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 3, 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 probability they represented the wishes of their constituents exclusively of country parsons and a few university, dons. Such is the part played by the "intellect vote." Obviously it will be more difficult to find money later of Society with a big S?

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 necessaries at some period in their lives, it is better for society that they should suffer when their work is done.

* * *

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?

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 devoted-to-be-desired consummation is scarcely probable. The House of
Lords may be an archaic institution, containing individually and collectively much evidence of senility, but it certainly does not possess that single virtue of sanctity, 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 for rejection. The assumption is doubtless safe, but our contemporary returns to the freezing test of expediency. Indeed, the Upper House contains nothing but Front Benches. * * *

The two candidates for the Presidency of the United States seem scarcely an inspiring pair. The Republican candidate, Mr. Taft, is a placid, dignified old gentleman who upholds the dignity of the West.

In Persia, things seem much where they were. It is still on the cards that the Nationalists will re-assert 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 European 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 appeal has been made 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 chimes could be heard in the distant corners appraising 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 inquiries they can go on with his real business with a light heart. His feelings must be closely akin to those of the trader who barters a few paste jewels and a keg of whisky for a rich cargo of ivory. The piece threatens to have a long run. * * *

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 Secretary had been Imperial, and it was as a draft of legislation 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 there, but there were far braver to follow. "The genie of trades unionism is on the march, and you cannot boggle at Old Age Pensions. They have swallowed

This, of course, is altogether admirable. But we have heard irreproachable sentiments expressed from the Treasury Bench before, and we know that these ex-cursions into the possibilities of to-morrow are made quickly to learn the principles of civilisation.

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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 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 oppor-
tunity for a striking protest is given to them, and they
will not deserve well of fate if they fail to take advan-
tage of it. The idea of challenging a popular vote on
the King's action was the foundation that has
occurred to them since they became a party. In carry-
ning 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 pru-

dence 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 Zang-
will 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 quarellome-
sness may imperil the very life of our Empire; and particularly observing the vast masses of
semi-illiterate voters nourished on Limerick journal-
ism, what other conclusion can I draw than that my
sex is utterly unfit to be trusted with power? Put
Mrs. Ward's and my conclusion together, and that
what we have is nothing but the truth.

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

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
such less wage to be named in the licence),

A Minimum Wage and Mr. Aves' Report.

By Sir Harley 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 dis-
appointment at the conclusions at which he has arrived.
He is disposed to think that on the whole this legisla-
tion has operated beneficially, and that many of its
original defects have been from time to time removed
by amending and supplementary legislation. He en-
dorses 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 com-
petent, that its opponents are mainly dishonest, grasp-
ing, and unscrupulous employers, and that its tendency
is to prevent the dishonest and unscrupulous employer

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ing, 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 the 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 conclu-
sion is not only disappointing, it is also unques-
tionably lame and incompetent. But in recent years, we
have been deluged with the most distressing and convincing
statistics in relation to sweating, numerous anti-sweat-
ing 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 throms,
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 in-
formation!

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 satis-
faction 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
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 a time of crisis and effective steps
be taken without further delay to suppress the evil and
horrors of sweating. Let us do something besides talk-
ing 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 the
clothing trade; no trade or wage for the numerous branches of this trade,
ally when it is obvious that it will take a Wages Board
at least six months to take evidence and fix a minimum
rate make a start by fixing the minimum wage for one
branch of our En-

[Next Week] "Women and War," by
Richardson Haigh; "The Bourgeoisie," by Upton
Sinclair; A Poem, by Eden Phillpotts; Army
Organisation—III, by Dr. Miller Maguire.
The New Foreign Policy.

George Canning was the first to conceive the policy of encouraging what he understood to be the liberal and constitutional causes in Continental Europe. In his time the noble and the base were liberately opposing parties, but not so in Canning's day. 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 tyrant of Dom Miguel, the absolutist pretender in the throne. Spain showed him a similar courtesy. It might be urged that 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 - he visited this country. He fought for the freedom of Belgium from Holland, and secured its existence as an independent State free from the threatened domination 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 ordinance 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.

Gladsone was by nature a more timidous 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 of the Weak as Canning was of the base. 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 Disraeli's passion for 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 and 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, and was capable at times of being as contemptuous of the Weak as Canning was of the base, was a whole-hearted, supporter of oppressed peoples, and was capable at times of being as contemptuous of the Weak as Canning was of the base. 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 Disraeli's passion for public affairs, and his passionate demand that England's power should be used to arrest the Armenian massacres.

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 that of ours. 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 all the humiliating consequences, the ignoble policy of 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 the universal right of self-government, and England the champion of revolution all the world over. The balance of power in Europe would be tragically upset. In short, the Kaiser might well gain the acknowledgment of sovereignty we are unable 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, which will enable us to meet all possible dangers, and at the same time to maintain 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 that of ours.

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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 exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must.—Thucydidcs, 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 intellectualism, mere education makes a nation, 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 the character of the one member of a great 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 capability 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, and that passion 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 mishances 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—he who was going to fall into one of my usual sarcastic and successful diatribes against the immoral modern hypermorality when I happily remarked that I have confessed myself above as a Machiavellian, and that I have to live up to that reputation. For while the noble Morleys have the greatest interest to convert as many as possible to their elevating creed, the selfish Machiavellians, on the other hand, try to keep us 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—

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* "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 wise, But makes him the beholder wise, As he hath power to rise to it.

BEN Jonson.

I am beginning to have faith in the dance. The criticisms were mildly pleased with Isadora Duncan, said where she was clever and where she was not; the democracy roared, clapped, stamped, and bravado. The crowd roared because the dance was insipiring—inspiriting 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 they love Tennyson—because the thing 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 soiree, had pointed out to him with a flourish of explanation 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 where 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 the 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 back in the fierce wind of the mouth of God.

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And here they run and trip and sway and start 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; and the dawn of Knowledge is in her eyes, and in one shriek of delight out of the shell and back again; 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 arm's length and content 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, to the earth soft as the snow falls, softer than dear leaves falling, soft as the light-footed foot that gathers round. While folded blossoms dappling the grass, they fly. Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Good-night! Tendre, our, song of the night-bird! Head on her hand she sleeps. Sleeps.

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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 one in the least inclined to adopt 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 loathsome. It behoves him to employ the interval in correcting some feeble pretence at rivalry. Besides, nowadays, when the craving to have a child is something insistent. The universe is encompassed it were a sufficient compensation. 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 is in absolute contradiction to the practice of men and women. Men and women pair for sexual gratification, for companionship, for complementarity, for childhood. 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 behoves him to employ the interval in correcting some feeble pretence at rivalry. Besides, nowadays, when the craving to have a child is something insistent.

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 mastery. In our endeavour to discover in what wise the land can be peopled with brave men and noble women we inherit certain tendencies from one side, and certain other tendencies from the other. Again, just as the sex habits, the 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; develop the pattern of their own desire. * * *

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, Religion (the religious system 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 come to 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, boxes, boxes model. We are not out to make a more efficient world, but we desire a pleasant 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.
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 immediate suggestion. 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 the 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 there is a 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 as Members of Parliament, and eventually Judges and Prime Ministers? Because women are not, and cannot be, political or juridical citizens. Assuming conscription, or universal military training, would any male citizen be called upon to take up arms in enforcement of legislation and in defence of his country? Are the moral duties of every male citizen, and, roughly speaking, have been common to all countries and all civilisations. For physical and mental 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 for 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 bchest 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 the positions at the 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 untaught to lead the government to the benefit 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, political, economic, and botanical 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 136 prisoners in goal 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 wire maintenance. A man can be sent to prison because he may be unable to support a drunken or slatternly wife; but a 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. Doubtless there is a difference in male and female wages and salaries, and speaking truly, 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 not only satisfy what she is taught, but must satisfy her own needs. The second theory is that male work is usually 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 pathetism in the 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 social and economic affairs. 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 hold that the contention that the birth of each woman should be the concern of each individual woman; certainly not of the man, nor of the unmanned governed State." Miss Tina's article is the first English article which I have read at all supporting that view. Unfortunately Miss Tina and I do not agree in many other points. 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 strongly 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 Contempitious Anarchism.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

II.

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

In 1888 the majority of our officers, who never frequented large boarding-houses and ball-playing caravans, but led highly moral lives, 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 upper hand during 1880-1890 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 the most ignorant part of the lice 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, and 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 heads" anarchisms were able to keep hold of the ears of the War Office by mandating that, 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 sons of rich public schools, but as I threatened to expose not only the educational, but also the moral de- feats 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 igno- rance, 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 it also went with a treatise, 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 of what is wholly unnecessary. They are gradually 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 nations, and were 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, surveying, etc., or other practical useful accomplishments.

Colonel Kitson, late commandant of Sandhurst, re- ported 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 in 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 injuniversities and colleges were废旧, the Public School System is a social and moral blight; one of the worst plague spots of 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 the 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 Haldanian 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, literature, history, literature, who knows something more, and to listen if he cannot talk; but Haldanism 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 millionaire to the son of 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 life and death, not only ofours, 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 uninn which divided the sons of Ethiopia passas. 

Out of the hush the Zulu emerges; he encounters the Swazi, his ancient enemy, emerging: they spill no blood. Basuto with Herrera 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 treed 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 his 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 bids the alien perish with the fly. 

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 bosom, who shall possess Africa? * * * * * * * 

The deserts laugh at steel and iron, tossing over the coasts. In the season of winds, anchorage bids the alien perish with the fly. 

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 thousand of his kindred. If he be penned in his teeming territories, what flame of energy may some chance spark not enkindle? * * * * * * * 

As yet, the Strong Man has not arisen in Ethiopia. At his advent, the blood of the alien’s children will stain his 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 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 he pened in his teeming territories, what flame of energy may some chance spark not enkindle? * * * * * * * 

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Towards a Dramatic Renascence.

1.

In the art of Drama is only a prettily-played garden, where comedies grow, and quaint conceits of tragedies, and even the 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, the possibility of Drama, 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 in 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 characters ought to be taken to a place called "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 limitations are more 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 light has come. James M. Barrie, the instant Shakespeare production at His Majesty, a musical comedy at the Gaiety, or one of Mr. Lewis Waller's romantic antitudinings at the Lyric, could be criticised with absolute correctness, given the barest outline of story, without ever seeing them at all.

But this limitation must persist so long as the London theatre is preserved as a place of entertainment for the class who can afford these luxuries.

That it is quite possible to escape from this metropolitan miasma and see 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 get that material into some kind of social success, there is only too much 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 conditions what plans we can make about 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 mean people like you, the reader of, and in, THE NEW AGE. Sometimes, perhaps, you ask whether we do agree with you? perhaps, you ask whether 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 not even a real Dramatic Art. And it is surely astonishing to think that the Real Drama can only be written by men who believe—something that is it 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 diagnosticians, the "exposed" truth, or the real condemns and God—so long as he has sufficient conviction of the value of life to do it well.

There will always be new, 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 in, and 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 with all the 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 central part of life, as it was, for instance, in Masefield'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.

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Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

It was no doubt in the nature of a providential judgment on 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 upon me, every issue, the admission 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 invariable Peterson that the thought of the journalists 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 Author's Society is on 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 tranquill satisfaction: 'Well, he is the President of the Author's Society.' And the curious thing was 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 plunged the hope then that the hour might come when I should be 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 last unsatisfactory of all literary publications. Indeed, a remarkable periodical! It contains all the precious 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 "Maxx Winerow (Two Souvenirs of the first American German of the New York Popular Play with Music." Written by Victor Leon and Leo Stein, Libret by Adrian Ross, Music by Franz Lehar. Roy. 8vo. 10 by 7¼ 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," 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 necessary. Romain Rolland has proved that he has "the flair" to extract all from reading. 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, it 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. JACOB TONSON.
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 I 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 unravel! For verily, in the words of Glycon the Greek, "All is unreason, and, therefore, foreign to our taste."

"Out of Nothing then did they proceed to make the world, this sweet world, always excepting Man the Marathoner." 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, the power and the glory, are all born, immaculately, inevitably out of nothing; just as the latest and most charming phase 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. Yes, verily, where there is Nothing there is Everything.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S "On Nothing and Kindred Subjects." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

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 revealed the secret passion that lies at the root of all things and that 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 has written, "All is unreason, and, therefore, foreign to our taste." He has written a book about Nothing and, 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, of his own dog, of his own destiny. 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 dron and cease," when she may come forth safely and drone and cease, when she may come forth 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. And here the secret passion that lies at the root of all things 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 balladry which you will remember having read, or better, maybe, their asymmetry—gives them a peculiarly plausible character. But there is the secret passion that lies at the root of all things, and a secret passion that 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 casey 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. Yes, verily, where there is Nothing there is Everything.

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A GREAT SUCCESS.

Planetary Journeys and Earthly Sketches
Municipal Lessons from Southern Germany.
By Henry S. Lunn, M.D., J.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.)

Mr. Percival Scott O'Connor (not to be confused with the maker of books about Burmah) 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 officer, apart from 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 chillasdar (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 inducted 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 the manufacturer—that the 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. It aims (as its title suggests) to be an agitator—that attachment to alien rule is expected to thrive?

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 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 wealthier classes to have any effect upon the power that rests with them, may seriously be doubted.
The Philosophy of Making Love. By Harold Gorst. (Cassell. 5s.)

Mr. Harold Gorst is polite and romantic. He deals with marriage, and frankly says much that is sensible. 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. Mr. Gorst states that marriage is apparently a necessary evil, and man has nothing to do but to enjoy it. He never becomes 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 philosophical, and its author is, as love never becomes 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."

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 appeal 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 episiotomy art. There is very little in them, save perhaps their fierce energy and enthusiasm, which identifies them as love letters. Disillusion never 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 3, 1811, to June 18, 1812. This leaves quite a residue of material, of which Dobell gives 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 publication 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 ground of advanced circles to the middle-class flats and the suburbs. Mrs. Braby's book will serve admirably in this latter sphere. The letters are, we imagine, better 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 Rymer's Club, which burst upon the book world some ten years ago like a new constellation in the night, to indicate 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 Rymer'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 Jeanette Marks. (Methuen. 5s.)

All students of drama will welcome this excellent handbook. The ground covered is from the Restoration to 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 Jeanette 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
always been vague and confusing. There are five useful bibliographies, three dealing with pastoral plays: Italian (1472-1613), Spanish (1450-1642), English (1584-1606); one with English plays and operas (1660-1750), and another with the principal critical works on the pastora! A further compilation 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 pastoral.

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 supply 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 intelligent 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.

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 get out of it. A foolish critic once dubbed Meredith obtuse, 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 to unpreten- sious, 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. (Fisher. 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-
treatment. This consists in the hypertonic 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 30 years. We attach great importance to the 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 Hofmann." "Stories by Gautier." (Chatto & Windus, 2s. each.) 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 Caution volume is by no means a man than the 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 statterel 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 exciting age of impressionism in all sorts of her一贯 stories. "Madeleine 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, decided that he was extremely neurasthenic. 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 time or 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. 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 Mr. Gladstone's scheme for terrestrial organisation would not place the L.G.B. from itself. His alternative is "the sea-green incorruptible" to Haldaneism is National Service. Rev. S. Skelhorn has during the last three years should cease. His alternative is that the benevolent neutrality of critics 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. "The Labour movement is so strong as Dr. Maguire of the "Great Haldane Imposition" that European war has not been likely since 1871; and he makes it quite clear that the writer, at least, knows nothing about the matter. We must recommend him, Mr. Charles Whiteley writes, undoubtedly, in opposition probably, of a Shakespeare National Theatre. His view is that it is not for the State to correct the ugliness ensured by bad and unscrupulous drama and to please 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. Billinghurst. It is a strongly worded essay on the "socialists and redaconists" who have been years of bitter disillusionment. Where he looked for illiery he found bondage; where he expected to see the sun on bare swords. Well, it's a long road since we met such a Rupert in the Labour movement. 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" summaries 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 here the demon of alcohol." Mr. Charles Maguire contains his commentary on "Clarewilla on War."

The "New Quarterly" manages to retain pre-eminent as the dullest of them all. The Editor has his own method of making each succeeding number more depressing than the last. On this occasion he finds it useful to have three contributions on related questions of physics. The Hon. F. J. 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 German problem remains open. So long as the Alsatian wound remains open, armageddon may be expected any day. Col. F. N. Maude of the Territorial Artillery deserves the warmest support. Dr. Miller Maguire continues his commentary on "Claudelia on War."


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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 observed that the modern drama is an extravagance and an unwarrantable one, that the technical offence of cattle-driving might easily be put beyond the region of question in the case of four convictions against the poet 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 and its limitations. The "Note-books of Samuel Butler" still makes us quaint fragments of the author's original philosophy, though the extracts are less absorbing than the earlier ones; even critics 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:—

"And he replies in effect that it is because the proletariat parent is not so bad when the State has humanity and treatment of State Children in South Australia. A State Special Notice. — Correspondents France in Morocco. On the contrary, "an increasing mass of anti-militarism may be expected to work in strikes and such civil wars as well as in military wars. Dr. David, of the anti-militarism, disclaims any unfriendliness of Germany to any one that it was either daring or dangerous or startling, it was only a question of stage for the Russian taste. "Mr. Bernard Shaw was the typical middle-class Englishman," as he is always telling us, "and he never would belong to that class and shun 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 critics at scientists and other superior persons are wont to grow stale.

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 Cracksh or Marvell. Mr. Cecil Delisle Burns writes of the "Pan-Anglican Congress. Miss Sellers has never arrived at a well-deserved conclusion, and 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. Mr. Irié contributes an exposition of his doctrine of Anti-Militarism. Why, he asks, is proletariat anti-militarism disliked even by pacificist members of the ruling classes? And he applies in effect that the proletariat against 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 years for the day of an open alliance of peace and friendship."

We have also received the "Humane Review," containing a chapter on recent developments in the "New 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 that the theory of the execution of a person as an extravagant or unwarrantable one, that the technical offence of cattle-driving might easily be put beyond the region of question in the case of four convictions against the poet 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 the "Note-books of Samuel Butler" still makes us quaint fragments of the author's original philosophy, though the extracts are less absorbing than the earlier ones; even critics at scientists and other superior persons are wont to grow stale.

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, accorded 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 deprived of liberty for life, during the "King'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 innocents were thrust into the Bastille, and no men saw them more except the intelligent and beneficent warders of the building. They lived there; they then read their sentences. They were 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 Ulrick" 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 smutten and compelling it to face the marriage question. When I recovered from the burst of meement into which this brilliant example of penetration threw me, I determined to write 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 OLPAT.

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 control their advice, but whether 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" is an 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 does not doubt the 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 "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 man a powerful influence at Court, which the late Queen was too aged to combat. Among the array of Jewish and Christian financiers, with whom the King has associated, the name of Mr. Heyman Orkin and 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 Lafau tried to subdue) during the Russo-Japanese War. 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 £7,000 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-Banner'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 has had 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 not be in prison, while the King of England blesses his nephew the Tsar.

ONE AND ALL
SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

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4.-You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and those who have signed an article written by someone else. I suppose this subject signed by John Morley, and that in any case it need not trouble themselves upon this. score, for the Prince Wales holds out his hand, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Lord Howe, Members of the Cabinet, are required to kiss that! (The "Prince of Wales" here mentioned is the present king.) " I am not sure that even a little may not cause the King's face to become red, and still less that the King's words shall give him a look of dignity and the honour of its constituents. Parliament, in those times, knew how to protect its dignity and the honour of its constituents.

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 calibre of Sir John 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 more so in great degree. Of common 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 that even a little may not cause the King's face to become red, and still less that the King's words shall give him a look of dignity and the honour of its constituents. Parliament, in those times, knew how to protect its dignity and the honour of its constituents.

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