitute a sliding scale for the fixed income limit. This sliding scale is undoubtedly an improvement on the original proposal, but it is still open to serious objection. As Mr. Henderson pointed out, thousands of people who had been led to expect a pension of 5s. might be, and would have just cause for disappointment. Moreover, the effect of the new scale will be to level up every income exceeding 8s. per week to a uniform 13s., thus making all savings between these figures entirely useless to the individual. In fact, the effect of the Bill in reducing thrift is almost the same as it was before. There is only this difference, that whereas thrift was originally penalised, it is now rendered merely nugatory and foolish.

The other important amendment, which was accepted was moved by Mr. Barnes and did away with the penalty which the Government proposed to inflict upon married couples and other aged persons living together. As regards this concession, however, the Chancellor can claim no credit except perhaps for his accurate judgment of the temper of the House. He gave way because he had good reason to fear that if he did not he would be defeated. However, the gain is substantial, and the Government's motives are not in any case worth
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discussing, so we will be content to congratulate the Labour Party on its success. Really when one considers the extraordinary combination of puerility and pennywise parsimony which is exhibited in the draft of this Bill one wonders where the Government would be without the common sense that is to be found on the Labour benches. The next clause to be discussed contains the pauper and character tests, and raises several vital questions of principle. The debate will certainly be interesting and probably heated. We fear that financial considerations will cause the pauper disqualification to be retained, although as the "Nation" points out "the extra cost will have to be faced next year, and it will save much bitterness and misunderstanding if the Government make up their minds to it in advance." But the character test must go. The task of the Labour party will be harder in this case, since they cannot count on the support of the Opposition, but it should not be impossible to drive the Chancellor into accepting the principle of the right to a pension as opposed to the principle of official patronage. Being burdened with none of its own the Government has ever shown its readiness to adopt any principle that is offered them, so long as it appears popular and costs nothing.

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The unconcluded debate on the second reading of what the Opposition call the Dear Coal Bill was instructive in one respect. It showed how much more readily the Government is to give way to its official enemies than to its official and unofficial friends. The Premier had given notice of a motion to suspend the 11 o'clock rule so that the Bill might pass through the second stage at one sitting. But in response to private pressure, the nature and source of which were not disclosed, he agreed to allow the debate to be adjourned at the usual hour. This probably means that the Bill will not be passed this Session.

* * *

Few tears however, we imagine, will be shed over its fate, for it had already been emancipated at the instance of that bogus electioneering organisation, the Coal Consumers' League. Its effective operation is in any case to be postponed for five years, and whether it becomes an Act this year or next is therefore a matter of comparative indifference to those concerned. There is no explanation of this change except arrant cowardice on the part of the Government. To propagitate their opponents they have practically abandoned a reform which has been advocated on Liberal platforms for the best part of a generation. The Home Secretary was at such pains to show himself conciliatory that he produced the impression of being doubtful even of his own arithmetic, and confirmed the opinion which we have already expressed that he has no business to be holding any sort of responsible office.

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The most sensible thing that Mr. Haldane has yet done in regard to his Territorial Army was the granting of an interview last week to a representative of the "Daily Mail." Hitherto he has shown a greater desire for a vogue in aristocratic and plutocratic circles than for the democratic publicity which is so clearly necessary for the success of his scheme. Indeed, we should be justified in regarding this belated attempt to take the public into his confidence as a confession that the methods which are more congenial to him have failed. But at the moment we are grateful to him for having created a valuable precedent and the less inclined to cavil. If we have anything to learn from the political methods of the United States, it is the value of publicity in matters of national concern. Without publicity democratic government is impossible. We cannot control our rulers because as often as not we do not know either what they are doing or what they are thinking. But there is a great weight of tradition to be lifted before we can overcome the wholly unnecessary secrecy which is observed in the business of public departments. It is one of the inevitable accompaniments of class rule, and it is founded on nothing more nor less than a sort of professional jealousy. If once the instinctive official attitude which is characteristic of our Civil Service, from the unapproachable permanent chief to the aloof second-class clerk, were broken down we should have little to fear from officialdom. Unfortunately, the disease is highly infectious and terribly hard to eradicate.

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The list of Birthday honours contains further earnest of the Government's intentions in regard to the House of Lords. Four new peers are created—to be "ended" we suppose next year or the year after, or maybe a year or two after that. In a few of the cases it is possible to discern public services justifying the titles of honour which his Majesty has been advised to confer. Notable among these are the baronetcies given to Sir T. L. Brunton and Dr. William Cheyne and the knighthoods of Dr. Murray and Professor Greenhill. The rest are mostly of the usual character—rewards for private services to person or persons unknown—or supposed to be unknown. Pace Mr. Hugh Lea, the polite fiction seems scarcely worth disturbing. If both parties to the bargain are satisfied, why should outsiders interfere?

* * *

We gather that the Suffragettes are not much surprised that their great Hyde Park "shout" has not caused the walls of the Liberal Jericho to fall flat. Asked to state what the Government intentions now are, in face of the mandate of June 21st, and in face of the possibilities of the national Convention of June 26th, the Prime Minister curtly replies that he "has nothing to add." Whether this reply may be taken as to the point or not, it is certain that the ladies will not be happy until they get their Government pledge. No one who saw the enormous dimensions of the Hyde Park crowd can doubt for a moment that if numbers were all that were now required, then the last word has been said. In his latest reply the Prime Minister avoids any suggestion of further proof. He has evidently realised that it is best to be cautious in view of the capacity which the Suffragettes have shown in the art of achieving the impossible.

* * *

That Mr. Asquith replied the day following the demonstration is still another grievance. The charge against him is not only on the score of the tactical use of indescent language—though dismissing Sunday's thousands with a snap of the fingers—but also on the score of another betrayal of Liberal principle. Why, ask the Suffragists, was not the Cabinet consulted? By what authority does the leader of a democratic party answer, on his own responsibility, a question which is admittedly within the sphere of practical politics? The Suffragettes intend to demand in person a reply, and the general public is invited to back them up by gathering round the walls of the House itself on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday of this week.

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[NEXT WEEK—Dr. T. Miller Maguire on "Army Organisation"; R. B. Cunningham Graham on "The Real Equality of Women"; Cecil Chesterton on "Shall we Revive the Rack?"]
Socialism at the Pan-Anglican Congress.

"Nothing more extraordinary than the proceedings in relation to Socialism at the Pan-Anglican Congress has been witnessed in our time. On Monday last, Socialism, genuine, unabridged Social-Democracy, so far as the economics were concerned, took the floor and kept it." This comment is taken from an official note in the current issue of "Justice." How has it all come about? Last century undoubtedly introspective religion had captured the Church of England, and congregations were either keen or indifferent about religion, but the religion they were keen or indifferent about was generally the Protestant individualist. Here and there protests were made against the individualist theory and its results. The Maurice and Kingsley campaigns are cases in point. Occasionally protest was made against the practices consequent upon the theory, by protestors not logical enough to abandon the theory. Lord Shaftesbury's campaign is an instance in point. J. Carlyle's contribution to the individualist in his creed, but became a certain amount of individualistic twaddle, has reinserted the social note which was deliberately omitted in translations from old hymns, has left out such lines as "the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate," and has inserted a certain number of popular Democratic and Socialist hymns. The two years' old Church Socialist League, with a membership rapidly approaching a thousand and a definite formula of economic Socialism, is becoming a power that will have to be reckoned with. And through all this movement there runs a sense of unity with the past, of developing the most living traditions of the past in the light of the present day. All appeal to the past implies choice, and the Church in this matter of economics is beginning to dwell on and appropriate the economic element in its past, in order, not indeed to reconstruct the latter, but, catching the spirit, to reinterpret it in the economic formula of present-day Socialism. This, then, is what lies behind the work of the social section of the Pan-Anglican Congress.

The Albert Hall meetings were not altogether a surprise to those who have watched the inflowing tide of Socialism within the Church, or who remember that the Congress at Barrow the year before last was described in the Press as completely captured by the Socialists. It is significant that while questions of the ministry and morality and missionaries were being discussed in halls of considerable size, Albert Hall had to be retained for the social questions section. A day was given to the discussion of capital and labour. Mr. Masterman M.P., contributed a clever speech, pointed with little sarcasm at Dives as deacon, summed up by the "Church Times" correspondent as in reality a deep argument in favour of the collective action of the whole country. "Can we say," asked Mr. Scott-Hollond, "that the brilliant and eloquent appeal for State and municipal action. Mr. Charles Roden Buxton urged that we had come to the conclusion that there must be a reconstruction of society, that Socialism held the field as the only serious attempt at a reform of the economic life of the meeting, and according to the Church papers, Sumnerbell fairly captured the Albert Hall audience. The last day, devoted to the consideration of Socialism, proved a veritable field-day for the Socialists. In the absence through illness of the Bishop of Birmingham, two tame American prelates platitudinised as chairmen of morning and afternoon meetings respectively.

But of the eight paper-readers for the day three were avowed Socialists and all were anti-individualists. But of the eight paper-readers for the day three were avowed Socialists and all were anti-individualists. The session of the Congresses and Labour legislation has occasionally been attacked, but very much more often supported by Colonial delegates, and our own Labour Party has received a quite extraordinary amount of praise. Lausbury got a rousing reception on the question of monarchical and aristocratic elements in the Church, and the Archbishop of Canterbury asked the secretary whether some one or other should not in the conclusion of his speech. After the set speakers, the Bishop of Newcastle contributed a brilliant and eloquent appeal for State and municipal action. Mr. W. Temple, son of the late Archbishop, shared the honours of the morning. He is an avowed Socialist. The Archbishop of York shook hands and congratulated him at the conclusion of his speech. After the set speakers, and indeed the daily Press, seem to have overlooked this extraordinary speech. The Bishop brushed aside the twaddle of the tract which tells about a poor soldier whose legs had been shot off living happy and cheerful in a slum because someone had told him a text of prophecy. The younger generation of Churchmen is neither Maurician nor Puseyite, but it has learnt much from both. The Guild of St. Matthew has for thirty years been engaged in developing the doctrine of Maurice and finding in a more or less complete Socialism its most appropriate expression. The Christian Social Union, with its Bishops and its over 6,000 members, has effectively riddled the individualistic theory in theology and politics, and prepared the ground for a more definite propaganda than it cares to undertake.

If mawkish, introspective hymns are still sung, the English Church Hymnal, which is fast becoming recognised as the book of the future, although it contains a certain amount of individualistic twaddle, has reinserted the social note which was deliberately omitted in translations from old hymns, has left out such lines as "the rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate," and has inserted a certain number of popular Democratic and Socialist hymns. The two years' old Church Socialist League, with a membership rapidly approaching a thousand and a definite formula of economic Socialism, is becoming a power that will
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Scripture. To talk about thrift to a working man is rubbish. Society can only be saved by revolution."

The opposition was left entirely to the Rev. Lord William Cecil, who, like most of the Cecils, opposes Socialism in the abstract, but feels that the present organisation of the two sides, and see it whole, that the present organisation of the body politic becomes an enthusiastic supporter of a complete revolution—for he finds anything less to be merely "symptomatic treatment." Work must be so organized in a complete society that it shall be the dearest joy, the absorbing pursuit of each day. We can rebuild anew many time-honoured institutions grounded upon superstitions and prejudice; we have to rebuild them upon a foundation of assured physiology, of a completer psychology. Work enough for us all and with us all shall especially prize the co-operation of those who are daily battling with custom, prejudice, disease. As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

Doctors upon whom the Socialist doctrine has seized will have to battle not only with the "custom and prejudice" of the public, but quite as keenly with the prejudice, custom, and ignorance of members of their own profession. The "British Medical Journal"—which may be regarded as the organ of the doctors' trade union—has said in a leading article that it suggests that Dr. Lawson Dodd put before the Socialist League, for the gradual nationalisation of the medical profession. The partial nationalisation, as seen in many of the public Services, notably the Medical Officers of Health, has, to a considerable degree, value to the public, and, in the main, been adminis-
tered by so able a body of practitioners, that many doctors, who do not consider they are at all inclined to Socialism, welcome their absorption into a dignified branch of the Civil Service. Such a movement, which, in my opinion, the "British Medical Journal"—which declares that to treat symptoms is but the merest quackery. The doctor, when he once recognises that the physical and mental diseases, which he has every day to deal with, which he must ever do his utmost to prevent, are in the large part due to the by-products of the body politic, becomes an enthusiastic supporter of a complete revolution—for he finds anything less to be merely "symptomatic treatment." Work must be so organized in a complete society that it shall be the dearest joy, the absorbing pursuit of each day. We can rebuild anew many time-honoured institutions grounded upon superstitions and prejudice; we have to rebuild them upon a foundation of assured physiology, of a completer psychology. Work enough for us all and with us all shall especially prize the co-operation of those who are daily battling with custom, prejudice, disease.

The Socialist-Medical League.

It is another Tract for the Times when a June day, tempting one to spend an afternoon in some shady grove, a shade where some seventy doctors inauguring the first meeting of the profession, that shall help spread the Socialist creed both in and outside their ranks. It is a frank recognition by some of those who see life at all sides, and see it whole, that the partial nationalisation of the professions which, we admit, still largely control the thoughts and ideals of many of the chief exponents of Socialism, is not conformable with sound medical practice, which

The doctor tends to look at life from the individual's side; his daily experience brings him into contact with individuals. Even in the study of quite usual ill-

nesses it is now a commonplace that there are no diseases but only diseased persons. This point of view, which leads to the study of individual temperament, which must lead to the adaptation of the environment to the worker, and not the ghostly, soul-destroying method of the day which would fit every worker into some ready-
made hole (or hell), this stand point we regard as the truth which mainly distinguishes latter-day Socialism from the "fashionable physician."--Rich or poor. It is a gross error to believe that the doctor, when he once recognises that the physical and mental diseases, which he has every day to deal with, which he must ever do his utmost to prevent, are in the large part due to the by-products of the body politic, becomes an enthusiastic supporter of a complete revolution—for he finds anything less to be merely "symptomatic treatment." Work must be so organized in a complete society that it shall be the dearest joy, the absorbing pursuit of each day. We can rebuild anew many time-honoured institutions grounded upon superstitions and prejudice; we have to rebuild them upon a foundation of assured physiology, of a completer psychology. Work enough for us all and with us all shall especially prize the co-operation of those who are daily battling with custom, prejudice, disease.

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Good Breeding or Eugenics.

A. What is Man's ductability, his educability, may or may not be the effect of natural selection; the causation is for us, in practice, of less value than its reality. That to produce the change it may be true that each successive generation must be staked afresh is again of less moment than the vital fact that the change can be produced in each generation. As Professor Thomson, the biologist, states: "The biological conclusion (that acquired characters are not transmitted) has to be in an important respect corrected for the social realm, in view of the fact that man has an external heritage of custom and tradition, institution and legislation, literature and art, which is but slightly or not at all represented in the animal world, which yet may be so effective that its results come almost to the same thing as if acquired characters were transmitted. They are re-impressed on the bodies and minds of successive generations, though never in a single individual. It is probable that not a few of the biologically and socially unfit are only modificationally veneered, or repressed, or arrested." Education and educationalists have not yet said their last word.

D. EDER.
The Other Women.

Ten thousand Englishwomen marching in procession to add a share in the rights and duties of citizenship to the spectacle offered to London recently. Ten thousand women, most of whom had never voted, did their best to give back to society the equivalent of the maintenance thus secured to them. There was a healthy, human, inspiring feeling about the contact of these plucky women, who without denying themselves the graces and charms of life, or the happiness of love and partnership when it comes, refuse to turn themselves into dressed-up dolls for the benefit of male society. They are the jingo capitalist and the halfpenny Press. To local government has not had time to tell. A large new class of voters have been so recently admitted that its education and training may not be ideal, even in the case of men, but it is the Other Woman who teaches the little arts that will induce man to "be good to her, it is the Other Woman whose refinement refuses to know the facts of poverty and trouble, and who consoles herself with the cheap conviction that the poor "don't feel these things as we do." It is the Other Woman who is it helps her? In nine cases out of ten, we venture to say, it is a man, and not a woman at all. There is a world of politics, thought, and education where the Other Woman does not come, and in which thinking Woman can think. And when the suffrage means probably a tremendous conflict between the Other Woman and this thinking world, and those women who now fight so bravely for their sex will, we venture to forecast, find themselves in the future forced into an alliance with men to protect their common intellectual rights and liberties. The marching Woman of June 13 is indeed tying a millstone about her neck when she sets Other Woman to reign over her. But she is right, nevertheless. The Other Woman is the real formative influence in society. She is the Other Woman? And here we come to the crux of the situation. It is the Other Woman (for the most part) who has the children, and therefore gets full opportunity of instilling her gospel, such as it is, into the receptive ears of young England. The Other Woman's power is thus already enormous, and out of all proportion to the influence wielded by the thinking few. A bias of tremendous force is given to the race by the almost unbroken predominance of the Other Woman over infancy and childhood. When the young girl begins to think, to feel, to supply her own needs, she is in the hands of the primrose league.
The Socialist Policy.

By S. G. Hobson.

The object of Socialist policy is to achieve Socialism.

Put in this way it sounds simple, but in reality it is tragically difficult. In whatever direction the Socialist turns he is met with tactical obstacles. The way is beset by lions and rats.

Of the purely intellectual battle much might be said; it is the most fascinating aspect of Socialist propaganda; but I confine myself to political action. There are those who contend that political action should be left to the Labour Party or the I.L.P.; that intervention in politics by other Socialist bodies (the Fabian Society, for example) is undesirable and perhaps mischievous. Personally, I find that as a Socialist I cannot escape from politics. To attempt to achieve Socialism without the most active concern with politics would be null.

We must be in a constant state of forgetfulness that the pursuit of Socialism is not primarily an intellectual battle. First, foremost and all the time, it is a conflict between the possessing and non-possessing classes.

The final justification of the claim of the non-possessing classes must be stated sooner or later in intellectual terms; but if all the intellectuals were upon the side of property on its present basis, the battle would still proceed and the schoolmen would get hurt. In plain terms, Socialism differs from the orthodox political parties because it stands for an economic revolution. Therefore, Socialists must bear a strenuous part in the political battle, not possibly military organisation. Therefore, Socialists are careful to take full advantage of political power. The Army and Navy, the Universities, the Established Church, the landlord, capitalist and commercial classes (not forgetting the lawyers) all these in one combination or another sedulously seek to maintain political control. And further, even though the intellectual battle be won beyond all cavil (as it is), the battle might still proceed and the schoolmen would get hurt. In plain terms, Socialism bears in its train a moral code to which Gene-
FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Eating has something to do with thinking. We have long realised this, in a roundabout sort of way, in use of the phrase "chewing the cud" as a simile for reflective thought. But the simile does not carry us very far. It is not only that thinking is something like eating, but that food actually affects the working of the brain, affects it both directly and indirectly.

The effect of thought on the body—that is, of mind on matter—is becoming a generally accepted idea. But there is another side, a complementary law, namely, that the body acts on thought—matter influences mind. This is where the food question presses. The brain is in constant repair, and it must be built up, like the rest of this mysterious body of ours, largely out of the food we eat. Thinking people cannot evade this question—what are the best materials for so delicate and complicated a machine? How shall we build the brain so that it may become a swift vehicle for thought?

Animal food—that is, the flesh of slaughtered cattle, strangled fowls, etc., will not do. First because the practice of eating such food tends to lower the tone of the mind. You can go on eating flesh for a long time; but at any moment it may flash upon you that this very English custom is repulsive and entirely barbarous. Second, because of the direct physiological effect upon the brain. To expect to do first-rate brain work on beef and mutton is unreasonable. The ox and the sheep have thrived on the food; but when we eat them we shall not get value for money; for the beasts have already exhausted most of the vitality in their food, and what we get in the chop and the steak is a diminished third. But let a man choose a simple natural diet. Let him (perhaps for the first time in his life) give a little consideration to his building materials. This does not mean that he need become a faddist or a crank, but simply that he will be acting with the same common sense and judgment that he uses in other departments of life. Let him determine to draw his vital forces, his brain-building materials from vital first-hand sources, from the fruits of the earth—nuts, fruits, vegetables, grains, etc.—and he will, other things being equal, get better work out of his head than the man who eats anything and everything that taste or custom demands. With perseverance he may one day be able to say with Bernard Shaw: "For thirty years I have eaten no meat. The results are before the public."

This should encourage the wavering. But there is what may be called the kitchen difficulty. The novice sees only piles of monkey-nuts and cabbages and trembles. But the way is easier and the menu more varied than he knows. Here is a practical suggestion. All who wish to take a step forward but don't know how to begin—as well as those readers of The New Age who need no converting but who are still looking for some reliable substitute for meat—in fact, every reader of this column—is invited to send a postcard to Messrs. George Savage and Sons, Nut Experts, 53, Aldersgate Street, E.C., giving his full name and address, and simply asking for "New Age Offer." They will receive a 32-page booklet all about Nuts and how to use them, together with one or two samples of shelled nuts as supplied by the same firm. This is an opportunity which should not be missed. It is a splendid nut pack alone makes this booklet available.

One word about Nuts. There is a general impression that Nuts are indigestible and otherwise unwholesome. This is entirely a mistake. When made the chief ingredient in the part of the meal, and well masti-
The Strand Statues.

Round the corner of Agar Street and the Strand, thirty-five feet in the air, so that the details are all lost, and the craftsman's jealously careful modelling is quite out of eye-shot, stand eighteen statues, statues of the gods.

Thirty-five feet in the air. No man of us would ever have seen them but for the kind assistance of the "Evening Standard" and the National Vigilance Society (to whom, after all, English sculpture in general and Jacob Epstein the sculptor in particular, owe much). For we do not like sculpture in England—except when there is the glamour of some M.A.P. gossip, some churcheyard remembrance hanging about it, and even when we like it we do not look at it (it is notorious that we English never look at anything: watch us only hurrying down the Strand), and but for these kindly pornographies the Strand Statues might have stood in their niches for ever unrecognized. But now there is always a scattering of people on the further side of the street and away down to where one may catch a glimpse of the side-show—a scattering of angry, dissatisfied people who are wasting their time in fruitless search for the indecencies the pornographs had promised them.

And while your glance is still projected at this unaccustomed angle, let me make plain to you what manner of work is this which excites such foaming opposition in the pornographic soul.

Looking casually at the building, the qualities of the sculpture do not rush on you. Your impression is merely that the severe, massive architecture is enriched and enlightened by its gallery of shrines. Then, as the eye dwells—and passes—and dwells, like so many motives in a Beethoven symphony, you catch on to the joy the dominant motive gallops through the bass—strong rider is on the rein. Then the minor motives begin to develop, and here rises one and there another and another of the symbols of life. What they are doing seems not to matter so much as how they are doing it—deliberately, untiringly, with the large, splendid gestures of an heroic age. Does not seem to matter? And yet, is it not one thing they are doing?—doing it—deliberately, untiringly, with the large, splendid forms of the mother (it appears motherhood is only divine after the great act of sacrifice), (2) the shocking beauty of the figures, and so on and so on.

Anxious to get expert testimony I have made inquiries of my moral and immoral friends. My immoral friends assure me that there is nothing provocative about a naked figure, that a petticoat (laced for preference) is absolutely essential, and they have illustrated their point with photographs exhibited freely in all the photograph shops of the Strand. The mere thought of birth, too, they say is anti-provocative. My moral friends (including the staff of the "Daily News") tell me that the mood aroused in them by the sight of this unfrilled nudity. And imagine these garbage-hunters crawling over the statues, the snouts stretched and distended, and eagerly listing, (1) the shocking absence of bathing drawers—(2) the shocking shape of the mother (it appears motherhood is only divine after the great act of sacrifice), (3) the shocking beauty of the figures, and so on and so on.

I want to tell you a tale from Anatole France. L'Abbé Jerome Cognard is discussing the question of the fig-leaf. That is all very well, he says, but one moment! I apply your fig-leaf to every statue in the world; what happens? Henceforth in my walks abroad I never look at a fig-tree but I visualise behind every leaf of it the horrible thing I have concealed. You have spoiled all fig-trees for me. Is it worth while?

We have not many fig-trees in England, which perhaps accounts for the Vigilance Society, but one imagines dancing before the eyes of the sculptures in day-dream and vision of the night, at table, at the office, on the pages of their Mudie book, a mirage of the horrific thing that the fig-leaf hides. It must be very painful to be a member of a Vigilant Society.

But are we to allow ourselves to be bullied by such creatures? Are we to allow these fine statues to be taken down at the bidding of these swine? Are we never to have anything beautiful on our public ways? * Will you make England a by-word and a mock among the nations? Will you let them point to the columns of your divorce court news, to your skirt lifting musical dancers, to your army of prostitutes, and then to the account of how the citizens of London (first having secured photographs of the things) arose in righteous anger and swept them away?

Before you decide I want to ask you whether you judge indecent the pictures of the Madonna which you find in wayside shrines in Catholic countries, whether you consider it more indecent to remember that your mother bore you in her womb than to remember she suckled you at her breast, and to remind you that we still worship or rather that we are beginning again to worship Madonna, but have decided that it is advisable to begin to worship her before the child is born. 

W. R. TITTERTON,
The Last Ten Years of English Literature.

By Osbert Burdett.

II.

There has never been, perhaps, so large an output of really admirable verse as at the present day, and among the creators of that mass of material one can point out only those whose poetry seems to possess that inevitable quality which makes all the difference between what is merely admirable and what is really art. Of this class Mr. W. B. Yeats is another example. He, imbued with the tradition of Blake, for whose memory and fame he has done so much good work, and finding an environment in the Ireland of his devotion for that mysticism or symbolism which is only a natural mode of thought and speech, has formed what is called, I believe, the Neo-Gaelic school of poetry and drama. In the Irish legends, in the romance and early symbols of the Island of the Saints, he has found material for the creation of a poetry that has never aimed at popularity, though it has sought popular inspiration. Starting with the hope of recreating the proudest half-lost tradition of Irish literature, Mr. Yeats has found in the people of Ireland the inspiration of his poems. But in so far as symbolism has never been understood nor appreciated by even that rather doubtful multitude to whom poetry is supposed to appeal, so Mr. Yeats's poetry, dealing so much in symbols, must ever be an enigma to the mass at any rate of his English countrymen. In France symbolism has been regarded seriously, and has resulted in the formation of a variety of "schools," in each of which the writers have contended a slightly different meaning, which at least demands a slightly different interpretation of it. In England, however, it does not seem to have penetrated with any great force beyond the school of Irish writers of whom Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory are the chief. It is indeed that, as symbolism that has been ransacked; indeed, it is only after a long period of writing that "The Complete of the Middle Ages," with its "imaginary lover," has been discovered for the emotions and activities of the modern world. Even then Mr. Hewlett has never become nearer to us than the time when Jacobitism was a serious factor in English politics. He has written a few plays also, including an altogether delightful parody of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," especially in some of the best prose passages, the buoyant quality of the wind as it plays round the sheep folds or rushes down the slopes of the hills. Paan haveli has never felt quite at ease, I think, anywhere else in modern literature.

In Mr. Moore, Mr. Hewlett, and Mr. Chesterton there is one feature in common, a feature that promises to play an important part in the immediate future of our literature—the feature of exuberance. Mr. Moore's "The Immoralist," Mr. Hewlett's "The Confessions of a Young Man," Mr. Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday," all are alike in their possession of this quality, and so much is this factor beginning to be recognised in English literature that it seems probable that a school of exuberant writers may be formed. The high priest of exuberance, however, is none of these men; he is the most versatile of all modern writers, Mr. Hilaire Belloc. He has done so much good work, and finding an environment especially in some of the best prose passages, the buoyant quality of the wind as it plays round the sheep folds or rushes down the slopes of the hills. Paan haveli has never felt quite at ease, I think, anywhere else in modern literature.

Among the perennial output of novels there is the work of two artists, still creating amongst us, of whom a word must be said: Mr. George Moore and Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The poet and autobiographer is always revealing himself to us in a variety of ways, and in a style so piquant as to have made him a host of enemies and detractors. Perhaps, therefore, his most characteristic, though not his best work, is his autobiography, which he has written in the following manner: "My dear dashing Moore," he wrote, and that perhaps might be the basis of a criticism of his work. The man and his style have all the virtues and vices of audacity, lack of sympathy with those who disagree with him, a rather rude effrontery of manner, and the charm that always exists for the careless and exuberant of dogmatic immaturity. He has written brilliant novels, somewhat cynical in tone, but with just that exact observance of life which lends a sting to his severest sallies. He has criticised painting in a book that a capable critic described, if I remember rightly, as "full of injustice, brutality, and ignorance." "It is hastily thought, hastily written; but there, in those vivid, direct, unscrupulously logical pages, you will find some of the secret損害s of its author, and especially of his exasperation; an intelligence all sensation, which has soaked them up without knowing it." He has written minor poetry, but one day, as he tells us, there came to him "at the corner of Wellington Street in the Strand," a feeling that the writing of minor poetry was not the occupation of a lifetime! In every sense of the word he is a modern,
profession and predilection," in his own words, is the leading dramatist of to-day in England. With the exception of Oscar Wilde, no man has had so much nonsense written of him. Those who follow will therefore concern itself with a terse statement of fact, which need not be explained to those who dislike it, because the author has done that clearly enough in the prefaces to his volumes of plays.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is the most serious man in England at the present time: everything in life and letters is regarded by him with a gravity that alarms most people who listen to him. He is popularly regarded as a joker simply because he always discusses serious things, and it is only the most serious things that have the stuff of laughter in them. God has, I suppose, been the subject of more jokes than anyone, but it is only people that believe in God who find such jokes amusing. The incongruity between God and a joke being so impressed upon them, the conjunction of the two sends them into uncontrollable laughter; and thereby is vindicated the majesty and dignity of God. Whatever Mr. Shaw says he believes so completely that he can afford to joke about it. The best comparison to him that I can think of to explain his seriousness, his particular genius, and his reputation as a mocker, is Voltaire. This comparison is pregnant with meaning, but here it can merely be offered for careful consideration. Mr. Shaw's studies, again, in his own words, have been "Politics, Philosophy, Art." His masters, that is to say—who have stimulated his intelligence, have been, very roughly, for Philosophy, Nietzsche; for Politics, Wagner, Karl Marx, Proudhon, and the latter part of J. S. Mill's work; for Drama, Shakespeare, and Ibsen; for general moralisers and descriptive writers, Samuel Butler and Dickens. This list is, of course, most arbitrary, and is given not to Mr. Shaw, but to those who wish by the merest signposts to be put on the right track of his intellectual ancestry.

Oscar Wilde indirectly claims for himself the title of the first well-dressed philosopher in the history of thought." Mr. Bernard Shaw claims the title of the first philosopher who has included in his viewpoint thought alone, like his predecessors, but art, life, and politics. Art represents one activity of man, the creation of beautiful things, in Keats's explanation of the word beautiful. Life represents creation in all its forms, and Politics means the activities of man in society, of man as a social animal (which he must become before he can be a free individual), whether he be good or whether he be evil. Mr. Shaw is therefore comprehensive, and seeing that society is the basis of every useful activity, he is also a Socialist. So much for him in his capacity of philosopher; in his profession as an author, he claims not originality of treatment. There is nothing new under the sun is the gist of his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans": every story has been told, and, as far as technique is concerned, perfection has been attained often enough. A dramatist, then, who would be a genius must rely on his manner of adapting the old stories, not by the invention of new stage tricks, but by telling the old stories from the mental standpoint of his own century. In science we have learnt much since Shakespeare wrote; but there are ideas in a treatment which are as important, and as meritorious, as the ideas themselves. Consequently, though the old questions put by Shakespeare, for instance, may not be fully answered yet, at least it is certain that the answer of to-day will be very different from that offered by Englishmen of the reign of Elizabeth. This new treatment of the old ideas constitutes the new drama, for, as Mr. Shaw says, "there can be no new drama without a new philosophy."

Oscar Wilde, the supreme individualist, writing at the end of a century of social chaos, had brains to write the most modern of Social Science, a freer, more individual development of man. Mr. Shaw, writing at the beginning of a new century, has had brains enough to write the clearcut analysis of modern civilisation yet pronounced. Oscar Wilde had the brain of the Utopian; Mr. Shaw has followed to prove that he was right. The work of both may be summarised in Blake's magnificent sentence: "what is now proved was once only imagined," and with that phrase on our lips we can dismiss both with understanding. Wilde never advanced far enough to deal with the problem of the future. What is it review of Democracy? Mr. Bernard Shaw is tentatively giving us a solution, and it is as one of the first to grapple with this, undoubtably the next epoch in the history of literature, that his fame will ultimately be determined.

Finally, it is true in the sense that M. Shaw, since the death of Oscar Wilde, is the next personality in the last ten years of English literature that this paper by including both can claim completeness.

THE END.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

This first volume of the complete English edition of Anatole France, "The Red Lily" (John Lane, 6s.), has promptly made its appearance. The volume is a very satisfactory piece of bookmaking, though it would have been better without the endpapers from designs by Aubrey Beardsley, which bear no relation whatever to the design of the book. In fact, it would have been better if they had not been there. The besetting virtue of the Bodley Head is to give too much for the money. I have read in this renowned novel, angelicised, with mixed feelings. It is not, I suppose, about twenty years old. As it reads as if it was completed it is not, in any case, a connivance of the champaign standard. "The Red Lily"'s pre-eminent success in certain circles is due to nothing but literary snobishness. To read a work in a translation is to have the sensation of seeing something naked which one has been accustomed to see clothed. One is inclined to exclaim: "Is this the essence of what I admired?" Well, it is...

The translation, by Miss Winifred Stephens, is most conscientiously done. There is a mistake of grammar on p. 245, and a dubious construction on p. 246. It is, of course, sheer malice which makes me point out such difficulties. Wilde indirectly claims for himself the title of the first to grapple with this, undoubtedly the next epoch in the history of literature, that his fame will ultimately be determined.

As one of the first to grapple with this, undoubtably the next epoch in the history of literature, that his fame will ultimately be determined.
they are dominated by Jocelyne, who so far as a character can be originally invented is originally invented. The novel is built on an idea, and well built; naturally it suffers from this aspect of all novels built on an idea. Both in its treatment of passion and in its wit it testifies to the working of the Anatole France spirit. The Nietzschean lady is very frank and not unjust about the Comédie Française. She says: "You see at the leading French theatre adaptations for gorillas of the loftiest and the most Ionic philosophy." "Gorilla" is charming.

A book which appeals more intimately to me is M. Georges Pellissier's "Voltaire, Philosophe" (Harmsworth, M.P. (Lane. 5s.). M. Pellissier is a serious critic; he can combine popularisation with learning. Life is short, but he has read through the whole of the seventy volumes of Beechot's edition of Voltaire (1839-1934). These seventy volumes (or seventy-two including the index), by the way, do not cost dear and make as agreeable miscellaneous "browsing" as may be found anywhere. M. Pellissier is a defender of Voltaire, and he makes a point of correcting all inattentive misconceptions or deliberate lies concerning Voltaire up-to-date. Also he relates the teachings of Voltaire to the practical daily life of modern France; he is, for example, very incisive about public hygiene and charity. This book has a permanent value. It is very lucidly written, ample, very incisive about public hygiene and charity.

Touching the birthday honours, the distinction, such as it is, conferred on Dr. Murray is agreeable to the literary mind. But why do Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. Paul Fountain figure among the pensioners? If honest and persevering mediocrity is to be rewarded, then Mr. Lilly has been well chosen, but on no other principle can the selection be justified. Who is Mr. Paul Fountain? I suppose myself to be intimately in and of the world of literature, but I have up to the present asked Mr. Paul Fountain figure among the pensioners? If honest and persevering mediocrity is to be rewarded, then Mr. Lilly has been well chosen, but on no other principle can the selection be justified. Who is Mr. Paul Fountain? I suppose myself to be intimately in and of the world of literature, but I have up to the present asked in vain for information as to his achievements. In fact, it is good that he has seen the Victoria Falls and Table Mountain; but, apart from the pleasure of it, there appears to have been no necessity for the visit. An Englishman who can in the short space of four months obtain a good surface grasp of South Africa is wrestling at present to prevent and refrain from offering advice as to the settlement of them all: and not only this, but can state them shortly in an unbiassed, liberal-minded, sympathetic way: has really no need of travel. He is perfectly safe not to make a fool of himself in the House of Commons, nor to assist in any way in further estranging British colonials from the mother-country. There are so many with a voice in affairs who really not only need, but should be compelled to travel, but then it would take them four years to equal the results of the four months of our author.

One never seems to tire of Table Mountain. There is a personality about it unapproached by any other big thing in the world, and even in a book it is with reluctant

* "Pleasure and Problem in South Africa." By Cecil Harmsworth, M.P. (Lane. 5s.)

THE TWO GRANT RICHARDS BOOKS

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G. How, the second volume of John Davidson's trilogy, God and Mammon, is now ready. The Times says: "He leaves us in no doubt of his own view of the greatness of the event—the publication of Mammont and His Message. Mr. Davidson is very definite in his assurance . . . . so provocative in its finely contemporaneousness." The Morning Leader says: "Singularly striking . . . . it has many superb lines and glowing passages . . . . the poem is certainly one to be pondered over deeply. It will excite criticism and unpopularity, but we are by no means sure that a few generations hence it will not rank as one of the earliest messages of the new order." At all booksellers. Price 5s. net.

A COMMENTARY

G. John Galworthy, the author of "The Man of Property," "The Country House," etc., has just published this new volume. The Daily Telegraph says: "Mr. John Galworthy is a writer whose work always bears the stamp of a distinct individuality. He describes the things he sees with consummate power. . . . It is only as a people could be made to see and feel things as Mr. Galworthy sees and feels, we should be far on the road to socialism."

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CANCER: OPERATION NOT THE CURE, BUT A CAUSE.

By JOHN SHAW, M.D., Lond.

"It is in the time of health that the evidence here submitted should be dispassionately and judicially weighed— and a judgment arrived at—in anticipation of the time when such an emergency may arise with panic and stamp a distinct individuality. He describes the things he sees with consummate power. . . . It is only as a people could be made to see and feel things as Mr. Galworthy sees and feels, we should be far on the road to socialism."
ance that we bid it farewell; but it must be left behind, and we journey pleasantly through the vast country to Kimberley, its diamonds and compounds, and its siege. Buluwayo comes next and, of course, the Matoppos—with due homage paid to the great heart lying there—then on to the ever-indescribable Falls far a few days and back to Johannesburg.

Here we have Pleasure for a time, and become concerned with Problems.

In the chapter, "As Things are in the Transvaal," we read: "There are many British Transvaalers who regard the existence of a Dutch majority with comparative equanimity because of their belief that the Dutch statesmen are less susceptible to Home interference than British Colonial statesmen might prove to be. The habit of meddling with self-governing colonies dies hard with us. It is a habit to which members of all political parties in the United Kingdom are addicted. Yet the truest conception of self-governing is surely that of a colony that is permitted to govern itself."

Take this in connection with the concluding paragraph of the chapter: "What can hinder the rising prosperity of the Transvaal? Two things only, I believe—a recrudescence, if it were possible, of the old spirit of anger and suspicion, and the interference of politicians at home. One group at home regards the Empire as a party asset. A smaller group, not composed exclusively of members of one party, has not yet learned that self-governing colonies are colonies that govern themselves."

"Native Problems in South Africa" is a chapter worthy of careful and attentive reading, and we find the author here saying: "When we address ourselves to the discussion of native problems in a spirit of moral superiority, we inflict a real injustice on our white fellow-subjects overseas. They have not changed their skins with their climate. They have prejudices that we do not share, but they have also knowledge and experience. The white colonist who savagely ill-treats the native is about as common as the drunken Englishman who kicks his wife."

It is strange that one should find it necessary in this twentieth century to pen such remarks as the above, and that they should require the emphasis we have given them. It indicates what a very little way we have travelled since the days of the Inquisition.

On the extremely perplexing question of Indian immigration Mr. Harmsworth has a valuable chapter. He says: "We are prepared to admit Asiatic immigration on a large scale into the British Islands, an attitude of Imperial superiority in this matter is merely insufferable." It would appear, indeed, that what struck Mr. Harmsworth most forcibly during his sojourn in South Africa was the fact that the colonists were capable of managing their own affairs in an equitable and humane way, and that the less interference there was from home the better chance there was of them being settled quickly and smoothly. Well, we can hardly suppose that four months in that mysterious land will be enough to turn the heads of some people, but we have already said that our present attitude is so good. As we have already said, he demolishes the arguments of the Prohibitionists, leaving them without a leg to stand upon. He insists that the only solution of the drink question lies in raising the publicans, "for they have discovered that when a man has no desire to spend his time sitting in a public-house, but feels impelled to take some outdoor recreation or to engage in some intellectual study." In another chapter we find a valuable analysis of the "disinterested management" or Trust system, in which some temporizers have put so much faith. Mr. Snowden shows that the management is far from being disinterested in practice, and that the Trusts are likely to become an even greater obstacle in the path of reform than are the Brewers with their tied houses to-day. Finally, after commenting favourably on the Gothenburg system, Mr. Snowden puts in a strong and able plea for municipalisation.


The Rationalist Press Association are doing excellent work in propagating their views. Their book "Socialism and the Drink Question," by Philip Snowden, M.P., is a really valuable addition to this most excellent series, and has been betrayed into nothing too much to the prejudiced views of his more extreme "temperance" friends and supporters. It is true that he is not altogether betrayed. He has effected a sort of compromise with himself. Whilst dismissing, even with contempt, proposals and methods of combating alcoholism advocated by the Temperance party he accepts their moral attitude. He treats alcohol as if it were a poison and the taste for it a disease; a disease which cannot be cured by any quack. "A genuine high-class beverage of absolute purity, having the greatest strength and finest flavour."

Cadburu's Cocoa Made under ideal conditions of labour in an English Factory amidst pure and healthful surroundings where the well being of the workmen receives the constant care of the firm.
service to the cause of enlightenment by their issue of first-rate theological and scientific works at a popular price. The present volume contains no less than 432 pages, and being printed in large type on good paper, it is easy to read as well as cheap to buy. The author, Mr. Vivian, makes an extremely able and temperate review of all the outstanding questions relating to Christianity; and on every ground he discusses the claims of the Church with, as we believe, the evidence well in favour of his view. There is not the slightest doubt in our opinion that Christianity, as officially and popularly understood, cannot survive the attack of books such as these. It may be that the twentieth century will see no formal abandonment of the preposterous claims of Christian apologists; but if criticism continues at its present level, the coming century will witness the death of the major claims, at any rate.

Strangely enough, however, there are Christians not a few who will rejoice in this. For twenty centuries now the kernel of the Christian doctrine has been obscured by the textual, historical, and theological husks which foolish fanatics and wordlings have placed around it. The clearing away of this superficial rubbish will therefore serve only to bring into relief a profounder and more intimate faith based on veritable and universal experience; the faith, in short, of the mystics and masters whose lives have been the symbols of the spiritual life of all men.

Mr. Vivian, of course, does not foresee any such result from his iconoclasm. He belongs, if we may say so, to the same school as his Christian opponents. They (like himself) are mainly concerned with texts and histories and dogmas and miracles; and we have no pity for them when they go down before him. On the other hand, we object strongly to his proposed alternative to Christianity. Apart from the happy fact that no alternative to real Christianity will ever be needed, Mr. Vivian’s suggestion of a National System of Moral Instruction strikes us as even worse than the husks of Christian dogma. Personally, we have neither in stock.

However, Mr. Vivian’s suggestions occupy only a small part of his volume. The rest is an earnest, lucid, and well-informed exposition of the modern rationalistic view of Christianity, and deserves the widest circulation.

**Essentials of Economic Theory.** By John Bates Clark. (The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

This book discusses the problems of modern industry, as they exist in the United States, in the scientific manner which becomes a professor of political economy. The author perceives that there are four great changes which affect modern industrial conditions: the increase of population, the accumulation of capital, the improvement of machinery, and the organisation of trade by combination. He considers the subject under these heads; incidentally explaining the well-worn terms of economics, such as final utility, cost, value, rent, interest, and all the rest of them. We confess that these subtle distinctions are rather unprofitable studies for those who have determined that wealth is based on labour, whether physical or mental; and that the fine shades of difference which it pleasures the capitalists to discover between rent, interest, and profits are not of essential importance. But what is interesting is to read that Professor Clark considers that monopoly is a fatal disease in social life—"the gravest menace which hangs over the future of economic society." We are astonished to hear that he thinks that the remedy for monopoly is the encouragement of competition. "If competition continues and labour retains its mobility, the evils will naturally grow less.

Progress gives no sign of being self-terminating, so long as she has discovered what has been the mainspring of it, namely, competition, shall continue to act." He appears to forget that it is competition which has already resulted in monopoly.
RECENT PAMPHLETS.

CURRENT topics are only imperfectly represented in the pamphlets of the day. This is probably due to the fact that there exists no distributing machinery for such things. We need a Medier of Pamphlets, in the business is to be looked upon as a sort of public service. Two more pamphlets on the Licensing Bill, which is threatened with death by explanations: Mr. Maitby’s “Catholics’ Guide” to the Bill, is ably and concisely done, though with less detail than the “Complete Popular Guide,” by a Barrister (P. S. King, 1d.). The latter really makes any other pamphlet on the Licensing Bill look like a mere pamphlet.

Mr. Lecky reprints from the “Forum” his careful essay on Old Age Pensions (Longmans. 6d. net). As a member of the 1899 Committee, Mr. Lecky certainly heard a good deal of argument, but we fear he had made up his mind long before. The essay is dignified, urbane, and useless.

The Proportional Representation Society’s Annual Report (Mainstream, 6d. net) is a song of triumph. Practical politicians had better begin the study of the subject: it is close to us now.

In “The Sex Symphony” (Fairbairns. 3d.) J. R. writes monotonously on the subject of Votes for Women. “Why don’t you women” is a patronising phrase.

Mrs. Boole is one of the most remarkable women living, and even her slightest essays are worth attention. “Miss Education and her Garden” (Daniel. 6d. net) is no exception.

Shall children be taught Religion? As well ask if they shall be taught common-sense. After all, teachers can teach only what they themselves are. “The Religious Education of Children” (Watts. 2d.) is an ostentatiously fain-minded negative to our question, but we are not carried much further.

The horrors of death are accentuated by the horrors of premature burial. A Bill has been drafted with the object of preventing the burial of persons only apparently dead. The details may be read in “Premature Burial” (Denton-Ingam. 1d.).

Mr. Chatterji’s very able and temperate “Thoughts on the Pedlar” (Macmillan. 1d. net) concludes: “Lastly, I say to us for self-government, associate us with yourselves in all affairs of the State, teach us how to handle the ‘great machinery of state’, make us really live on this land of very ancient civilisations may once more take her proper place in the great Parliament of nations to the eternal glory of Great Britain.” Will Viscount Morley resign?

Mr. J. Haldane Smith raises the interesting question: “Socialism or Communism?” (Blackhall. Midlothian. 1d.) and plumbs for Socialism. He holds that the question is not remote, but immediate. We really see no hurry, and if he condemns “Endowment of Motherhood” we think he has hurried too much.

We welcome Father Iagertey’s pamphlet, “Economic Discontent” (Catholic Socialist Society, Glasgow. rd.).

The Freethought Socialist League publishes a second edition of Mr. Gott’s reply to Mr. Snowden’s “The Christ and the Pedlar” (Richardson. 6d. net). The reply is a hasty one. Mr. Gott employs a host of adjectives and enjoys himself immensely; but he monopolises the pleasure.

“No God! No Morality” (Edward Baker, 34, Craven Street, W.C. 2d.) attempts to prove that a Godless universe claims not the sense of mystery but the sense of ignorance.

Mr. James Leatham sends us his recent pamphlets on “The Style of Louis Stevenson,” “The Sociology of Oliver Goldsmith,” and “The Revival of England” (Twentieth Century Press rd. each). All are good honest studies. The same press has issued a neat and attractive penny edition of Fitzgerald’s “Rudyard.”

Numbers 8 and 9 of Mr. Swainson’s valuable “Christian Mystics Series” deal with William Blake and Teresa of Avila’s life and spirit (Daniel. 6d. each). The whole series is well worth reading.

We specially commend to the attention of our readers the Report of the Conference on the Work of Educated Women, held at Caxton Hall during April. (Employment Prospects. Published by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, Holborn. 6d.). It is an exceedingly valuable document.

DRAMA.

Mr. Nugent Monck’s “Mill.”

My dear Mr. Nugent Monck, I find it so difficult to write a calm and dispassionate review of your interesting and valuable play, in the way that befits a critic that is, that I have abandoned the attempt in favour of this easier and more friendly manner of a letter. Do not let this alarm you; it is not as bad as all that; but as you are well aware “The Mill” is not good.

You are one of the saddest of a distracted band who are struggling to write good plays, and more important still, you are one of the blessed few who produce such plays when written. Therefore, from the point of view of the Drama, and of the future of the Theatre your production, scantily attended as they may be (between ourselves we may as well speak the truth) are of more importance than the lush carnivals of scenery and properties elsewhere, amidst which drama gets very badly over-laid. But your own plays do not gain in effectiveness by being unnecessarily odd. And “The Mill” is so.

In your attempt to avoid being conventional and to observe for yourself instead of taking observation second-hand, you have strayed into paths of the purely grotesque. Your dialogue is a patchwork of real human talk, and talk out of some fantasia which your own mind has created. And a fantasia which is unreal must be a consistent fantasia, not a patchwork, or it will fail as the fantasia of conventionality fails by appearing so ordinary as to be uninteresting.

A good many of the phrases and sentences in “The Mill” are like mathematical equations, evolved by some perfectly correct process from entirely incredible premises. The net result of this is that as the premises are hidden from your audience in the passages of your own brain, we never get really inside your play, we are watching people the springs of whose action we do not understand, because whenever we endeavour to get on rapport with them they “equal” into something opposing and contrary.

Our difficulty in following the play is perhaps due to the fact that you have tried to do too much. You seem to have tried to be as thorough with the play which we do not see as with the play which we do. We suspect you of knowing a deal of a pedlar’s tricks, and that you confuse the play of the pedlar’s tricks.

Very truly,

J. H. B.
enough of Cooperson and his unregistered wife, we do not get very much forrader with them. The revealing dramatic moments are not vouchsafed of person. The importance of this lies in the fact that the defects of your play are remediable defects of method. Imagine and create as much of the life of your characters as you please. But do not let this betray you into presenting on the stage an undramatic character of the existent circumstances.

I have something more than a suspicion of a belief that a great deal of detailed knowledge about the past and future lives of people in a drama is a handicap to the dramatic unity. If a long vista of life is conceived, the dramatic imagination is a different thing from the novelist's imagination.

The acting was remarkably good. Miss Clara Greet managed to be as effective as possible with Mrs. Cooperney Thorpe was most excellent as the Pedlar. The other characters were too unexplained allusions, and introduces too many motifs.

The normal healthy woman wants, and has always wanted, two things. She wants them more than she wants votes, or comfort of her clothes and cleanliness of her clothes and household brightness. She was a regular user of Hudson's Soap.

A Woman Talked.
She talked about the beauty and cleanliness of her clothes and home—of the saving of labour, time and money—and of a genial, comforting household brightness. She was a regular user of Hudson's Soap.

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

A VISIT TO NORWAY
AUGUST 13th to 27th.
Inclusive Cost of Visits need not exceed Ten Guineas for the fortight. Full particulars will be sent on application to MISS F. M. BUTLIN, Hon. Sec. THE INTERNATIONAL VISITS ASSOCIATION, OLD HEADINGTON, OXFORD.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE.
This article is undoubtedly the most delicious, cool, refreshing drink obtainable, sold 9d. per bottle.
save your case by saying that it is the "highly developed imaginative" woman who finds ignominy in the fulfilment of her natural function, who is afraid to pay the price of pain that she may gain the greatest and most triumph possible to woman—a child born of her body. The highly developed imaginative woman knows better.

"The enormous disability... the law of maternity," This, Beatrice Tina thinks, makes it impossible for women to compete with men.

Well—it does. And what then? "No proper woman shall be left to her own devices."

Beatrice Tina tries to take the proper woman away from the husband she loves, Beatrice Tina will find her work cut out:

"Sex and their consequences."!!

My dear Beatrice Tina, how can you be so silly? Is it really possible that you don't know that the passion for the lover and the child is the strongest passion in the world? Why scream and kick and bite and scratch and make faces at the Life-force? It won't take any notice of you. And it will be wise.

"WOMAN AS STATE CREDITOR."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I express thanks to Beatrice Tina for rendering additional service to the "highly-developed, imaginative woman"? We no longer believe in self-sacrifice—The Race: c'est moi!

From the moment a thinking girl realises what sex means to her, darkness falls on her horizon. Why pet paws such suffering? Let all women who think the price of a child too dear, refuse to pay it. Men must love, either way.

"ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The exaggerated Feminism of Beatrice Tina is far more dangerous than the Anti-Feminism of Belfort Bax.

If service rendered to the State constitute a claim to the suffrage cause, then undoubtedly the child-bearing sex has as strong a case as the fighting sex. There is no need to descend to the undignified course of haggling about the relative risk and pain of the mother's lot as compared with the soldier's. What we demand is to be heard, that we are intellectually and morally capable of fulfilling the responsibilities of voters. We shall never do that if we allow our cause to be pleaded by a woman who has so little life!

"Not stimulating"—to spend months in loving the lover and the child is the strongest passion in the world.

May I express thanks to Beatrice Tina for rendering additional service to the "highly-developed, imaginative woman"? We no longer believe in self-sacrifice—The Race: c'est moi!

From the moment a thinking girl realises what sex means to her, darkness falls on her horizon. Why pet paws such suffering? Let all women who think the price of a child too dear, refuse to pay it. Men must love, either way.

"ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY."

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING AND WALKING.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In reply to Mr. W. F. Shannon in "The New Age" of June 7, I said of course one supposes that every climber is insensible to all other interests in mountains except rocks. That would be unreasonable. On the other hand, to believe with Mr. Shannon's walker that a man who goes to the mountains to climb does so because his main and engrossing interest is climbing. Even if he has other interests he cannot very well be attached to them. He takes the shortest path from his inn to the Napes or the Pillar, or the Devil's Kitchen, and the shortest path back again. He naturally does not turn aside for this or that. He has his climbing plans to think of and discuss on the way; and while clinging to a face of rock is more inclined to make observations on the laws of friction than on the habits of the falcon. Similarly it is reasonable to suppose that in general the man who roams at large over the mountains does so because his main and engrossing interest is the mountains and their lore and all their future. He is surely more likely of the two to catch the real spirit of these places. Mr. Shannon's walker who takes his walk "as a damned hard horrid grind" is quite another kind of animal. He is eminently the sort of man who, as Mr. Salt suggests in the Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills, is object of which should not be the mere reaching of a summit and returning, but the leisurely exploration of the mountains themselves, involving, of course, a certain amount of careful climbing, but giving plenty of room and time besides for all sorts of observation and interest.

A. C. Fifield.

Re-Issue of Samuel Butler.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

While I congratulate your reviewer on his appreciation of Butler and his recognition of my claim to a monument, may I clear up a little misunderstanding about the prices that may arise through the wording of the footnote to the review? "Erewhon," "Essays on Life, Art and Science," and "The Way of All Flesh" (not "All Flesh is Grass"—a title I do not know in connection with Butler), I have republished at 2s. 6d. net each, and the book is only obtainable at that price alone. This book had to be entirely re-set, and it was not and is not so because his main and engrossing interest is the mountains except rocks. That would be unreasonable. On the other hand, to believe with Mr. Shannon's walker that a man who goes to the mountains to climb does so because his main and engrossing interest is climbing. Even if he has other interests he cannot very well be attached to them. He takes the shortest path from his inn to the Napes or the Pillar, or the Devil's Kitchen, and the shortest path back again. He naturally does not turn aside for this or that. He has his climbing plans to think of and discuss on the way; and while clinging to a face of rock is more inclined to make observations on the laws of friction than on the habits of the falcon. Similarly it is reasonable to suppose that in general the man who roams at large over the mountains does so because his main and engrossing interest is the mountains and their lore and all their future. He is surely more likely of the two to catch the real spirit of these places. Mr. Shannon's walker who takes his walk "as a damned hard horrid grind" is quite another kind of animal. He is eminently the sort of man who, as Mr. Salt suggests in the Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills, is object of which should not be the mere reaching of a summit and returning, but the leisurely exploration of the mountains themselves, involving, of course, a certain amount of careful climbing, but giving plenty of room and time besides for all sorts of observation and interest.

A. C. Fifield.

The India Council.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Your correspondent, "God's Cousin," in challenging the power of the India Council, did not quote the somewhat biased authority of Sir John Strachey. Lord Randolph Churchill was Secretary for India in 1885, and Mr. Winston Churchill has observed in his "London to the East," that the power of the Council of India is very great: "Any apparent laxity of control by Parliament is, of course, in part the result of the Council of India-a body consisting of gentlemen of long and distinguished service in the great East, with whom the Secretary of State is by law compelled to act, and by whose decisions he is in many matters of the highest importance absolutely bound." Vol. 1, page 105.

As Sir John Strachey has been quoted, I may remind your readers that he was the gentleman who wrote an article in "Fortnightly Review," in 1879, replying to Mr. Hyndman's attack on Indian administration entitled "The Bankruptcy of India." Sir John Strachey's article was signed by the present Viscount Curzon, then editor of the "Fortnightly Review," who, nearly thirty years ago, advocated the official bureaucratic viewpoint, which he is carrying out now as Indian Secretary.

Edward Carpenter.

VITALITY, FASTING, AND NUTRITION.

A Physiological Study of the Curative Power of Fasting, together with New Theories of Nutritional and Human Vitality. By HEReward CARRINGTON. Member of the Society for Psychical Research, London, etc.

This book presents a mass of entirely new material from the scientific world as a whole on a great variety of subjects. New theories are advanced as to the action of drugs and stimulants, the germ theory, the quantity of food necessary to sustain life, of cancer, pestilence, pain, latency, sleep, death, the emission and maintenance of bodily heat and of human vitality. Recent attempts at the creation of life are considered, and altogether there are nine chapters of remarkable books of recent years.

MOGISH A. Antidote to Prof. Hooker's "Riddle of the Universe." By S. Pr. Marcus, M.D., 1s. net, by post 1s. 6d. Translated by W. M. Francis, M.D, 6d.

THE IRONY OF MARRIAGE A Critical Indictment of the Modern Marriage System. By Sir Henry MAIN, M.D., etc. Translated by R. W. FELKIN, M.D., &c. 21s. net.

WHAT IS. A MONTH WILL DO: ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY SICKNESS, £2 A WEEK FOR ANY ACCIDENT, £10 AT DEATH. (Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members.) CLAIMS PAID ON SIGHT. No other Association offers such liberal terms.

ARE YOU IN A CLUB? IF SO, COMPARE PAYMENTS AND BENEFITS.

Just consider! 1.—Will your salary cease when you are sick or injured? 2.—Is your earning power insured? 3.—Accident and sickness visit us when we are least prepared for it. 4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure. 5.—Nothing kills quicker than worry. 6.—If you are not insured you must worry.

William A. Trathen. Secretary: Edwin S. Smith (General Secretary of National Association for Married Women's Rights, Etc.)

Effects of the German policy in Denmark. By A. C. Fifield. 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.