Our interest in his reply. The opinion that is required by the circumstances. The intrigue for the honest and outspoken expression of King himself, then, is the nation's only hope. Hence Edward Grey to represent those sentiments, because cannot be altered in a day. But at least we may, and friendly connivance at the Shah's coup d'état.

Do, demand that the real sentiments of the nation in presented to the Royal culprit. We cannot rely upon Sir Edward Grey's tortuous diplomacy has forced amount, even a great deal; of secrecy is necessary and was couched. + * *

The document will be included in the "Life and Letters of the Old Age Pensions Bill has emerged from Committee, and we now know the final shape of its provisions. Substantially, they amount to this: Every man (or woman) who can prove to the satisfaction of a glorified Board of Guardians that he is a British subject, that he has been resident in England for twenty years (and in some portion of the globe for seventy), that he has been duly industrious throughout life, that he is poor that he has been duly industrious throughout life, that he is poor to have been obliged to involve a surrender of the nation's undoubted right to control its own mouthpiece. The Shah speaks only to obtain relief from the Poor Law authorities, that he

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be interesting to know the exact contents of the personal telegrams which passed between the King of England and the Shah of Persia last week. For that information, however, the general public will probably have to wait some twenty or thirty years, when the document will be included in the 'Life and Letters of King Edward VII.' In the meantime, we have to be content with the somewhat meagre statement of their general tenour supplied by Reuter. This statement indicates that the Shah appealed to the King to prevent Nationalist refugees being harboured in the British Legation, and that the King seized the opportunity to make a timely protest against the Shah's homely fashion of dealing with captured enemies. In the absence of any official denial, we may assume that this roughly represents the actual messages, but we should, perhaps, be more satisfied if we knew how strong were the terms in which his Majesty's protest was couched.

* * *

We do not deny that in diplomatic affairs a certain amount, even a great deal, of secrecy is necessary and inevitable. But that admission must not be allowed to involve a surrender of the nation's undoubted right to control its own mouthpiece. The Shah speaks only for himself; the King speaks for the British Empire. Sir Edward Grey's tortuous diplomacy has forced us to submit for the moment to the intolerable position of friendly connivance at the Shah's coup d'état. That cannot be altered in a day. But at least we may, and do, demand that the real sentiments of the nation in regard to the brutal atrocities which are being perpetrated in Teheran shall be properly and forcibly represented to the Royal culprit. We cannot rely upon Sir Edward Grey to represent those sentiments, because to all appearances he does not share them, and because, in any case, he is unfitted by his ruling passion for base intrigue for the honest and outspoken expression of opinion that is required by the circumstances. The King himself, then, is the nation's only hope. Hence our interest in his reply.

One more word as to the attitude of the Foreign Secretary in this affair. Asked in the House of Commons last week to use his influence to restore constitutional government in Teheran, Sir Edward Grey replied, by proxy, that he did not propose to interfere in the internal government of Persia. The fact that this reply was received without protest or remark shows that the doctrine of non-intervention is now accepted as the first principle of Liberal diplomacy. In the interests of peace and decorum we are to forget that the Shah is having political prisoners flayed alive, and remember only his promise that at the expiration of three months 'upright, pious, and patriotic deputies shall be elected.' Shades of Gladstone! But if the Liberal Party have forgotten their traditions we believe that the great mass of people are still capable of being stirred by the words of John Ruskin: 'I tell you that the principle of non-intervention, as now preached among us, is as selfish and cruel as the worst frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being, not only malignant, but disdainfully.' By these words will Sir Edward Grey one day stand condemned as the man who betrayed the honour of the British Empire.
that assumption at its first opportunity Mr. Lloyd George will certainly have no right to complain. In the particular case of the pauper test, however, the putting forward of this plea was something worse than idle tactics. It was positively dishonest—or else it was a confession of gross administrative incapacity. Everyone knows that the average cost to the nation of its aged paupers is more than £s. a week at present, and that it would actually be more economical to provide them with pensions. To abolish the pauper disqualification would not mean extra cost, but merely involve an adjustment of rates and taxes. Such an adjustment, however, would require careful thought, and that was too much for Mr. Lloyd George.

“We hope that some of our French visitors were present in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons last week, for if they were, what must have impressed them most about the Mother of Parliaments was the squab atmosphere of party contention in which the discussion of this ‘great Liberal reform’ was carried on. The time that should have been spent over the many points in the Bill that required serious discussion was largely squandered in childish bickering between the two Front Benches. Each accused the other in turn of not caring how much time was wasted, and both were fully justified in their accusation. Having expressed their real feelings by urging the merits of a contributory scheme, and having dragged out the debate as long as was possible, the Opposition leaders proceeded to make a bid for popularity by moving wholly irrational, and enormously expensive extensions. As a reply to these contemptible tactics the Chancellor of the Exchequer could find nothing better than cheap sarcasm and irrelevant sneers. The best that can be said for his conduct of the Bill is that he never missed an opportunity of scoring a cheap point. The Labour Party and the few private members who were sincerely interested in the Bill apart from electioneering considerations were simply ignored in this unseemly strife and most of their amendments were never reached.

The inadequacy of the present rules of procedure has never been more strikingly illustrated than over this measure. As we have already mentioned, the subsection of the Industry test, which rules have infected the most important issue in the Bill, was never discussed at all. In addition to this, the age limit, the Criminal test, half of Clauses 3 and 4, and the whole of Clauses 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, and 11, as well as the schedule containing the sliding scale were all passed under the guillotine without a single member having any opportunity of criticising their provisions. In such circumstances Parliamentary control over legislation becomes a pure farce. It would be a saving of time and energy if the Government were to proceed by Cabinet proclamations. Of course as long as deliberate obstruction is regarded as an honourable weapon in political warfare, we cannot ask that the closure shall be abolished. Free speech is impossible in a House that contains Sir Frederick Banbury. We certainly cannot afford to go back to the days of the repeal of the Corn Laws, when Pctl’s preliminary motion that the House should go into Committee to consider his resolutions was debated for three full weeks. But nothing could avert their going on as we are. There is much that might be done to remedy the anomalies of the guillotine system if only it were to the Government’s interest to take the matter up. Mr. Jowett is, we are glad to say, taking this reform to his special province, and we have no doubt that he will get the support of all serious and disinterested members.

Our final comment in regard to the Old Age Pension Bill concerns the voteless sex. Consideration of the voteless sex in their dealings with the natives. He denied that there was any ground to this accusation, and then proceeded to nullify himself by stating that “a gap is growing between the English and the Indians and this is a most regrettable thing, but which is inevitable because it is largely the result of the operation of the Parliamentary system in this country.” Subsequently he disclaimed any desire to abolish the said Parliamentary system for the sake of maintaining the Indian bureaucracy, but, as Lord Morley pertinently inquired, what remedy then does he propose? Unless he is prepared to lose India, the dilemma is the reductio ad absurdum of his original proposition. The long speech was concluded with an eminently characteristic and sympathetic appeal to the Secretary of State to postpone any concessions to Nationalist feeling which he was disposed to make, for a period of twelve months, in order to re-establish confidence in the strength of the Government of India. Just such an appeal on the part of Mr. Curzon might be imagined, to the Tear by his Ministers time and again during the past two or three years—and always, we know, with success.

We are bound to say that Lord Morley’s defence of his policy was not only far more able and statesmanlike than the attack, but was in itself extraordinarily complete. The details of the recent Press Act were not under consideration, or he might have found himself in a more difficult position, but as it was, he certainly emerged from the debate with credit. In a striking passage he outlined his policy and declared his intention of giving the Indian population "in all their glory" as well as the...
some formal and authorised opportunity of handling some of their own affairs," adding that, as he was at present advised, they would be "not only advisory, but modest executive power."

We trust he will continue to be advised in the same sense. But in welcoming the concession which is thus foreshadowed we must point out that it can only be regarded as a stalwart step further concessions of a far more revolutionary character. The granting of any measure of self-government and responsibility—however small—will not satisfy the aspirations of the Nationalist Party in any degree, but will actually stimulate it and lead to greater freedom and power. So it has been in all other countries, and so it will be, and rightly will be, in India.

On one important point all the noble lords who contributed to the discussion seemed to be in agreement. That the system of education instituted by Lord Macaulay, and still in vogue, is profoundly ill-adapted to the traditions and intellectual evolution of India. "It has sharpened their intellect without forming their character," said Lord Curzon. "It is far too literary," added Lord Cromer. "We turn out of our colleges number of youths highly but somewhat superficially educated, not nearly all of whom are able to find any employment... if you supply educated talent which will exceed the demand, the surplus is likely to turn sour. If it is enclosed in India, happily what was wanted, he urged, was more technical and professional education. In all this there is doubtless a great deal of truth. Indeed as much and more was said in an article recently published in these columns. But there is this to be added—and to us, if not to their lordships, it seems the most vital condition of reform—that Indian education should be in the hands of Indian educationalists, and that the part played by Europeans in this department should be an entirely subordinate one.

We refrained from commenting last week upon the exclusion of three well-known Members of Parliament from the King's garden party because at the time of writing the facts were not quite clear. It is now understood, however, that the exclusions were intentional and apparently in conformity with his Majesty's express direction. This is the first big mistake that King Edward VII. has made not only since his accession, but in the course of his long and semi-public career as Prince of Wales. His reputation for tact has fallen to the ground with the less resounding recumbent. It was inevitable. We say deliberately and as Socialists that to all intents and purposes there is no such thing at present as a republican movement in this country. The issue is dead, and we do not want to see it revived. But at the same time we are convinced that if ever the Sovereign were to attempt to interfere with the freedom or absolute paramountcy of the House of Commons there would be an overwhelming flood of republican reaction within a week. And that flood would not be confined to the extreme radical wing and the Socialists, but would permeate all parties. We have too long been used to regard the Monarch as a mere figurehead to tolerate for a moment his attempting to become anything else. Of course, this incident is not much in itself, but it hints at disquieting possibilities perhaps at future presumptions upon a thoroughly well-deserved personal popularity.

We understand that one of the three members concerned, Mr. Keir Hardie, has inquired of the Lord Chamberlain the reason why he did not receive an invitation; and that unless the answer is satisfactory, he intends to resign and offer himself to his constituents for re-election on the straight issue of King v. People's Representatives. We further understand that in this event the whole of the Labour Party will go down to Merthyr Tydawl to support him.

We offer both Mr. Keir Hardie and the Labour Party our heartiest congratulations on their decision to take this straightforward public action. It is of the greatest importance that the royal snub—for it is no less—should not be accepted and passed off as silence. We have no doubt that great pressure will be brought to bear upon Mr. Keir Hardie privately to abandon his proposed course, but we have as little doubt that he will show himself able to withstand it. He has ever been a stalwart of the stalwarts. As for the Labour Party, they will have an excellent opportunity of retrieving their initial mistake. The fact that they attended the garden party in force, leaving their leader and comrade behind, would be unforgivable if one could not attribute it to a misapprehension of the circumstances of his exclusion. They will now have a splendid opportunity of vindicating at the same time their loyalty to him and to those traditions of freedom from royal interference upon which our House of Commons and our constitution are based.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the annual meeting of the Society of Comparative Legislation contained a personal confession of faith which would be more interesting if his divorce from active political life were less complete. After referring to the enormous number of laws which are added to statute-books every year in all parts of the world, and which is the business of this particular Society to collate, he professed himself sceptical as to the value of 99 per cent. of such laws. He believed that State to be most fortunate which achieved its development by the character and individual efforts of its citizens, unsupported by legislation. We seem to have heard this view put forward somewhere before, and it is one to which there is no final theoretical reply. One can only say that Anarchy having failed, the vast majority of people in this and other countries are determined to try Law. We find that under the beneficent system of free competition there exist millions of half-nourished persons living in insanitary conditions. It means to experiment with Public Health Acts and Housing Acts and Old Age Pensions and a Legal Minimum Wage and such like legislative expedients. These are but present-day tendencies, and if Lord Rosebery or anybody else does not like them, he had best keep out of their way. It is of no use his complaining that he is going to be deprived of his freedom to live in a slum because that is a freedom which, as we know, he has never chosen to enjoy. That is really all there is to be said about it.

On one subject only did Lord Rosebery seem to approve of modern tendencies, and that was in the development of Eugenics. In his paper, in the same number of the "Times" in which his speech was reported there was published an account of an experiment in Paris which perhaps he would join with us in welcoming. The following extract gives the facts:

STATE-AID FOR INSIGNIENT MOTHERS.

The Minister of Public Works, M. Barthou, assisted by the Director of the Poor Relief Fund, M. Mesureur, inaugurated at Versailles a pavilion in which abandoned mothers are to be offered, with their babies, a school of housekeeping attached to this institution.

The adoption of a plan like this in London would undoubtedly be most satisfactory from the Eugenic point of view, but, on the other hand, we fear it might involve fresh legislation. What is to be done?

[Next Week.—Dr. T. Miller Maguire will continue his articles on "Army Organisation"; C. H. Norman on "The Injustice of Votes for Women"; Dr. Oscar Levy on "Morley and Machiavelli." ]
Plain Facts regarding the Indian Press Law.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI recounts in his "Curiosities of Literature," on the authority of Renier, that whenever the Great Mogul made an observation the principal Omrah at his Court were expected to hold up their hands and cry out "Wonder! wonder! wonder!" The Great Mogul no longer rules at Delhi, but Lord Morley rules at the India Office.

To those who are acquainted with the under-currents of the situation in India, Lord Morley's alternations of panic and repentance are gravely disquieting. It is all very well to repudiate the Curzonian doctrine of "martial law and no damned nonsense"; but there is also such a thing as the "dammed nonsense" without the martial law.

Take, for instance, the Press Law which was dumped upon the Indian statute-book after a few hours' "discussion" at Simla on June 8. Lord Morley finds this Act wholly admirable, and peers and pressmen have echoed his panegyric. We have even been asked to believe that public feeling in India welcomes this latest incursion into the by-ways of repression. To credit this may be comforting, but the "better mind" of India is not to be captured, after the manner of Jericho, by walking round the problem and blowing the bureaucratic trumpet. When the Act came up for "consideration" at Simla there were present in the Council Chamber the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, the six members of the Supreme Executive Council, and three, and only three, representatives of Indian opinion. Each one of these three Indian Councillors commented adversely upon the dangerous vagueness of the language employed in the Act, upon the wide and equally dangerous powers which it conferred upon executive officers, and upon the hole-and-corner fashion in which it was being rushed through. The Tikka Sahib of Nabha, who is the nominated member for the Punjab, protested that he found it extremely difficult to discuss the Bill at all, as the text had been put into his hands only on the day previous; and he proceeded to give it as his view in very decided terms that if the professed emergency existed in reality, the proper course was to promulgate an Executive Ordinance, to have effect for a limited time.

What answer has Lord Morley to make to this charge? It is not brought by a "seditionmonger" or a "pestilent lawyer" or a "Congress-wallah," but by the son and heir of a great Sikh prince and feudatory who prosecuted an individual in person for committing an offence under the Explosive Substances Act or to any act of violence." The order is to be made absolute "if the magistrate is satisfied" that the newspaper has offended, but as he was already of that "opinion" at the outset, the subsequent proceedings will interest him no more.

The story is told, it is true, of a magistrate in India who prosecuted an individual in person for committing a nuisance, heard the case, and recorded his own evidence, and the conviction was confirmed by the Court of Criminal Appeal on a mere technicality. And it may be freely admitted that all things are possible in a country where magistrates and judges are removable officials and members of one closely-welded hierarchy. But all exhibitions of "Wonderland Justice" are thoughtfully provided for by another section which expressly states that no order of forfeiture "duly made" by a magistrate shall be called in question in any court. The appeal to the High Court is thus ingeniously adumbrated; and a further provision renders it altogether nugatory. For it is expressly stated that no newspaper can be forfeited on the mere grounds that it is "of violence." The order is to be made absolute in cases of emergency, of which apparently the magistrate is made the sole arbiter, a printing press may be attached out of hand and without either opportunity of defence or explanation or appeal to higher authority. In face of this provision, whose place in any newspaper completely at the mercy of a magistrate, it is idle to talk, as Lord Morley did at the Indian Civil Service dinner, of this Act as meddlesome with no criticism, however strong, of Government measures.

The one thing the bureaucrat dislikes is criticism. It prevents him from governing the country as he likes, and so the gagging of the Press becomes the inevitable corollary to the Act which restricted the freedom of public meeting last year. That there is a mere handful of Indian prints that preach anarchism and assassination no one denies. But the weapon provided by the ordinary law of "sedition" has not been proved to be powerless, and in fact it is still being employed, in spite of the new Act. Nor will the irritant be removed by a counter-irritant. The basic-fame will never be quenched so long as Anglo-Indian journals are allowed with impunity to advocate the shooting of "strange natives" at sight, to demand the public flogging of the members of the Indian National Congress, to vilify the rulers of India as a "coward," and to denounce him as unfit to exercise even the smallest privilege of self-government. There may be a mote in the eye of the Indian; but in whose is the beam?

H. E. A. COTTON.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

ISADORA DUNCAN

LAST FOUR SPECIAL PERFORMANCES

To-night, Wednesday; to-morrow, Thursday; Friday, and Saturday, at 8.30 prompt.

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

ISADORA DUNCAN

Accompanied with 20 Parisian Dancers in the Dances and Choruses from

IPHIGENIE IN AULIDE, by Christopher Gluck.
Shall we Revive the Rack?

When our age is engaged in its favourite occupation of thanking God that it is not as other ages were, there is no subject upon which it so loves to dwell as on the abolition of judicial torture. At first sight this appears an ordinary piece of modern optimistic humbug. Torture, as a matter of fact, has never been abolished; torture is still a recognised part of the criminal law. Flogging, for instance, is torture pure and simple. Even the privations, the restrictions, the labours of penal servitude differ from what is ordinarily called torture only in degree. If, then, we say that torture does not exist in our age we are saying something which is simply untrue.

Nevertheless, a closer scrutiny will show, I think, that there is a real distinction between torture as now inflicted in our prisons and torture as it was inflicted under the Tudors, as it is still inflicted under the Government of King Edward's host of yesterday, the Tsar of Russia. How otherwise shall we account for the hatred which our forefathers felt for judicial torture, a hatred so strong that even the strongest and popular Government of Elizabeth dared not practise it openly, and, when secrecy became impossible, was obliged to put forward an almost abject apology for its use? Our forefathers were used to very brutal punishments. Why did they shrink with such horror from the rack?

I think the answer to that question will be found in one fact. A man condemned to be flogged may suffer extreme agony, but the extent of that agony is strictly delimited; he is to receive so many lashes and no more. But the rack was applied for a specific time, but until something happened to the prisoner's psyche until he recanted his errors or disclosed the secrets of some conspiracy. In other words, men hated the rack because it was the extreme example of the Indeterminate Sentence.

And now, during this year 1908, we are asked by the Government and by a considerable section of enlightened public opinion, in the name of science, in the name of humanity, to make an important change in our criminal law. And the change proposed is this: That on his fourth offence a man may be sent to prison and kept there, not for so many days, weeks, or years, but until the prison officials are satisfied as to the state of his soul. I think it is said that Science and Humanity demand that we shall revive the Rack.

There are two things primarily to be said about this remarkable proposal. The first is that it rests on the assumption that prison life is elevating to the character. I have always thought that, just as all our temperance reform is vitiated by the fact that it is regarded as the province of people who never drink, so criminal law reform suffers much from the fact that its propagandists are not criminals. This idea of the beneficent effect of imprisonment is a typical case. When a member of the intellectual class did go to prison as a criminal he returned a very different person.

The vilest deeds like poison weeds Bloom well in prison air; It is only what is good in Man That wastes and withers there; Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate And the Warder is Despair.

I know, of course, that the answer is that prisons under the new system are to be exquisite places—a cross between a P.S.A. and an artistic "At Home." This reminds me of Lord Burghley's apology, to which I have already alluded, and of his assurance that the rack has been used "as charitably as such a thing can be." We know that Burghley, but not louder than the rack will one day laugh at our illusion that prison will ever be anything but the "separate hell" that Oscar Wilde described.

The other fact to be noted concerning the argument for the Indeterminate Sentence is the reliance placed on the psychological insight of the prison officials. This is the more extraordinary when we consider in what quarters the new policy has found favour. Mr. John M. Robertson has spent an honourable life in fighting for what he calls "Free Thought." Nothing will induce him to allow to a priest the shadow of authority over the souls of men. But to men the prison warders, the coarse oppressors of the poor and the unfortunate he is willing to allow all the power of the Keys of St. Peter. Nay, he is willing to show them how to apply the new policy to political offenders. At the end of the year the governor approaches him. "Are you still a Socialist?" "Yes." "Then I fear you are not cured." I am no Anarchist. I recognise that society must protect itself against lawless individuals; and the only way of doing so that I can see is to attach pains and penalties to lawlessness. Thus far we have a right to stop the police sent to prison during the King's pleasure. At the end of the year the governor approaches him. "Are you still a Socialist?" "Yes." Then I fear you are not cured."

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Cecil Chesterton.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

XI.

The most lucid and painstaking writer on scientific methods in this country has explained in some lately republished dramatic criticisms, that the way to know good pictures is to look at them, and the road to the understanding is to listen to it. He has, moreover, insisted that science must have a root-plan grounded upon simple observation; this root-plan, I suppose, Mr. Shaw developed in his lecture on "Darwinism," which presence of mind in a distant land prevented my hearing. Yet I found among many others in the same way it would not be unreasonable were Mr. Shaw to publish that lecture. In the meantime we must be content with such scattered hints as occur incidentally in his writings. There is one position upon which he is very insistent that "need makes everything;" it is the sense of need which primarily gives rise to every change, every variation. The want is felt, the organism is discontented, disconsolate until its desire is gratified. The woodpecker, to take an instance, grew its long, strong, flexible tongue because it wanted an organ to thrust into the trees where it hunts the bark beetles upon which it loves to feed. That is the view adopted by Walter so long ago as 1717 in his "Description of that Curious Natural Machine, the Woodpecker"; however, that ingenious naturalist gave the first hint that grew into Samuel Butler's speculation "whether the being alive was not simply the being an exceedingly complicated machine, whose parts were set in motion by the action upon them of external circumstances." This theory is that you want a thing and then try to get it is coming more and more to be that maintained by philosophical biologists—those outside the schools; the academical scientists still holding that having by a fortuitous circumstance gained a new organ you proceed to make use of it. Thus the woodpecker, to use my example, having accidently varied towards a sinuous, long, wiry-muscular tongue, hit upon the design of inserting it into the holes of trees, and finding what was to be pulled out, did it again and again, like the little boy in the story.

The full exposition of the view that needs determine variations, that function precedes structure, we owe to Jean Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet, Chevalier de Lamarck, who, in the introduction to his "Invertebrata" wrote thus about animals: "Ils ressentent des besoins et chaque besoin ressenti, ému- vant leur sentiment intérieur, fait aussiffir diriger les forces vives vers le point en qui point peut satisfaire un besoin épuisé. Or, s'il existe en ce point un organe propre action il est bien sûr excité à agir; et s'il l'organe n'existe pas, et que le besoin res- senti soit pressant et soutenu, peut-être l'organe se produit, et se développe à raison de la continuité et de l'énergie de son emploi." The latest information be- token that such changes are not brought about little by little, but are frequently vehement. That apart, Lamarckism stands to-day in splendid isolation as the only explanation of the Theory of descent, or evolution, as we call it. Natural selection, mutations, Mendel- ism are descriptions of the various ways in which changes occur, and doubtless they are all partial truths. Again and again it has been said that Lamarckism is an exploded fallacy, but it ever pops up serenely from below. It now boasts a German journal all to itself, "The Journal for the Evolution of the Evolution Theory."

As a philosopher Lamarckism thus stands unirrevocably, and everybody can understand it nowadays who can afford as. 6d. for Samuel Butler's "Life and Habit" in the new cheap edition, or his "Evolution Old and New. How stands it for sober persons like ourselves who manage to get through most days in the week without much scheme of life? The question is of some interest, because if Lamarckism is unsound, if the effects of use and disuse are in no wise transmitted to the offspring, then those who, like Ray Lankester, insist that the doctrine is all moonshine are wasting their time just as pleasantly as ourselves who assert that the doctrine is as clear as African moonlight. A concrete instance will bear close consideration. A woman who has from birth suffered from underfeeding bears a child, is the new creature likely to be less robust than if the mother has been a well-fed body? Weissmann says that it will make no difference to the child; the mother's germ-plasm is unalterable by any bodily changes during her life-time. The imperious person interested in these questions appealing to the common experience of mankind is convinced that the child will be affected in some way or other. The conflict has waged for the last fifty years with undiminished vigour in scientific circles without either side seeming a whit the worse. And now all that moderate persons like myself require is conceded by the foremost advocates of Weissmann in this country. You will, of course, not expect them to admit they have given in one jot, and if it is any salve to wounded feelings, we will none of us pretend that ours is the victory.

Professor Thomson, the translator of Weissmann, says there has been a misunderstanding; a "failure to distinguish between the possible importance of a particular modification and the possible inheritance of indirect results of that modification, or of changes con- relative with it." Thus the son of a blacksmith may be born with any tendency to a powerful triceps muscle, but he will have a vigorous general constitution. "It is not unlikely," says Professor Thomson, "that some profound parental modification may influ- ence the general constitution, may even affect the germ- cells, and may thus have results in the offspring." As a matter of observation, we know it is the case; many diseases which affect the mother affect the child; this is only a medical commonplace, and has nothing to do with heredity in the strict sense. But if the toxins arising from disease affect the offspring, why not other chemical products? If chemical bodies, why not mental influences? Does anyone now believe that mind does not affect mind and body? Surely in two such closely related organisms as mother and child we should expect such a rapport to exist? It is not necessary to credit all the stories of maternal impressions that one hears. any more than to discredit them all. Some have been related to me that seem as genuine pieces of observation as one can hope to obtain. Now, to remember that maternal influences can affect the germ-cells, it is equally evident that in the case of the male, the semen-cells will be likewise modified by many conditions.

With this handsomely concession in our favour, we can afford to surrender the case obtained by experiments like Brown-Séquard's; indeed, we want no repetition of such experiments. We shall not care if the exact modification in the parent is not reproduced in the child so long as it is admitted that some change is brought about. This granted, we observe that education is not the vain thing the heredity-scarers would have us believe. By a proper physical and mental development we affect not only the individual, but the genera- tions that shall spring from him. Professor Thomson, however, that education begins from away back, long before birth; that every act of the individual' is not affect mind and body? Surely in two such closely related organisms as mother and child we should expect such a rapport to exist? It is not necessary to credit all the stories of maternal impressions that one hears. any more than to discredit them all. Some have been related to me that seem as genuine pieces of observa- tion as one can hope to obtain. Now, to remember that maternal influences can affect the germ-cells, it is equally evident that in the case of the male, the semen-cells will be likewise modified by many conditions.

We must however grant that unless the lesson is thoroughly well learned it will be soon forgotten, and that if it be well learned it will become a constant pos- session. If several generations of a family are per- sistently starved and neglected, the final offspring will be unable to respond, or very feebly, when placed under wholesome conditions.
The Real Equality of the Sexes.

In the actual struggle for the franchise now going on, I am but little interested. It is certainly a great movement and a just one, but the franchise, to men, has proved but a broken reed, as far as social freedom is concerned, and there is no apparent reason why it should prove more potent in the hands of women.

My real sympathy is with their social and economic freedom. Almost every institution, economic, social, political, and religious (especially religious) is designed, or has become without designing, a means to keep women dependent upon men.

No man can add anything to what they have said, either in the peculiar realm of human nature or in the world unfinished for us to correct its shortcomings. Before whom we all truckle, but whom we heartily despise in our hearts, are the real objects of our scorn. The working classes, both parties drag themselves on their bellies before the man. A soldier is said to be narrow, a tradesman a deceiver, a doctor a fee-hunter, and "to lie at an election can at once understand.

We know that Englishmen are free and equal before the law, yet no country exists where there is greater care by the most incompetent of the female agitators always forget (just as men do) that to free one sex and leave the other slaves is quite impossible.

In the old days in Carolina the negro and the master both were slaves. The Christian religion has been too readily assumed to have been the only faith which has raised women in the social scale. Only repeat that which is false long enough, loud enough, and with a conscientious air, and people will believe you, although they know it is untrue.

The franchise may do some little good, if only at election time. Woman's emancipation is first an economic and then a sexual and religious matter after all. Once after all the laws which set up property above mere human beings and women will be free, and man also, for women agitators always forget (just as men do) that to free one sex and leave the other slaves is quite impossible.

The Real Equality of the Sexes.

JULY 11, 1908

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
Our Army Organisation.
A Contemplible Anarchism.

By T. Miller Maguire.

1. The history of the British Army since the ignominious war in South Africa (1899-1902), and in spite of all the lessons which that war was supposed to teach, is a striking proof of the abject incapacity and extravagant inefficiency and unscrupulous trickery of the political charlatans who secure place and power in England by the basest arts of faction and by the lowest manoeuvres of plutocracy and snobbery. The readers of The New Age are not inclined to form a very high estimate of the knowledge and efficiency and foresight and self-sacrifice of Railway Directors, hence they can appreciate what a brainless incubus the Party and Society-managed War Office must be from a comparison between the results of the War Office expenditure and of Railway expenditure of the same sums of money.

**PEACE ESTABLISHMENT AT HOME (1903-1904).**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Estimates</th>
<th>£37,619,489</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But General Sir A. Turner proved that the cost was really</td>
<td>£49,430,488</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**WHAT WE RECEIVED FOR THIS EXPENDITURE.**

For this sum we were provided with the most inefficient military machine conceivable, without guns and discontented to a degree. Officers and men complained that their careers were being wasted; not 60,000 men were fit to take the field, and the armament and equipment were in no respect equal to that of any second-rate force.

Not one man from general to lance-corporal had the least confidence in his political employers. The personnel of the Regular Army, Home and Colonial, was 197,380. Of these a large percentage were so immature as to be unfit for peace manoeuvres in Essex, and 12 per cent. were imprisoned or had deserted. We had not 100 guns fit for service; many of our batteries were supplied with guns which were quite useless, and had been through the South African War. We had not enough wagons fit to take the field for the requirements of two Army Corps.

Our Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers did not cost us £4,000,000 per annum—in other words, were mere procrastination. Manifestly, therefore, the management of the War Office must have been no better, as it could neither provide nor supply three Army Corps for any military object whatever. The organisation and maintenance day and night of our elaborate railway system is a far more complicated and difficult, as well as dangerous, business than the organisation and management of any army in time of peace, but there is no room for ability, energy, skill, knowledge, foresight, or invention under the mere political machinery called the civil side of the War Office. The War Office is largely an adjunct of fashionable Society and business, and is often influenced by ignorant and self-seeking snobs. The results of OFFICIALDOM, therefore, are trilling as compared with that of the administration of the railways, and yet there can be no doubt that the best brain power of the nation would be at the disposal of the Army administration if the red tape Mandarin type of politician and the nominees of Cabinet Ministers and Society folk and snobs were superseded by ambitious, hard-working men with energy of character and strenuous industry. But a man of originality and perseverance ready to work night and day for pay or patriotism, or both, would be ostracised in Government offices.

The Army Council.

In the spring of 1904, after perfectly astounding treachery to many of the ablest officers in our Service, which I will discuss again—the Army Council took control of our Military system, and since 1906 Mr. Haldane has been Chief of the Army Council. The result is "confusion worse confounded. Ignorance and Folly, Tyranny and Ineptitude, Intrigue and Discontent reign. Government offices are bleeding at every pore in order that Party and Society may retain our soldiery in the leading strings of Anarchism. Liberalism under Asquith and Haldane and their subordinates supports a worse type of bureaucracy than ever.

I have no space to quote the charges made against this Star Chamber by officers in military journals, but their violence and shocking character, especially when deliberately made by "officers and gentlemen" to military readers, are beyond belief. I can supply letters about one branch alone of this egregious Council—to wit, the "Department of the Adjutant-General of the Forces"—which are ten times more severe, and justly scathing, than the "Letters of Junius."

But I happen to know the facts about the present military situation at first hand. I have consulted scores of able soldiers in the past three months, and I have visited corps after corps and discussed Haldane's proposals with officers of all ranks and branches of the Service, as well as with non-commissioned officers. I never heard any justification of Haldane's scheme from any person except a few who approved of it as a basis for an ultimate system of compulsory service. Some members of the National Service League give it sincere support on this ground, otherwise even these declare that the whole scheme is a farce and a fraud of the worst type.

**METAPHYSICAL STRATEGY.**

We are all wearied with excuses and explanations and platitudes and deprecations of criticism which the War Office has published. Mr. Haldane's yearnings for consideration and for more men, and his statement that dates are not material, and that he never intended to attach any importance to the ranks of his "men in buckram" being filled up to 300,000 by June 30 are all special pleadings quite unworthy of even the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Haldane, by his multiplicity of harangues, has argued himself into truculent self-complacency which the sluggish response to his impassioned rhetoric has very quickly changed into regret apologetics and dialectical hoodwinking. The statements as to the alleged success of the Scheme up
to date (circulated by the War Office in the "Daily Mail" and "Daily Chronicle," June 23 and 24) are simply suggestive falsi and suppressio veri from beginning to end, and these cobwebs were brushed away by Lord Roberts most effectively on the evening of June 24th. The Field-Marshal challenged contradiction violently to the claim that Haldane's scheme could not secure for us any military force worthy of the name. Every careful student of military matters outside Whitchurch acumen and party chicanery is prepared to continue the controversy which Officialdom would fain end.

Haldane's Tomfoolery.

I denounced Mr. Haldane's scheme as mere tomfoolery in 1906, and again a year ago. It is now an ignominious failure and he has been trilling with the nation by his preposterous sophistry for all that time. He has been spending about £290,000 a year on a mere metaphysical army—"a thing of shreds and patches"—which could not influence international policy in the least if serious war broke out in any part of the world to-morrow. The futility of our military policy is a matter of anxiety to our Allies, and of contempt to all other nations. I do not go into further details now, partly for lack of space, and partly because the whole truth, in spite of all subterfuges and attempts to muzzle public opinion by an unscrupulous bureaucracy will probably be known to all men in a fortnight.

The scheme has abolished the Militia, and has abolished the Volunteers, and even if it gets sufficient numbers after a year's grace it will be the same thing with a new name as the abolished Volunteers. The alterations and permutations of its conditions of service day by day whittle down all pretences of superior efficiency. Indifference to camps, "broken periods," "reason- able excuses," and other "casings off" make it less valuable from this point of view than the institutions which it supersedes. The more it changes the more it becomes the same kind of product, only of a lower standard. If, after, every variety of compromise, subterfuge, cajolery, and undue influence and social pressure on the numbers come in at last, the nation will only, at an enormous cost of temper and inconvenience and money have the very same type of Army as before under a new name, and the Army of 1908 will be far less effective for any purpose than the Army of 1903.

The only results at present of all the Army Council's servility and of Mr. Haldane's speeches is that our Military strength, regular and Auxiliary, has been diminished by about 150,000 to 200,000 men in two years!

MORIBUND HALDANEISM.

There is no use in further trifling in this matter. Haldaneism is moribund, and it behoves all patriots to devote themselves seriously to the study of how best to replace his preposterous devices after June 30. If we go on vacillating and marking time, and, allowing our soldiers and our finances to be the sport of base partisans and worthless Society folk, we will risk, not only the permanence of our Empire, but also the prosperity of the United Kingdom.

The Cult of Ignorance and of Games.

Among the leading causes of the decadence of our Army are Ignorance and Stupidity and Snobbery—which are so deliberately fostered by the Army Council that they have become integral parts of its organisation. The widespread diffusion of Knowledge and Zeal among military men would be fatal to the continuance or the influence of that "Society" whose contemptible existence is regularly portrayed in the "Daily Chronicle," and which is thoroughly despised by every soldier worth his salt. Fashionable folk regard the Army as one of their many playthings. Plutocrats like commissions, but do not like study. The Army Council panders to the richer public school system, and the rich and revered heads of those schools pander to the degenerate sybarites of Society. I propose to describe the kind of dangerous anachronism which is called Military Education in another article.

Neave's Food

Easily assimilated by the most delicate. Contains all the essentials for flesh and bone-forming in an exceptional degree. Quickly and Easily Prepared.
sure, there are disquieting symptoms—not the least being Mr. Keir Hardie's sad climb-down from the position he took up at Huddersfield that a Socialist candidate would be endorsed by the N.A.C. I am (I admit it) intensely curious to know the nature of the pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Keir Hardie to retract his Huddersfield pronouncement, the exact terms of which were expressly admitted in a correspondence with me, which was reproduced in these columns. Another unhappy feature is the marked indisposition of the official elements in the I.L.P. to fight forlorn hopes.

The plain Socialist now finds himself in one quandary after another. He is told to wait until the I.L.P. dominates the Labour Party; he is asked to wait until ideas, rather than immediate issues, dominate the I.L.P.; he is constantly asked to honour drafts upon both his patience and his credulity. Some of us have actually become grey-haired waiting for these changes.

There are certain rules the Socialist disregards at his peril. I quote one or two:—

(i.) A convinced Socialist fights only for Socialism.
(ii.) The idea is greater than the organisation.
(iii.) In the revolutionary's handbook there is no such word as "wait."
(iv.) Efficient legislation is the child of effective outside pressure.

Actuated by rules such as these, what is the Socialist to do, the situation being as it is? Before considering any possible new formation of forces, how does the Socialist stand in relation to existing organisations? I believe it to be a duty to press strongly for the insertion of the Socialist formula in the Constitution of the Labour Party. I am told that this would disintegrate it. Suppose it to be so. Then am I to be told that a political combination that will fall to pieces if the issue were expressed home. But would not the fighting remnant be infinitely stronger as a fighting force? I have not the slightest doubt of it. When I see old Socialist comrades in Parliament busy excusing their inaction because they cannot offend the "weaker brethren" and that a political combination that will fall to pieces if its unpopularity. It has kept alive the international note, and, so far as I know, has never temporised with the fundamentals of Socialism. As a revolutionary growing defects are to be expected, and it is the duty of the fighting remnant to welcome the co-operation of the S.D.P. on all occasions, and I trust that in future closer co-operation will be possible. In many towns it is difficult to distinguish between the rank and file of the I.L.P. and S.D.P. There are one or two leaderless band of Socialists, to whom these sections appear to be not many removed from rank disloyalty to the Socialist ideal. These new converts have been inculcated with ideas of social and economic unity. They naturally ask with surprise, "How can you unify the world if you are yourselves so disunited?" And who can answer the question without casting reflections upon our own unity? There is a notion abroad that some of us believe in middle-class Socialism. There is a vital difference between Socialism for the middle-classes and middle-class Socialism. This latter is a hybrid monster, having neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. But the middle-class proletarian, the wage-earner who is paid in the form of salary, who always has, as a respectable member of society, voted Liberal or Tory, cannot be brought into the Socialist fold, or our hopes must be indefinitely postponed. As a matter of fact, this type of man is greedily absorbing Socialism, slaking that intellectual thirst which neither the old political ideas nor the churches can now satisfy. He sees the all-pervading influence of economic conditions, and he questions without casting reflections upon our own unity? There is a notion abroad that some of us believe in middle-class Socialism. There is a vital difference between Socialism for the middle-classes and middle-class Socialism. This latter is a hybrid monster, having neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. But the middle-class proletarian, the wage-earner who is paid in the form of salary, who always has, as a respectable member of society, voted Liberal or Tory, cannot be brought into the Socialist fold, or our hopes must be indefinitely postponed. As a matter of fact, this type of man is greedily absorbing Socialism, slaking that intellectual thirst which neither the old political ideas nor the churches can now satisfy. He sees the all-pervading influence of economic conditions, and he knows that capitalism has him as securely under the narrow as the ordinary wage-earner. Now, my strong conviction is that to bring this man into line with us, nothing less than a great Socialist Party will do. It must be based on Catholic lines, but such a party must be wide and intense enough to draw out the enthusiastic, devotion, and sacrifices of its members. It is odd, but true, that the revolutionary sense is keenly developed in the middle and upper classes. The historic reasons for this are, of course, not far to seek. Therefore, I strongly urge all good Socialists to keep steadily in view the ultimate necessity of constituting a Socialist Party which shall rank in this country both for numbers and influence as great as that of Germany. The good work done by "The Clarion" in this direction merits a word of praise, and I am not sure if the organisation of the Clarion Scouts, if consciously directed towards the realisation of a Socialist Party, is not at the present moment the most effective line of advance. At all events, there is no reason why small Socialist vigilance committees should not be formed in practically every town in the kingdom, inspired with the purpose of evolving out of present forms that enduring Socialist Party which is the one instrument which will not break in our hands. Its component parts will all be definitely committed to Socialism. Its members will be prepared for a new crusade upon a far broader basis than has been the case hitherto. To contend with the political forces now before us, we need the upbuilding of a party that shall comprehend the fighting Socialist elements in all grades of the community.

Budget is quite the best thing he has done. But it ought to be followed up by energetic Parliamentary action.

One word about the S.D.P. It is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at our friends of the S.D.P. I do not feel like that. During its life, whatever mistakes it has made is method, it has proved to be substantially right in its instincts. Long before the feeding of school children had become a popular war cry, the S.D.P. had been advocating it in season and out of season. It fought for the eight hours day through its unpopularity. It has kept alive the international note, and, so far as I know, has never temporised with the fundamentals of Socialism. As a revolutionary growing defects are to be expected, and it is the duty of the fighting remnant to welcome the co-operation of the S.D.P. on all occasions, and I trust that in future closer co-operation will be possible. In many towns it is difficult to distinguish between the rank and file of the I.L.P. and S.D.P. There are one or two leaderless band of Socialists, to whom these sections appear to be not many removed from rank disloyalty to the Socialist ideal. These new converts have been inculcated with ideas of social and economic unity. They naturally ask with surprise, "How can you unify the world if you are yourselves so disunited?" And who can answer the question without casting reflections upon our own unity? There is a notion abroad that some of us believe in middle-class Socialism. There is a vital difference between Socialism for the middle-classes and middle-class Socialism. This latter is a hybrid monster, having neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. But the middle-class proletarian, the wage-earner who is paid in the form of salary, who always has, as a respectable member of society, voted Liberal or Tory, cannot be brought into the Socialist fold, or our hopes must be indefinitely postponed. As a matter of fact, this type of man is greedily absorbing Socialism, slaking that intellectual thirst which neither the old political ideas nor the churches can now satisfy. He sees the all-pervading influence of economic conditions, and he knows that capitalism has him as securely under the narrow as the ordinary wage-earner. Now, my strong conviction is that to bring this man into line with us, nothing less than a great Socialist Party will do. It must be based on Catholic lines, but such a party must be wide and intense enough to draw out the enthusiastic, devotion, and sacrifices of its members. It is odd, but true, that the revolutionary sense is keenly developed in the middle and upper classes. The historic reasons for this are, of course, not far to seek. Therefore, I strongly urge all good Socialists to keep steadily in view the ultimate necessity of constituting a Socialist Party which shall rank in this country both for numbers and influence as great as that of Germany. The good work done by "The Clarion" in this direction merits a word of praise, and I am not sure if the organisation of the Clarion Scouts, if consciously directed towards the realisation of a Socialist Party, is not at the present moment the most effective line of advance. At all events, there is no reason why small Socialist vigilance committees should not be formed in practically every town in the kingdom, inspired with the purpose of evolving out of present forms that enduring Socialist Party which is the one instrument which will not break in our hands. Its component parts will all be definitely committed to Socialism. Its members will be prepared for a new crusade upon a far broader basis than has been the case hitherto. To contend with the political forces now before us, we need the upbuilding of a party that shall comprehend the fighting Socialist elements in all grades of the community.
Unemployables.
By Robert a' Field.

The dawn was to be that of the Blessed Sabbath, and so no roar of market-drays came to replace the bang and thunder of the Manchester street-cars. The house ceased early to shake; that is, early after midnight. Still, there was rain, and the rattle of the window imperatively open in my dusty lodging in All Saints. People passed, stamping or patting along the pavement only a few feet behind me. But finally fell a moment of peace and silence. My eyelids dropped for sleep.

"Lemme alone! I'll smash you!"
The voice was a woman's, tigrish with antagonism.

"Shut up, now! Ye'll ave some un ere!" The man's voice was low and grumbling. He broke down in a fit of coughing.

"Alright. Don't shout."
"I'm goin to set down ere," replied the female.

"You ken set if you like, but don't ave nought to say to me. I'm wore out."

I fancied that they had crossed the road, but, in fact, they were seated on the doorstep next below my landlord's; and they never left there all night. The gale blowing the sound of their voices to and fro deceived my ear.

Lost creatures to be abroad on such a night, who and what could they be? Who bred them, who reared them? How had they escaped citizenship? Why were they loose on the city?

I distinguished despair below the ferocity of the tone. The worn-out creature was merely at bay. I jumped to obedience nervous force is just the most dangerous element in a settled civilisation like ours. It is the men drunkenness, vagabondage, and fraud; the women prostitution, vagabondage, and drunkenness; the men unemployed, vagabondage, and fraud; and both petty theft.

They are not like the ordinary trained thief. They have none of the practised criminal's commonplace desire for ultimate respectability. You could not bribe them, as a "crook" may be bribed, by a little shop, with himself as master. They, as a "crook" may be bribed, by a little shop, with himself as master. Suppose he wants bread, shelter, and liberty to roam. Yet we have not legislation strong enough to provide this for them even for the inestimable boon of their disappearance. For it is with them as with the Australian black. Under the ban of toleration they would decay and die out.

This problem is the despair of experts. Now the scientists are beginning to suggest a solution: Catch your tramp for us and we'll sterilise him, say they. What else can we do with a creature who cares for nothing beyond bare subsistence—and liberty? Well, we might let him dissipate himself. Suppose he wants a little bread and a few bones and a casual ward with-out hard labour; and—uncertain—gin!

Who minds giving him all that, provided he perish!

Who is that gasping and moaning outside? One man and one woman! It sounds like all purgatory. The beam of morning is finishing the demoniac night.

There is a sudden skirmish of voices. The sharp acid one courageously voluble in the light of day, and the hoarse one correspondingly cowed. I heard the tramp moan a little, and as I arose—too late!—to throw her the shilling, she had said this strange thing to the female inside:

"You're more like a man than a woman!"

I leaned out. There was no trace of her. My land-lady was entering with tea as I turned round. Said she, "Mrs. Walker's just been tellin me of the noise—Mrs. Walker's just been tellin me of the noise—by bringin dead cats and leavin em or worse."

I thought of my sleepless night. It seemed to me that they have their revenge for our obstinacy in resisting considerations that may be right. We won't give them what they want, these unemployables. We cannot give them what they do not want. They refuse. The position resulting between them and law is deadlock. But worse than that: it is deadlock in the question of the genuine Unemployed.
The publishing season—the bad publishing season—is now practically over, and publishers may go away for their holidays comforted by the fact that they will not begin to lose money again till the autumn. It now only remains which is the novel of the season. Those interested in the question may expect it to be decided at any moment, either in the "British Weekly" or "The Sphere." I take up these journals with a thrill of anticipation. For my part, I am determined only to decide which is not the novel of the season. There are several novels which are not the novel of the season. Perhaps the chief of them is Mr. E. C. Booth's "The Cliff End," which counts among the reviews of the season. Everything has been done for it that reviewing can do, and it has sold, and it is an ingenious and giggling work, but not the novel of the season.

* * *

The reviews of "The Cliff End," almost unanimously laudatory, show in a bright light our national indifference to composition in art. Many reviewers, while stating that the story itself was a poor one, insisted that Mr. Booth is a born and accomplished story-teller. Story-tellers born and accomplished do not need grinning. (Unhappily Mr. Booth overestimated his stock of grins, which ran out untimely.) The true art of fiction, however, is not chiefly connected with grinning, or with weeping. It consists, first and mainly, in a beautiful general composition. But in Anglo-Saxon countries any writer who can induce both a grin and a tear on the same page, no matter how insolent his contempt for composition, is sure of that immortality which contemporaries can award.

Another novel that is not the novel of the season is Mr. John Ayscough's "Marotz," about which much has been said. I do not wish to labour this point. "Marotz" is not the novel of the season. I trust that I make myself plain. I shall not pronounce upon Mr. Masefield's "Captain Margaret," because, though it has been splashed all over by trowels-ful of slabby and mortation praise, it has real merits. Indeed, it has a chance of being the novel of the season. Mr. Masefield is not yet grown up. He is always trying to write "literature," and that is a great mistake. He should study the wisdom of Paul Verlaine:

"Prends l'éloquence et tords-lui son cou."

Take literature and wring its neck. I suppose that Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's "The Blue Lagoon" is not likely to be selected as the novel of the season. And yet, possibly, it will be the novel of the season after all, for it will not labour this scheme of either. Anyone read "The Blue Lagoon" yet? Some folks have read it, for it is in its sixth edition. But when I say anyone, I mean someone, not mere folks. It might be worth looking into, "The Blue Lagoon." Verbum sap., often to Messrs. Robertson Nicoll and Shorter. In choosing "Confessio Medici" as the book of the season in general literature, Mr. Nicoll has already come a fearful cropper, and he must regret it.

I would give much to prevent him from afflicting the intelligent when the solemn annual moment arrives for him to make the reputation of a novelist.

The "Athenaeum" is my joy. Its reviews of fiction are not so good as those of "Punch," but its humour is superior. In last week's issue it "noticed with deep regret" the death of W. G. Headlam, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. It "noticed" (simply) the death of Mary Elizabeth Hawker (author of "Mademoiselle Ixe"). And it did not "notice" the death of Allen Raine; it was content to impart its knowledge of the fact that in the case of Allen Raine death had occurred. In some respects the "Athenaeum" is exasperating. The writing of it is atrocious. The leading literary journal has the effrontery to print such sentences as:

"A work of this kind may, and perhaps ought to, be judged," etc. On the same page is a reference to Mr. Kipling's "Paget, M.P." But, then, even Sir Charles Dilke cannot, or will not, write grammatically. The most exasperating thing about the "Athenaeum" is that one cannot ascertain both the price and the publisher of a book from any single issue in which the book is mentioned. The weekly list of publications gives prices but omits the names of publishers. This is adverbially silly, besides being discordant with gospel truth.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Recent Verse.*

As I turned over the pages of these Japanese Sword and Blossom Songs my fingers trembled with delight. Surely nothing more tenderly beautiful has been produced of late years than this delicate conspiracy of Japanese artist with Japanese poet! The Blossom Songs, taken from the famous Kokinshu Anthology of A.D. 906, and the Sword Songs of later date, are complete and explained by the exquisite illustrations on each page. It is a pity, however, that the translators did not choose some other measure than the heavy English rhymed quatrain. It is probable that nearly all the spontaneity of the Japanese tanka has thus been lost. The Japanese, we are told, are quick to take an artistic hint; in fact, even the most lowly are all poets (or should we say, were poets?) and would apply them in poetry as in painting, the half-said thing is dearest—"Sword and Blossom Songs"! A word will awaken in them, therefore, a whole warp and weft of associations. Take this haiku, typical of a common form of Japanese poetry:—

* * *

**Note.** "Sword and Blossom Songs," by T. Hasegawa, Tokyo. (Simpkin Marshall. 3s. 6d.); "Songs of the Uplands," by Alice Law. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net); "The Bridge of Fire," by James Flecker. (Elkin Matthews. 1s. net); "A Green Garland," by Victor B. Neuburg. (Probsthain. 1s. 6d. net).
I could have wished that the poems in this book had been translated into little drooping rhythms, undyed; but the translators thought it due to the English Cæ-berus that they should be "done into English verse." The Sword Songs are akin in spirit to the similar songs in the Bard of the Dambouvis.

To the poet who can catch and render, like these Japanese, the brief fragments of his soul's music, the future lies open. He must have the spiritual insight of the Masterlinck of the Trésor des Humbles, and he must write, I think, like these Japanese, in snatches of song. The day of the knightly poem is over; at least, for this troubled age; and Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is a dead man, for whom the preoccupations that have long agitated France and artistic Europe, even, in a small degree, England, do not exist. He has no new thing to add to his "W.T.W." Which is rather a shroud. There was a time when Mr. Gibson could write with a pang little songs of lovelorn queens and forlorn harpers, or sketch three dusty urchins at pitch and toss on the road, or a stonebreaker at his toil. He has given up to scale the household plays with the tang of the earth in them. But since then he has grown ambitious. Perhaps his ambition is due to the bad influence of the Samurai Press, which set out with a banner and a trumpet blast, modest enough, proclaiming in English phrases, the song that will come and go like the wind on the leaf or the bourdon refrain from this that "A Green Garland" is without merit, despite the fact that a quotation from the "Daily Chronicle" at the head of a page might deter one from reading any more in that book. Mr. Neuburg has more intellect than imagination, and the beauty of young men and women, and all this to be feared, alas! that the new humanity will prefer more subtle rhythms and broken cadences, the song that will come and go like the wind on the leaf or the boudoir of a blond bee hovering over a bank of swaying mignonette.

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

A VISIT TO NORWAY
AUGUST 13th to 27th.
Inclusive Costs of Visits need not exceed Ten Guineas
By sea, 70s.; by land, 60s.; by air, 75s.

For full particulars apply to MISS F. M. BUTLIN,
H. Sec., THE INTERNATIONAL VISITS ASSOCIATION, OLD HEADING- TON, OXFORD.
This modest little document is, we would fain hope, the beginning of a real educational system for this country, an education that shall first of all pay real attention to the physical needs, to the five senses of children. The schools that were the subject of investigation by the L.C.C. educational adviser, Dr. Rose, and the Bostall Wood School reported upon by Dr. Kerr, are for the mentally defective and the physically debilitated. But the open-air instruction and limitation of hours of study are even more important for the fairly normal children. The way to prevent the necessity for special schools is to educate all young children in such special schools. The Charlottenburg Forest school has been often described as the type recommended by Dr. Seignobos's open-air school. All over the school area, small sheds are to be found, open on all sides to accommodate from four to six children. "The lowest class receives two change from work to play, reading, singing, and rest, rally speaking, the keynote of the instruction is constant from two and a half to three." The children improved in to the children was easily discernible in their improvement in weight, and all benefited in physique. It is noted that the results would have been better had the children not gone home at night. We notice one point where the comparison with German methods is unfavourable—"the general effect of the open-air school left upon the children was easily discernible in their improved colour and less restrained demeanour. Their movements were brighter and their intellects were keener as a result of their attendance at the school." In ten weeks one of the children increased over 6 lbs. in weight, and all benefited in physique. It is noted that the results would have been better had the children not spent their money freely on the children? In connection with this report we should like to draw the attention of our readers to the large model of an ideal open-air school by Dr. Rose on exhibition till July 16 at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. There is no entrance fee.

History of Ancient Civilisation. By Professor Seignobos. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

A few weeks ago we reviewed the translation of Professor Seignobos's "History of Medieval Civilisation," of which we were not able to speak in very high terms. This volume is rather better. The translation, indeed, is very horrid. A literal version of pellucid history betray, if I may say so, a very modern feeling of the plasticity of the universe, together with a sense of the comparative values which to their asymmetry—gives them a peculiarly plausible character."
to the dogmatic statement of highly controversial points. Here is a specimen: "But these [Homeric] Greeks themselves are half barbarians; they do not know how to write, to coin money, nor the art of working in iron. They hardly dare to trust themselves on the sea, and they imagine that Sicily is peopled with monsters" (p. 105). Only one of these points is unquestionably correct, and the remark about iron is contradicted on page eight of this very volume. The description of the Macedonian phalanx of Alexander's time is quite wrong, and there are a few more blemishes of the same kind. A good chapter on varieties of religious thought would be worth ten times as much as the collection of facts scattered among several chapters. In fact, the book is everything that a textbook should not be.

Cancer. Operation Not the Cure, but a Cause. By John Shaw, M.D. (The Pilot Press. 1s. net.)

The author of this little book is well known for the bold and independent stand he has taken on many questions of a technical kind in medicine. Even if we cannot agree that Dr. Shaw has entirely made out his case, more especially the statement that operation is among the causes of cancer, yet we welcome this challenge to the thoughtlessness and recklessness with which modern surgeons carry out their operations in cases of cancer. We use the word thoughtlessness advisedly; the effect of the operation upon the woman is a consideration which seldom enters the surgeon's head; but the effect of the removal of important organs is in itself very disastrous to the sensitive minds of many women. If a cure were certain, and if there were no fear of any renewal, these considerations might be waived, but in view of the comparative poverty of the results obtained, we also feel disposed to question the whole doctrine of surgical interference in cancer. As for the surgeon's contention that if the patient only comes early enough a cure is assured, we must observe that such a statement is agæiæst against the pathological evidence of the bizarre dissemination of the disease, and, furthermore, this leads to numerous unjustifiable operations. Would it be desirable, in view of the poor results, to submit one person to a useless operation in consequence of rash diagnosis, even if this might occasionally allow early operation where cancer really existed? We think the surgeons guilty of the grossest abuse of their knowledge on the scare they are fomenting among the public about cancer, and in the value they put on operation. Dr. Shaw does largely with statistics, but his method of handling them is no better, if no worse, than that of his opponents. The fact is, nothing of any value is certainly known about cancer to-day, although much is known of indirect pathological interest. What evidence there is suggests that cancer may be found up with the conditions that induce social decay—degeneration, as Dr. Shaw says. Metchnikoff has pointed out in what directions we may expect relief.

Knaves of Fools. By C. E. Wheeler, M.D. (John Hogg.)

Dr. Wheeler is a reasonable homeopath, and as a responsible homoeopath is a being with whom we have real sympathy. We agree with him that the long drawn out contention between the rival schools of medicine is now a mere logomachy, and a dull one at that. We cordially support his contention that the stigma must be removed from the name of homoeopathist, and that the physician should be encouraged to make a trial of the law of Hahnemann in his own practice. Of course, every sane physician does this when occasion arises; he learns that there is no royal road in practice. In some remarks on the subject, with statistics, but his method of handling them is no better, if no worse, than that of his opponents. The fact is, nothing of any value is certainly known about cancer to-day, although much is known of indirect pathological interest. What evidence there is suggests that cancer may be found up with the conditions that induce social decay—degeneration, as Dr. Shaw says. Metchnikoff has pointed out in what directions we may expect relief.

THE GRAPE VINE ON THE TABLE.

The healthiest and most refreshing drink for young and old is pure grape juice, unfermented and unadulterated. Coming direct from the vineyards of Sunny Spain, delighting both abstainers and non-abstainers, it contains explanations of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read Vol. V., p. 57, and the "Discourses," Vol. XII.

ZION'S WORKS.

Mostelle is an ideal NON-ALCOHOLIC beverage.

12/- doz. small bottles Red or White.
18/- doz. large 12 doz. carriage paid.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE and descriptive booklet post free for 1/-.

THE GRAPE JUICE CO., LTD.,
DEPT. D, 7, GREAT TOWER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY CENTRE. - Dean Forest, Severn and Wye Valleys. Spacious House, extensive grounds (altitude 600 ft.). Excellent piano, billiard room, bath, tennis, conversè--

* * *

opinionated than the present race of practitioners; there must be the freest scope for scepticism and for criticism if medical knowledge is ever to make a real advance.

DRAMA.

French Follies and Amateur Irish.

With every desire to be more than fair and impartial towards French plays, there is a certain type of play which only arouses contempt and dislike. It is the French play that deals with sex, for the most part a subject on which French people seem to express themselves very badly.

One of my most vivid impressions is that received some years ago when an American acquaintance, baunched by living in the Parisian student quarter, advised me to read a book called "Aphrodite." When I expressed my opinion of this book my acquaintance retaliated by pressing "le style, le style." And yet there was nothing in this book but a morbid cataloguing of nastiness. I raise no abstract objection to this cataloguing, if you like it. I merely point out that the emotions and interests to which it gives literary form are the emotions and interests of sexually undeveloped persons.

One of the five plays given at the Royalty by M. Severin-Mars' Company represented this tendency developed to its fullest. It was called "Fleur D'Oranger." I have a pamphlet of the "fall from innocence" of Louison and Paul. Louison and Paul capered around the stage in a sickening manner until they finally disappeared into a side room, out of which in a few moments Paul emerges, with clothes disarranged and some white flowers in his hands, and Louison with head downcast and an apple on a branch. Meanwhile a large white flower on the table turns a vivid scarlet.

To the pure all things are pure. I regret that a course of the London Theatres deprives me of this refuge. And there is in fact nothing in "Fleur D'Oranger" but a dramatisation of the emotions of puberty. These emotions have medical and psychological interest and great social importance, but projected into a literature they are dull. And that is what is the matter with so many French plays (and novels, too, for that matter): it is not their preoccupation with sex that matters, but their preoccupation with puberty. All this interest in feminine frocks and frills, as in the French comic papers, and in the interminable details required, is a very conventional love-making conversation. Why it should have been located in Ireland, no one knew; it would have been much simpler somewhere up the River. However, I was quite willing to look on this piece of nonsense as merely preliminary—until the curtain rose on "The Absentee" and a group of happy peasants singing "Cutting the Turf" and some other whimsy. They then broke into the "Pratie Song," finished that, and watched a long heel and toe dance by a polished Cockney-looking gentleman, some "typical" Irish horse-play, and then exit peasants and enter mothers and child-about-to-be-evicted-by-wicked-agent. Song on steps of bridge. Irish peasant child in latest pattern Hampstead shoes. After which there followed a string of all the conceivable conventional Irish situations in rapid succession, including the rescue of Sir Ulick, the absentee landlord who has returned in disguise, from a bog. This incident was unfortunately played "off," which prevented us seeing how Sir Ulick got the blanket which was wrapped round him when he emerged, as certainly none of his rescuers gave it to him. The part savours of Maskeylane and Cook.

I understand that some of the plays of this season were to be given in Welsh, Gaelic, and Erse. The

not very many people upon whom these impressions had an opportunity of being impressed. One other play, "Placide," which came before "Fleur D'Oranger," was tolerable, but of the rest I cannot speak, as at the conclusion of the latter my sense of boredom compelled me, with eight or ten other people, to make for the door.

A worse adventure was in store for me at the Court Theatre, at the performances of Celtic Plays. Is not the combination enough to delude anyone? Naturally one expected something after the style of the Irish Theatre and the delightful season the excellence of whose plays, far outshone my contempt from every comparison. But the curtain rose upon a flower-embowered cottage of Irish romance. And an Irish maiden (is it colleen?) of romance coquetted with a red-haired stalwart son of Erin of romance. And both spoke the language of romance with a dash of not bad brogue whenever they remembered it. The curtain was a good surprise, although not a novelty, it came down when nothing had happened at all, except a short conversation, that is, a very conventional love-making conversation.

Why it should have been located in Ireland, no one knew; it would have been much simpler somewhere else. However, I was quite willing to look on this piece of nonsense as merely preliminary—until the curtain rose on "The Absentee" and a group of happy peasants singing "Cutting the Turf" and some other whimsy. They then broke into the "Pratie Song," finished that, and watched a long heel and toe dance by a polished Cockney-looking gentleman, some "typical" Irish horse-play, and then exit peasants and enter mothers and child-about-to-be-evicted-by-wicked-agent. Song on steps of bridge. Irish peasant child in latest pattern Hampstead shoes. After which there followed a string of all the conceivable conventional Irish situations in rapid succession, including the rescue of Sir Ulick, the absentee landlord who has returned in disguise, from a bog. This incident was unfortunately played "off," which prevented us seeing how Sir Ulick got the blanket which was wrapped round him when he emerged, as certainly none of his rescuers gave it to him. The part savours of Maskeylane and Cook.

I understand that some of the plays of this season were to be given in Welsh, Gaelic, and Erse. The

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

The "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase—novel in idea, admirable in construction, sensitive to style—a Twenty Years' Pattern of Patrician Prosperity. Each section is complete in itself, and may be purchased separately. The sliding glass doors—sliding easily and smoothly on invisible rollers—effect complete protection from dust and damp, and the sections fit with perfect accuracy.

The "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase is alike pre-eminent for Quality Material, Workmanship and Value. Write for "Gunn's Light Bookcase No. 60, for particulars and prices. Post free on request.

Wm. Angus & Co., Ltd., 37, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

COOMBE HILL SCHOOL, WESTER-HAM, KENT.—Boarding and Day. Co-educational. Vegetarian or Meat Diet. No fads. Small Classes. Children of Socialists specially welcomed. Terms Moderate.—Apply, Miss Clare, Principal.

WANTED in September for above School, an EXPERIENCED MISTRESS. Kindergarten essential. Socialist preferred.—Apply, stating salary required, to Principal.

ALSO UNDER-MATRON WANTED. Plain serving. Able to assist in Recreation, etc., of younger children.
course is strongly to be commended; it is quite useless making use of English unless there is something to say. Welsh, Erse, and Gaelic on the stage would at least sound interesting, and might conceal the other marked English characteristics.

**L. HADEN GUEST**

**RECENT MUSIC.**

Mr. RICHARD BULHIG's appreciation of Debussy is not just. At a recent recital he performed nine pieces reflecting various moods of Debussy's imagination, and in all of these his reading was too terribly Teutonic to come at all into line with what we understand as the authentic Debussy. Bulhig articulates this music where he should simply breathe it; he does not understand the nice distinction between being accurate and being authentic; he searches out too diligently the eccentricities and exposes these, unfairly divorced from the beautiful classic form of which they are only details, and charming details. Anthropologically speaking, it may be interesting for a lady to have a good beard, but the provincial showman with the twopenny peeps really thrills our emotional nature more successfully than Mr. Bulhig does in announcing the freaks of Debussy's genius. The performance of "L'Isle Joyeuse" was his culminating misconception. There was laughing and dancing and clapping of hands, but all the people in that island laughed with the white faces of lepers and danced with dead bodies, and there was no day in that island, and a gorgonzola moon threw a pallid light on the dancing figures. And we awoke and found it was only the June sunshine in the Aeolian Hall and the white dresses of the ladies spotted against the green upholstered stalls.

I don't know enough about César Franck's music; its respectable qualities are obvious—form, technique, and other excellences—but I really refuse to recognise him as the precursor of the modern French school, a folks and other condiments, to keep one rosy and healthy.

**POSTUM**

The Delicious Food Drink.

Used in place of tea, cocoa and coffee. POSTUM is made of the grains of the field and is a delightful beverage.

There's a reason for POSTUM. POSTUM is made of the grains of the field and is a delightful beverage.

Name ............................................................................

Address .................................................................

Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., Ranger House, 37 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Sold by Grocers and Stores 1/- per pkt. Costs less than tea or coffee.

**JULY 11, 1908**

**THE NEW AGE**

It makes Red Blood, and plenty of it, to keep one rosy and healthy.

Mr. Thomas Beecham wound up a successful season of modern music with a remarkable concert of doyens, the one really important concert of the last month. The programme included a fantasy by Mr. Balfour Gardner, a cantata ("Byron") by Holbrooke, the "Appalachia" by Frederick Delius, César Franck's music to the 150th Psalm, and Wotan's "Abchied" sung by Mr. Thomas Meux. Mr. Balfour Gardner's work is in many ways quite excellent; it is young, vigorous, healthy, very open-air, and cheerful, with a pretence here and there of a reflectiveness utterly, I am sure, foreign to the composer, the result of too much faith in the Royal Academy and the infallibility of the schools. Mr. Holbrooke's "Byron" was amazing as a revelation of the occasional Mendelssohnian digressions of this anarchist. He who, forsooth, laughs at everything normal and regular, religious and conventional, becoming more black-coated and white-tied than all those he condemns and laughs at. And of course his "Ode" to Byron might as well have been an ode to Dr. Clifford for all the reference it bore to the Byronic outlook.

I have often wondered at Reynaldo Hahn's special pleading for Gounod—the one musician whom everybody is satisfied to dismiss as sentimental, saccharine, banal. The former Mendelssohian digressions of this anarchist. He who, forsooth, laughs at everything normal and regular, religious and conventional, becoming more black-coated and white-tied than all those he condemns and laughs at. And of course his "Ode" to Byron might as well have been an ode to Dr. Clifford for all the reference it bore to the Byronic outlook.

**It makes Red Blood, and plenty of it, to keep one rosy and healthy.**

**POSTUM**

The Delicious Food Drink.

Used in place of tea, cocoa and coffee. POSTUM is made of the grains of the field and is a delightful beverage.

There's a reason for POSTUM. POSTUM is made of the grains of the field and is a delightful beverage.
"Nazareth" with grand organ accompaniment and trombone obligato. But those fortunate people who heard Gounod's setting of Alfred de Musset's "Venise" the other evening for the first time must have been astonished at its superb beauty. Many in the room surely fancied they were listening to another of Hahn's own exquisite songs (for it was a soirée where he was the guest of the evening) so modern was it in feeling and so very jolly. Of course, Mons. Hahn, Chopin re-invented, and one of the most charming singers of the day, was the piano, and this made all the difference. But nevertheless I feel it is to Gounod or, at any rate, the Gounod of this "Venise," that we must look for the fountain-head of modern French music. Not the post-Bellini Gounod of opera fame, but the beardless Gounod who set the lines—

Sur sa mire, nonchalanale,
Veinde lindolente,
Ni compite ni ses jours,
Ni ses amours

with such wonderful grace and accomplished sense of rhythm. Faure's "Claire de lune" fades into the background of common things when one listens to these lines.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE. Correspondents are requested to state their name, address, and the title of the journal from which they write.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

MISS MAUD ALLAN AND "THE NEW AGE."

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We have been consulted by Miss Maud Allan, The Palace Theatre, Ltd., and Mr. Alfred Butt, its Managing Director, in reference to the article contained in your issue of the 27th inst., entitled "The Maud Allan Myth," which has only just been brought to their notice. This attack appears to be prompted by a desire to extol Miss Isadora Duncan at the expense of Miss Maud Allan, and if the article had been merely confined to a consideration of the respective merits of these two ladies our clients would, however much they might disagree with the views expressed by the writer of your article, not have thought it necessary to notice it, but when this is made the vehicle for an attack of such an outrageous character as is contained in this article, not only on the artiste but on the woman, and includes such gross mis-statements of facts our clients are not inclined to let the article pass.

You suggestion that Miss Maud Allan danced the "Salome" dance in the way described in the commencement of your article, before the King of Bavaria at Marienbad is nothing more or less than an outrage. It culminates his Majesty to suppose that he would allow a dance of this sort to be performed by a lady and vilifies Miss Maud Allan to represent that she would dance in the disgusting manner suggested by you. The whole of your article seems to be an appeal to the "lewd imagination" of the "pigs" referred to by your writer.

The article itself abounds in mis-statements. For instance:

1. You allege that the authorities in Vienna forbade Miss Maud Allan to dance in Vienna in the way she was in the habit of dancing the "Salome" dance. This is utterly untrue. Not only did she dance in Vienna in the same way as she has always danced the "Salome" dance, but she has now an offer to renew her engagement at the theatre where she appeared.

2. Her dance was never banned by the Censor at Vienna nor was any suggestion of any kind made by the authorities that it was not proper.

3. It is absolutely untrue to suggest that she ever danced the "Salome" dance in the disgusting manner you suggest it was danced in Germany.

4. It is also untrue that she had to content herself in Berlin with pseudo private performances before Societies and Unions of a literary and artistic character.

5. So far from the above being the case, she danced for a month at the New Theatre, Berlin, and gave special matinees at the Kammerspielle Theatre, the house being entirely sold out at each performance; besides which she appeared at the Royal High School of Music, and her performances were accorded most laudatory notices in the German Press.

6. She has not altered the dance for the English palate. The above are facts which cannot be denied, and we must ask you to give full publicity to them.

The writer of your article seems hopelessly at fault in regard to this dance; he does not even seem to be aware that this dance was invented by Miss Maud Allan and the music specially composed for her. But we are not concerned for the moment with these matters or with the gross nature of this article, nor is it necessary to discuss the demand for objection the writer of your article has to the effect that Miss Maud Allan in ordinary life dresses in the ordinary way instead of going about "bare headed, bare armed, bare footed (or in sandals), clad in short, simple, loosely-girdled robes," as we do not suppose the public would imagine that she would go about in a dress which would scandalise them and the only object of which would be for the purpose of advertising her performance. Happily Miss Maud Allan has no need for this.

We have to ask on behalf of our clients that you give the fullest publicity to the contradictions contained in the above and that you apologise for the insinuations and suggestions that are made affecting the character of Miss Maud Allan, and reflecting upon the Palace Theatre Company and its Manager for introducing her performance.

B E F Y F U S  A N D  B E F Y F U S.

[Whilst gladly giving publicity to the above letter from Messrs. Beyfus and Beyfus, we desire most emphatically to state that the article in question does not contain, nor was it intended to convey, the slightest insinuations or suggestions affecting the character of Miss Maud Allan. We think the construction which Messrs. Beyfus and Beyfus have placed upon the article is wholly unwarranted by the fair meaning of critical language. However, we are happy to avoid ourselves of this opportunity of expressing to Miss Maud Allan our sincerest regret for any pain which she may have been caused by any mis-statements or reflections which she considers are made in our article.—ED., NEW AGE.]

WOMAN AS STATE CREDITOR.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Miss Mack accuses me of causing more damage to the Suffragist movement than Belfort Bax. Well, that is not a great deal, after all. However, I deny it. I possess the cast skin of a venomous anti-feminist, who sent it me with his compliments and an assurance that I had written the one feminist argument which a man could appreciate. Belfort Bax himself has lately, he has been driven to admit that the argument I raise is unanswerable; but he added: "They do not realise it." Of course we do realise it. Those of us who are economically independent, do we as we choose as to incurring the disability of marriage and maternity. But some women have no alternative. This I consider of more vital concern than even the political disability. In the matter of the vote, I hail all that is being done; but I find something undone, and I proceed to correct it. Mrs. Pankhurst, herself an embattled Freedom, to whom the freedom of the vote will be no more than a pin in her scarf, fights the political battle for other women. I, no man-hater as Miss Mack seems to think, choose to speak for the women whom bad or unsympathetic treatment leaves dumb. In articulating the sufferings of these women and the need for reform, I repudiate the suggestion that I am not a good Suffragette.

What is the matter with E. Nesbit? How have I, pleading the cause of tormented and neglected wives and mothers, started just this hare? I did not write for con.

WORLD'S RECORD SWIM.

HOLBEIN SWIMS 50 MILES AND BREAKS ALL RECORDS FOR THE WHOLE WORLD. In this marvellous feat of endurance, Holbein relied upon "Ju-Vis" to maintain his strength, and he seemed quite unfatigued at the end of this marvellous swim. Mr. Holbein was in the water 13 hours 47 minutes.

A Breakfast Cup for a 1d.
tented married women. I wrote for women like my poor young sister—done to death at twenty-five. E. Nesbit must be presumed to know little about me. She is late with her advice: I will inform her. I have already borne children. I will have no more. Her "Life Force" must manage some other way. I have "made faces" at it to my entire satisfaction. (Nature seems singularly unable to say "Yes" if Man says "No.") Statistics show that five thousand women die during child-birth in England every year. Is there to say anything about it? Is everyone else so fortunate a woman, like E. Nesbit, going to jeer? Be silent, at least, such women as will not help. E. Nesbit finds in my article matter for a comic addendum, and the mainlined and shafted bust for cheap foolery. "Lord! What does she understand!"

In reply to dozens of letters I have received, I beg to thank those who thank me. And to correspondents who write that they do not suffer unbearably in childbirth, I say that the relief of women who do suffer will not shift more pain upon these correspondents. They need not oppose—as though my propaganda were equal taxation.

* * *

ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Howard Ince does not make it clear whether he is writing in the interests of Germany or of Great Britain. He charges the King with directing English foreign policy on his own responsibility, despite Sir Edward Grey's assertion to the contrary. But even if he did so do we should thank our stars that we have a wise, peace-loving man of exceptional training and knowledge placed high above party wrangling, who can take the initiative, and by matchless tact do what our politicians cannot do. Such a man is a valuable national asset; and while he acts with the approval of the two front benches people will be well content.

As for bringing on a war with Germany, just glance at her history. She prepared steadily for war with Austria, and when she was quite ready she brought it off. Then she turned her attention to France and with matchless thoroughness prepared to crush her; and when her preparations were complete, and her men knew more of French geography than the French themselves; then the war was brought about. Having overthrown France, and with scientific thoroughness guarded against revenge, she set about preparing to overthrow or supplant England with cynical openness; and with a power of organisation such as the world has never seen. In the face of this ever-growing menace we have a navy we cannot be sure of, and our Admirals are quarrelling among themselves; our army is dislocated and altogether inadequate; and our people so demoralised that they shirk the task of making the heart of the Empire secure!

In the face of Germany's attitude, to accuse our King of imperilling the peace is too absurd; when Germany's preparations are complete, she will go forward with her programme despite of us, and should it be necessary to sweep us out of her way, she will strike like a thunderbolt while men who mistake their aspirations for facts are preaching universal peace! What is this talk of "isolating" Germany? Whence the forming of a triple peaceful "entente," of which she is a member of a triple alliance of the three great central European nations, one of which formerly ruled the world! This outcry about isolation is the wolf's charge against the lamb. The plans disclosed by Mr. Ince for taking France by the throat and crippling her beyond recovery show the ruthless spirit dominating these destructive forces, and the only thing to be done is to unite all the threatened nations in a league of defence for the maintenance of the peace; so anything our King may do towards the peaceful end, with or without the advice of his ministers, is in the greatest public interest he can do his country. This is a life-and-death matter, and must override minor considerations.

* * *

BEATRICE TINA.

SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In a letter from the Transvaal, an English lady at Johannesburg writes: "Our houses have been very wealthy people, and it is sad to huddle together in a horrid hot tin shanty of a cottage, and look at the gray stone house—a burnt-out ruin, given up to making the park and pleasure-grounds all a wilderness, and acres of fruit trees with the fruit rotting," etc. This was some of our handiwork during the War. The members of the Pan-Anglican Congress, many of whom gloried in "Yeoman Service to the Constitution," have not seemed to realize their "thank offerings" to rebuilding these houses. It will interest your readers to know that the Home Industries Association is meeting with great success in the country districts of the Transvaal.

* * *

SOCIALIST MEDICAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

May I be allowed to state that the above-named League now duly formed is open to all registered British Medical practitioners who accept the principles of Socialism. The annual subscription is 5s. Foreign practitioners can join as associate members, as can also medical students. The subscription for the latter is yearly. Dr. Salt, L.C.O., is the Chairman, and Dr. Williams Treasurer. Particulars can be had from the acting secretary, Dr. Davidson, 235, Uxbridge Road, W.

M. D. EVER.

HOW TO MAKE LIGHT BUNS.

Try a 1d. packet.

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

In the homes of rich and poor throughout the land, doing Yeoman Service to the Constitution.

ONE AND ALL

ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION;

WHAT 1s. A MONTH WILL DO:

ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY SICKNESS.

ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY ACCIDENT.

ENSURE £10 AT DEATH.

(Claim 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.

General Manager: WILLIAM A. TRATHEN.
Secretary: EDWIN S. R. SMITH
(General Secretary of the National Society of Operative Printers' Assistants.)

Chief Office: "One & All Buildings," 116 & 118 HIGH STREET, BOROUGH, S.E.
Branch Offices: Station House, 45 Blackfriars Road, and 179 Blackfriars Road, S.E.
Telephone No. 2951 Hop. Telegraphic Address, "Futurity, London."

Prospectus and Press Comments forwarded post free.

AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
THE NEW AGE PRESS begs to announce the following RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BALLAD OF A GREAT CITY AND OTHER POEMS. By DAVID LOWE (Author of "Gift of the Night," "Sacred Revelations," etc.). Buckram, gilt, 2s. 6d. net. By post 2s. 2d.

THE DANCING FAUN. A Novel, by FLORENCE FARR. (Cheaper re-issue.) Artistic boards, Cover design by Aubrey Beardsley, 2s. net. By post 2s. 2d.

A PROFESSIONAL SOCIALIST: A Play in Five Acts. By ERICA COTTERILL. Boards, gilt, 1s. 6d. net. By post 1s. 8d.


By post 7d.

THE SANITY OF ART: An Exposition of the Current Nonsense about Artists being Degenerate. By G. BERNARD SHAW. Paper, 1s., by post 1s. 1d. Quarter canvas, gilt, 2s., by post 2s. 2d.

THE G.B.S. PERPETUAL CALENDAR. Made to hang on the wall. 1s. net. By post 1s. 4d.

Contains a quotation from the Plays and Essays of Bernard Shaw for every day of the year. Valuable alike to the Socialist and Anti-Socialist. A stimulus to the one and an encouragement to the other. There is nothing to equal it as a daily companion or as a propagandist of new faith.

LOVE POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON. Quarter canvas, gilt, 1s. 6d. net. By post 1s. 8d.

"Mr. Titterton's pen is a whip that cuts to the bone. He is restrained by no conventions." --Daily News. "These poems are sincere, but somewhat realistic, and a good many deal with the misery of base passion and lost women." --The Times.

THE MYSTERY OF TIME: A Play. By FLORENCE FARR. Paper, 6d. net. By post 7d.

These books can be obtained of all Booksellers, or direct from the Publishers.

NOW READY.

THE LAST GENERATION.

By J. E. FLECKED.

Specially designed paper cover 6d. net. By post 7d.

A grim story dealing with the events which lead to the final extinction of the race of man. A brilliant piece of descriptive writing of intense interest.

THE NEW AGE PRESS.

NOW READY.

STUDIES IN . . . SOLITARY LIFE.

By W. R. TITTERTON

(Author of "Love Poems").


This volume is a collection of some of the best studies of Mr. W. R. Titterton, whose volume "Love Poems" has been one of the successes of the Spring Season in the Book world.

"Studies in Solitary Life" is not a collection of stories with plots but rather true life studies and character sketches of unattractive people from the worldly standpoint. Tramps, beggar-children, ledger-clerks, bohemian town dwellers and all lonely people claim the author's sympathy and his vivid pen presents their surroundings and emotions so powerfully and realistically that the reader at once feels personally acquainted with the characters portrayed. When the reader has finished the book he will find that he has been listening to a startling indictment and a triumphant justification of Life.

READY SHORTLY.

NEW TRUTHS for OLD

By ROBB LAWSON.

"Truth is always my truth, and your truth, and cannot exist apart from us."

This volume of essays represents the thoughts of a converted Philistine endeavouring to free himself from the slavery of conventional ideas and to find that justice which is "love with seeing eyes."

CROWN 8VO, ART VELLMUM, GILT, 2/6 NET.

A Prospectus sent on Application.

ORDERS SHOULD NOW BE PLACED.

Of all Booksellers or by post from the Publishers,

THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

How to Live on

24 Hours a Day.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

Quarter Canvas gilt 1s. net. By post 1s. 2d.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A COPY YET?

FIRST PRESS NOTICES:

Mr. Bennett writes with his usual crispness, point, and humour on the art of making the best use of time in the way of cultivation of the mind.--The Times.

This book is at once a reproof and an inspiration. We commend the book to the man who dawdles away his evenings. It is in the cheapest handsworth of practical wisdom now going in the book market.--The Daily Mercury.

Of all Booksellers or by post from the Publishers THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.