FREE MARRIAGE. By AUGUSTE FOREL.

THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART
Edited by A. R. Orage.


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SHORTER NOTICES:

NOTES OF THE WEEK: The tactics of the revolutionaries were Fabian in the true sense. Ever since the old constitution was suspended thirty years ago, after less than a year's trial, they have worked and awaited their opportunity. They have watched other nations struggling for freedom. They have observed the failure of unorganised revolution in Russia. They have seen a Tsar and, quite recently, a king assassinated in the name of liberty; and they have heard such forceful methods denounced by the united press of Europe as cowardly and calculated to defeat their own ends. All the while they have been getting ready to strike, and now, with the fate of the Persian reformers before their eyes, they have struck and won. In defiance of the theories of Europe, they have ruthlessly killed such of their chief opponents as they could get at, and in defiance of the practice of their fellow-strugglers elsewhere, they have made the capture of the army their first, and indeed their only, concern. Everything has gone off without a hitch, and the reward has come swiftly. Turkey has demonstrated that the control of organised physical force provides not only the shortest, but the happiest route to political freedom.

How long Turkey will retain the liberties she has won may be regarded by many as an open question. To the present generation, certainly, it is impossible to imagine the Sultan remaining on even tolerable terms with a Parliament for any length of time. Abdul Hamid's way of fulfilling his part of a bargain has made him famous the world over, and his personality, as far as we know it, is almost ludicrously incompatible with the idea of constitutional government. There are doubts as to how many severe struggles ahead for the Young Turkish Party, but the capacity and power which they have already shown make us confident of their ultimate victory. The real question probably is as to whether the Hamidian dynasty will end forcibly or voluntarily.

Mr. Tilak, the universally acknowledged leader of the Indian Nationalist Party and the most influential man in the country, has been convicted of sedition by a European jury and sentenced to six years' transportation by a Parsee judge. The matter is dealt with by Mr. H. E. A. Cotton in a special article elsewhere. For our part, we are undecided as to which is most to be condemned, the savage brutality of the panic-stricken sentence or the suicidal folly of the policy which allowed the prosecution to be instituted. Absolute freedom of the Press is doubtless as impossible in India as it is in England. A Bombay paper which published recipes for making bombs and urged its readers to assassinate all those in authority over them would be as rightly suppressed as a London paper which did the same thing. But the article for writing which Mr. Tilak has been punished contained nothing of this sort. It was seditious just in so far as the whole Nationalist movement is seditious and no more. To condemn Mr. Tilak because he hopes eloquently for the day when his country will no longer be governed by a foreign bureaucracy is simply to condemn the educated population of India.

Even supposing, however, that the article in question did pass the limits between what is and what is not seditious, there remains no justification for the sentence. Of course, having once allowed the trial to begin, the Government of India could not prevent the verdict, nor
perhaps the pronunciation of the sentence. But they could, and should, have seized the opportunity of proving their benevolent intentions by giving Mr. Titik the benefit of the doubt—a very considerable doubt, by the way, even technically—and setting him free. Will anyone deny that such a course would have done more to inspire confidence in the goodwill of England and to bring the agitation on to constitutional lines than a hundred stern acts of repression? Even now it is not too late for the Secretary of State to intervene before the sentence is carried out. This crisis provides the test of his policy. Will he confirm the acts of his subordinates, and give the violent propagandists of the extremists the greatest stimulus it has ever received? Or will he vindicate his own bona fides and the dignity of British rule by refusing to associate himself with that section of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy which is always dreaming of a second Mutiny? We hope at least that he will do nothing to support the view, which must be commonly held in India by now, that England feels the earth tremble under her feet every time an agitator uses a superlative.

* * *

The debate on the Indian Budget in the House of Commons last Wednesday was naturally almost a replica of the debate in the other House on Lord Curzon's motion for papers three weeks ago. The tone, however, was rather better, exhibiting a more sympathetic attitude on the part of the majority towards Indian national aspirations. Mr. Rees, of the Curzon school, struck almost the only jarring note, but fortunately his extremely morbid views are unsupported in any part of the House, and he need not be taken as seriously as is his leader in the Lords. Nevertheless, he cannot altogether be left out of account because, as Mr. Keir Hardie pointed out, the cavilling, repressive spirit which he represents does more harm to the cause of British rule in India than all the seditious writings of the agitators put together.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie's contribution to the debate was an altogether admirable performance. When the Labour Party entered the House there were some, even among their friends, who feared that their one fault might prove to be an undue parochialism. Now, none, even among their enemies, would accuse them of a lack of interest in Imperial affairs. Indeed, if patriotism is to be judged by attendance at debates of this sort, then the Labour Party possesses about twice as much of that quality as the whole Unionist Party put together. But still more encouraging than mere attendance was the authoritative and statesmanlike character of Mr. Hardie's speech. His repudiation of the statements which were falsely and maliciously attributed to him when he was in India and his exposure of their origin were received with general cheers, and should put a stop once and for all to the misrepresentations which have been part of the stock-in-trade of certain politicians for months past.

* * *

The scheme of reform advocated by Mr. Hardie was simple and straightforward. He suggested a restoration of the old elected village councils to perform certain limited judicial and educational functions. From these, district councils should be elected, and so on up to the Provincial Council itself, thereby making the legislative system of India rest, however indirectly, upon a system of popular election. On the Provincial Councils he would be prepared for the present to give the British Government a standing majority. The scheme seems to us both practicable and moderate, but however that may be, it at least serves to remind us that Lord Morley's scheme is overdue. We shall not complain of the delay if the measure prove satisfactory when it comes, but in the meantime we should like to know what experts are being consulted over its drafting. We hear nothing of an attempt to obtain the views of any prominent Indian Nationalist. Yet this is essential. If the nation as a whole is ready, as Lord Morley admits it is, for some elementary instalment of self-government, then surely some of its leaders should have a word as to what form that instalment is to take. The Secretary of State should remember that the justification of his own democratic professions is not the sole purpose of the scheme. There is also the question of satisfying the wishes of the Indian people.

* * *

Apart from two or three "scenes," the only noteworthy incident of the first two days' discussion of the Committee stage of the Licensing Bill was the resistance of the Government to the proposal for including grocers' licenses in their reduction scheme. To the man in the street, who knows that the spirits sold by grocers are responsible for most of the worst sort of drunkenness, the drunkenness of the woman tippler, the decision of the Government seemed illogical in the extreme. To Mr. Belloc, however, the whole matter was as clear as daylight. The attitude of every Government, he explained to the House, was largely determined by the type of man who contributed to their secret party funds. The brewers, who owned on-licenses, subscribed to the Tory funds, whereas the Nonconformist grocers who had off-licenses lent financial support to his own party. The preferential treatment of the latter was therefore natural. As a general protest, however, against political corruption, he intended to vote for the amendment. Mr. Belloc, of course, is by no means averse to playing the part of a satirical enfant terrible when occasion offers, but in this case he was undoubtedly justified. His explanation was, and is, the only possible one. Had we ever believed in the sincerity of the Government—as apart from some of its supporters, whose fanaticism compels our belief if not our respect—in the matter of their temperance proposals, this inconsistence would have opened our eyes. As it is, the exposure must be regarded as the most severe blow the Licensing Bill has yet received. There will be many more blows, however, rained upon it before the remaining 24 days allotted to the Committee stage are past. Its passage will perhaps be more stormy than that of any measure since the Home Rule Bill. Is it to share the same fate?

* * *

If it does share the fate of Gladstone's Bill and is rejected by the Lords, an interesting situation will arise. The Government will doubtless take their revenge by introducing a system of high licence duties in the next Budget, thus providing the large additional revenue they are looking for, and killing two birds with one stone. This plan is already a commonplace in prophetic Liberal circles. But what would be the brewers' next move? Would not the introduction of high licence duties give them the very opportunity they want of raising the price of beer and spirits, and throwing the responsibility for the rise upon the Government? That would mean a black look-out for Liberalism at the polls.

* * *

It is said that the coming by-election in Haggerston is to be another Peckham. We trust that this is a libel on the late Sir Randal Cremer's constituents. In any case, we do not believe that the tactics pursued by the
Trade in South London will be repeated. As we pointed out at the time, they were too flagrantly corrupt even for the Tory Party managers. A repetition would shock the genuine morality of the middle class, and might possibly alienate many of the Brewers' most valuable supporters.

The House of Lords, against its will, against its conscience, and still more against its pocket, has given the Old Age Pension Bill a second reading. Many comments have been passed upon Lord Cromer's violent opposition, and we will not repeat a jest which, however much it may be desired, is becoming somewhat cheap. After all, the attitude of Lord Cromer and his friends is quite intelligible. It is that of the genuine aristocrat. Doubtless if he had practised thrift in Egypt he would not have needed to ask the State £500,000. But why, since he knew he had only to ask, should he have practised thrift? Thrift is a virtue for slaves; in the rulers of men it becomes undignified parsimony. This doubtless Lord Cromer feels intuitively without knowing himself for a Nietzschean. He is conscious of his own worth, and to him it seems as right that he should spend as that the people should be taught to save. In the abstract his case is strong, but in practice it is weak, because it cannot be presented to the slaves.

The opening sentences of Lord Rosebery's contribution to the debate were of a remarkable character. "Speaking from the bottom of my heart," he said, "I believe that this is the most important Bill by a long way that has ever been submitted to the House of Lords during the forty years that I have sat here. I view its consequences as so great, so mystic, so ineradicable, that I rank it as a measure far more vital than the great Reform Bill. Lord Rosebery evidently has no illusions. Continuing one of the most melancholy speeches that the Upper House can ever have had to listen to, he characterised the Bill as a piece of 'Socialism, pure and simple', and predicted that the Empire would be wrecked by such measures. The more money spent on social reform the less there would be for the growing needs of the Navy was his argument. For our part we are convinced that there is plenty for both purposes, but if the choice he offers us were an inevitable one calling for decision, the majority of the nation would certainly reply, 'then let it be wrecked.' This Lord Rosebery seems to recognise, for although he loathes Socialism and all that it stands for beyond his power of expression, he has the wit to realise that its progress can not be stemmed by any man, and that his objection is to the spirit of the age. This speech marks his final release into Conservatism. It is the greatest of all the parodies that he did not begin as a Tory. His is the tragedy of a man whose career is ruined by a false start. There is nothing now for him to do but to retire and console himself with the study of the life and all that it stands for beyond his power of expression. He has the wit to realise that its progress can not be stemmed by any man, and that his objection is to the spirit of the age. This speech marks his final release into Conservatism. It is the greatest of all the parodies that he did not begin as a Tory. His is the tragedy of a man whose career is ruined by a false start. There is nothing now for him to do but to retire and console himself with the study of the life of the Prince of Denmark.

The remarks of Lord Avelbury, who followed, showed a most appalling wrongheadedness of another sort. He, like Lord Rosebery, is an anti-Socialist; but unlike that most intelligent of peers, he fancies that he can fight Socialism with no better weapon than the economics of the 'Spectator.' He proved conclusively that if working men were to do without an ounce of tobacco a week they could easily provide themselves with pensions; but he failed to explain where the working man was wrong in feeling it more just that they should do without some of their luxuries instead. He also stated, but did not prove, that whatever the scheme cost, whether £7,000,000 or more, the amount spent in the country on wages would be diminished by exactly that sum. We will not argue the latter, for Lord Avelbury, we gather, is not an economist, and if he is content to rest his simple faith in the pre-Victorian theories of Mr. Strachey's 'Letters to a Working Man,' why should we cavil?

Alternate threats and entreaties having proved useless to shake the views of the Natal Government as to the right way of treating Dinuzulu, the Colonial Office have decided to pay his salary themselves. This is the culmination of all the stern hints that have been dropped in the House of Commons that Natal was to be forced to do her duty. The Imperial Government will now do it for her. To avoid an evil precedent we hope at least that the actual cost will be recovered from the Colony. Colonel Seely's statement that the payment of the salary was a point of honour which the Government could not allow to be discussed in Law Courts was quite satisfactory in itself. But why in that case has there been so much time wasted in inquiries that were necessarily irrelevant? Or why has the Imperial Government has only just discovered that its honour was engaged? In any case the salary question is but one of the preliminaries. The trial itself is not yet in sight. The charge even is still unproven. In the meantime it appears that the Natal Parliament has passed a Bill depriving Dinuzulu of his authority for ever. After this his trial whenever it takes place is bound to be the nearest farce. He is already condemned. Of course no Home government can step in and prevent the Bill in question becoming an Act, but they have shown little signs of possessing sufficient courage for that. The honour of the Empire is in a tight place.

The decision of the Moderates on the London County Council to abolish the Works Department and to do everything for the future through contractors was not unexpected. For eighteen months we have watched the economic history of the department being deliberately destroyed. The amount of work done was divided by ten, the revenue wholly insufficient to meet standing charges, and its estimates have been artificially inflated. It may now be true to say that it is cheaper for the Council to give out contracts to private employers than to do their work for themselves; but if so it is because the Moderates by an unscrupulous use of their power have made it true. The chief sufferers will be the rate-payers and the Council's employees. The chief gainers will be the Contractors whose financial support is necessary to the Moderate Party.

We hope the Socialists will observe the obvious moral of this flagrant piece of jobbery. The Moderates are doing all in their power to destroy the Workmen's Progressives, not for the sake of economy, nor for the sake of party popularity, but simply in the interests of private enterprise as such. It is a serious blow to the policy of persecution. Socialist institutions are of no permanent value unless administered by Socialists. It is no use saying that once established they will so justify themselves that they cannot be dropped; for the disappearance of the Works Department shows that they are being dropped, and that the process of discrediting them first by deliberate manipulation is not difficult. We fully expect that the next move of the Moderates will be to lease the trams.
"Der Drang nach Osten."

In an article entitled "The New Foreign Policy," which appeared in the July 18 issue of THE NEW AGE, the writer says: "The international situation is full of disquieting possibilities, due to German ambition and Russian desperation. With the death of the Emperor of Austria Europe must be brought to the verge of war. The nightmare of King Edward and his Government is Austria Europe must be brought to the verge of war. The nightmare of King Edward and his Government is Austria Europe must be brought to the verge of war. The nightmare of King Edward and his Government is Austria Europe must be brought to the verge of war.

The people who would suffer most from this Pan-German movement are the inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula, or the Southern Slavs. The success of the Austrian policy of political and economical expansion towards the East, generally known as the "Drang nach Osten," would prove fatal to the young Slav States, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, and these intend to oppose it tooth and nail. Already they realise that Turkey is no longer their worst enemy, that Austria is far more dangerous.

Austria's methods are more subtle. She spares no pains to represent the Southern Slavs as wild and uncultured barbarians ("ein wildes Volk," is the term usually employed) in order that one day she may get the authority to colonise and exploit them. Every day we read in the English Press extravagant stories about the Servian Crown Prince George and about King Peter's "tottering throne," but, as these telegrams are invariably dated from Vienna, they can, one and all, be dismissed as political lies. The actual state of affairs in the Balkans and the Servian view of the question are almost never represented over here at all.

By King Edward's recent meeting with the Russian Tsar new life has been put into the eternal schemes for Macedonian reform. But Macedonia is not the only part of the Balkan Peninsula where reforms are urgently needed. It is a significant fact that, at the time of the Reval meeting, the Servian population of Bosnia and Herzegovina sent a telegram to the two sovereigns, imploring them not to forget their sad plight. To many people this telegram was quite meaningless, as the majority of articles and books which are written about these two occupied provinces are loud in their praises of Austria and the Austrian administration, and say nothing of the other side.

It is true that roads and railways have been constructed and that the Austrians are doing their best to make Bosnian towns as ugly and monotonous as most other modern European towns. Large blocks of buildings have been erected, and the roads of the Turkish bazaars have been asphalted. Indeed, neither pains nor money are spared in developing these two provinces on Austrian lines, in the hope that one day they may be incorporated in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. No mention, however, was made of this prospect in 1878. By Article 25 of the Congress of Berlin, Austria was given the authority "To pacify and administer these provinces, with the object of obtaining for the inhabitants the benefits of civilisation, of which they had been deprived under Turkish rule."

The "Drang nach Osten," Bosnia and Herzegovina form part of the Ottoman Empire; Austria has only the right to administer them. In reading about the Balkans one is frequently confused by the variety of peoples; Croatians, Dalmatians, Bosniaks, Herzegovines, Montenegrins, Servians, Bulgarians, and Albanians; but in reality this confusion is not so alarming. For all these, with the exception of the Bulgarians and the Albanians, are but parts of the great Servian nation, which extends from the Danube to the Adriatic.

The population of Bosnia and Herzegovina is Serv and Mahomedan, but inhabitants speak the Serb language. Before 1878 the Serbs suffered considerable hardship under the Turkish yoke; but since the Austrian occupation the plight, not of the Serb, but also of the Mahomedan populations, has become a thousand times worse. The innumerous inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina live in a chronic state of police supervision. A vast system of secret agents and spies, introduced by the late Herr von Kallay, forms to-day the foundation of the Austrian administration.

Under the able leadership of Archbishop Stadler, the Austrian Jesuits never cease in their endeavour to supplant the Orthodox Church by Roman Catholicism, and the means employed in Bosnia and Herzegovina are more often foul than fair. Austria and her agents thoroughly understand the maxim "divide et impera," and they are incessantly sowing discord between Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro; for example, the Serbo-Bulgarian War in 1885 and the recent disgraceful trial at Cetinje were both the work of Austria.

It may be interesting to recall a few of the details of the Cetinje trial, as only the merest outline of it was given in the English Press.

Last autumn a plot against Prince Nikola of Montenegro and his family was discovered at Cetinje. The trial for high treason has only quite recently finished, and the sentences were cruelly severe. Six of the accused were condemned to death, several others to imprisonment for life, and M. Radovich, who was formerly Prime Minister in the Liberal Government, to 15 years' hard labour.

Austria prepared the trap, and the Montenegrins easily fell into it. Austria has obtained what she was working for. Servia and Montenegro mutually mistrust one another, and the Servian Minister has been withdrawn from Cetinje.

In order successfully to resist Austrian influence in the Balkans, the "Southern Slav Club" has been formed with the object of uniting the Balkan Slavs, and so rendering concerted action in Balkan affairs possible. This club, whose headquarters are in Belgrade, has branches in Sofia, Agram, and Laibach, the capitals respectively of Servia, Bulgaria, Croatia, and of the Slovenes, the smallest of the Slavonic peoples.

The result of some of its work has already been seen in the overwhelming victory of the Serbo-Croatian coalition at the last elections in Hungary. The Croatians, embittered by Magyar oppression, have at last thrown in their lot with their brothers in Servia, putting aside the religious differences which, till now, have divided them.

It is unfortunately true that, as yet, the Bulgarians have shown themselves indifferent to the ideas of this organisation. The thorny question of Macedonia is largely to blame for this. But the Serbo-Bulgarian War and the regrettable collapse of the negotiations for a commercial treaty between the two countries last year—both of which were brought about by Austrian intrigues—further embittered the relations between them.

Morally united as they ought to be, these two countries, Servia and Bulgaria, would offer an invaluable barrier to the dreaded "Drang nach Osten," and it is to be hoped that they may yet settle their differences in time to resist the penetration of the Balkan peninsula by non-Balkan peoples.

Louis Cahan.
The Conviction of Mr. Tilak.

No Irishman—not even of the half-blood—requires to ask the meaning of the two words, “Thiggin Thu?” (“Do you understand?”) which form the burden of one of T. D. Sullivan’s most famous national songs—

Oh! freedom is a glorious thing;
Even so our gracious rulers say;
And what they say, I sure may sing,
in quite a legal proper way.
They praise it up with all their might,
And praise the men that seek it, too,
—Provided all the row and fight;
Are out in Poland.—Thiggin Thu!

A profound comprehension of the Englishman’s character is exhibited in these lines. As Emerson discovered, there is in his brain a valve that can be closed at pleasure, as an engineer shuts off steam. And one may despair of making him grasp the true inwardness of the events which have, under the most perfect and most just administration of India, relegated the Pannell of Indian Nationalism for six years to the society of murderers and forgers and professional thieves, unless he can be induced to imagine a man of his own race standing in the dock lately illumined by Mr. Tilak with a burning eloquence and a noble courage which would have earned for him the plaudits of the Empire—if he had not been an Indian. Fortunately, an example is at hand.

Not many weeks ago an English journalist of the name of Bethell was put upon his trial at Seoul charged by the Japanese Government with preaching “sedition” in Korea through the medium of his newspaper. Every precaution was taken to secure him a fair trial. An English judge and an English prosecutor were brought from Shanghai; the proceedings were conducted throughout in English, and when, as a result, Mr. Bethell was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment, the “great heart of England” refused to vibrate with indignation, in spite of the hercules of certain members of the Yellow Press gang, because it knew justice had been done and mercy had been tempered therewith. But what would that same “great heart” have said if Mr. Bethell had been tried by a jury composed of seven Parsees who were Mr. Tilak’s counsel in the former trial of 1897, and who by an irony of fate has now condemned his old client to what is virtually a life sentence in the Andamans. There is a Hindu Judge of the Bombay High Court whose services were available;

but Mr. Justice Davar’s impartiality may be willingly conceded, although the terrible sentence he has passed may not help some of us to appreciate his sense of proportion. What of the jury, however? The articles which have brought about the conviction of Mr. Tilak were written neither in English nor in the mother-tongue of the Parsees, but in the Marathi language. There are dozens of Marathi-speaking Hindus on the special jury-list of the High Court. Why were all such so rigidly excluded from the jury, which was made up of seven Englishmen and two Parsees, and which went against the accused, as has been said, in exactly that proportion of seven to two? In the course of his six days’ address, Mr. Tilak strongly charged the impartiality of the official translations of the offending articles. They would, he said, make anything seditious; and could only be compared to distorting mirrors. He demanded either new translations or a complete acquittal. He obtained neither, but a verdict of guilty from a jury of whom it is safe to say that seven out of the nine were not able to read a single word of the articles in their original Marathi.

And what is the result? Prior to his arrest, Mr. Tilak was but the leader of a party. He is now a national martyr and a popular hero. When he was taken before the magistrate some four weeks ago there occurred the most violent display of anti-British feeling that Droubay has known for years. The news of his conviction was followed by the closing of the markets and shops in the so-called “native” quarter. It may be that independent causes must be sought for the strike of the mill hands and the rioting and bloodshed which has followed so close upon the heels of the trial; but at any rate the coincidence is remarkable. There can be no doubt that Bombay has been thrown into a ferment, even as Madras has been stirred by the savage sentences of ten years’ transportation and transportation for life passed upon the accused in a “sedition” case at Tinnevelly. A prudent reactionary would have been satisfied with one Ireland in Bengal. The Government of Lord Minto, which is for ever talking of “reform” and progress, has deliberately set the heather ablaze in Western and Southern India as well.

It is not necessary to agree with the views or the political methods of Mr. Tilak in order to condemn the folly which has led the bureaucracy to try conclusions with him. In some respects he has been the best friend the blind men in India who are trying to see. The Government have begun to see. He has done his best to wreck the Congress, the one institution which fought autocracy with the weapons of constitutional agitation. With the Congress out of the way, it is easy for blatant Anglo-Indians to brand every Indian reformer as a sedition monger and a revolutionary. But while he has played the game of reaction and repression in this direction, he has done immense service in shaping and stiffening the aggressive forces of Indian Nationalism. Physical force has formed no part of his programme; but the policy of waiting upon opportunity he holds to be outworn. And his success has been great. As he told Mr. Nevinson last December, all the younger men are with him.

Our bureaucracy is despotic, alien, and absentee. I do not blame the individuals, but the system is unendurable. The immediate question for us is how are we to bring pressure upon this bureaucracy in which we have no effective representation and are debarred from all except subordinate positions? “A seditious sentence, not sediency.” We do not care what happens to us. Our object is to embarrass the bureaucracy, to attract the attention of England to our wrongs by obstructing the Government and diverting trade. The mere pressure of the English bureaucracy makes for our unity.

The answer of the bureaucracy to this frank confession of faith has been characteristic, but also intensely English. In place of conciliation there has been the threat which would draw every tooth out of the head of the agitator of the Tilak type, they have resorted to the old, silly, discredited “remedy” of bending the law to serve their ends. Mr. Buchanan talked grandly and quite
Porker on Woman.

A FEW DAYS AGO I was speaking of the Suffrage movement with a woman who is an active worker on its behalf. When Holloway Gaol and other superficial topics had been disposed of, she said suddenly, "The pity of it is that our best arguments can never be mentioned at all." And that remark is calculated to set one thinking. For my own part, my thoughts turned to Porker. Porker, I may explain, is an individual whom I met recently. I only spent one evening with him, and I do not know his actual name. But I do know his philosophy of life. And this is how it came about.

Porker and I met by chance in a dim little German café one damp, unpleasant night. Our introduction to one another was effected by a box of matches. And, later, we talked. We talked about ourselves and other important things, such as God and immortality, and, incidentally, Socialism, to which Porker had a vague objection. But after three hours or so, it became apparent that my conversation was getting on Porker and this was troubling him. And at length it came. We had been sitting for some moments in silence. Our pipes were cold and our brains very weary of disputing. The proprietor began to turn out the lights one by one, and we found ourselves in a wilderness of empty tables. Then Porker said slowly, with the air of one who sums up the cosmos in a single sentence, "Yes, sir, there are many strange things in this world. But the strangest and most mysterious thing of all, sir, is the mind of a woman."

It was the final word. I received it in reverent silence, and we rose to go out. We had scarcely emerged into the misty street when a gaily-dressed lady rustled past on her way home from the ball. Porker turned to inspect her critically, with the eye of a connoisseur. "A nice bit of stuff, that," was his favourable comment. And then Porker and I parted for ever.

Now, Porker as an individual was interesting. But Porker as a social portent is positively fascinating. When Miss Pankhurst say in the "Academy" "finds it difficult to discuss with a man," that just too of scorn, she means Porker. When she speaks of unmade laws, she means Porker-made laws. For Porker, curiously enough, has a vote. And, what is even more remarkable, he sometimes uses it. So that obviously Porker is the person whom one has got to convert. Woman Suffrage is plainly the result of the action of Porter's views about women.

At present, as I have tried to indicate, he conceives of them, so to speak, as "bits of stuff." He imagines their minds as vast repositories in substance and in copiousness in expression beside the incitements of Bengal journals of the type of the "Jugantar" and the "Sandhya." His acquisitiveness after the admissions made by him in his address would have meant the death of the form of "extremism" with which his name is associated. If Lord Morley would only act as liberally as he talks, he might have had Mr. Tilak whole-heartedly on his side. The duty of every alien administration is to proceed in every respect along the lines of least resistance. An exactly contrary gadget has been worked out in substance and in copiousness in expression beside the incitements of Bengal journals of the type of the "Jugantar" and the "Sandhya."
The Army Council.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

IV.

I defy any student of History to procure me a parallel to the fashion in which the Army Council was foisted on the nation without any notice whatever in March, 1904. Pride's Purge and Bonaparte's ejection of the Directory were not as insolent abuses of power. The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, who had saved the Ministry a few years before, and who was then recognised at home and abroad as the ablest soldier in Europe, and also Generals Brackenbury, Ian Hamilton, Haldane, and Nicholson were evicted without any notice whatever. Scores also of worthy officers were tossed about from pillar to post; and enormous losses of money and prospects were incurred by even A.D.C.s and staff officers for no earthly reason, except that it so pleased a trio, who were backed by mere Ministerial power or royal prerogative, and Parliament knew nothing about the transaction till it was all over. One of the trio, Sir G. Sydenham Clarke, was immediately made Secretary of that utterly futile body, the Committee of Imperial Defence. He has since been translated, once his Blue Water School became unpopular with Mr. Haldane, to Bombay, to experimentalise on brown men at a higher salary. Another of the trio, Sir John Fisher, thought that because he was a naval officer and the Navy had an action in Parliament, and a battle of generals' opinions, he must reform the Army on a naval basis. He muddled the Army, and, as a favourite of the "Inner Circle" of policy, he is now ruining the Navy.

The men who replaced the generals were of no distinction whatever. Sir Neville Lyttelton became chief of the Staff. He belongs to a famous cricket and lawn tennis brotherhood, and is one of the "ruling family" cliques who batten on the State, and intermarry with both sides in politics, and are always looked after. The general's brother was Colonial Secretary, and nearly lost us the West Indies, and another brother is Headmaster of Eton, the very nursery of Ignorance and Corruption and Snobbery. Sir John Fisher was soon afterwards reported by the Farwell Commission as having financially a disaster in South Africa. Poor sergeants were punished, but he remained for his term of office, and is now Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. A Lyttelton will always be safe, as safe as a Dowb. Snobbery and the Cult of Games will secure for men like him high posts and high pay even if men like Wolseley and Roberts have to be ejected or beggared to make room for them.

Another man whose appointment was quite inexplicable was General Sir W. D. Douglas. We had an adjutant of the London Scottish Volunteers not long before. No one can tell why he was made one of the four military chiefs of our nation, but he has won for his Department—that of Adjutant-General—the heartiest possible curses of the majority of officers in the Army.

The Duke of Connaught was made Inspector-General, but, then, he told the truth, exposed the villainy of Military Law and set forth the rotten state of the Regular Army in a report which Haldane will not publish, and he was shunted into a brand new and utterly absurd command in the Mediterranean!

But my readers will say why was the Army Council started at all? Would not the War Office have done as well?

Not at all! There could be no longer a vise system of low, base, secret bureaucratic intrigue if a distinguished general like Roberts or Wolseley or a prince like the Duke of Connaught were made the Military Chief, and the known and responsible adviser of the Cabinet, whose views must be quoted in Parliament by the Secretary of State for War. As an officer with a grievance said to me last week, "If Roberts were there, or any Commander-in-Chief, I could ask to see him and beg him to do justice, and he would have to take the responsibility of helping me or ruining me." So with each general who was head of a separate Department under the Commander-in-Chief; but not so with a secret and anonymous body.

The Army Council perpetrates any blackguardism or folly it pleases. Who were the secret Star Chamber last year? Haldane, Portsmouth, Buchanan: Parliament men, not one of whom had ever paid any attention to military affairs; and four soldiers of fortune whose career depended absolutely on the goodwill of the civilian trio of the Party Canaille, who would turn them out for any caprice, as their predecessors were kicked out before them.

But now Portsmouth is gone, and Buchanan is gone, and some other friends of Haldane are quite unknown to fame direct our Army. He declares that he "smokes big cigars all day in the War Office," and then he goes on platforms and puff clouds of philosophic obscurantist twaddle all over the land in speeches—all tending still further to reduce the numbers and efficiency of the Army, which is being victimised by a Star Chamber with all the tyranny and none of the capacity of its Stuart prototype.

Is the Army Council a good instrument for War or in Peace?

Alexander, Tamerlane, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, Suwarrow, Jackson, Lee, Grant, Moltke, and Roberts have all left it on record that the general who relies on Army Councils in war time is certain to be swept out.

Hence Haldane always quotes his Military Council! The more Council, the more smoke; and as the "Daily News" of July 4 says, Haldane loves to put his hearers in a fog.

As for an Army Council in time of peace, I quote General Langlois, who, in "Le Temps," October 28, 1905, after eighteen months' study of the inane mouthings of Whitehall, wrote an article by way of warning to England's ally. I only quote a few passages:—

"A grand Council of Senior Officers is only fit for deception."

"The psychology of Boards and Councils is curious!" (That of our Council is very curious indeed!)

"These are, after all, irresponsible assemblies, and pelliparnious to a degree. They venture on nothing new. There are always reactionaries among them, and there are more cavillers and sceptics, who are even more dangerous than the progressives at any cost. The votes of such a body are quite worthless. Its solutions are hesitating, vacillating, and often incoherent."

"There is nothing manly, nothing original, about its decisions."

"Un comité tergiversera toujours."

"The Broad Arrow" (December 7, 1907) wrote:—

"Mr. Haldane told his audience at Manchester that when he came into office he found the Army in a 'deplorable state of disorganisation.' Yet what, after all, does the average British War Minister mean by reorganisation? Absolutely nothing beyond calling things by different names. Our units are the same, and military training—thanks to the zeal and energy of our officers—has been making rapid progress during recent years, but it is Mr. Haldane who has reduced the strength of the Regular Army by nearly 30,000 men. He has since reduced the Volunteers by 100,000 men. Mr. Haldane is quite correct in stating that since the office of Commander-in-Chief has been 'swept away,' the War Minister has been able, by means of the Order in Council in August, 1904, which vitiated the recommendations of the Esher Committee to work out his plans at his own sweet will and, we may be excused for saying, taking the advice of the military members of the Army Council as he sees fit. It is on record, at any rate, that THESE OFFICIALS SOLEMNLY ACQUIESCED IN MR. ARNOLD FORSTER'S SCHEMES!—which Mr. Haldane now describes as the 'deplorable disorganisation' of the British Army! It will be interesting to learn in the near future what flattering epithets the next War Minister will apply to Mr. Haldane's attempts at reorganising our land forces.
"Socialist Policy."

In the heat of his resentment at what he describes as an "attack on the Labour Party," Mr. Ensor appears to have lost sight of the subject which he himself mentions, that "the object of Socialist policy is to achieve Socialism." But Mr. Ensor insists that "the Labour party, then, is not a Socialist Party, nor meant to be . . . until its members are Socialists. It is frankly an alliance between Socialist and non-Socialist elements." That is precisely the point. "An alliance between Socialist and non-Socialist elements." The whole question, so far as we are concerned with the Labour Party, is whether such an alliance represents a sound Socialist policy.

A definite conclusion on that question is not, I would submit, to be arrived at by calling all those who do not support the party which Mr. Hobson wishes to establish into such an alliance on the present terms "Ishmaels" or "Judas Iscariots," and wildly accusing them of an insane desire to carry on a guerrilla warfare against their own army and to snipe their own generals in the back. Are we to see our generals, or into an ambuscade, from which it is impossible to escape without serious loss, or, in their eagerness to attain what appears to them a position of vantage, manoeuvre us into a situation in which our guns are "blanked" or our lives, without uttering a word of complaint, or blame of any of their conduct, on pain of being denounced as "Ishmaels," "wreckers," or traitors? It may, of course, be, and I think it is, that Mr. Hobson has expected too much from the Labour Party, and is therefore more severe in his criticism than I should be, knowing the essentially non-Socialist character of the alliance, and therefore not being at all disappointed with the performance of the party. But that is merely a question of degree.

The proof of a policy is in its achievement; and the "traditional policy of the I.L.P.," culminating in the Labour Party alliance, has, from Mr. Ensor's point of view, been eminently successful. That is to say, it has been successful, if the return of a number of men to the House of Commons—some of whom are Socialists, all of whom, as a body, are prohibited by the terms of the alliance from acting there as a Socialist Party—was the object aimed at. But that is not a Socialist policy. And that, I take it, is Mr. Hobson's point. As he says, "The object of Socialist policy is to achieve Socialism." But to achieve Socialism is not the object of the Labour Party. On the contrary, its object is distinctly and avowedly "not to achieve Socialism. It is the boast of every one of the defenders of the alliance, including Mr. Ensor, that it is not a Socialist Party. Nor can it, under the terms of the alliance, ever become a Socialist Party. According to the Socialist exponents of those terms at Labour Party Conferences, it is a gross breach of faith, an act of disruption and disloyalty, for any delegates to endeavour to induce the party to accept a Socialist programme or to adopt Socialism as its objective, even though he is armed by the mandate of a Trade Union instructing him to do so, and the programme is based upon the resolutions of the body of trade unionism in the kingdom, the Trades Union Congress.

And these exponents are perfectly right. The Labour Party, based upon a compromise, has created certain non-Socialist vested interests with which it would be mortally unfair to interfere. The majority of the Labour Group in the House of Commons have been elected as non-Socialists; and their associations came into the combination on the distinct understanding that by so doing they were in no way committed to Socialist principle or policy. As Mr. Shackleton has put it at several Conferences, it is scarcely fair now to alter the terms of the contract and to tell these men, who have come in, who have contributed time and money and work to building up the party, that they must now change their opinions, forswear the principles they have always professed, and change their course. If, well, they say, for the Party Conference to pass a pious resolution in favour of Socialism, as the personal opinion of the delegates, but they are not going to have Socialism forced down their throats, nor are they going to be compelled to adopt Socialism as the objective of the alliance.

But such a combination cannot at one and the same time be Socialist and non-Socialist. The Socialist element must either dominate or be dominated. If, therefore, the non-Socialists refuse to agree to Socialism as the objective of the party, and if they are supported in their refusal by the Socialists in the combination, it is perfectly certain that the party is not only not a Socialist one, but is a non-Socialist Party, in which the Socialists have subordinated their Socialism for the sake of a barren party unity. How, then, can a policy having for its avowed object the surrender of Socialism for the sake of the alliance, be described as a "Socialist" policy?

But Mr. Ensor says that the Labour Party is not a Socialist Party "until its members are Socialists." But I submit that if the expression of opinion as presented in the resolutions of representative bodies counts for anything; if the bulk of the members of the Labour Party are Socialists now. The resolutions of the Trades Union Congress, as well as those of the Labour Party Conference, are overwhelmingly Socialist. And we are presented with the curious spectacle of the rank and file voting for Socialist principles and yet being unable to impose their mandate upon the Executive of the party or upon their parliamentary representatives, because of the vested interests set up by the alliance.

While, however, Mr. Ensor professes to desire the conversion of the members of the Labour Party—i.e., the rank and file of the Trade Unions—to Socialism, he has nothing but opprobrium for those who have been carrying on that work, with a considerable amount of success, for many years. He may sneer at Mr. Hobson's lack of intimacy with the work for the sake of a want of knowledge of Trade Unionism; but I have had to live the life of the working class all my days, and have been an active member of a Trade Union more years than I care to remember. As a Social Democrat I have done my best to win my fellow-workers and fellow-Trade Unionists to Socialism, and to induce them to elect Socialists, rather than non-Socialists, or anti-Socialists, to representative positions. I have preferred to do this rather than promote an alliance which is not based upon a general agreement on fundamental principles. I have done this because it has seemed to me that agreement on fundamental principles should precede a political alliance. As Mr. Ensor says, "There are two ways of trying to win the Trade Unions for Socialism." Whether the way which Mr. Hobson prefers to choose itself to me, and which Mr. Ensor is good enough to describe as the "traditional policy of the S.D.P.," is properly described as "nobbling" them; or whether that term would not be more fitly applied to a policy of "capturing" them bodily, committing them to an alliance, and exploiting their funds for the support of men and measures with whom and with which they may not agree, I leave others to judge. At any rate, it seems to me that there can be no question as to which is the true Socialist policy. I agree with Mr. Ensor as to the importance of winning the Trade Unions for Socialism. To one who regards the present phase of the Socialist movement as essentially a class struggle—a struggle for the emancipation of the working class by the overthrow of the domination of the capitalist class by the Socialist Party without the organised working class is unthinkable. But I wish to win the Trade Unions for Socialism, not for an alliance with Socialists in a "non-Socialist" political party.

The latter policy, which Mr. Ensor describes as the "traditional policy of the I.L.P.," is a perfectly under-
The true Socialist policy is to win people to Socialism: to use every legal means, as any other, as merely a means to an end, and not an end in themselves: to recognise the rôle of a working class party in the House of Commons is one of aggression and criticism; that the most useful work for immediate legislation is done by outside organisations; that the function of the Parliamentary Group is to assist the outside agitation by its criticism rather than to play at attempting to legislate. In other words, the true Socialist policy is to use all possible means to achieve Socialism. H. QUELCH.
Occasional Reflections.
By Edgar Jepson.

The yellow light of publicity no longer shines so brightly on Socialism; but of course it is the cricketing season, and the classic and other races on the flat demand greater space for the peas of our fellow-countrymen. They are our fellow-countrymen; and it is no use to deny it, for sporting journalism has not yet become a held of successful German or Japanese enterprise. For my part, I was somewhat disappointed by the little advantage the Socialists took of the chance of showing our fellow-countrymen, in their enforced leisure from a rapt perusal of the exploits of others, for the most part hired, in summer games, what noble and commonsense fellows we Socialists are, and what chances of a lifetime we offered them. I looked for a steady flow of propagandist tracts from the chief brains in the movement, tracts making the great human appeal to the pocket and, of course, the heart.

I looked in vain. The chief brains in the movement seemed to run suddenly dry of those stirring appeals. Mr. Shaw indeed, as always, did what he could by public lectures. The other chief brains exhausted themselves in a fervid welter of talk—to one another and the faithful. The Fabians, in particular, seized upon the opportunity to mark time with unqualified sternness. One does indeed realise that they are a single-hearted band; and I believe myself that if that Scipio, of whom we hear so much and see so little, came along, they would stealthily assassinate him. Well, the Fabians marked time with dogged ferocity. Their chief brains devoted themselves with a really strenuous devotion to talking about what they thought about things in general at extreme length—strictly to the faithful. So the pockets and hearts of our poor beleaguered fellow-countrymen went unwarmed, even untroubled. Their possessors have gone back, callous and hearted fellow-countrymen went unwarmed, even untroubled. Their possessors have gone back, callous individualists still, to read of the summer games they love other people to play. But I think that it was a great chance missed. Of course, I may be quite right; thought that it is no use crying over unspilt ink. + * *

There is something in the air of America. It is not ozone; for you get that at Brighton, and it is plain to the average olfactory man that it is composed in equal proportions of the scent of dead crabs and rotting seaweed. The quality in the air of America seems to stimulate the inhabitants of God's own country to heights of rabelaisian ecstasy unknown to a more languid clime. There has never been in England anything exactly like the trousers of Taft. Conceal of an ecstatic crowd, after cheering orgiastically for six hours, following with hoarse, enthusiastic yells, a huge pair of trousers, waving from a pole, through the most modern city in the world. There has been nothing exactly like it, outside Africa, since the kingdom of Heaven in Münster four hundred years ago. It is a pleasant thought that the peoples, even those tingling to their finger-tips with a complex modernity, will still have their Dionysia. What though the son of Semele be dead? Taft is with us still. It is interesting to observe, too, that even in its ecstasies the strong national characteristic, the immense shrewdness of the American people still finds expression: the trousers are the most important faculty of the American statesman; that is where the pockets are.

The Judges.

Those people we have come upon Who cut the shells and leave the kernels, Exclusively relying on Externals—

Those people who from early youth Find naught beyond nor yet above them, I cannot say with any truth I love them.

Their thoughts are guileless as their acts, They don't know where the shoe is pinching, But judge you on the "patent facts" (Like lynching;)

"Wrong's wrong and right is right, you see," Say they, who've looked behind the curtain. It must be very nice to be So certain.

They're very good in their way. They really do not mean to hurt you, But know their feet could never stray From virtue.

They, as their lives flow calmly on, Forget (or never knew) temptation, So deal unhesitating con Demnation.

To those who in the road below, Choted with the acrid dust that's flying. Hard-driven, blind—can only know They're trying. . . . .

The self-made judges confident! When they have hurt you, hitting blindly, Try to remember that they meant It kindly.

There are all ages in that host, (The sort we make) what will they say Whether the (as an optimist who's truthful) I cheerfully admit that most Are youthful.

They surely will grow up some day When and when they make a common blunder We know (The sort we make) what will they say I wonder?

I think they'll plead they're weak and young, Poor babes, who make the usual smudges— God help them if they fall among The Judges!

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.
Free Marriage.

By Auguste Forel.

I.

The following essay by Professor Forel, author of "Die Sexuelle Frage," has been specially translated for THE NEW AGE with his kind permission.

The following notice was recently sent to many residents of Berlin and to a number of newspapers:—

Elspeth, Baroness von Zeppelin,

née Leuckfeld von Weyesen,

and

Roda Roda

have united in free marriage.

Berlin W. 30, Nollendorfstr. 18,

Sept., 1905.

A Viennese newspaper, "Die Wage," published this notice and invited a number of persons to offer their comments upon it. The replies received varied considerably, but were in general by no means complimentary to the authors of the bold innovation. The mildest censure passed upon them was to the effect that their only desire could be for notoriety.

Let us remark that Herr Roda Roda is a distinguished author, and that his wife—in the free sense—is a member of the German nobility.

What struck me most of all in the replies received by "Die Wage" was their complete lack of comprehension of the whole question. No one knew what a free marriage could or ought to be. And it is that fact which leads me here to a few words of explanation.

We bear much talk of free unions in these days. Attacks are being made, not unreasonably, upon the fetters of marriages entered into without love and the infernos of households in which husband and wife detest or despise one another. And cries are being raised for free love and the natural satisfaction of individual caprice and passion regardless of the status of their offspring.

Then the defenders of our system of monogamy, which is more or less hypocritical according to circumstances, and artificially supplemented by prostitution, reply:

"Do you have your free love already! Look at the throng of seduced girls, the host of free unions without fidelity, the multitude of illegitimate children destroyed by their desperate mothers! That's what you want to give us by your pretended reforms. No, thank you!"

If this were the meaning of free marriage, I would join in the chorus.

Unbridled promiscuity and freedom of scope given to every individual caprice and passion regardless of the social welfare could only have a corrupting effect. The advantage would be all on the side of the male sex. The man has soon done his share in procreation, and leaves the child to its mother, who, unable to disown it, must carry it for nine months in her womb and then suckle, train, feed, and clothe it... Women have quite rightly found this joke a very bad one.

If certain communists reply by talking to me of a Utopia where the State would undertake the common upbringing of all the brats born in this fashion, I should protest still more strongly in the name of the children so deprived of all family life and brought into the world at the risk of the worst hereditary qualities. They would have just cause for cursing both society and the authors of their existence.

How comes it then that I am nevertheless an advocate of free marriage? Let me explain.

What I have just said suffices to show that there are two reasons which justify marriage, in the sense of a lasting conjugal union.

Firstly, the inequality of the sexes in the matter of the results of sex relations; an inequality which imperatively demands special protection for the woman, i.e., legal obligations towards her on the part of the man responsible for her pregnancy.

Secondly, the material and moral requirements of the children; requirements which involve obligations towards them on the part of both responsible parents, and not only in the name of the woman, but of the man as well.

In point of fact, the child has in its nature as much of its father as of its mother, and in a jointly and severally responsible body like human society it cannot be admitted that the man should have fewer obligations than the woman merely because he has less leisure. That is only the barbarous logic of the brute creation. Now our laws relating to children are still based upon this idea of giving all the rights to the man and all the burdens to the woman.

And here we see the chief difficulty in the way of "free marriage" with our existing legislation. Free marriage, as I understand it, will only be readily attainable when woman is the absolute equal of man before the law—that is, from the point of view of jurisprudence. This is quite another matter, let us hasten to say, from bodily or mental equality, which, as everyone knows, does not exist.

But what is actual marriage, religious and civil?

Religious Marriage, still obligatory in certain countries, seeks to direct the responsibilities of the contracting parties to their children by the aid of assumed divine commandments and of a supposed relationship between our earthly life and a future existence in which one has more or less faith, as the case may be. It must be admitted that the idea of a conjugal union continued through eternity has something grand about it; something which may serve to maintain fidelity in marriage and the unity of the family. This we do not deny. But, on the other hand, are we to base our rules of conduct in this earthly life upon the mirage of a revelation which has never been confirmed, and is rather being weakened day by day by the advance of science? Are we to accept the authority of a God who, in spite of his former extreme communicativeness, has been deaf and dumb these two thousand years and more? The answer would have to be No, even if these priests of all the progressive and retrogressive revelations could agree among themselves! They are far from doing so, however.

Apart from the Buddhists, the Mahomedans, the Mormons, the Paracasts, the Catholics, and the Sectarrians, we see our own Protestant pastors each interpreting the revelation in his own fashion, and the conditions of religious marriage varying accordingly.

It is therefore impossible to base marriage upon social principles which shall hold good universally by calling in the aid of presumed religious revelations. And that is why the institution of Civil Marriage was long ago invented. Civil Marriage is a contract entered into by two persons of different sexes; a contract which was intended by its originators to regulate legally the sexual and other relationships of the parties and the status of their offspring.

There are, then, two factors in civil marriage: (1) the obligation of fidelity as between one party and the other, and (2) the obligation of the parents towards their children.

Now, Civil Marriage set out with the antiquated theory of the inequality of rights among men, and of the subordination of the wife and children to the husband and father. This theory is a relic of the barbarous period of the right of the stronger, when man used his wife (or wives) and children as his slaves.

To a great extent this ancient and brutal idea yet persists, and our laws of Civil Marriage are still imbued with it. The wife owes obedience and fidelity to her husband and the children to their father. As for the father himself, fidelity is, as a matter of form, required in his case.

I may remark in passing that in the animal world the matter is arranged by natural selection. Birds (swallows, parrots, etc.) are monogamous, and instinctively very faithful to one another; dogs possess no conjugal...
fidelity at all; while monkeys possess it in a limited degree. But among all the higher animals the mother has a sense of duty towards her young, and, particularly where conjugal fidelity exists (among birds and the higher apes, for instance), the father is obliged to protect and nourish the family, which would perish without his aid. It is upon this latter basis that mankind has been developed; to this fact history and ethology bear witness.

We may add that among apes and parrots cases are observed of such a degree of conjugal fidelity that upon the death of the female mate the other voluntarily renounces itself to perish of grief and hunger.

And now to return to Civil Marriage as it exists among mankind. What has experience shown us?

Firstly, that fidelity is the ideal condition, but that the mistakes, the deceptions, the weaknesses, and the whims of married people often make their union so unbearable that a separation is necessary. Civil Marriage has therefore had to be supplemented by divorce. The Catholic religion, it is true, forbids the latter, on the pretext that it is God who unites the man and the woman in the bond of marriage. But this pretext becomes ridiculous when we reflect upon the case of a penniless count who weds the daughter of a rich banker in order to regid his coat-of-arms, or upon that of the German mistress of a brothel who married a drunken Swiss in order to escape from the persecution from Switzerland. These are marriage bonds which hardly do credit to the God of the Catholic Church.

It must also be noted that in place of divorce the Catholic Church permits separation, which leads directly to adultery on both sides. We could cite hundreds of instances of this kind.

Secondly, that human nature, using its rights in spite of the laws, sets up a system of concubinage and of illegitimate children; and that this same human nature, corrupted by commercialism, allows the stronger (that is, the man) to seduce the other (that is, the woman), and that the woman, knowing that her name will be recorded under the name of her seducer, will be addressed as "Mademoiselle" or "Fräulein," and the child bears her name instead of the father's, in order clearly to indicate the disgrace of the little one who "has no father." The legal disabilities of illegitimacy vary in different countries, and are always considerable.

I have discussed this subject at some length. But it was necessary in order to make my meaning clear. It was necessary to show the defects of our Religious and Civil Marriage in order to prove that a substitute is necessary. And this substitute cannot be a degrading license, but must rest upon a respect for the laws of nature. To these laws our arbitrary statutes, which at present do actual violence to them, must be as far as possible adapted
to desire, and a hell which it has made out of this earth, and which the average man Jewish, and above all he who has misinterpreted, his "ideas" literalised. This is the usual fate of all who break somewhat new ground. The "ideas" of Christ have never been understood, and

* "The Creed of Christ." John Lane. 5s. net.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Creed of Buddha.*

Nowadays everyone calls himself a mystic. Stolid stockbrokers and prosperous professional men will throw you this in, unblushingly, ancient disquisitions on Brighton A's or the Income-Tax. Such mystics have as much possibility of attaining nirvāṇa-samāpattī as a man has of getting a teaspoonful of coffee from a cup

TO BE CONCLUDED.
possibly never will be understood, by the peoples of Europe; Christianity is the most tragic misnomer in all history.

The Eastern mode of seeking truth is totally opposed to Westerners; it is even a pugnant to dwell upon the possibility of a super-normal state of consciousness. Western thinkers have in various ways "tried to realise that rare but very real experience, a sudden illumination of consciousness, an experience when, while it lasts, solves all riddles and mysteries by making the inner meaning of life as clear as the light of noon." Some of us have, the author remarks, possibly had some such experience, "a feeling of absolute certitude with regard to the ultimate realities of existence in a sense of having been initiated into a mighty mystery... a sudden and overpowering conviction that the world has, after all, a real and sufficient meaning." This feeling, to those of us to whom it has been vouchsafed at all, is generally too transient to assert any determined sway. But we shall agree that "those who have once experienced it can understand the attraction which that esoteric pathway to reality had for the Indian sages." This state must not be confused with that commonly experienced "illusion of being in the silence of the sleep-time, as if you set your fancies free." To attain Samadhi, effort and attention are required, and so far from asceticism being requisite, as the author hints, it is expressly laid down that the disciple should cultivate concentration after he has eaten.

It is well known that the final mystery, the Nirvana, is only reached by graduated stages. What is Nirvana? The author's answer is almost illuminating; at any rate, it is the only one we know that seeks to penetrate to the inner core of Buddha's secret. "Nirvana is the state of ideal spiritual perfection in which the soul, having completely detached itself—by the force of its own natural expansion—from what is individual, impermanent, and phenomenal, embracess and becomes one with the Universal, the Eternal, and the Real." In other words, the essence of Nirvana is the finding of the ideal self, in and through the attainment to oneness—living conscious oneness—with the all and the divine ways.

We are barred from a complete understanding of a conscious self that shall be yet one with the all and the divine. Consciousness seems to involve limitation, some other sphere of consideration. Nor are we much enlightened when we agree, "If soul is to mingle with the Ideal, it must die. If soul is to mingle with the Real, it must do so as soul." We take it this conception of Nirvana will be impossible until we reach that super-normal state, and then we shall not have to realise it we shall be the all. Still, we grant the author's answer is helpful, and we must admire the courage in presenting, if but in a shadowy outline, a response where Buddha was silent and so many others have failed.

Although we do absolutely reject the calm assumption of Western thought that nothing exists except what is perceptible by the senses, we have a difficulty in accepting the author's statement that "to realise the true self is the destiny and the duty of man." Until we reached the exalted stage of consciousness, we must remain uncertain as to what is the destiny, etc., of man, and then we shall not want to know—we cannot then know—because we shall be "the true self."

We take exception to the entire chapter headed "The Teaching of Buddha." It is a teaching seen through the moral eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. The reconciliation between Western science and Indian philosophy, once outlined, we believe, by Mr. Aleister Crowley, is interesting, but not convincing. The distinction between Buddha's supernormalism and Christian supernaturalism is excellently made; the central Oriental idea of the reality of the soul and its development is very beautifully portrayed.

We suppose the book will have a wide circulation, and will be very generally misunderstood. Much as we find to admire in it, we think it an extremely dangerous one to put into the hands of any Englishman at the present moment.

M. D. Edw.
In September, 1760, the French surrendered at Montreal, and Canada passed into the hands of Britain, the surrender being the result of the campaigns of 1759. Three years later. The phases of Canadian constitutional life we can study in this book are the subsequent short period of military rule; the preparations for the Quebec Act of 1774, which merely introduced a Nominal Council; the government of the country under that Act; the new situation created by the coming of the Loyalists after the American Revolution; the constitution conferred on the two provinces by the Constitutional Act of 1791; the failure of that system in its working; the demand for responsible government and the recognition of that system under the Union; the difficulties attending the existence of conflicting nationalities; and the discussion which led to federation in 1867, when the Dominion of Canada was established under a Governor-General appointed by the Crown, with a Federal Parliament and an Executive Cabinet directly responsible to it.

Among the many notable figures in the gallery of statesmen who have guided Canada in the path of progress, Lord Durham, to whose great report, as we have already noted, the editors of this book pay a tribute, takes the most prominent place. Unless a statesman of his position and calibre had taken up the cry for responsible government it is probable that the arguments and eloquence of a Joseph Howe might for years have remained unheeded and ignored by British Ministers. Howe's letters to Lord John Russell, which are here given in full, are not easily surpassed in political literature for lucidity and power of statement. We learn from a preface, written by Mr. Egerton, that the primary object of the present volume is to furnish a textbook for those who are taking up the special subject of the evolution of Canadian self-government in the Modern History School at Oxford, but it should appeal to a wider circle of readers who are interested in the Imperial history of the present and the future. An index is sadly needed.

The Congo and Coasts of Africa. By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. (Unwin, 6s. net.)

This is an interesting if somewhat superficial account. Mr. Davis holds the Kipling view of the White Man's Burden, and he has a predilection for English methods of "colonisation." Germany is an easy second in Mr. Davis's judgment, particularly in matters of shrewdness and enterprise, but in this last, he, being an American, keeps a wistful and an encouraging eye on the traders who sail under the Stars and Stripes. The German colonies are clean, well built, and sanitary, but desolate. They are an argument against trade following the flag. The German colonies do not take their freights from Touga or Dar-es-Salaam, but from Zanzibar and Durban, and it is in the English colonies that the most successful German merchants are to be found. A good part of the volume is devoted to a full-round denunciation of King Leopold's Congo, but Mr. Davis is unable to corroborate from personal knowledge any of the more abominable stories of atrocities. Whilst not condemning, or even refraining from execrating, the torturers of the Congo natives, his chief argument against Leopold's rule is the fact that it is wasteful. King Leopold is not colonising the Congo, he is denuding it. Mr. Davis gives an admirable account of the great river and its banks, of the miserable clusters of shanties which go by the name of trading stations, and of the fever-racked, underpaid officials who spend lonely and

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accursed days in the service of their royal master-trader. Of the fauna of the coast towns visited Mr. Davis has little to say, although he was particularly fortunate in seeing numbers of hippopotami, and he devotes one chapter to his experiences as a hunter. The volume also contains interesting accounts of the traders of the West Coast and of the Kroo boys; of the Arabian Nights costuming, Lorenzo Marques, Mozambique, and Beira. It is a brightly-written book, and readable, but at its best one cannot look upon it as other than a piece of business-like journalism.

The Hungarian Question. Anonymous. (London: Kegan Paul. 1908. 2s., 6d. net. 95 pp.)


The student of European politics will find plenty of material for consideration in these two political pamphlets. The Hungarian politician, who is the anonymous author of the first pamphlet, is an advocate of complete Hungarian autonomy, at the same time acknowledging the temporal sovereignty at Vienna. He has attempted to present Hungary as a State of which it can truly be said that its inhabitants are Hungarians. Unfortunately, the Hungarians prefer to retain their own historical or ethnical nomenclature. There are the Germans, the Slavs, the Slovaks, the Wallachians, the Croatians, and the Servians, in addition to the so-called "Hungarians." In reality, "Hungarian" is the name which the Magyars have assumed in comparatively recent times, with the obvious motive of getting Europe to think of Hungary as a State populated, not by half a dozen races, but by "Hungarians." It is true that the historic name quoted by the author, to some extent support his argument that the Magyars ("Hungarians") are gaining enormously on the other races of Hungary in political and economic advancement. But he has omitted to mention that this advance has been partially due to the Government of Buda-Pesth, which is dominated by the Magyars, who have used their power to oppress the smaller nationalities. In 1895, for instance, a congress of Roumans, Slovaks, and Serbs formed an alliance against the Magyars for the defence of the nationalities. "Scotus Viator" gives a number of examples of political persecution by the Magyars which would be impossible of occurrence in any liberty-loving State, such as Hungary used to be in the days of Kossuth and '48. The Magyars have acted towards the smaller nationalities of Hungary as the Court of Vienna treated the Magyars up to 1848. On the other hand, it is only right to remember that there is a good deal to be said for the Magyar point of view. The Germans have Germany to look to, the Slavs Russia, the Servians Servia, the Roumans Roumania, but the Magyars have only Hungary in which to develop. The storm centre of Middle Europe, which used to be at Berlin, has been shifting since 1870 towards Buda-Pesth, Cracow, and Galicia. The Polish Question is divided in these proportions: Germans, 24 per cent.; Hungarians, 12 per cent.; Poles and Roumans, 17 per cent.; Czechs, 15 per cent.; Servians and Croatians, 7 per cent.; Slavs, 5 per cent.; Wallachians, 6 per cent.; and others, 4 per cent.

Richard Langhorne. By Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. (Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

This is a story, somewhat trivially and amateurishly told, of a brilliant young "Socialist reformer" who accidentally comes in contact with an ancient and aristocratic English family. In the dominance of real blue blood he finds his true ideals. He is soon dazzled, deserts his party, and after a marriage as brilliant as his own oratory, settles down to a steady Conservative career. "Good living, amusement, and a little judicious flattery are a sure cure for Socialism," remarks wise old Lady Falconbridge, the fairy godmother and oracle of the aristocratic family. And it seems she was right. We hope anti-socialist millionaires and dukes will perceive their opportunity.

The Little God's Drum. By Ralph Straus. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

"The Little God's Drum" is a story, told in a curious patchwork style, of many engagements and some weddings. The hero, however, a titled and eccentric young genius, is never married; for he is twice jilted by the same girl, and at the end of the book disappears into the unknown on a motor-car—and alone. Accepting the author's standards, it seems a pity that he should have failed so miserably in the first business of life. However, poor as the plot is, it should have afforded opportunity for some dramatic effects. Unfortunately most of these scenes are sketched, and the rest are quite unreal. There is strong internal evidence that Ralph Straus" belongs in reality to the ranks of lady novelists. If so, why doesn't she claim it?

Saint George for Merrie England. By Margaret H. Bulley. (Allen. 6s. net.)

This is a useful book. It is a brief chronicle of the legend of St. George, its history and interpretation in
both art, heraldry, and story, with an account of the
cult of the Saint in England. There are so full-page
illustrations and a wood-cut from an early Norman
tombstone at Conisborough, Yorkshire, which is the
earliest known representation of the princess of the
legend.

DRAAMA.

Towards a Dramatic Renascence.—III.

That the present-day theatre does not give a good
mouvement of us what we want is sufficiently clear. That
the pioneer societies do not make up the difference is
obvious; they give neither enough performances
nor have they a sufficiently definite aim. The only
way out of the difficulty is to start an experimental
theatre of one's own.

It is as well to realise as clearly as possible that the
handicap of the drama is expense. The rent of
theatres in London is rarely below £100 per week, the
bill for advertising is often greater, while the other
expenses amount to several hundreds more. The ex-
"penses may be, and often are, extravagantly greater.
This means in practice that a play to be successful
must appeal to a very large number of the hetero-
genous millions who live in and around and visit
London. The experimental theatre (by definition so to
speak) will not appeal to heterogeneous millions, and
consequently not get the half-guineas and half-crowns
out of their pockets. This has disadvantages, but the
advantages probably outweigh them. For if it is im-
possible to contemplate an ordinary theatrical rent
it is unnecessary to contemplate an ordinary theatrical
advertising bill, or bill for star salaries and the
other addenda that swell up such gigantic sums. It is
unnecessary to contemplate a big advertising bill
because the audience to which the experimental
theatre will appeal is easily found by cheap and dis-
credit advertisement costing only a few pounds a week,
and because when once found the audience will natu-
ralise itself to keep itself informed of what is going on.
The experimental theatre will, in fact, be the theatre
of one or two special London groups. It will appeal
to the Socialists and all those who read Socialist papers
and magazines; it will appeal to the overlapping group
of those interested in the specula-
tions of Mr. H. G. Wells; it will include the Shavian
public, the Vedrenne-Barker public, and the big artis-
tic and literary public that is interested in advanced
drama generally. There must also be a very large
number of people who read good novels and good
literature who never get catered for at the ordinary
theatre at all. If the expenses of book production
were so enormous as those of theatrical production,
nothing appealing to a less heterogeneous audience
than Marie Corelli or Hall Caine would have any
chance of publication. And all those people who read
and enjoy the books with a more special appeal and
a more limited public, such as, for instance, Henry
James or Conrad, would probably support a theatre
which endeavoured to hold Drama above the Marie
Corelli level.

The mistake hitherto in the organisation of experi-
mental theatres has been the failure to recognise this
factor of the specialised appeal. Those who have
tried the impossible task of getting a big division
of London within its borders, while the advanced
theatre has not selected its public carefully enough,
and has relied too much on the appeal to the hetero-
genous masses, have advertise the big factor in any plan put forward.
This at once suggests that the proper way of financ-
ing the experimental theatre is by following the lead
of the Labour Party in the political field and making
those who desire their own theatre pay for it themselves.
And what I wish now to ask the readers of the NEW
Age is whether they have sufficient real and genuine
interest in the theatre to subscribe one, two, or three
pounds towards it.

The experiment in the beginning ought to be quite
modest. If a holding adaptable for the pur-
poses can be discovered (as I believe it can) at a
sufficiently low rental, the total expenses of such a
theatre could be put down to something like a hundred
pounds a week. Firstly, the rental must be quite
small; secondly, the advertising bill; thirdly, the ex-
penses of production; and fourthly, the salaries of
the actors. The mere question of size—for such a
theatre ought not to be large—determines that the
expenses connected with the stage, with the front of the
house, and with the lighting shall be small. The
salaries of the actors will be small because nothing
even remotely approaching a star salary will ever be
paid. Quite apart from the question of salary, the
star would have to be dispensed with in any case,
because he or she is part of the advertising apparatus
and must be the business of this theatre to avoid. The
star artist is made much of, and his personality ex-
ploded, because there is nothing in the play. The
star throws the real play out of focus.

Ordinary theatrical finance is the speculation of
large sums by a few people hoping to get back enor-
mous profits. The finance of the experimental theatre
must be based upon a large number of small sums from
many people, calculating to make a small loss. It
may be possible to avoid that loss, but it is no use
relying on the chance of a capital success. In any case
the capital of five to six thousand pounds, in pound shares,

a sum which should be enough, ought to be able to
distribute its capital in small amounts so that any
individual losses will be small. There must be a

the good many thousands of people willing and able to
subscribe one or two pounds towards such an enter-
prise. If there are such people then the experimental
theatre can be started; if there are not such people
the project drops to the ground.

This article is not the company prospectus (merely
the puff preliminary), and I do not mean to lay the
definite proposal before you in this. A prospectus
would run something in this style: Firstly, the
object of the theatre would be stated in clear terms
in general conformity with the views expressed in the
first instalment of this article; secondly, the financial
aspect of the matter would be started with a nakedness
which would, I fear, shock the ordinary commercial
mind; and thirdly, we should ask for the money
to be subscribed. It must be at once realised that this
is an entirely unrecommended company. I trust that
a pious aspiration as to profits would duly find its
place, but the subscribers will have to recognise that
they are investing in an experiment and take their
interest in the honour and glory of the thing, plus the
unprofitability of seeing good plays; next, subscribers
of capital will get no further privileges whatever, appli-
cations to the box office for free seats on the score of
having subscribed £5 or £10 will be treated with
contumely.

The theatre started in this way will be a repertory
theatre, and a suggestion of its repertoire might find
a place in the prospectus. It will, so far as possible,employ one set of actors all the year round. Its per-
formances will be both public, of such plays as the
Censor kindly licenses, and private, of such plays as
do not come under his censure as standard. And it
should be remembered that once established, the pri-
ate performances at such a theatre, with a clientele
easily approached through regular advertising channels,
would almost be as conveniently public as the public
performances. The main performances of the theatre
would be given at the usual times in the afternoon
and in the evening, the matinees being probably reserved
for the more experimental of the experimental plays.
The low expenses will enable the theatre to put on all
the kinds of drama now impossible to produce, for on
the basis of eight performances a week, an average
box office receipt of £20 will furnish a handsome profit
and an audience of three hundred easily provide it.
In consequence of this, Drama will be able to shake
off the economic incubus of those heterogeneous mil-

THE NEW AGE. August 1, 1908.
lions of patrons who demand the usual thing, and will have an opportunity to develop in its own way. Started in this way, and with the capital suggested, the experimental theatre ought to be able, at the very worst, to continue for two or three years. Very probably it will become a permanent institution, so long as it retains its money. It would even be inadvisable to raise more money or to attempt more elaborate productions lest those responsible for the management get drawn into the fatal maelström of London theatricalism. It was this fate which overtook the Court Theatre; it is this fate which will overtake any permanent institution which attempts to come into the field of metropolitainment and is not prepared to play the game according to the ordinary gambling rules.

A little later on I hope to be able to lay a concrete proposal before the New Age readers and ask for their concrete subscriptions. When I do so the company (for the business must be floated as a company) will naturally be more detailed in many ways, but in the meantime I should like the readers of this paper to guess its outlines, for my own vision is but a germinal vision. And first and foremost, are we prepared, on the basis of the general scheme I have outlined and in support of the ideas I have propounded, to take one, two, or three pounds in shares? A less concrete sympathy is of no use.

L. Haendel Court.

ART.

French and English Pictures.

Most intelligent people object to exhibitions on principle; for are they not made up of vast collections of objects torn from their natural habitat, set out in rows, covered over with architectural jargon jocosely termed "palaces," and, in short, surrounded by as much transparent unreality as can be got within the ordinary human vision? That is what one thinks on principle; but I never met a principle which led to any good in practice; so a visit to the picture galleries is only one inducement to leave the galleries—the in-sistent allurement of a perfectly delightful band playing in the gardens outside; and it is unpardonable to mix a violated creed—a thoroughly enjoyable time. There does not stand fire very long in the cosmopolitan whirl of crape and everything depressing. When we English go in for horrors, we stop halfway; we get Mr. Luke Fildes to paint a doctor sitting beside a patient who is obviously going to recover. They give you the corpse in France.

There is a delightful candour about the latest of the picture shows—The Allied Artists' Association, which has placed itself at the mercy of the public by opening "The London Salon" at the Albert Hall. It informs us quite frankly in the introduction to its catalogue that it has been organised in order to banish that dark spot in every true artist's life—the selecting committee. Why, we are asked, should a painter have to judge the work of a jury "invariably chosen from men of some reputation and standing in their art; that is to say, in most cases, from men of an earlier generation than that of the younger artists who may wish to exhibit?" It is at least to be hoped that these young men will knock at the door (always a stupid waste of time) and it is proceeding to remove the whole portico by the gentle persuasion of a battering-ram. Those are our sentiments to the letter. The Allied Artists have clearly been reading the history of Marx's International and the Social Democrats and the Independent Labour Party. How quickly these sensible ideas get passed round. In a few weeks, I expect, the Food Reformers will be opening "The New Idea" in Piccadilly, and intelligent citizens will start the "New L.C.C." at the other corner of Spring Gardens. The selecting committee is the key to many situations. It's quite impossible to begin to criticise the exhibits at the London Salon for it has eight hundred members who are exhibiting almost four thousand works. Of course the bulk of the pictures have the same experiment rather than the finish of experience (and very many are sheer rubbish); but, on the whole, the Hope of the Albert Hall is less depressing than the Accomplishment of the Royal Academy. The established works of such as Messrs. Pryde, Cossaar, Nicolson, Lonsdale, Sickert, Leon Little, Sydney Red and Lucien Amsden needs no recommendation. They are only to be congratulated on thus standing beside the "rebels;" and in the endless rows follow the demand particular
The Illuminated Manuscripts Exhibition at the Brighton Fine Arts Club is nothing short of a revelation of joy to the comparatively few people who have the good fortune to receive a ticket for this private collection. In one small room has been gathered together the very essentials of those esoteric times when the creative instinct towards beauty was not crushed out by a ridiculous economic system which has now turned life into a sordid scramble for bread and cheese, or champagne. If any desire to know why some of us are not for Realism, then let them understand that it is because, in our opinion, it is the one way by which mankind can get back again to its essential work of creating beauty—i.e., happiness—once more.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

"ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Our English way is to give our confidence, on preconceived ideas, to "strong" and "safe" men. Sir Edward Grey's appointment was hailed on both sides as that of a "strong" and "safe" man. If no one else be satisfied, the "two front bench" men are. Whether the nation in the long run will see reason for satisfaction is more than doubtful.

The substitution of irresponsible diplomacy, which cannot be criticised, for that of a responsible Minister who can, is certainly "strong" in a sense, especially when effected by a Liberal Government, but is scarcely "safe" for this nation. Its injurious possibilities on our political liberties are evident. The international dangers are more immediate.

The policy of irritating the Germans by weaving packthread agreements around them is scarcely likely to make the danger these agreements were designed to guard against appears to be brought nearer by them. The nation's injurious possibilities on our political liberties are evident.

Mr. Shaw himself states, in the same Preface, that "The writer of an article on Mr. Shaw deliberately takes it for granted that Mr. Shaw is teacher first and dramatist afterwards. This is all the more curious because the same writer denounces attempts to force a philosophy out of Ibsen's plays. His case for a Shaw-philosophy is made out under cover of "an express" statement by Mr. Shaw in one of his prefaces that "I am a born schoolmaster." But the Shaw prefaces, like the Shaw plays or the four Gospels, can be made to mean anything. For example, I take down "Plays for Puritans," and find on page 27 of the preface the statement that "I am a charlatan." This, however, leads me, not to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw is insincere, but to the much more useful conclusion that one should not look for "express" statements in the writings of a dramatist. It is the artist's object to make you see as he sees, not to make you think as he thinks."

R. M.

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. R. L. Grainger smiles at the idea of anyone expressing more than a "pious desire" to regard Mr. Shaw as a philosopher and his plays as tracts for the times. In the "Nineteenth Century" for this month there is no question of pious desires,—the writer of an article on Mr. Shaw deliberately takes it for granted that Mr. Shaw is teacher first and dramatist afterwards. This is all the more curious because the same writer denounces attempts to force a philosophy out of Ibsen's plays. His case for a Shaw-philosophy is made out under cover of "an express" statement by Mr. Shaw in one of his prefaces that "I am a born schoolmaster." But the Shaw prefaces, like the Shaw plays or the four Gospels, can be made to mean anything. For example, I take down "Plays for Puritans," and find on page 27 of the preface the statement that "I am a charlatan." This, however, leads me, not to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw is insincere, but to the much more useful conclusion that one should not look for "express" statements in the writings of a dramatist. It is the artist's object to make you see as he sees, not to make you think as he thinks. How does Mr. Grainger propose to meet such a statement?

ANTHONY OLPAPAE.
AN OFFICER ON THE ARMY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I have been a reader of your admirable and dauntless paper since its commencement, and have been an ardent and open Socialist for some years. I have also tried, as far as a defective and obsolete education has permitted me, to spread the faith amongst those with whom I live, with a certain degree of success. I write this only as an excuse for objecting to certain statements in Dr. T. Miller Maguire's "Army Organisation.

I have held a commission in the Army for several years; and though no competent judge of its Organisation and Higher Administration, I am well acquainted with its working and its comparative efficiency during the past few years. Being by nature a "laffer," and by doubtful good fortune fairly well off, I decided to enter the Army, believing that by so doing I should be shielded from the taunts of "doing nothing" and at the same time be able to obtain enough leisure to indulge in "games" to my heart's content.

I have since discovered that I was then making two fundamental errors. Firstly, that in the Army of to-day there is little time to play; and secondly, that soldiering is not such a dull and empty trade as to require endless "leave" to render it palatable.

The article in your number of July 11th would seem to have been conceived in ignorance and written in spite. Why on earth should we underpaid and much-criticised professional soldiers be unable to read a journal, review, or even an evening paper, without seeing these everlasting sneers; or may it not be a little due to the fact that however hard we work, however decent we are, after all, rather cheap, and not very new. The fallacy of all such articles is the belief that the Army is decadent. Its state of efficiency increases each year, to the point that in five months; it is now usual we under two. Why not attack the Army on the score of its slow progress towards perfection, instead of distorting that movement into decadence to a state of uselessness that is new?

Guarded Flame.

* * *

"Votes for Women."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Two or three words in reply to Mr. Richmond Haigh and Mr. Coomanswamy. I do not suggest that women are not great sufferers by war. My argument was rested on the philosophical, moral and legal proposition that the greatest offence against mankind is murder; that is, the taking of life. To give women the vote would give them the right to vote away the lives of men, and, as women are non-combatants under international law, it would be putting them in the position of controlling men's actions in relation to war, although they have no direct concern with war.

I disagree with both your correspondents, who think that women's political influence would tend towards peace. As to equality, are your correspondents prepared to give women the vote now? I hope the maddest advocate of Woman Suffrage would hesitate before committing this crowning folly.

Lastly, the point about "acquired mental characters": I say the construction of the British Empire has been a male construction, its destruction may possibly be a female destruction. The first statement is a fact; the second is an unproved supposition. The case against Woman Suffrage is founded on the lessons of history; the case for it is rooted in sentimental theories of the future. The prowess of England on the sea is an "acquired mental character," if ever there was one. It is an admitted circumstance of Englishment on the sea is an "acquired mental character," if ever there was one. It is an admitted circumstance. The first statement is a fact; the second is an unproved supposition. The case against Woman Suffrage is founded on the lessons of history; the case for it is rooted in sentimental theories of the future. The prowess of England on the sea is an "acquired mental character," if ever there was one. It is an admitted circumstance. The first statement is a fact; the second is an unproved supposition. The case against Woman Suffrage is founded on the lessons of history; the case for it is rooted in sentimental theories of the future. The prowess of England on the sea is an "acquired mental character," if ever there was one. It is an admitted circumstance.

C. H. Norm.

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THE NEW AGE

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