

MORLEY AND MACHIAVELLI. Dr. Oscar Levy.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As far as the House of Commons is concerned, the Old Age Pensions Bill is passed and done with. One notable change was made in the report stage. The Chancellor of the Exchequer accepted an amendment which enacts that the pauper disqualification shall cease on December 31, 1910. This is to say that after that date all paupers will be able to claim the benefits of the scheme and the annual cost will be increased by some two or three millions a year. The granting of this concession amounts to a complete stultification of all that Mr. Lloyd George has hitherto said on the question of cost. If the Government can afford £10,000,000 a year in 1911, why cannot they afford it now? The Chancellor is perfectly well aware that there is no prospect of an improvement in the financial situation, for with striking indiscretion he has been announcing the coming depression in trade in almost all his speeches for weeks past. Obviously it will be more difficult to find money later than now. What, then, is the reason for the course which he has taken? There are two possible answers. Either the Government expects to be out of office before the further liabilities become due, or else they have shelved the matter in order to retain as long as possible the electoral support of the classes whom they will be obliged to tax. Whichever of these explanations we accept, one fact is clear, that this unjust, mean, and, as Mr. Masterman acknowledged, illogical, disqualification is nothing more nor less than a party dodge.

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The debate on the third reading was chiefly remarkable for the speeches of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Balfour. The former explained the Socialist position in regard to such measures as this with admirable clearness and decision. He would express no gratitude for the Government's scheme, but would accept it for what it was worth and use it as a lever for extorting something more. The object of social reform was the making of the rich poorer and the poor richer. That was the only way of equalising the distribution of wealth, and no scheme was worth having from the point of view of the

social reformer unless it was going to add to the amount of wealth enjoyed by the working classes. This is the right note. Old Age Pensions paid for by contributions throughout life, or by what is the same thing, taxes upon food, would be worse than useless. It would be starving youth to feed old age. And whatever may be the view of sentimentalists, it is clear to us that if the poor must suffer a lack of necessities at some period in their lives, it is better for society that they should suffer when their work is done.

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Mr. Balfour was at one with Mr. Snowden in concentrating his attention on the financial aspect. "Every problem of social reform," he said, "comes back to the Treasury in the end. Money lies at the root of almost everything we do; but I do not think that you will find the suggested taxation of the rich a very satisfactory method of increasing the national resources for the purposes of social reform, even from the point of view of society." Incidentally, this is the mildest indictment of Socialism we have ever heard, but what chiefly interests us is the admission involved in the last phrase. From what point of view, we should like to know, do Mr. Balfour and his friends regard the problems of social reform? From the point of view of the landowner or of the millionaire or of the golfer? Or merely from that of Society with a big S?

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The division on the third reading showed 315 in favour and 10 against. The composition of the minority is worth remembering. In addition to the Anarchists and Sir Frederick Banbury, it contained Messrs. Rawlinson and Butcher the members for Cambridge University, Mr. J. G. Talbot, one of the members for Oxford University, and Sir Philip Magnus, the member for London University. That is to say, four out of the five gentlemen who sit for English universities voted against the Bill—and the fifth was absent. In all probability they represented the wishes of their constituents accurately enough, for their constituents consist almost exclusively of country parsons and a few university dons. Such is the part played by the "intellect vote."

* * *

What is to happen to the Bill in the Lords remains to be seen. If the "Spectator" gets its way, it will be thrown out sans phrase; but this devoutly-to-be-desired consummation is scarcely probable. The House of

Lords may be an archaic institution, containing individually and collectively much evidence of senile decay, but it certainly does not possess that single virtue of senility, indifference to the King of Terrors. In short, it has shown no disposition to commit suicide. Bravely enough, however, our contemporary returns to the charge week by week, undeterred by the remembrance of past treacheries. Relying on the assumption that the majority of noble lords are opposed to the Bill, it confidently exhorts them to assert their honesty, their logic and their aristocratic dignity in one stroke and vote for rejection. The assumption is doubtless safe, but not so the confidence. The men who assented to the Trades Disputes Bill, that instrument of injustice and oppression, subversive of all they held dear, will not boggle at Old Age Pensions. They have swallowed their convictions before and they will do so again. Like the Liberal Government, they are always ready to discard any of their own principles that will not pass the freezing test of expediency. Indeed, the Upper House contains nothing but Front Benches.

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The two candidates for the Presidency of the United States seem scarcely an inspiring pair. The Republican Convention at Chicago obeyed its party managers and nominated Mr. Taft. The Democratic Convention at Denver obeyed necessity and nominated Mr. Bryan. Mr. Taft appears to have all the courage and honesty of his patron with perhaps rather more than his patron's brains. But he altogether lacks the dramatic instinct and the capacity for rousing enthusiasm with a phrase that have given Roosevelt his unique position in American politics. Moreover, he is likely to suffer in the election through the circumstances of his nomination which made him appear the mere puppet of a stronger man. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, possesses the advantages of extraordinary rhetorical gifts and boundless energy. But these seem to be the whole of his political stock in trade. To take an analogy from this side, he combines the moral force of the Grand Old Man with the mental capacity of the present Home Secretary. What will happen in November, impartial judges of public opinion in the States refuse to prophesy, and we are even more in the dark. But if the cheers of party conventions mean anything, Mr. Bryan will win with a handsome majority. He was applauded for an hour and a half without a break as compared with a mere fifty minutes for the Republican hero at Chicago.

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In Persia, things seem much where they were. It is still on the cards that the Nationalists will reassert themselves and challenge the coup d'état of the Shah, answering force with force; but the prospects of such a revival are not bright. The Shah is well served by men trained in the Russian school of suppression, and thoroughly acquainted with the secrets of despotism. He has fathomed the psychology of European officialdom and knows that, while his Russian and English supporters would feel themselves bound to protest against authorised torture, unauthorised torture called by another name will be connived at and is just as effective. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, he can always apologise. Verily the Eastern mind is quick to learn the principles of civilisation.

* * *

It was a pretty comedy that was played in the House of Commons last week. Asked what steps the Government intended to take in regard to the disrespect shown to the British Legation in Teheran, Sir Edward Grey replied: "An apology has been demanded from the Persian Government. But until it has been made in satisfactory terms the incident cannot be regarded as closed." Twice the question was asked and answered, and on each occasion the sound of far-off Eastern chuckling was drowned in the cheers of patriotic members applauding the stern determination of the man who upheld the dignity of the West. We picture the Shah, pen in hand, gleefully composing apologies to the

British Government and thanking his Gods that these trifles attract so much attention over here. With immunity from awkward enquiries thus cheaply secured, he can go about his real business with a light heart. His feelings must be closely akin to those of the trader who barter a few paste jewels and a keg of whisky for a rich cargo of ivory. The piece threatens to have a long run.

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The conclusion of the debate on the second reading of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill was redeemed from tameness by Mr. Churchill. The case against the Bill had been stated with considerable ability and much special pleading by Mr. Bonar Law. His chief argument had been that it was wholly unfair and illogical to regulate the hours of miners at the expense of other classes, many of whom were far worse off. Why stop at miners?

* * *

"Whoever said we would stop there," replied Mr. Churchill, "I welcome this measure, not only for its own sake, but much more because it is, I believe, a symptom and a precursor of the general movement which is in progress all over the world and in other industries besides this." Brave words these, but there were braver to follow. "The general march of industrial democracy is not towards inadequate hours of work but towards sufficient hours of leisure. That is the movement among the working people all over the country. They are not content that their lives should remain mere alternations between bed and the factory. They demand time to look about them, time to see their houses and their children by daylight, time to think and read and cultivate their gardens—time, in short, to live. That is very strange, perhaps, but that is the request they have made, and are making with increasing force and reason as years pass by."

* * *

This, of course, is altogether admirable. But we have heard irreproachable sentiments expressed from the Treasury Bench before, and we know that these excursions into the possibilities of to-morrow are made generally only to cover the failures of to-day. We are duly grateful to Mr. Churchill for the eloquent expression of his Socialist sympathies, but after all he owed something in return for the support he got from Mr. Wells in Manchester, and we should prefer him to liquidate his debt in more practical fashion. He might for example do something to hasten the accomplishment of the half-promised nationalisation of railways. Or he might use his influence with his friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer to secure a substantial tax on large incomes. There is, indeed, much he might do. It is whispered in certain quarters that one day when there is a Socialist party Mr. Churchill will be a candidate for its leadership. We fear we cannot endorse the prediction, but stranger things have happened; especially to "young men on the make." In the meantime let him do something to show the sincerity of his professions.

* * *

On Wednesday of last week an important debate took place on the motion introduced by Mr. Barnes calling attention to certain weak points in the education system of the Admiralty and particularly to the prohibitive fees payable by the parents of naval cadets. Few parents, Mr. Barnes pointed out, could afford to pay the £500 or £600 which was the cost of the four years' training at Osborne and Dartmouth, and so the field of selection was unduly narrowed. Nelson himself would have been excluded by the present system. Mr. McKenna, in reply, made the somewhat questionable assertion that entrance into the Navy is more democratic now than ever before. That, however, was a mere shirking of the point. The fact remains that it is harder now—to quote Mr. Bellairs—for a poor man to get his son into the Navy than for a Dreadnought to pass through the eye of a needle. And that is a state of affairs which urgently requires to be remedied, as Dr. Macnamara admitted at the end of the debate. To exclude all but the plutocratic classes

from the Army is bad enough. To exclude the First Line is sheer insanity. We congratulate Mr. Barnes on the support he obtained from all sides of the House, and we hope he will take the earliest opportunity of raising the matter again, and dividing the House on this single issue.

* * *

We are glad to see that the Labour Party have taken united action in regard to the exclusion of Mr. Keir Hardie from the King's Garden Party. But it is not, in our opinion, enough that they should throw in their lot with his and demand to be treated all alike. If, as a result of the resolution which they have forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain, the names of all the party are struck off the official invitation list, they will merely be in the same position as the Irish Party. The opportunity for a striking protest is given to them, and they will not deserve well of fate if they fail to take advantage of it. The idea of challenging a popular vote on the King's action was the most brilliant that has occurred to them since they became a party. In carrying it out they would save themselves by one stroke from the Nemesis of middle-class respectability which seems to threaten them. To listen to counsels of prudence now is to court defeat at the next elections.

* * *

Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently been expressing in the "Times" her strong conviction that her own sex is not to be trusted with a vote. Mr. Israel Zangwill has replied in a letter which deserves quotation in full. We must confine ourselves, however, to the last paragraph:—

Now, strange to say, I, as a male novelist—had the position been reversed and "votes for men" been the cry of the day—should have drawn the same conclusion about men. Knowing, as only a male novelist can, their boundless vanity, selfishness, and hysterical emotionalism; beholding how two of their greatest professions—law and journalism—are precisely those calculated to promote unscrupulous perversion of judgment; seeing how our Army and our Navy are controlled by a sex whose quarrelsomeness may imperil the very foundations of our Empire; and particularly observing the vast masses of semi-illiterate voters nourished on Limerick journalism, what other conclusion can I draw than that my sex is utterly unfitted to be trusted with power? Put Mrs. Ward's and my conclusion together, and that way "Holy Russia" lies.

How much longer will some people persist in thinking that the claims of democracy rest upon brains or education?

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We understand that an appeal is shortly to be issued to the charitable public of London for fresh funds to carry on the feeding of school children in the Council's schools. It is estimated that about £25,000 will be required to meet the needs of the coming autumn and winter. We anticipate with confidence the complete failure of this mendicancy, and we are surprised that it should be attempted. Public charity stimulated by a most influential appeal to anti-Socialist prejudices was tried last year, and was found to be hopelessly inadequate. For the Moderates to rely upon it this year, and to let the children go hungry again merely to serve their own political interests would not only be carrying party politics beyond the bounds of common decency, but would, we sincerely believe, alienate the majority of their own supporters. The thing is too monstrous to be thought of. A farthing rate would raise £45,000, nearly double what is wanted, and only last week a provincial city council voted £30,000 to be expended in decorations in honour of a visit by the King.

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[NEXT WEEK.—"Women and War," by Richmond Haigh; "The Bourgeoisie," by Upton Sinclair; A Poem, by Eden Phillpotts; Army Organisation—III, by Dr. Miller Maguire.]

A Minimum Wage and Mr. Aves' Report.

By Sir Hartley Williams.

JUDGING from the summary we have seen of Mr. Aves' Report on the working and efficiency of anti-sweating legislation in Australia, we confess to a feeling of disappointment at the conclusions at which he has arrived. He is disposed to think that on the whole this legislation has operated beneficially, and that many of its original defects have been from time to time removed by amending and supplementary legislation. He endorses the opinion, which has been often expressed by others, that this class of legislation is not regarded with disfavour by employers who are honest, just, and competent, that its opponents are mainly dishonest, grasping, and unscrupulous employers, and that its tendency is to prevent the dishonest and unscrupulous employer from illegitimately under-selling their honest confreres.

All this is satisfactory enough. But he then proceeds to express a somewhat decided opinion that though Wages Boards should be established in England, and officially recognised, their main function should be merely the dissemination of information. This conclusion is not only disappointing, it is also unquestionably lame and impotent. For many years we have been deluged with the most distressing and convincing statistics in relation to sweating, numerous anti-sweating leagues and associations have been created and formed, discussion piling up the agony and bewailing the horrors of the system has been endless, and the Mountain, after all its painful and laborious throes, brings forth a ridiculous Mouse—the main object of the establishment of Wages Boards in England (if ever such an event takes place) is to be the dissemination of information!

Further, Mr. Aves very positively states that a serious objection to the fixing of a minimum wage in England for employed is that it would be most difficult to make provision for the large number of incompetent, inferior, and slow workers, to whom, as he says, no employer would give work at the legal minimum.

This looks very much as if Mr. Aves has not examined Australian legislation on this subject very carefully. Had he done so he must have seen that in the State of Victoria, at any rate, legislation has been enacted which provides that if it be proved to the satisfaction of the Chief Inspector that any person by reason of age or infirmity is unable to obtain employment at the minimum wage fixed, the Chief Inspector may grant to such aged or infirm worker a licence to work at a less wage (such less wage to be named in the licence), and such licence may be renewed from time to time. There is also a somewhat similar provision as to slow workers. In the face of such provisions as these on the Victorian statute-book, one is at a loss to understand how they escaped Mr. Aves' observation, and the validity of his objection disappears.

Surely it is high time that decisive and effective steps be taken without further delay to suppress the evil and horrors of sweating. Let us do something besides talking and wailing. If we are afraid to tread boldly in the path that Australia has successfully trod, let us at any rate make a start by fixing the minimum wage for one trade and see how it works. It is said that a minimum wage is to be fixed for the clothing trade; no trade calls more loudly and piteously for some such relief than this clothing trade. But why all this delay, especially when it is obvious that it will take a Wages Board at least six months to take evidence and fix a minimum rate or wage for the numerous branches of this trade, for men and women, for piece work and day work, for inworkers and outworkers. It will be a lengthy and laborious task, so the sooner it is faced the better.

Anti-sweating legislation had its birth in Australia about 12 years ago. It may be, and no doubt is, still capable of improvement, but, as it stands, it forms an admirable precedent for corresponding legislation upon the same subject in this country.

The New Foreign Policy.

GEORGE CANNING was the first to conceive the policy of encouraging what he understood to be the liberal and constitutional cause in Continental Europe and of deliberately opposing autocratic despotisms. He repudiated all base theories of non-intervention and interfered wherever he thought he could do so effectively. Portugal owed to him her freedom from the tyranny of Dom Miguel, the absolutist pretender to the throne. Spain shortly afterwards incurred a similar debt. It was Canning's influence that rescued Greece from the dominion of the Sultan and secured for her the autonomy which she has never since lost. During the few short years that he controlled the foreign policy of England—from 1820 until his death in 1827—he achieved prodigies. His defiance of despotism and his assertion of the universal right of self-government produced a profound effect throughout Europe. Everywhere the party of progress began to recover from the torpor that followed the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars; and everywhere the name of England was hailed as synonymous with national and popular liberty. In Portugal the constitutional party was actually known as the "English" party.

Palmerston worthily maintained the tradition created by Canning. In Greece and Portugal he watched over the rise of constitutional government and completed the work begun by his predecessor. In Hungary he supported the revolutionists, and was with difficulty prevented from according Kossuth an official welcome when he visited this country. He encouraged the revolt of Belgium from Holland, and secured its existence as an independent State free from the threatened dominion of either France or Germany. Over Italy he got himself into hot water by actually permitting arms and ammunition to be sent to the revolutionaries from the ordnance factory at Woolwich. Altogether he so conducted the foreign relations of this country that he was charged in the House of Commons with having made England the champion of revolution all the world over.

Gladstone was by nature a more timorous man, and therefore more inclined to count the possible cost. Particularly was he chary of any enterprise which might hamper him in the sphere of domestic reform. But he, too, was a whole-hearted supporter of oppressed peoples, and was capable at times of being as contemptuous as Palmerston of ordinary diplomatic considerations of prudence. His famous Midlothian campaign was one long fierce denunciation of Disraeli for not interfering to end the atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria. And the present generation cannot yet have forgotten his last appearance in public affairs and his passionate demand that England's power should be used to arrest the Armenian massacres.

But Sir Edward Grey has changed all this. The British lion of the nineteenth century has become the British fox of the twentieth, and seeks companionship after his kind. We have sought the friendship of the most corrupt and despotic Power in Europe, and we have found it. We have cast the mantle of our prestige over the Black Hundreds of Russia and over the despot of Persia. The official sympathy which Palmerston was wont to extend to all struggling peoples is now given instead to the Court factions who would repress them. And this policy, forsooth, is defended by the Foreign Secretary as a "policy of peace." Even were it so, which we most emphatically deny, there would remain a world of difference between the strength that defies war and the weakness that intrigues for peace.

A few weeks ago we had to listen to an English Minister offering gratuitous excuses for the Russian Government; defending the constitution of the third Duma on the ground that there are "other instances of undemocratic rule"; expatiating with patent insincerity upon the progressive influence which a close alliance would enable him to exert, only to have his words contradicted almost as soon as they had left his mouth by fresh acts of tyranny on the part of the bureaucracy which he had helped to reinvigorate; and, finally, in

outraged tones repudiating the demand for interference as being *ultra vires* except where we have treaty rights affecting internal affairs. To this shameful speech there was no reply; no one to ask what were our treaty rights when we interfered with Spain and Portugal and Italy and Greece; no one to defend that conception of the responsibility of power which once passed unchallenged in the House of Commons. True, Mr. Harwood pointed out that refusal to interfere with the internal affairs of another country had never been a principle of British statesmanship. But his unsupported protest passed almost unnoticed.

Behind this change there is, of course, something more than a mere difference between the personal characters of Sir Edward Grey and his predecessors. The new policy must be ascribed in the main to the transformation which has taken place since Palmerston's death amongst the greater Powers of Europe. Giant conscript armies have sprung into existence on the Continent, and England, left far behind as a military Power, is hard pressed to maintain even her naval supremacy. The international situation is full of disquieting possibilities, due to German ambition and Russian desperation. With the death of the Emperor of Austria, Europe must be brought to the verge of war. The nightmare of King Edward and his Government is a confederation of Germany and Austria under one sovereign whose influence, paramount in the Balkans and Turkey, would extend in a great belt across Europe from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Against such a Power we should be impotent with our present armaments, because we should be incapable of offensive warfare. With a fresh seaboard on the south the Germans could laugh at our Navy as they already laugh at our Army. We could defend ourselves from invasion perhaps, but we could do nothing more; and above all, we could do nothing to save France from the second and more crushing defeat which Germany is credited with wishing to inflict upon her. The balance of power in Europe would be tragically upset. In short, the Kaiser might well gain the acknowledged supremacy which Napoleon failed to achieve—a supremacy as distasteful to us as to the ruling class, though for very different reasons.

This, then, is the secret of the latest phase in British diplomacy. We are to forestall German ambition by entering into a system of alliances and friendships, regardless of the principles which have hitherto guided our foreign policy. On the face of it, this course seems inevitable, but there is in fact an alternative which the Government dare not face. We could, if we would, maintain a military force sufficient to enable us to stand alone free from all foreign entanglements. Sir Edward Grey tells us that his policy will save us from being isolated and our influence from being decreased. But even he, we imagine, would admit that if we had an efficient Army our very isolation would be our strength, and that, free to throw our weight in which scale we chose, our influence would be ten times what it is to-day.

The choice then lies before us. Either we must create a compulsory and efficient territorial force that would set our regular army free for foreign service in case of need, or else we must be content to accept with all its humiliating consequences, the ignoble policy of alliance and intrigue for which Sir Edward Grey stands. If we refuse the burden of organising a citizen army we renounce thereby the honourable position which no other nation is able to fill. Fortune has marked out this country as the champion of liberty in Europe. With the exception of France, we are undoubtedly, our incorrigible conservatism notwithstanding, the most freedom-loving and the freest of the Great Powers, and as compared with France, we have the enormous advantage of our insular position. If, then, we withhold our support from the popular parties abroad for diplomatic reasons, there is no one to whom they can look. Our weakness is their weakness and our intanglements are their doom. When the inevitable failure of Mr. Haldane's scheme can no longer be hidden, we shall be forced to a decision, and if the democratic spirit is then in the ascendant the decision can only be one way.

Morley and Machiavelli.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

The question of justice in human affairs only enters where there is equal power to enforce it, otherwise the powerful enact what they can, and the weak grant what they must.—Thucydides, History, V, 89.

I AM always interested to know what a statesman has to say on that immortal Immoralist of the Renaissance, Nicholas Machiavelli. Does he love him, as I do? Or does he condemn him? Or is he even a better Machiavellian than I, and does he write one thing and practise another? Is he, like Frederic the Great, one, who "crache dans le pot, pour en dégoûter les autres"? Or one who, like Pope Julius II., preaches piety to others and reserves to himself a glorious freedom from moral prejudices: "If we are not ourselves pious, why should we prevent other people from being so?"

And if this statesman should be an Englishman, my attention to what he will say is still more aroused. For England is a World-Empire, an Empire which has been got together, as every other great Empire since time immemorial, by thoroughly Machiavellian means, and which can only be upheld by the same. But on the other hand, England is also a Christian country, a country which attributes her strength and her well-being to the steadfast belief in her religion, a country which has tried to spread her creed among all classes and races, and which has had many a sincere admirer of this religion amongst her statesmen. Were some of these statesmen what statesmen ought to be, but rarely succeed in being profound hypocrites? Did they know that a Christian civilisation would weaken their subjects? That the much-vaunted education, coming in its train, saps the most powerful and dangerous part in man—his will and his energy? That mere cleverness, mere intellectuality, mere education, makes people tame, obedient, incapable of daring? That Christianity, in short, replaces with us the Slavery of the Ancients, and that it ought to be upheld at all costs, because Slavery is the base of all Culture?

But if not only an English but also a Liberal statesman is going to speak on Machiavelli, I positively begin to feel nervous. For I know that in England at least, the Liberal side is also the most Christian one, and how that threefold combination of Englishman, Liberal, and Christian would get on with Nicholas Machiavelli Heaven only can predict. So it was not without some agitation that I opened Lord Morley's book of "Miscellanies,"* which contains as the first his lecture now republished on the Florentine Secretary. I can only compare my feelings to that of a hostess who by mistake had invited two heads of rival sects to her table, and who is now in agony lest the two arch-enemies may come to blows and upset her whole party.

There was no doubt about the extreme dissimilarity of my two guests: the one a member of a passionate Southern race, the other a cool, collected, and somewhat rationalistic Northerner; the one a child from the High School of Aristocracy, the other from the Nursery of Democracy; the one a worshipper of power and intellect, the other a believer in Liberty, Justice, and Rights of others; the one a follower of the terrible Cesare Borgia, the other of the unhappy Jean Jacques; the one a believer in "virtù," the capability of doing a great thing, the other a believer in "honour," the capa-

bility of avoiding an ugly thing; the one the son of a country deeply imbued with Hellenistic thought, the other the son of one hardly touched by it; the one a member of an age of art and culture, the other of an age of science and civilisation; the one a powerful writer, the other a well-instructed scholar; the one a creator, the other a gentleman; the one a Humanist, the other a Humanitarian; the one a Pagan, the other, a Nazarene.

My fears were only too well justified. Lord Morley came and said many disagreeable things about Machiavelli. For Lord Morley believes what a private citizen believes and ought to believe, that the first thing to be respected in this world is the "Moral Law," and that also the State, as a collection of moral beings, ought to follow strictly its stern commands. As our moral law is the outcome of our religion, Christianity, its evasion is a neglect of the divine will, and consequently Lord Morley's opinion about Machiavelli's "discarding the presuppositions of Christianity" amounts to a strong condemnation. Happily (so Lord Morley informs us) the world, "in spite of a thousand mischances and a tortoise pace, has steadily moved away from him and his Romans." In summing up the case against his criminal, Lord Chief Justice Morley finally comes to the conclusion "that Machiavelli can have no place among the strong thinkers, the creators, the writers, who have elevated the conception of the State, have humanised the methods and manners of government, and have raised citizenship to be a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection"—"for," he adds in another place, "there is no intellectual strength without moral grandeur."

These are strong and somewhat austere statements which, as every austerity, ought to be mitigated by a little humour. I therefore beg to be allowed to tell an anecdote. During the Seven Years War a colonel once came to the great Frederic, and in the interests of the service denounced a fellow-colonel for being a drunkard. Frederic listened, but said nothing. Afterwards a battle took place, in which the regiment of the drunken colonel managed to do pretty well, while that of his sober comrade cut a very poor figure. In those times a review always used to take place the day after the battle. When the victorious colonel passed at the head of his regiment the King saluted him with the greatest affection, but as soon as he noticed the other, the man of "moral grandeur," he spurred his horse, galloped up to him and shouted, "Sir, I wish you would drink, too!"

Does Lord Morley really think that—here I was going to fall into one of my usual sarcastic and successful diatribes against the immoral modern hyper-morality when I happily remembered that I have confessed myself above as a Machiavellian, and that I have to live up to that reputation. For while the noble Morleyans have the greatest interest to convert as many as possible to their elevating creed, the selfish Machiavellians, on the other hand, try to keep as many as possible away from their exclusive society. I, therefore, most heartily recommend Lord Morley's "Miscellanies" to every writer inside and outside the United Kingdom. The author's insight into politics, history, and especially into human nature, are truly marvellous, and his views are set forth with so much simplicity that they cannot fail to attract many readers.

What else shall I add to the praise of this book but that there is an air of "Moral Grandeur" about it which is happily aided by the intellectual strength of an illustrious author, who, while fully recognising the "tortoise pace of humanity" since Machiavelli and not ignoring the forces of evil and violence still amongst us, has for all that not yet lost his steadfast faith in the value of lofty and abstract principles like Truth, Justice, and Liberty.

* "Miscellanies." Fourth Series. By John Morley. (Macmillan and Co. 1908. Price 7s. 6d.) This book besides contains the following essays: Guicciardini; A New Calendar of Great Men; John Stuart Mill; Lecky on Democracy; A Historical Romance; Democracy and Reaction.

Isadora Duncan Preaching.

For dancing is an exercise,
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

—BEN JONSON.

I AM beginning to have faith in the democracy. The critics were mildly pleased with Isadora Duncan, said where she was clever, and where she was not; the democracy roared, clapped, stamped, and bravoed. The crowd roared because the dance was inspiring—inspiring in the sublime way characteristic of all great art. Critics, intellectual debauchees that they are, are good at catching tricks of posing, but big sentiments escape them. The crowd love Isadora for the same reason that they love Ellen Terry—because she is jolly in the grand manner. After all, to be human is the divine thing in art.

It is recorded of "G. B. S." (but he alone is all-knowing) that he, being in bodily presence at a Fabian soirée, had pointed out to him with a flourish of exclamation marks the spectacle of Dr. Coit a-dancing, whereupon he, "G. B. S.," observed, "That's not dancing, that is the ethical movement." Much the same may be said of the Isadora Duncan show; but whereas Dr. Coit makes you feel that the only dance worth having is the ethical movement, Isadora reveals to you that the only ethical movement worth having is the dance.

The stage is lighted by a dull glow from above, and one pictures flaring somewhere in the wings all the moral codes and philosophies of the earth. With a glad sigh we leave the thought of such things behind us and fix our eyes on those that come forth leaping from the dark, naked-limbed, with shining, jolly faces, their hair and their drapes blown backward in the fierce wind of the mouth of God.

And here they run and trip and sway and scamper and part and join, and each moves other than the rest, and each moves to her heart's desire; and yet, watch! They fit in, there is no jar, no discord, it is one tune they dance to, though their movements are so diverse; one rhythm sways them, one harmony controls.

And here a little puff-ball of a chick gallops with a shriek of delight out of the shell and back again; and here three others, and yet again three others trip into vision and join hands and dance the fairy ring and fly headlong; and here comes another, an older one, and the dawn of Knowledge is in her eyes, and in one and another she seeks for the soul of her mate and cannot find it, and then at last she sees her mate coming dancing, swaying towards her, and she runs to her, and the other with a toss of the head and a laugh eludes her, entices, retreats, beckons, flies shamefaced, ripples all over with provoking virginal laughter. And here comes little puff-ball again; and here the merry-go-round; and the Love Flight begins again, and now it is a medley of motives; and now the seeker has her mate and holds her at arms' length and swings round with her, and puff-ball and her fellows circle round them, and the cunning music creeps in and out and round the heart-strings; and then in a breath the wind has caught and scattered them, and the music halts and points to the sinking sun, and desire drowns and eyelids flicker and limbs bend and sink. They drowse and sink, sink to the earth soft as the snow falls, softer than dead leaves falling, soft as the light-foot dusk that gathers round. White folded blossoms dappling the grass, they lie. Heads droop. They sleep. Hush . . . Hush! . . . All sleep but one; this one that steps so softly from sleeper to sleeper, peering into the eyes of them, and passing, peering, and passing. Hush! Hush! They sleep. . . . And on the eyelids of this one, too, the music lays soft fingers, and as the night comes and the music flies away, she stretches herself up like unto a white-flamed candle in the dark, then droops and falls. Good-night! Good-night! Tremble out, song of the night-bird! Head on her hand she sleeps. . . . Sleeps.

This is one of the sermons of Isadora.

They are beautiful, these fairy creatures, but it is Isadora that I love. Isadora the goddess, the wood-sprite, the fishwife from Cuxhaven. No anæmic, ethereal juggler with dainty poses is she, but the blood of the Vikings is in her veins. She is of the race of those fierce women of the streaming hair and wrapt, ecstatic faces that drove the Fabian warriors on the foe . . . And the next moment she is looking at you so childish and innocent that you guess her straight from a toy tea party with the Mad Hatter and his frivolous friends.

It seems I am writing much of Isadora and little of her dancing; but that is significant of the fineness of her art. She and her children express so well their temperaments that you forget the medium of the expression. You live in an atmosphere of joy, and when you wake up you find there has been dancing.

It is in her jolly moods that Isadora Duncan is at her best, and she can be jolly in all keys, from the delicate tripping tones of the shepherd dance to the blustering C major of that pawing war-horse movement which always carries me by storm. But she is a splendid defiant spirit of war, too; and she is the only dancer of dirges who does not make me laugh. Yet, perhaps, none of these moods show her at her most original work. It is in another dance—the "Pan and Echo"—that she strikes her strangest note. Here speak out with startling clarity the ancient voices of the earth; Pan reaches forward to the invisible flying Echo with gestures half of the god, half of the goat—in-human gestures which set us shuddering with delight. There has been nothing like that before in the dance.

The statuesque stuff, the not-quite-dancing is not electric, is not meant to be; but from time to time I find it dull (admitted, in passing, that dulness is an essential attribute of original genius, and that there are dull spaces in the walls of a Gothic cathedral), and the joints in the manufacture seem to show, as if the alphabet of gesture had been well learnt but the phrasing were still stiff. Yet it is always beautiful; stop the dance at any moment and you have a statue perfect in line. The soul of the dance, she has discovered, is the beauty of an ever-changing line. The dancing of Isadora is a drama:—"The Adventures of the Plastic Line."

What is most interesting about this more peaceful part of her art is that you see the artist consciously at work reconstructing the language of gesture.

Just as music, sculpture, painting, literature have their conventional languages, dancing is to have its language. Every movement of the limbs is to have its meaning, every primitive emotion its conventional sign; the leif motif transformed into gesture, in fact. Hitherto dancing has been inarticulate; not until we have agreed upon a language for the emotions can we hope to express any subtle shades of them. Every part of the body will have its place in this language. We shall no longer be content with a face and a pair of hands.

And thus the body will get more alive, and the vibrations of the soul will echo through every inch of it. To make the body more alive! To make us conscious of every atom of our flesh! That is a great ideal.

How well her theory works her pupils bear testimony. Open a thousand Isadora Duncan schools in England and you may issue advance notices of the Golden Age.

Yes, the Golden Age—if that is what you are aiming at I think you had better go to the Duke of York's Theatre, for the spectacle there is more significant than you think. It is time we made up our minds. Is it Bellamy we mean, or this thing that Isadora Duncan shows us? Will you blue-book, or will you dance? If you are for blue-books I am against you. For long I had secretly loathed your bloodless statistics. Isadora showed me the thing I desired. This is my Socialism. The devil take your $x + y$. I fling wide to the winds my banner of the dancer, and trip to the sound of pipes and cymbals towards the conquest of the world.

W. R. TITTERTON.

Good Breeding or Eugenics.

XII.

THOUGH it is, of course, not only medical theories that renew themselves periodically, yet it was startling to find any woman of the present generation adopting the attitude of the young ladies of the Early Victorian era. Maternity means, we are told, "months of odious ignominy." This was the position of the Amelias towards food in the bad old days, and the well brought up young ladies of the middle classes considered it positively indecent to eat—a highly advantageous fashion for the boarding schools where the daughters of gentlemen were trained to look upon every natural function of the body with unspeakable horror. The untold suffering and harm thus occasioned is well known to physicians; it is an attitude almost peculiar to the British Bourgeoisie (I am sure Hedda Gabler had been to an English boarding school). For my part I entirely sympathise with those women who have no cravings for maternity; they are in every sense quite as "natural" as the great majority of women to whom the craving to have a child is something insistent. There are work and pleasure in this world for all kinds of temperaments, but we shall make no change by adopting the antimacassar attitude towards the realities of existence. Far from regarding maternity as ignominious, highly developed, imaginative women feel ennobled, brought into closer union with the mysterious creative world—with the herb-yielding seed, and the earth bringing forth grass, with the whole living and developing creation. How many have not exclaimed like Marie Cécile in "Le Semeur"? "Rejouis-toi; tu es mère. Tu la connaîtras, la gloire sanglante que tu souhaitais, et le déchirement sublime qu'elle désire, ta chair le sentira." Maxime Formont's novel is worth reading as a corrective to Beatrice Tina. Is it not rather the man who finds it somewhat unkind of Nature to have debarred him absolutely from the novel sensations and mystical experiences of maternity? To fashion with brain and hands, to generate ideas is our feeble pretence at rivalry. Besides, nowadays, when

Celia's novels are books one buys,
Julia's lecturing, Phyllis is mowing,
Nothing is left for the men to do.

* * *

Before man is reduced to the position of the drone it behoves him to employ the interval in correcting some of the evils which have grown up during his mastership. In our endeavour to discover in what wise the land can be peopled with brave men and noble women I have given a rapid survey of the modern field of biological research. In sum it comes to this: We are born with certain potential physical and mental traits which we take over from our parents. We sometimes resemble one parent more than the other; more often we inherit certain tendencies from one side, and certain other qualities from the other. Again, just as the gases, oxygen and hydrogen, combine to form a substance, water, which bears no apparent likeness to its two parents, so in many instances the union of the two parents blends into offspring in which no trace of the constituent parents is to be recognised. The characters—physical no less than mental—are potential; they require appropriate soil, proper stimulus for their growth and maturity. If the due environment is denied the characters are stunted, dwarfed, or entirely suppressed, and may even be led into entirely other channels.

* * *

Since the environment is utterly damnable for all of us who now sojourn in this land, our utmost endeavour must be directed not towards altering it, but towards subverting it completely, and reconstructing society afresh. Most urgent is the complete recasting of such time-honoured institutions as Property, Marriage, Medicine, Law, Politics (with the complete abrogation of monarchy), and the Religious system of the Western World with its contained morality. In reconstructing his world man should bear in mind the Arab saying: "Three things ease the heart from sorrow—water,

green grass, and the beauty of women." All devices, all machinery, that destroy a blade of green grass, that pollute a drop of water, that smear the beauty of women, stand condemned. Hence, when we condemn the factory system we do not, with some Socialists, limit our condemnation to the wage system, but we refuse to have our green lands destroyed, our wild flowers and meadows bespoiled to make room for factories, however model. We are not out to make a more efficient world, but we desire a pleasanter world, and a pleasant world is not to be formed by destroying the beauties that appeal to the senses in order to create monstrosities that appeal to a bizarre taste which gapes at an airship and uproots the wild rose.

* * *

Where does Eugenics come in? Everywhere; but specifically in this, that our marriage system does not tend to promote well-being among men and women, nor to encourage the breeding of a well-knit race. The marriage ideal is in absolute contradistinction to the practice of men and women. Men and women pair for sexual gratification, for companionship, for complementarity, for childrenship. It is quite within the bounds of possibility for a member of one sex to find all that is desired in some member of the other, but it is at least unusual, and certainly quite rare, for such satisfaction to be permanent. It is perfectly legitimate to rail at Nature or God for having so fashioned us, but it is time that moralists relinquished their efforts at making normal men and women conform to some pattern of their own device.

* * *

There is such an enormous amount of cant written about the sex appetite, especially on the part of those who either possess it to excess, or not at all, that one does but stir muddy waters in any illusion to this aspect of eugenics. Why it should be "immoral" to crave variety here, and perfectly moral to seek for newer discursive intercourse or fresh scenery is not apparent. Sex has played, and does play, an enormous part in the life of man; quite as much among the "uncivilised" as among the "civilised" races. There is no occasion either to cast a glamour around it, or to adopt the Christian attitude and treat it as of the devil. Like sensible persons let us recognise it as one of the appetites that man cannot forego satisfying, and arrange our house accordingly. The present arrangements seem certainly to emanate from all that is of the devil. I have given elsewhere the facts about the enormous extent of physical disease, the hosts of maimed wives and unhappy despoiled children who pay the penalty of our hypocrisy and indecent attempts to ignore, wilfully, the existence of certain desires.

* * *

Since no man's appetite is swayed by moral considerations, can we not take other steps to remove this vast mass of disease—mental and physical? There are some steps which readily suggest themselves. We should be taught to regard our bodies not with horror, but with some admiration. Let the children, in summer time at all events, be unapparelled in our sight. Try and make as little mysterious as possible the ordinary physical functions. Instead of regaling our young people at their most impressionable age upon Spenser and Byron, let them be properly instructed in simple physiology, including that of sex. It still seems a fond delusion among parents that their own sons and daughters at least are beatifically innocent. I know the common objection to all such instruction is: "I was never told anything by my mother or father." Now this is, of course, the very argument that determines us on an alteration. Having guarded our children as far as possible by suitable instruction against the evils with which they are beset, and having done what is physically possible to allay sexual excitement, we must next allow for its due gratification at a much earlier age than is usual in modern society. This implies a recasting of our entire social order; but if such a recasting were but to free society from the diseases with which it is encompassed it were a sufficient compensation.

M. D. EDER.

The Injustice of "Votes for Women."

ONE of the most difficult problems of the age is the Woman Question, of which the "Votes for Women" agitation is an important symptom. The Woman Question is the problem of the equality of the sexes; it is an equality which has no natural, physical, or mental existence; but it is an equality which women believe will be brought nearer to them by the franchise.

The franchise is the first step on a road which may lead to the Premiership. Let us clearly understand what men surrender by allowing women to vote. They give up the right to control their own lives; they imperil their historical and juridical right to govern their country, and to administer the legal code which has been laboriously constructed by the wisest male lawyers and counsellors of many centuries; they abandon themselves to the control of those whose functions are physically productive, not mentally productive. In plain language, the British Empire will be dominated by the physical outlook of the female sex, not by the mental outlook of the male sex.

It is asserted that women are taxed, and therefore they should have a voice in the election of the Government which expends the money collected by taxation. I deny absolutely that the right to have a voice in the government of the country has any relation to the amount contributed by oneself to the expenses of that government. The right to vote should not rest on citizenship. Every citizen, as a part of his citizenship, should have the right and duty to exercise the franchise. Then, why exclude women from voting, from serving on juries, from being Members of Parliament, and eventually Judges and Prime Ministers? Because women are not, and cannot be, political or juridical citizens.

Throughout the centuries in which the construction of the fabric of civilisation has proceeded, that work has been carried on by the male sex. It is true that women have influenced it in some degree; but only incidentally, not constructively. The history of the world is the history of men, not of men and women.

What are the duties cast on men as political and juridical citizens? They have to legislate; they have to maintain order; they have to compel obedience to legislative enactments by force, if necessary; in the last resort, every male citizen can be called upon to take up arms in enforcement of legislation and in defence of his country. These are the moral duties of every male citizen, and, roughly speaking, have been common to all countries and all civilisations. For physical and natural reasons, women have been adjudged incapable of performing the duties of political or juridical citizens. Assuming conscription, or universal military training, were regarded as the only solution to the Army difficulties in Great Britain, surely it would be a reversal of every moral law to put the lives of all male Britons in the power of a female electorate? Men have borne the burden of the maintenance of women and the government of the country throughout historical times; now they are to be asked to place their lives, their liberties, and their intellects at the behest of women.

Apart from the physical disabilities which periodically unfit women for the duties of political citizens, there is the enigma of the feminine intellect. Inherently, women may be men's intellectual equals, or their superiors; but, in practical life and affairs of government, long training through centuries has habituated the male mind to the initiation of policy, and the constructive development of that policy. We are invited to allow the unpractised to rule the practised—which is like expecting the experienced specialist to be governed by the advice of the raw student as to how he should perform a delicate operation. Rightly or wrongly, my reading of the progress of civilisation teaches me that it is the genius of mankind which is conspicuously in the vanguard. The notable figures of women are scattered few and far between in the records of history, jurisprudence, poli-

tical, economic, and botanic science, and the arts. We are impairing the evolution of society by relying on the brains of that section of the community whose intellectual past is so barren.

We are told that wives are underpaid housekeepers or domestic servants, that they are badly treated by law, and that, in the labour market, for equal labour they are paid less than men. The short answer to the suggestion that women are underpaid housekeepers is that it is false. Every man knows, speaking only from the cash point of view—which the Suffragists impute as the real motive that leads men to marry—that a wife is far more expensive than a housekeeper, as the increasing number of late marriages, partially due to the growth in the luxuriousness of men and women, clearly proves. On the legal point, the evidence of Captain Haines, Governor of Brixton Prison, given on June 3 last, before the Select Committee on the Debtors' Imprisonment Bill, should finally destroy the absurd theory that men are oppressing women by legal machinery. He stated that, on a daily average, there were 138 prisoners in gaol for debt. As a typical day, Captain Haines gave May 21, on which day, out of 138, there were no less than 38 men in prison for non-payment of wife maintenance. A man can be sent to prison because he may be unable to support a drunken or slatternly wife; but no woman can be imprisoned for declining to support her drunken or lazy husband.

Next, there is the complicated problem of women's work and wages. Undoubtedly there is a difference in male and female wages and salaries, but, broadly speaking, that differentiation can be traced to two economic theories. The first is, that a man's wage or salary is supposed to be sufficient to support himself, his wife, and his family; whereas a woman is regarded by the economist and the employer as an individual by herself who will accept what is enough to satisfy her own needs. The second theory is that male work usually is better than female work; it is more efficient and reliable, and therefore should be more generously paid. There are other factors, such as the lack of permanence in the service of a woman, and the "black-leg" character of much women's work. *Re* sweated labour, men are sweated in some trades just as terribly as women. The sweater sweats men, women, and children without distinction of colour, sex or creed. The pathetic army of sandwichmen is an ever-present demonstration of how men really can be sweated, notwithstanding the magical vote.

I believe in social and economic equality between men and women. Social equality has been nearly reached in the unceasing progress of evolution in society and social affairs of life. Economic equality might be a result of the endowment of motherhood. Until capitalism is uprooted and exploitation of men, women, and children checked, there is little hope for the economic independence of women.

Miss Beatrice Tina, in her ingenious article, has referred to women's burden of maternity as balancing men's burden of defending and upholding the State. The following quotation from an article of mine will show my agreement with her main thesis: "For ourselves, we boldly contend that the number of children each woman should bear is the concern of each individual woman; certainly not of the man, nor of the man-governed State." Miss Tina's article is the first English article which I have read at all supporting that view. Unfortunately, Miss Tina wants to occupy both positions at once. Women, according to her, ought not only to control their maternity—which, by the way, they can do now—but also the lives and liberties of men, a doctrine which strikes me as fundamentally unfair and immoral.

I am strenuously opposed to the granting of political or juridical equality to women, for the excellent reason that to do so would be contrary to moral law and natural equity, and because they have no title to claim it. Place aux dames, if you please, in social life, but place aux hommes in political and juridical life.

C. H. NORMAN.

Our Army Organisation. A Contemptible Anachronism.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

II.

"I NEVER regarded Eton as an Educational Institution," said Mr. Birrell recently. Yet his colleague, Mr. Haldane, that strategic experimentalist and "habitual diner-out and salad-maker," as the "Westminster Gazette" calls him, is lavish of fulsome flattery of the brainless system of the rich public schools, and declares that they are to be the true source of supply of our officers.

In 1808 the majority of our officers, who never frequented large boarding-houses and ball-playing caravanseries like Eton and Harrow, were, as compared with other European officers, very well educated indeed. In 1880 the cadets who entered the Army were up to the average educational standard of the cadets of other nations, and they were then almost to a man educated by private tutors. But Society, and Ignorance, and the Cult of Games got the lead during 1885-1898 as the public schools were favoured by official snobbery at the War Office. The degeneracy of the intellectual standard of officers who joined since then has become a public scandal, and must end in national disaster. The state of affairs was reported as lamentable in 1902 by the Akers-Douglas Commission, and ignorance of how to write or read "orders" or read maps was the cause of many failures in the war of 1899-1902. Lord Roberts has expressed very emphatic views on these points, and so have Sir W. Butler and General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien and other generals commanding at Aldershot and Salisbury Plain, and Sandhurst and Woolwich officials.

Reports of incredible ignorance on the part of public school candidates and cadets and auxiliary officers have been of almost daily occurrence. The candidates for the Army are becoming the most ignorant men of their age and social position inside or outside the United Kingdom. Indeed, so inferior is their culture, that a couple of years ago the report on the young officers of the Guards was that they were absolutely illiterate, and in consequence were not able to put down in writing the small amount of information about their professional subjects which they had picked up from private tutors and their own senior officers. Yet, as the Aldershot Report on Militia Officers said, these gentlemen had contributed large sums for years to Headmasters for nothing but Ignorance! In point of fact, the Public School System is a social and moral blight; one of the worst plague spots of England. As Professor Dewar says, its evil influence keeps us two generations behind Germany.

In 1902, during the course of the Akers-Douglas Commission, the clergyman who was Headmaster of Eton was allowed to play the fool with both the Commission and the witnesses to such an extent that strong protests were made, but he and similar "reverend head" anachronisms were able to keep hold of the ears of the War Office mandarins and, since 1904, of the Army Council Star Chamber.

There can no longer be any use in denying (a) that the Army Council would select young officers *exclusively* from rich public schools and rich university colleges if they dared, and (b) that the young men thus selected would as a rule not be fit for the posts of sergeants in any civilised army in the world.

My late friend, the Secretary of the Akers-Douglas Commission, Captain Cairnes, gave me warning that an intrigue was on foot to confine the selection of officers to the pupils of six public schools, but as I threatened to expose not only the educational, but also the moral defects of these schools, the society plan was dropped. A few years ago, by the device of "leaving certificates," another attempt was made to play into the hands of the ignorant and useless products of these dens of ignorance, but General Hutchinson, after a long series of fights with Dr. Gray, of Bradfield, and myself and others, quietly thwarted this scheme.

The "National Review," a strong Unionist magazine, has recently drawn up a formidable series of charges against the public schools. This article was signed by Mr. A. Benson, who was for a long period a master at Eton, and has also written a treatise on education called "The Schoolmaster." I quote from this work:—

We send out from our Public Schools year after year boys who hate knowledge and think books dreary, who are perfectly self-satisfied and entirely ignorant, and, what is worse, not ignorant in a wholesome and humble manner, but arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant, not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it ridiculous and unmanly that a young man should be anything else (p. 65).

General Baden-Powell, in the "Cavalry Journal," April, 1906, says:—

A good many young officers now join the Service from school with some idea of Latin verse, and a very fair idea of cricket and football, bridge, and even motor driving, but with no education in patriotism, no real acquaintance with the history or geography of their own or other countries; unable to make a précis or to write English concisely or even grammatically, unaccustomed to read general information for themselves other than under the headings of the "Daily Mail"; unable to talk a foreign language sufficiently well to travel abroad; with no knowledge of sciences such as elementary astronomy, hygiene, geology, electricity, etc., which are of military value nowadays, and with no experience in accounting or book-keeping, map-drawing, surveying, etc., or other practical useful accomplishments.

Colonel Kitson, late commandant of Sandhurst, reported quite recently that public school cadets could neither write nor think nor read intelligently, and were so ignorant of ordinary topics that technical teachers could not convey their meaning to classes lacking the very elements of general education.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his "Staff Officer's Scrap Book," says:—

In education the Japanese are in advance of the English. Especially is this the case when the highest and the lowest ranks in Japan are compared with corresponding ranks in England. Scotch lads are the only specimens in the United Kingdom who show, as a class, a little natural hankering after knowledge, but even they cannot compare with the Japanese for one moment. If the Japanese youths were to find themselves under professors who were desirous of teaching them athletics rather than learning, they would not need the assistance of their parents to make short work of such an establishment.

Do my readers require further evidence that the Haldanic public school favouritism is likely to be a costly and contemptible farce and fraud?

An intellectual person is one whose mind is alive to ideas, who is interested in politics, religion, science, history, literature, who knows enough to wish to know more, and to listen if he cannot talk; but Haldaneism is the cult of Snobbery and Incapacity.

Inanity and "good form" and a pretence of skill at sports are the ideals of society education. In reality, not one public school man in five can ride a horse. I have had to teach scores of rich men of twenty-one years of age how to mount a horse! But the War Office, and still more the Home District Office, are mere adjuncts of "Society," and would prefer the son of a plutocratic brewer or the grandson of a Yankee financial bandit who went to Eton or Harrow and was a vulgar, ignorant snob, to the descendant of a Crusader who was a poor, accomplished gentleman of the type of Chaucer's Knight or Spenser's St. George. There is not the slightest reason why our young "gentlemen" should not be the finest *gentlemen* in the world except for luxury and snobbery and the folly of clerical headmasters.

Of course, a rich or titled candidate for the Army, wherever educated, should get fair play as much as anyone else. But we object to an ignorant, lazy, stupid young man of any rank getting any consideration whatever, especially in such a matter of the life and death not only of men, but of Empire as our Army. If we cannot get plenty of well-educated and efficient cadets from rich schools, then we must take poor boys as officers. Unfortunately, our rivals are not under the domination of public school snobbery.

Oriole Notes.

By Beatrice Tina.

LORD EGO is a-walking in Ethiopia. "I-I!" he cries.

The dark, vast tribes begin to heed him, and the enmity which divided the sons of Ethiopia passes.

Out of the bush the Zulu emerges; he encounters the Swazi, his ancient enemy, emerging: they spill no blood. Basuto with Herrero becomes acquainted. Guinea salutes Kaffraria; and Liberia with Egypt exchanges greeting.

From voice to voice is strained the tense whisper: Africa for the Africans!

* * * * *

An age since, Ethiopia unveiled. Long she had hidden her children from the nations at her gates; and skilfully she adapted her sons to their Land. Mobile she made them, and of rapid breath, vivacious, and mettlesome. When her era was come, she flung down the gates. The alien entered. He cast her sons into slavery. Laughter, love, and discussion failed in the villages.

Now the freed son returns to his home. He gives no thanks for his freedom. Unbroken in spirit, he cherishes his humiliation, and demands to rule in his birth-land. He is cursed for his audacity. He replies: "Africa for the Africans!"

The Ethiop watched a hundred thousand aliens in combat about him. Victory fell to the side whose banner was a Cross. Now, beneath that magical device, the Ethiop takes his stand against the alien. And none can be found bold enough to curse *this* boldness.

* * * * *

Africa is unfriendly to the alien's errand. From Nile to Orange she has shut her ways to commerce. Her rivers feed unequally. To-day they roar in flood: to-morrow the lightest craft may find bottom. No vessel enters their barred mouths conveying the alien in numbers; he is seen like an island in the deep among the throngs of her children.

Three oceans dispute for her bays. The currents rage below the smooth surface. To the vessel sucked down, no diver descends. In the season of winds, anchorage avails not. The open sea is safer than the harbours of Africa.

The woody liana locks the forest. Cut away, in a time it returns again.

The desert laughs at steel and iron, tossing over the inventions of the alien its shifting, invincible sand.

In the luxuriant swamps, fat, noxious plants breathe steamy heat until the heavy air breeds pestilence which bids the alien perish with the fly. Narrow is the path he may tread.

To-day the nomad pest scavenge for gold and gems. But they and the wealth will vanish together. Not more inscrutable Ophir than shall become the places of their sojourn.

In that era, when the last jewel is cleansed from her fevered bosom, who shall possess Africa?

* * * * *

The veins swell in the son of Ethiopia. His blood leaps and multiplies. "Room!" he demands. He overstrides his territories. He stands to breathe on the alien's domain. Here is space for him and his thousands.

The son of Ethiopia has a prodigious memory. He leaps the frontier, noting the ancient barriers. He measures the Land by the footsteps of his ancestors, he divides it into the fields of their prowess.

Rifles gleam against him from the bush. He hears the order, "Out or die!" The challenge nerves his wrist; but in his defenceless hand is no weapon. He dashes thence enraged and ashamed. He hurls

through the crowd of his kindred into the dusk of his hut. He roars, tearing and rending in his fury.

But the sweat of his rashness dries. He comes forth. Cold and sour words he addresses to the young men. He jeers and clicks his tongue. He touches the ring upon his distinguished head. He swings the leopard skin from his gleaming shoulders, shaking it in the wind. It streams along the wind like a war-standard; and the eyes of the people enflame and their limbs stir for revenge. He lays his finger upon the turbulent pulse of the young men, and his own pulse thunders again: "Africa for the Africans!"

And now, like the falling of water among the cool places, falls his voice. And the response of the tribe is as the noise of the stream below the waterfall. His words are wieldy. Patience and preparation he extols.

Out of the circle he goes, carrying the confidence of the headmen.

* * * * *

Contempt and ignorance clinch hands against Ethiopia.

The alien denies her a plan. He sees her gathering the links of a chain, and knows not the subtle numbering of the links. As, in the wilds, her rivers run, and now they disappear beneath the desert and are not found of the passer-by; yet he who knows the ways of the Land, drinks where he will: so, of the hidden plan of Ethiopia, the wise take note; but the fool, hearing the watchword whispered east and west, and hearing it not around his own house, says: "There is no plan."

* * * * *

As yet, the Strong Man has not arisen in Ethiopia. At his advent, the blood of the alien's children will stain the Land. If the evil day would be avoided, the tribes must be persuaded from their strongholds. Ethiopia is the Ethiop's country. He must be led out and conciliated. The task is light; for courtesy and dignity are the heritage of the native man: and his kings are acquaintance for kings. But his mind is not the alien's mind, and his code is different; his way of justice is just to him and the alien's way is unjust. He is judged; and now he pays; but his sentence is remembered by ten thousand of his kindred. If he be penned in his teeming territories, what flame of energy may some chance spark not enkindle?

* * * * *

Aliens! We—you and I, my brothers! Our kindred dwell within an echo of this fierce whisper: Africa for the Africans! Shall we, to conciliate the nomad gold-seekers, leave the Ethiop unconciliated?

The husbandmen and the shepherd alone are beloved of Africa. She raises a tree wherever man's hand guides water, and in her scarcest regions, a wondrous bush stores up the drops for the thirsty sheep.

The Ethiop is a husbandman and a shepherd. Let us give him place where he may serve his Land. Let us invite him; not to vice-ridden compounds, whence he returns—always returns—insolent and contemptuous of his employers. He returns to his chief; and the cunning and the credulity of the alien are made the chuckle of an evening indaba. For two hands borne for the alien, the Ethiop carries a hundred eyes for his chief.

Let us invite the African to the land, to the unconquered veldt. A thousand farms lie under the Karroo for lack of labour. There is room there for a thousand native villages, with ten thousand of us aliens to give instruction.

We can never anglicise Africa. She is the African's country. Let us lead him out and show him what may be had by labour and intelligence. Let us persuade him from his fastnesses; him and his sons and his daughters; and with the daughters of Ethiopia we shall lead the dove of progress. Released from the ancient ways, the daughter of Ethiopia returns no more to those ways!

Swiftly let us act. For Lord Ego begins to go about the Land.

Towards a Dramatic Renaissance.

I.

IF the art of Drama is only a pretty play-garden, where comedies grow, and quaint conceits of tragedies, and even queer orchis idea plays, then there is no future for the drama, not even when you throw in the whole herbarium of dried Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. But if Drama is an integral and very important part of social life, then its future depends only upon the powers of our dramatists and the opportunities that are given them.

Looked at from the narrow theatrical standpoint of contemporary achievement, the future of Drama does not appear very inspiring. Looked at in general perspective of the time, the possibilities of Drama, as of the other arts, seem very great indeed.

To study present dramatic tendencies from the inside point of view is almost useless. Taken as a whole, English Drama at the present is going no one way particularly, but in many diverse, and not all progressive, directions. It is to be understood by looking to its business foundation and to the class whose class-consciousness it interprets. On the whole, present-day English Drama is a parasite on certain moneyed classes in the Metropolis. Even in its best moments it is altogether hypnotised by the atmosphere of metropolitan life. Local colour is one of the chief things to be avoided, not only in the scene of the play, but in the characters, who must speak a certain London patois of thought and conform to (or outrage) certain social taboos. The play may take us to a desert island (as in "Admirable Crichton") or to Central African forests ("The Explorer") or American deserts ("A White Man") or Fairyland ("Peter Pan") or to any part of the world or the regions beneath the world, yet the accent and intonation and social customs of gentlemanly London still prevail.

Any play with really strong local colour, either of scene or of character, has a very hard fight for existence. Even Bernard Shaw, who has boldly individualised his characters, is careful not too greatly to individualise his scenes. When he goes to Morocco, it is to discover a gang of Cockney Arabs and in Spain a gang of Cockney brigands.

As regards the scene, this does not perhaps matter so much; as regards the individual characters, their limitation to a very narrow range is fatal. And the first change of spirit we require is a rebellion against these limitations. To begin with, they make plays too dull for words; there can be nothing unexpected, nothing to fix attention, nothing to stir and move. A new Pinero play at the St. James's, for instance, a Shakespeare production at His Majesty, a musical comedy at the Gaiety, or one of Mr. Lewis Waller's romantic attitudinising at the Lyric could be criticised with absolute correctness, given the barest outline of story, without even seeing them at all.

But this limitation must persist so long as the London theatre is preserved as a place of entertainment for the expansion of the post-prandial emotions, and the theatre will be so maintained just as long as the high rents, high salaries, and extravagant expenses generally make the London theatre parasitic on the limited moneyed class who can afford these luxuries.

That it is quite possible to escape from this metropolitan miasma is certain; a continuous crop of dramatic successes (and theatrical failures) assures us of the fecundity of dramatic art. And it is strikingly significant that two of the greatest dramatic successes of the past few years have been in the case of a theatre deliberately setting up to be localised and anti-English, the Irish Theatre, and a drama boldly setting out to challenge every preconceived London opinion, the plays of Bernard Shaw.

It happens that these two dramatic successes have also been theatrical successes, but they represent only two successful lines of development rigorously selected from a number of still-born experiments, and indicate the probability of a good many births that under present conditions never become actual. Indeed, when one

stands outside the metropolitan miasma and sees in what a very primitive condition the art of Drama really is, but what an immense amount of dramatic material is lying ready to hand and what strenuous efforts the artistic imagination makes to avoid commercial success, there is only room for the most unbounded optimism.

We have to decide on what we want our drama to be. We have to consider what likelihood we have of seeing our dramatic desires satisfied under present conditions and with present organisations. We have to decide how to organise to get what we want. There are many possible lines of dramatic development in England, and with some of them "we" have never been in keen sympathy. For by we I mean people like you, the reader of, and I, the writer for, THE NEW AGE. Sometimes, perhaps, you ask whether "we" do agree at all, and wonder what the devil I'm driving at. Well, so do I. But in the main we are cheerful, religious-minded people almost as much shocked by the present-day theatre as we are by the present-day Church, and wanting the life of the present day and the exhilarating vistas of life, opened up by the knowledge of the present day, frankly and fully, with humour and with tears, with wit and with tragedy, displayed, discussed, and made real before us.

Any essential human experiences put on to the stage may illuminate life for us. We certainly do not need only problem plays or idea plays. And only one kind of play is useless—the play without belief in it.

Probably that is what is the matter with our metropolitan plays; there is no belief in them. The real Drama can only be written by men who believe—something. It is really an external and unimportant matter whether you get to reality by Methodism or by Nietzscheism; the only serious objection to either creed is that its followers do not arrive. It does not even matter if the dramatist's expressed intention is to condemn life and destroy God—so long as he has sufficient conviction of the value of life to do it well.

There will always be men, no doubt, whose sense of the worth of tragic values will lead them to depict the terrible and the appalling in life. If they believe, let them. But there is another element beside belief which ought to be made use of much more largely than it is—the element of free beauty. It is surely astonishing in a country so very beautiful as England, the lives of so many of whose people are surrounded by the open air, that we get so little beauty of any kind on the stage. Beautiful scenery at His Majesty's we have had galore, tinkling fountains nearly as real as real fountains. But not real beauty. Not beauty as the background and essential part of life, as it was, for instance, in Masfield's "Nan."

If we have these three things we have the foundations of a Drama which would prove very greatly more satisfying than the present metropolitan counterfeit. For of these things, belief carries with it the drama of idea and of purpose; beauty exalts, and drama individualised and localised will bring us into touch with every aspect of our emotional life and provide endless theme and story for treatment. For the craft of the dramatic author it is no use our concerning ourselves. Where he shall use comedy or where tragedy, when verse and when prose; these are matters purely for his own discretion. But we can at least say that some things we insist on, and that one thing we will not have is this parade of metropolitan types. And the London managers and the London theatrical public will not agree with us?. Of course not! We are not out to please them, but to decide what we want and how and whether we can get it. It is no use even consulting them; they do not understand our public. For if we set out to nourish and protect a definite kind of drama, an anti-metropolitan drama, we shall have to appeal not to the heterogeneous London public, but to a highly specialised and selected London public. So the question becomes, how far are the experimental theatres and stage societies in London, started more or less with the same ideas as those I have sketched above, successful in achieving the results we are aiming at?

L. HADEN GUEST.

(To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

IT was no doubt in the nature of a providential judgment upon me for my flippancy concerning the "Athenæum" last week that my bookseller (who combines a very pretty taste in fiction with a somewhat careless grace in the distribution of periodicals) sent me "Nature" instead of the "Athenæum" on Saturday. I am always humbled when confronted with "Nature," for it forces me on every page to admit that I do not understand English; and for the things which I in my absurdity deem important it displays the most complete scorn. Of all the journals written by madmen for madmen I should say that the "Athenæum" and "Nature" are probably the best. This conclusion is based upon my thorough comprehension of the "Athenæum" (except its dramatic criticism) and my thorough non-comprehension of "Nature." And of all journals written by madmen for madmen I should say that beyond question "The Author" is the worst. I much regret this; it touches the quick of me. One would have thought that the technical journal of the literary profession would be a model, a mirror, and an exemplar of form, whereas the fact is that the stylists and sub-editors of the "Timber Trades Review" could give lessons to the staff of "The Author." However, The Authors' Society is one of the alluring mysteries of London. For a long period I used to go about London and ask literary people: "Have you ever heard of Sir H. de B.?" The answer was invariably "No." Whereupon I would retort with tranquil satisfaction: "Well, he is the President of the Authors' Society." And the curious thing is that he was. In the early part of the present year I was informed, on unimpeachable authority, that the most prominent of reforming spirits in England to-day was about to take the Authors' Society in hand and reform it. I hugged the hope then that the hour might come when I should bloom into a member of the Authors' Society. But I have heard nothing since. I trust the reforming spirit is working in secret. My notion is that it would be as easy to reform the Albert Memorial as the Authors' Society. But this particular reforming spirit *could* reform the Albert Memorial.

* * *

In default of the "Athenæum" I managed to obtain "Books of the Month," perhaps the least unsatisfactory of all literary publications. Indeed, a remarkable periodical! It contains all the precise bibliographical information of the "Athenæum" without any silly criticism. It is published by those benefactors of humanity, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, Adams, etc., and it is given away. It ought to be in every home. It is divided into sections, such as "Literary," "Fiction," "Medicine and Surgery," "Poetry and Drama"; and every section is full of spiced meats. Thus, under "Poetry and Drama" I find "MERRY WIDOW (THE). Souvenir of the first Anniversary Performance in London of the Universally Popular Play with Music. Written by Victor Leon and Leo Stein, Lyrics by Adrian Ross, Music by Franz Lehar. Roy. 8vo. 10 by 7½ pp. 88, 5s. net." It is a source of pleasure to me to know that this historic specimen of poetry and drama was published only last month by Mr. Heinemann, who, of course, is famous for the high literary quality of his productions. Another book which puts me in an ecstasy is "Toggerais, or The Cow Avenged. A Torpid Tragedy in Eight Fits—one for each of the Crew, with a Prologue for the Coxswain. Cr. 8vo. pp. 72, sewed, 1s. net." The truth is, we know not in what remarkable times we live. I think I have said enough to ensure a largely increased circulation for Messrs. Simpkin's diverting periodical, which, as I have previously stated, is given away.

* * *

I think I could read anything about German Colonial expansion. The subject may not appear to be attractive; but it is. The reason lies in the fact that one

is always maliciously interested in the failures of pompous and conceited persons. In the same way, one is conscious of disappointment that the Navy pother has not blossomed into a naked scandal. A naked scandal would be a bad thing, and yet one feels cheated because it has not occurred. At least I do. And I am rather human. I can glut myself on German colonial expansion—a wondrous flower. I have just read with genuine avidity M. Tonnelat's "L'Expansion Allemande hors d'Europe" (Armand Colin, 3frs. 50). It is a very good book. Most of it does not deal with colonial expansion, but with the growth and organization of Germania in the United States and Brazil. There is some delicious psychology in this part of the book. Hear the German Governor of Pennsylvania: "As for me, I consider that if the influence of the German colonist had been eliminated from Pennsylvania, Philadelphia would never have been anything but an ordinary American town like Boston, New York, Baltimore, or Chicago." M. Tonnelat gives a masterly and succinct account of the relations between Germans and native races in Africa (particularly the Herreros). It is farcical, disastrous, piquant, and grotesque. The documentation is admirably done. What can you do but smile when you gather from a table that for the murder of seven Germans by natives fifteen capital punishments and one life-imprisonment were awarded; whereas, for the murder of five natives (including a woman) by Germans, the total punishment was 6½ years of prison. In 1906 the amazing German Colonial Empire cost 180 millions of marks. A high price to pay for a comic opera, even with real waterfalls! M. Tonnelat has combined sobriety and exactitude with an exciting readableness.

* * *

I have received from the Bibliothèque Larousse some examples of a new series of illustrated biographies which they are publishing at 7½d. Among them are "Ibsen" and "Tolstoi," by Ossip-Lourié, "Musset," by Gauthier-Ferrières, and "Montaigne," by Louis Coquelin. The scheme of each book comprises not merely a biography, but a bibliography, an analysis of works, extracts from works, and extracts from celebrated criticisms. The price is worthy to be called astonishing—for a hundred large pages of sound and well-arranged matter, and numerous reproductions of pictures and title pages, and photographs. The book on Montaigne is peculiarly agreeable. There is probably a field for 7d. biographies in England. Such brief biographies may be masterpieces. Romain Rolland has proved that in his "Beethoven," which tract it behoves all men to read. And by the way, the fifth volume of Romain Rolland's endless novel, "Jean Christophe" (Ollendorf, 3fr. 50) has just appeared. It is not as good as the previous volumes, being scarcely concerned at all with Jean Christophe herself. But everyone who has begun this novel—one of the most extraordinary of modern times—will want to finish it. And no one ever will finish it, for it will never be finished. There is no reason why it should be. Such is my opinion.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Mainly about Nothing.*

Why nothing should be so entrancing and everything a weariness passes the understanding of a plain man. My information on such things is painfully limited. Honestly, I don't know. That is a frank confession, but my courage is upheld by the private belief that I am not alone in my ignorance. Not by any means. "We don't know" would be nearer the truth and, incidentally, more communistic, for we should bear one another's burdens—even of ignorance. Nevertheless I could, were I of that mind, adduce many reasons why nothing should be charming and everything a bore. But I will not do so, because reasons are a part of that which is not nothing, and, therefore, foreign to our taste. So, hey, for nothing and the spirit of unreason! For verily, in the words of Glycon the Greek, "All is laughter, all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is."

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has arrived at this mystical point of view. He has written a book about nothing and kindred subjects. Indeed, he has done more than this, he has hinted in excellent prose that he is content with nothing—and he has become more delightful in the saying of it than he has ever been before.

Nothing is a mystery, and the worship thereof a paradox, but one's happiness therein endureth for ever. For, as Mr. Hilaire Belloc reminds us, and as Glycon the Greek said, out of Nothing was the world made: "Out of Nothing then did they proceed to make the world, this sweet world, always excepting Man the Marplot." They made man of mud—and look at him!—but that is another story. Our subject is Nothing, and man has not yet attained that blissful state; he still hopes dimly for Nirvana, just as he awaited the Messiah, perhaps because he was, in Mr. Belloc's words, "made in a muddier fashion." But the joy of the world, the wonder and the colour of life, the power and the glory, are all born, immaculately, inevitably out of nothing; just as the latest and most charming phase of Mr. Belloc has been born out of nothing.

The charm of this volume is, in one way, due to its sheer absence of purpose. We live in a purposeful age in which the hand of every man is at the throat of his brother, often, it must be admitted, in an attitude of salvation, but it is none the less uncomfortable. We are, moreover, bent on proving things, whilst art awaits the hour of acceptance, and faith awaits patiently in a quiet place until the purposes and the proofs "die down and drone and cease," when she may come forth safely and interpret the dream of life in beautiful forms. Every now and then she sends out an emissary to test public feeling in the matter. In this way she has no doubt sent Mr. Belloc with his book about Nothing. Similarly she once sent a writer called Elia.

This is not the first time Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written about Nothing and kindred subjects. One remembers certain chapters in "Hills and the Sea" which are worthy to associate with the admirable essays of the present volume. And there are certain ballades which you will remember having read, or better, maybe, having sung to the tune of mood and place on hillside, highway, or in the goodly tavern. His manner of giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, in spite of the danger incurred of turning Nothing into Something, is one of the delights of modern letters. Mr. Belloc is far more convincing on Nothing than he is on, say, Russia.

It must not be concluded that he falls into the error of advocating Nothing; he does not advocate anything, not even the truth. There are, of course, many sly hints that such a thing as this last exists, and certain gentle and elusive ironies would lead one to believe that Mr. Belloc is under no misapprehension as to its whereabouts. But such hints are the salt of his essays, just as the whims and prejudices of Charles Lamb were the salt of the "Essays of Elia." Mr. Belloc is one of

*"On Nothing and Kindred Subjects." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

the most accomplished and fascinating of living essayists. He has the capacity of seeing things in the fresh way of one who looks for himself. And he can record his impressions in compact sentences illuminated with memories of quaint lore and flashes of subtle wit.

Each essay in the volume has a peculiarly literary charm without that preciousness which gave the essays of the eighteen-nineties a delicately theatrical glamour. Mr. Belloc is an artist in words, he hides his pose. And he is also an artist in that other sense, so necessary to art—he does not teach; he can write an essay which is satisfying and interesting without depending on purpose or fact, but simply on the reflection of his own personality and his own attitude towards things.

A good essay often comes, as it were, by accident. It is a by-product; it happens. And in more than one instance it has happened in the form of a dedication or apology for a finished book. One calls to mind readily the dedication of Renan's "Life of Jesus," Edgar Poe's apology for "Eureka," and Keats's poignant note of introduction to his "Endymion." In the same way the master-stroke of Mr. Belloc's book is to be found in its epistle dedicatory. Here is a finished and an admirable piece of prose—a polished and sufficient gem. It is about Nothing, and is replete with a wisdom and a fancy and a choice of words befitting its great theme.

Yea, verily, where there is Nothing there is Everything.

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REVIEWS.

Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany.

By Henry S. Lunn, M.D., J.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.)

Dr. Lunn has put together an interesting account of visits paid in 1907 by the Committee for the Study of Municipal Institutions Abroad to some of the principal Southern German cities. The Committee seems to have had a rare good time, especially in Munich, which kept up its reputation of being an exceedingly jolly and hospitable place. A good many speeches were made, many of which are reproduced, thus crowding out some of the more valuable "lessons" learnt no doubt by the Committee. The information sandwiched in between the accounts of festivities and records of German and British oratory is valuable as far as it goes. In one or two places, however, it is not quite clear or accurate. For instance, speaking of the Stadtrat or Magistracy, Dr. Lunn refers to them as "salaried officials," thus placing them in the same category as the permanent officials in English municipal service. They are really a combination of the aldermen of the English town council and the salaried heads of departments, elected for a specified term of years. Again speaking of the elected German town councillors—distinct from the Stadtrat—he states that they are re-elected by sections, "so that the composition of a municipal body is never completely changed, as it might be in England, in consequence of a municipal election." English town councils, as a matter of fact, are elected in sections annually, so that Dr. Lunn's deduction does not hold good. He was no doubt speaking of the London County Council and the Metropolitan Borough Councils, which are elected as a whole. Yet again, in the introduction by Sir John Gorst—an excellent one, by the way—we read that "such an experiment as the establishment of open-air schools for ailing children, now adopted in many places in Germany and Austria, could not be made here out of public funds," in spite of the existence last year of the L.C.C. open-air school at Bostall Wood and the institution of two others this year by the same authority—all at the cost of the ratepayers. It is interesting to note that it is the German view that "in England art was first made popular under the ægis and by the strength of will born of the victorious belief in humanity of William Morris." This may not be a municipal lesson nor a very clearly expressed lesson, but, nevertheless, one which Englishmen would do well to try to learn and understand.

Robert Owen. By Joseph Clayton. **Henry George.** By Lieut.-Col. D. C. Pedder. (Fifield. 6d., 1s., and 1s. 4d.)

Mr. Fifield's series of "Social Reformers" makes an excellent start with these two volumes. Both contain all the necessary information regarding their respective subjects; and in each instance the writer has borne in mind the still necessary propagandist value to be extracted from such biographies. Lieut.-Col. Pedder, in particular, devotes a good deal of space to frank personal exposition; and though he does not profess to cover the whole area of Henry George's extraordinarily pervasive doctrines, the main points are brought clearly out.

Mr. Clayton has, perhaps, the more interesting task, since nobody will deny that Owen makes a romantic figure by the side of Henry George. What strikes us most in Mr. Clayton's account of Owen is the astounding modernity of Owen's views and methods. Probably Mr. Clayton had that moral in his mind, and desired to show how small have been the changes in the attitude both of Socialists and anti-Socialists in the

sixty or seventy years since Owen's pioneering activity. In view of the recent discussion of a Citizen Army, we should have been glad to hear why Owen, although an ardent pacifist, insisted on military drill for both boys and girls. Again, Mr. Clayton is surely joking when he suggests that Owen's acceptance of "Spiritualism" was partly due to deafness. Are all Spiritualists deaf?

The Indian Countryside: A Calendar and Diary.

By Percival C. Scott O'Connor. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

Mr. Percival Scott O'Connor (not to be confused with the maker of books about Burma) has written a pleasant calendar of the Indian year as it moves before the eyes of the British officer, comfortably situated in bungalow or camp. The illustrations of village and countryside are as good and well chosen as any we have seen in recent books on India. The text offers little for the reviewer's comment, except an occasional passage of this kind, explanatory of the familiar Hindustani word Rasad:—

"When an officer is proceeding on tour he informs the tehsildar (a subordinate native magistrate) in whose jurisdiction he proposes to travel, and is given two tehsil peons, whose duty it is to remain with the camp and make all arrangements for rasad or supplies. On the arrival of a camp at a village the peons go out foraging. Wood for fuel is taken from the landlord's store; straw is seized wherever it may be found; and the potter is indentured on for earthen water-pots. These things are not usually paid for. Why? . . . Camps vary in size, in proportion to the importance of the tour. The humble camp of an assistant in the Opium Department is a minnow to the camp of a Commissioner, with his following of fifty or more persons; and to supply so many with wood, straw, and vessels for water taxes the resources of the village to its utmost."

Exactly; the evil is spread all over India, and it does not diminish. Then why not abolish it? Is it on such grievances—admittedly burdening the villages, mind you, not manufactured by the urban agitator—that attachment to alien rule is expected to thrive?

Human Justice for Those at the Bottom: An

Appeal to Those at the Top. By C. C. Cotterill. (Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.)

This little volume belongs to a class for whose authors the reader feels, almost in spite of himself, compelled to entertain the most boundless admiration. Its aim (as its title suggests) is so lofty. It is so obviously sincere in tone. It is so exceedingly well meaning, one positively pities the man whose generous sentiments are so little calculated to meet with the sought-for response. But pity is never a healthy symptom. And, as we read this book, which is addressed to the "upper classes," we found ourselves so overwhelmed that we had to relinquish our task in an agony of despair.

The author professes to find in justice, kindness, and love the corner-stone of his scheme for social regeneration. These virtues have stood, in the past, for other schemes. Whether they are destined to succeed better in the future, it is perhaps premature to decide. But it is doubtful. It is but fair to add, however, that in the last chapter but three Mr. Cotterill tells us that "the upper classes, as it is, possess in abundance the qualities, attainments, and means" to carry through his little programme—which shows us, after all, that he believes that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. At the same time, whether the book, despite its modest price, will circulate sufficiently extensively among the wealthy to enable them fully to realise the power that rests with them, may seriously be doubted.

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The Philosophy of Making Love. By Harold Gorst. (Cassell. 5s.)

Mr. Harold Gorst is politic and romantic. He deals with his pleasant theme frankly and with much good sense. He recognises that marriage at the present day works by no means in a satisfactory manner. The institution is out of joint, but he would set it right by a judicious application of common sense in matters of love, and not by abolition. Marriage is apparently a necessary evil, and man has nothing to do but to be sensible, reasonable, philosophical. But, so at least thinks Mr. Gorst, it is doubtful whether man will ever be all this, just as it is a moot point whether he should be so. It is, however, quite certain that deliberately judicious action in such irrational matters as love can never become an accepted mode of procedure. Men and women will, we imagine, insist upon falling in love and taking their chances. The difficulty begins when they find they have fallen out of love. Mr. Harold Gorst deals with this question from the point of view of prevention. "The winning of a wife ought to be as delightful and romantic an episode as the winning of a bride." "The Philosophy of Making Love" is an attempt to throw oil upon the troubled waters of matrimony by prolonging the *entente cordiale* of courtship. It is a philosophy that will be exceedingly useful after the institution of marriage has been rationalised.

Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener. (Dobell. 5s. net.)

The interest in this volume will, we imagine, be somewhat local. It is a book for Shelleyans. At the same time, the volume should appeal to a further field of readers in the psychology of genius and students of marriage and its effect upon distinctive personalities. The letters themselves are literary curiosities rather than examples of the epistolary art. There is very little in them, save perhaps their fierce energy and enthusiasm, to indicate genius at all, to say nothing of the genius of the Shelley of later years. At the period of his acquaintance with Elizabeth Hitchener, Shelley was just entering manhood, his style was fulsome, and his philosophy crude and second-hand. But his purpose was lofty and idealistic, so much so that he was capable of transvaluing persons and things far beyond their genuine worth. It was sufficient at this age, for instance, for a Miss Hitchener to sympathise with the young poet's humanistic enthusiasms, for her to be transfigured by him into a shining intellectual goddess. Disillusionment only came after Shelley had, with his wife's approval, introduced the lady into his own family circle. The little comedy is told in the philosophic love-letters of this volume, of which there are forty-six, covering just over a year, from June 5, 1811, to June 18, 1812. The book has an excellent introduction by Mr. Bertram Dobell giving the historical and biographical details associated with the letters.

Modern Marriage and How to Bear It. By Maud Churton Braby. (Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

The publication of this volume on the eve of the production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's conversation on "Getting Married," at the Haymarket Theatre, probably means that the discussion of the vexed question of matrimony will be removed from the more or less retired controversial grounds of advanced circles to the middle-class flat and the villas of Suburbia. Mrs. Braby's book will serve admirably in this latter sphere, more particularly as her ideas are on the whole thoroughly respectable. She has written a book which should promote discussion without violently shocking its readers. Her style is bright and readable; it neither attempts the literary flourish, nor is it importunate in its propaganda passages. It is, in short, a piece of excellent journalism. Mrs. Braby contributes no new idea to the problems of modern marriages, but she discusses all the more immediately practical reforms which have been current among people of ideas for the past many years with cheerfulness and good sense. "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It" will help to promote tolerant and intelligent discussion in circles not yet ripe for Westernmarck, Havelock Ellis, and Edward Carpenter.

Poets of our Day. Edited by N. G. Royde-Smith. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

It is such a book as this that will do more to dispel the idea that the age of the poet in England is past than any amount of literary talk. Mr. Royde-Smith has made a very excellent anthology, which shows, above all things, that we have living in our midst to-day lyric poets who are capable of holding their own with the best of their kind. The volume might have had more value if it had been confined to the younger generation of poets entirely, but this does not affect its undoubted excellences. We have in mind the monumental books of the Rhymer's Club, which burst upon the book world some ten years ago like a new constellation in the night. It would be demanding too much to expect another collection of lyrics after so short a period to equal these, but, nevertheless, quite a distinguished anthology could be made out of the work of the poets who were unknown in the days of the Rhymer's Club. "Poets of Our Day" is, however, the best collection of its kind. It is printed and bound in handy pocket form, and should be welcomed as a creditable addition to modern anthologies.

English Pastoral Drama. By Jeannette Marks. (Methuen. 6s.)

All students of drama will welcome this excellent handbook. The ground covered is from the Restoration to the date of the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" (1660-1798), a period which saw the re-opening of the theatres after the Puritan period, their gradual degeneration, and the practical extinction of play-writing in the birth of the novel. Miss Jeannette Marks leads up to this period with a brief history of the pastoral from earliest times and a dissertation upon the idea of pastoral drama. She deals with the degenerate period with a lucid and capable hand, and clears up many points which, except to the deeper student, have

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always been vague and confusing. There are five useful bibliographies, three dealing with pastoral plays: Italian (1472-1615), Spanish (1490-1642), English (1584-1660); one with English plays and operas (1660-1798), and another with the principal critical works on the pastoral. A further consideration of the student who is unable to spend time in laborious research at the British Museum and the Bodleian, is made in the inclusion of summaries of plots of the principal English pastorals.

Through Finland to St. Petersburg. By A. MacCallum Scott. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. MacCallum Scott has written a timely and useful volume which all who are interested in the growth of modern States will welcome. It will have a special interest for Socialists because it gives, for the first time in handy form, a picture of a country which in the past few years has shaken off the bondage of an outworn feudalism and made itself one of the most progressive and intellectually active countries in Europe. Mr. Scott has a concise and picturesque style. He gives an account of Finland, past and present, of its chief towns, industries, arts, and customs, and an excellent description of the wilder features of the country. In the chapter "Land and People," the political history of the land of the Finn, from the earliest days down to the Nationalist Revival of the past few years, is given. "Through Finland to St. Petersburg" is a revelation of a beautiful and fascinating country. The volume itself is also a remarkable example of cheap publishing. It contains nearly three hundred pages, pleasantly bound, and illustrated with 24 photographs and a map.

The Human Boy Again. By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

This volume, as its name implies, is brother to Mr. Phillpotts' "The Human Boy"; and when we say it is a creditable relative of that delightful book, we give it high praise. It is rarely the good fortune of an author to repeat the success of a work in a sequel. But the author of "The Human Boy" has done this. At the same time, he has not so much imitated as continued the earlier book, and few who know that work will be sorry. Mr. Phillpotts has a keen insight into the psychology of that romantic creature, the schoolboy. He knows his ways, his frank desires, his conceits, and his cynicisms—for there is no greater cynic than your healthy boy. And he records it all with most refreshing humour. "The Human Boy Again" is a book to chuckle over. It contains twelve incidents of school life, and every one of them has merits of its own. If, however, we had to make a choice, we should honourably mention "The 'Bolsover' Prize," which as a subtle study of boyish ambitions, as well as a piece of rollicking humour, it would be difficult to beat. But this may also be said of the whole series. The volume is cleverly illustrated by Raven Hill.

Aspects of George Meredith. By Richard H. P. Curle. (Routledge. 5s.)

Mr. Curle has nothing new to say about Meredith; but his book is none the worse for that, because there is still room for a really popular exposition of the work of the great novelist. "Aspects of George Meredith" will supply such a need. Once a writer gets a reputation for ambiguity it is very difficult for him to grow out of it. A foolish critic once dubbed Meredith obscure, and it has become the habit of literary gossip to repeat this fallacy. Meredith is only obscure to the intellectually idle. For such people Mr. Curle's book should serve as a guide. He is comprehensive and clear, and his interpretation has the value of sincerity and sympathy. Here and there, it is true, he discovers the obvious, but this is probably necessary in an age of superficial reading, when people prefer to be told what an author means rather than to find it out for themselves.

The Sanity of William Blake. By Greville Macdonald, M.D. With six illustrations. (Fifield. 1s. net.)

Blake having suffered long enough at the hands of critics calling him mad, has now, it seems, to endure to be proved sane. In the absence of any definite mean-

ing for the words, however, both charges are irrelevant. Swinburne endeavoured, "perchance as finding there some image of himself," to make Blake an apostle of licentiousness. Messrs. Ellis and Yeats have discovered in him a consistent mystical and symbolic system of thought. Dr. Macdonald dismisses both views, and sets in their place his own view, namely, that Blake was a respectable citizen with an extraordinary imagination and little self-critical faculty. Of the three views we care for none; and for Dr. Macdonald's least of all. But perhaps for a Ruskin Union lecture the essay was well adapted.

Absolution: A Novel by Clara Viebig. Translated from the German by H. Raahauge. (John Lane. 6s.)

Mr. Lane has been making several efforts lately to increase the English fiction reader's acquaintance with some of the most notable work that is being done on the Continent, and we would wish to give him all the encouragement we can, more especially as we cannot believe that there is a large public in this country for the kind of realism that Clara Viebig gives us. "Absolution" is a story depicting rural life in Prussian Poland. Sophia Tiralla is the young and beautiful second wife of an elderly farmer who adores her, but whom she loathes for the coarseness of his very appreciation and the vulgarity of his unconcealed pride in her beauty. Her one aim is to encompass his death, and finally she succeeds by driving him to the suicide of a dipsomaniac, only to find that the man she loves has come to fear and shun her as an evil spirit. It is a tale of superstition and horror told with a mastery of psychology and a power of description amounting perhaps to genius. A tinge of mysticism, particularly emphasised in little Rosa Tiralla's dreams of the Holy Virgin pervades all the characters and adds the last touch needed to complete an extraordinarily terrible picture. The final criticism of most English readers will be "what is the use of it?"—a question probably which the author would not trouble to answer.

The Woman Who Vowed. By Ellison Harding. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This is an English edition of an American book which was issued in the States last summer under the title of "The Demetrian." We refer our readers to our issue of July 11, 1907, where a full account of it will be found. We need only say here that it is a story of a Collectivist State whose religious life is intimately bound up with a system of race-culture. As described, both the collectivism and the race-culture are open to the most vital objections, but the book is so unpretentious and readable that we easily forgive the absurdity of its incidents and the delightfully childish inadequacy of the means by which its ends are attained. It is really a jolly tale.

Cancer: Relief of Pain and Possible Cure. By Drs. S. Keith and George E. Keith. (A. and C. Black.)

This little book deserves the careful attention of medical practitioners; the authors have at least made out a case for a careful and fuller investigation of their

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treatment. This consists in the hypodermic administration of a solution of iodine in oil, arsenate of iron, cacodylate of iron, and cinnamate of sodium. From the details of the 41 cases, we judge that the injections were generally successful in relieving pain, and in one or two instances there had been no return of the disease for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. Whilst the surgeons clamour to receive cases almost before the cancer exists, it is well known how difficult it is to find cases on which one is allowed to try older methods.

The World's Story-Tellers. Edited by Arthur Ransome. "Stories by Hoffmann." "Stories by Gautier." (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. each, net.)

Messrs. Jack are to be heartily congratulated on the first two volumes of this new series, which is planned to give us (in English translations where necessary) a selection of some of the shorter stories which have become famous in literature. The translator of the Gautier volume is by no less a man than the late Lafcadio Hearn, who has lost nothing of the luscious sense of these three tales by a writer who, for example, can profitably spend two pages in describing the eyes of Nyssia, and a proportionate amount of space for the rest of her matchless person. "Clarimonde" in the same volume is the grim story of a passionate priest who scarcely knew if his mistress was a reality or a persistent dream. The Hoffmann volume contains the weird "The Cremona Violin." It is a narrative which, had it been told by a modern, would seem beyond the realm of the possible. Put into the statelier form of an age which had not invented impressionism, it reads as fantastically probable. There is a charm in the old-world manner; in the more peaceful technique of an art which aimed less at sudden shocks than at polished periods. It is a relief when an author does not place too much reliance on his reader's imagination; which is the way in this exacting age of impressionism in all the arts. The other story in this volume, "Made-moiselle de Scudéry," is surely the most ingenious tale of mysterious crime that has ever been constructed. How does Sherlock Holmes stand beside it? The introductions written for each volume by the editor are particularly graceful and illuminating; indeed, they are models of sense and style, if he will allow us to say so. And his biographical summaries are models also. Here is one sentence on Hoffmann: "When he was three years old his father, who was eminent in the law, deserted his mother, who was extremely neurotic." Talk about short stories!

The Factory and Shop Acts of the British Dominions. Compiled by Miss Violet R. Markham, with a Preface by Mrs. H. J. Tennant. 173 pp. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a valuable handbook for everyone interested in factory and shop legislation. An excellent summary is given of Australian and New Zealand enactments. The Cape of Good Hope and Natal have no factory legislation. The former colony has some shop legislation, but "no sanitary regulations or limitations on the hours of labour." Canadian Law and Regulations are elaborately dealt with, factory and shop legislation being much further advanced in the colony than in the United States. There are some useful charts and statistics, and an admirable index. The book is well worth its price, and Miss Markham has rendered a considerable service to social reformers in compiling it.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

THE "Socialist Review" has an interesting symposium by Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Brailsford, and Mr. Nevinson on "The King and the Tsar." Sir Charles Dilke is of opinion that European war has not been likely since 1871; and he desires that the British policy "profoundly peaceful in fact, shall not be exposed to being represented as directed against any one of the European Powers." Mr. Brailsford recalls the glories of international Liberalism, and concludes: "A friendship which can lead only to the close intercourse of financiers, courtiers and diplomats will not help democracy in either country." Finally, Mr. Nevinson, writing on "What I Saw," says roundly that the London editors who

talk of a poor innocent Tsar "are either too grossly ignorant for their position or they are lying to themselves and their readers." Mr. Chiozza Money prints his recent Fabian lecture on "The Waste of Capital," whilst the editor tilts against the Socialist Ruperts who are stirred by no vision but the "sun on bare swords." Well, it's a long day since we met such a Rupert in the Labour movement.

The "National Review" is always in good fighting trim. The Editor's "Episodes of the Month" are themselves one of the episodes. By the way, we wonder what all the elaborate patting on the back of the "Westminster Gazette" by Mr. Maxse means. Is the "sea-green incorruptible" under sympathetic treatment? Lord Newton writes as strongly as Dr. Maguire of the "Great Haldane Imposture." He urges that the benevolent neutrality of critics during the last three years should cease. His alternative to Haldaneism is National Service. Rev. S. Skelhorn has spent eight years of his manhood in the service of the "Free" Churches; and now he finds they have been "years of bitter disillusion." Where he looked for liberty he found bondage; where he expected tolerance, he met with tyranny. But blessed is he that expecteth nothing. Mr. Charles Whibley writes obscurely, in opposition probably, of a Shakespeare National Theatre. His view is that it is not for the State to correct the vulgarity ensured by greed and connived at by the dramatists. The business of the State, apparently, is to let the Drama stew in its own juice. Mr. Sydney Brooks has a defence of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society which ought to be read by Labour politicians.

Precedence is given in the "Contemporary Review" to a closely packed article on "The Rebellion of Woman," by Mrs. Billington-Grieg. "The woman in rebellion holds strong views as to motherhood." "The vote is only a means to an end." The Hon. Bertrand Russell follows with a defence for Liberal minds of votes for women. Liberals may be convinced. Mr. George Haw has a vigorous attack on the Local Government Board as it has been run by Mr. John Burns. "Something, he says, will have to be done to save the L.G.B. from itself . . . no man has yet arisen strong enough to bring the L.G.B. into line with modern political developments. . . . To-day we tolerate at the L.G.B. methods as wooden as old warships." Mr. Haw uses as examples the recent Housing Bill and the Unemployed Act. There are excellent articles on "The Future of India" and the "Reform Movement in Persia."

The monthly "Social Democrat" has three good articles. Mr. Quelch demonstrates effectively that waste is essential under capitalist production; an address translated from the German on "the Alcohol Question" summarises what may be called the orthodox Socialist view: "Give the people enough to eat, give them sanitary dwellings, give them freedom; then they will be prepared to drive hence the demon of alcohol." There is a useful description of the Belgian and Prussian Electoral Systems.

Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, in the "United Service Magazine," states "calmly and coldly" and as "a matter of fact," that the peace of Europe can never be considered assured so long as the Germans remain on French soil as victors. So long as the Alsatian wound remains open Armageddon may be expected any day. Col. F. N. Maude has an interesting letter on the question of a Surprise Invasion. He maintains that Mr. Haldane's scheme for Territorial Artillery deserves the warmest support. Dr. Miller Maguire continues his commentary on "Clausewitz on War."

The "New Quarterly" manages to retain pre-eminence as the dullest of them all. The Editor has his own method of making each succeeding number a little more depressing. On this occasion he finds it useful to have three contributions on related questions of physics. The Hon. F. J. Strutt thus opens his "Current Problems of Radio-Activity": "It is a commonplace of science that matter consists of atoms, in fact, that it has a grained structure"; making it quite clear that the writer, at least, knows nothing about the matter. We must recommend him, Mr.

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Alliston, and Mr. Campbell to some study of philosophy before they discourse on ultimate problems in physics. The Hon. Maurice Baring, in an interesting account of Anton Tchekov, the Russian dramatist, has some acute observations on the Russian stage. "The Russian drama has without making any fuss about it, never done but one thing—to depict life as clearly as it saw it and as simply as it could." Hence "Mrs. Warren's Profession," when played at St. Petersburg, was "well received, but it never occurred to anyone that it was either daring or dangerous or startling." It was generally considered too "stagey for the Russian taste." "Mr. Bernard Shaw was the typical middle-class Englishman," as he is always telling us, "and he satirised the faults and follies of that class and shared its limitations." The "Note-books of Samuel Butler" still serve us quaint fragments of the author's original philosophy, though the extracts are less absorbing than the earlier ones; even jibes at scientists and other superior persons are wont to grow stale.

The "Oxford and Cambridge Review" (Midsummer Term) opens with a long and characteristic poem by George Meredith. Meredith has set up apparently as a recruiting sergeant with Kipling, Austin and Co. We do not mind, only the poetry ought to be undeniable:—

It cannot be declared we are
A nation till from end to end
The land can show such front to war
As bids a crouching foe expend
His ire in air, and preferably be friend.

Maurice Baring writes on "A Russian Mystery Play"; G. M. Young on "Humanism True and False"; and Maurice Browne (of the Samurai Press) on "The Nature and Function of Poetry."

The "Ode in Midsummer," by Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, in the "Albany Review" is a distinguished piece of verse: it might have been written by Crashaw or Marvell. Mr. Cecil Delisle Burns writes of the "Pan-Anglican Congress." Miss Sellers has an eulogy, well-deserved it appears, of the treatment of State Children in South Australia. A State parent is not so bad when the State has humanity and common sense.

The July "International" is a very good number. M. Hervé contributes an exposition of his doctrine of Anti-Militarism. Why, he asks, is proletariat anti-militarism disliked even by pacifist members of the ruling classes? And he replies in effect that it is because the proletariat anti-militarism may be expected to work in strikes and such civil wars as well as in military wars. Dr. David, of the Reichstag, disclaims any unfriendliness of Germany to France in Morocco. On the contrary, "an increasing mass of the population in both countries yearns for the day of an open alliance of peace and friendship."

We have also received the "Humane Review," containing a full account of the recent Flogging outbreak at Cardiff; "School," with an illustrated article on King Edward's School, Birmingham; the "Indian World"; the "Nation in Arms"; the "New Field," etc., etc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

THE RETURN TO THE BASTILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an Irishman I have been keenly interested by the brilliant and logical article of your contributor, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, entitled "Shall we Revive the Rack?" Mr. Chesterton suggests, and I believe that the suggestion is not an extravagant or unwarrantable one, that the technical offence of cattle-driving might easily be put beyond the region of politics, and that in the case of four convictions for such "criminal" offence the law-breaker might be confined in prison during "the King's pleasure." The same rule might almost hold of every form of political agitation in Ireland. His Majesty's judges in Ireland have strong views as regards Irish Nationalist politicians.

With regard to the broader view as to the people of these kingdoms, the measure is one which must be repugnant to all who believe in humanity and progress. When I speak of humanity, I do not speak of that sickly and sentimental feeling which is opposed to punishment of indubitable criminals, and the death sentence. When I speak of progress, I do not speak of the progress of science or

art, but of the progress of the race towards higher and purer ideals in life.

The Right. Honourable Herbert Gladstone's measure is one which, avowedly philanthropic in its intention, is hopelessly reactionary in its outlook, and recalls the worst days of bondage and prison cruelty. Under this measure men may be disposed of for life, during "His Majesty's pleasure."

In old France there was an institution called the Bastille. In that portentous building many men guilty of offence against the Crown rotted away; in that picturesque edifice many innocent men rotted away. They were thrust into the Bastille, and no men saw them more except the intelligent and beneficent warders of the building. They lived their living death; and then they died in all verity, these lodgers of the Bastille, during "His Majesty's pleasure."

If Mr. Gladstone has his way with his no doubt well-meaning measure of prison reform, the disciplinary methods of Old France will be revived. The obdurate criminal (whatever form his criminality takes) and the obdurate politician—he may be even a theoretical Fabian—will be liable to be placed in a dark home from which there is no returning.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* * *

IRISH PLAYS AT THE COURT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

With much of your critic's censure many may be found to agree, but may I point out that it is misleading to refer to Willie Murray, who is a champion step-dancer at Irish festivals, as a "polished Cockney-looking gentleman." If Dr. Guest knew anything of South-Irish physiognomy he could not have fallen into such a silly error. Also, if the good doctor had used his eyes more carefully he would have observed how "Sir Ulick" got the blanket. It was very courteously handed to him by the husband of the lady in the convenient cottage.

MACAODH-O'NEILL.

* * *

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Talking of curious people, I met an intellectual gymnast the other day who loudly insisted that Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays mean something. When I pointed out that Mr. Shaw's plays are drama not propaganda, he indignantly asked whether I "really meant to insinuate" that "Candida" and "Getting Married," for example, were not written for the purpose of shocking the nation out of its conventional slumbers and compelling it to face the marriage question. When I recovered from the burst of merriment into which this brilliant example of penetration threw me, I determined to write at once to THE NEW AGE so that your readers might share my delight. We shall be told next that Ibsen was a social reformer masquerading as a dramatist, or that Pinero is a philosopher in the guise of a playwright. Evidently we live in an age of patent-medicine literature, when it is not sufficient to be a dramatist—one must also be a perambulating chest of patent cures for moral diseases.

ANTHONY OLDPAPE.

* * *

THE INDIA COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your contributor "X." said that the Council at the India Office could veto the decisions of the Secretary of State, and I pointed out in reply that this was not the case; that (except to a limited extent in financial matters) the Secretary of State was not bound to follow their advice, and that the real question as regards the Council was, not how to curtail their powers, but whether a body of such limited powers was worth its present cost in salaries. Your correspondent, "Stanhope of Chester," replies by quoting

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Mr. Winston Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph"—"any apparent laxity of control by Parliament is corrected by the Council of India . . . by whose decisions he"—the Secretary of State—"is in many matters of the highest importance absolutely bound." Mr. Churchill's statement is too general, but he was no doubt thinking of the financial control referred to above. It is, however, difficult to see how laxity of control by Parliament can be corrected by a body with whom Parliament has nothing to do.

Why your correspondent should say that Sir John Strachey's statement, on such a simple matter of fact as the functions of the Council, is "somewhat biased," is hard to see—as a member of Council himself his "bias" would naturally have been in its favour. But is it not ridiculous, and savouring of mediæval methods, to treat such a question as though it depended on the authority of Sir John Strachey, or Mr. Winston Churchill, or anyone else? The Act of Parliament (21 and 22 Vict., cap. 106, sections 19-28 and 41) is perfectly clear on the subject. I can't ask you to print these sections in extenso, but section 23 says that if there be a difference of opinion at any meeting of the Council, "the determination of the Secretary of State shall be final"; and section 25 says that if the majority of the Council "record their opinions against any act proposed to be done, the Secretary of State shall, if he do not defer to the opinions of the majority, record his reasons for acting in opposition thereto." I think this fairly disposes of the notion that the Council can "veto" the decisions of the Secretary of State.

"Stanhope of Chester" also takes the opportunity to remind your readers that Sir J. Strachey wrote an article in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1879, and that this article (replying to one by Mr. Hyndman) was "signed by the present Viscount Morley." Your readers might, with equal relevancy to the subject in hand, have been "reminded" of the size of Sir John Strachey's hat. I decline to follow this reddest of red herrings, but will merely observe that there is no article in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1879 on this subject signed by John Morley, and that in any case it appears incredible that a man of his literary standing should have signed an article written by someone else. I suppose the implication is that a man who would accept a peerage thirty years later is capable of anything.

GOD'S COUSIN.

* * *

THE HONOUR OF PARLIAMENT. TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is astonishing that the King should attempt to cast a stigma on men of the character of Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, and Mr. Victor Grayson, when we remember Mr. Andrew Carnegie's scathing comment on his character: "Monarchical institutions emasculate men, the masses in greater degree . . . Of course, men can kiss the hand of the Queen, as one is proud to kiss the hand of any good woman, but how will it be when the Prince of Wales holds out his hand, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Morley, Collings and Broadhurst, Trevelyan and Fowler, and others are required to kiss that"! (The "Prince of Wales" here mentioned is the present king.) "I am not sure but that even these Radicals may find it no stain upon their manhood to incur this degradation, but the first man who feels as he ought to feel, will either smile when the hand is extended at the suggestion that he could so demean himself, and give it a good hearty shake, or knock his Royal Highness down. I have heard of ladies of high rank who say they never would kiss the Prince's hand, but they need not trouble themselves upon this score, for the Prince will make himself immensely popular by reversing the process and kissing their hands instead. He is a gallant gentleman. It is not the man we declaim against, but the effect of the customs, fit only for serfs, by which monarchy is surrounded, and which tend to keep men—even Radicals—subservient" ("Triumphant Democracy," by Andrew Carnegie, p. 500).

By sedulous advertisement the King has gained considerable popularity since his accession. He is regarded as "a good fellow" (the description of any man who has plenty of money, plenty of horses, plenty of mistresses, and a faithful affection for the Established Church and the ring), with plenty of "tact." But the King's "tact" is rendered doubtful by the Garden Party incident.

We are led to suspect sinister motives in his flirting with Democracy. Such apparently graceful compliments as the conferring of Orders on miners, etc., should be watched closely, for their real object may be something else. In view of the recent incident, the strengthening of privilege and the capture of several sections of the community by the bestowal of orders and dignities are disquieting symptoms of a reactionary movement, which is permeating England,

in which the present Liberal-Whig and Tory leaders are equally concerned, and against which "C.-B." fought to the last days of his life.

The King's financial operations are devious and not easy to trace. His reputed dealings in "Africans" with Mr. Rhodes and the Johannesburg financial magnates gained the war party a powerful influence at Court, which the late Queen was too aged to combat. Among the array of Jew and Christian financiers, with whom the King has associated, the name of Mr. Heyman Orkin stands out prominently, a gentleman well-known in the City in reference to the deal in "Siberian Props." This Company was the cause of a scandal, which was eventually hushed up, as all these scandals are, in which Lord Farquhar, Master of the King's Household, Lord Knollys, Private Secretary to the King, and Lord Howe, Chamberlain to the Queen, were involved.

Few Englishmen are aware of the outcry (which Reuter and Laffan omitted to cable) in a section of the American Press some two or three years ago, during the Wall Street panic (which preceded the recent crashes), when it was alleged that the King had netted \$750,000 in the operations in Steel Trust shares.

The King receives £700,000 a year to be the servant of his people, and to be an ornamental figure-head. Charles I (who, to do him justice, could speak English without a German-Hebraic twang), when he tried to be something more than a figure-head, lost his head, becoming a mere figure. Parliament, in those times, knew how to protect its dignity and the honour of its constituents.

The fact that Mr. Arthur Ponsonby is honoured with the King's displeasure explains Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's famous utterance, "Vive la Duma," and the outcry in the Court Press which it caused. If "C.-B." had not disappeared from the stage, the King would probably have faced the resignation of his Premier before visiting the Tsar at Reval. Mr. Asquith is the most humble servant of the King; therefore, the best Russians may rot in prison, while the King of England blesses his nephew the Tsar.

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