the extreme of innocence. Outside a very small circle of responsible persons, there are few persons, if any, who can possibly gauge the strength or number the myriad currents that are following at this moment in the direction it may be of Berlin, it may be of London, it may even be of Ischl. The assumed omniscience of the papers of this country will not bear investigation for an instant. Their sources of information are no less limited than ours; nor shall we admit that their pretended acumen results in more than unverifiable guesses. It is true, no doubt, that Germany is preparing a Navy and practising embarkation: but it is also true, as our contributor, "Stanhope of Chester" points out, that Navy construction for Navy construction, practice for practice, England is at least not behind Germany. Is it not conceivable that the fear of sudden attack which now animates the pens of English sensational journalism may be precisely the same force which is moving the facile pens and brains of German journalists? Of this, of course, we are no more sure than are those journalists themselves; the only difference between us is that we admit we are not sure.

Mr. Blatchford asks for light, and we have asked for light also. But has that light been vouchsafed to him and not to us that he should be so sure of what are "facts" and what are not "facts"? Omniscience does not ask for light, it gives light. We readily agree that no greater blow could be endured by civilisation than the paralysis of England in the height of her promise by a devastating and disastrous war. We readily agree that superhuman exertions are demanded of every man in England to prevent such a catastrophe. But we absolutely and flatly deny that the superhuman exertions of Socialists are most effectively directed when they are directed in the stream of warlike preparation. That certainly is not our forte. Not in that region lies our strength. Our strength as Socialists, we repeat, lies in the exercise of the vast power afforded by the international solidarity of Labour and Socialism. To cement that power, to employ it vigorously, to strain it by superhuman exertions, is most plainly in our opinion the special task of Socialist leaders here and in Europe; and is, above all, the most urgent contribution to the solution of the international difficulty that now exists.

As our readers know, The New Age has not always seen eye to eye with the Labour Party in its Parliamentary career. Not once but many times we have had to deplore its lack of grasp of vital issues, its timidity, its invertebrate tameness in handling large questions; but in the matter of the present international situation, we do not hesitate to throw in our lot with the
Labour Party rather than with the "Clarion" and Mr. Hyndman. The Manifesto issued by the Labour Party and endorsed, we are happy to see, unanimously by the National Executive, is in our judgment a statesmanshiplike contribution from the Socialist standpoint to the solution of the present international difficulties outside the great lines begot discontent in the bosoms of share-holders; in course of time it spread to the public at large; and thus the agitation in favour of nationalisation. The dwindling dividends of many of the great railway companies is one of the most significant features of modern business. The working agreement between the Great Northern, the Great Central, and the Great Eastern Companies, has been followed by a combination of the London and North-Western and the Midland Railways. If the Confederation had no intention of joining the new combine the joint capital will amount to over four hundred millions. What the causes or what the effects of the new movement are likely to be nobody can clearly foresee. Socialists have the satisfaction of beholding their prophecies of forty years ago in process of fulfilment; for, so long ago, Socialists affirmed that the tendency of capitalism was in the direction of trusts. They were not believed then, but they may be believed now when the fact is patent. We believe, therefore, that they will be in vain. We believe, on the contrary, that they will be successful. The immediate and paramount duty of every Socialist in Europe (and, above all, in England and Germany) is to consolidate the friendly relations of internationalism; and to reply to the menace of war by the cementing of a more stable peace.

If we are charged with inconsistency in having advocated, as we have, over and over again in these columns, both the claims of patriotism and the claims of a Citizen Army, we reply, firstly, that we are more convinced than apparently consistent. Secondly, we are sure that every patriot desires peace in Europe and in all the world. Surely, the desire for peace is not inconsistent with reverence for one's country. Moreover, as we will again point out, while other groups of people in England may seek peace and ensue it in various ways, the especial way of the Socialist is by extending the international side of Socialism and by federating the proletariat of Europe. Thirdly, we have advocated a Citizen Army as the greatest instrument of both peace at home and selfishness abroad. And, lastly, of affairs political, Mr. Blatchford and Hyndman in their articles represent themselves, and probably a considerable portion of the non-Socialist public; a public by the way, already sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, scared by their own responsibility there is no substitution for it. The weight of these arguments and challenges, their neighings and their thunders, is that the Socialist and Labour movement of England is not behind them. The veridical voice of the Socialist movement in England is, we are convinced, behind the Labour Party and in the hands of the new combine the joint capital will amount to over four hundred millions. What the causes or what the effects of the new movement are likely to be nobody can clearly foresee. Socialists have the satisfaction of beholding their prophecies of forty years ago in process of fulfilment; for, so long ago, Socialists affirmed that the tendency of capitalism was in the direction of trusts. They were not believed then, but they may be believed now when the fact is patent. We believe, therefore, that they will be in vain. We believe, on the contrary, that they will be successful. The immediate and paramount duty of every Socialist in Europe (and, above all, in England and Germany) is to consolidate the friendly relations of internationalism; and to reply to the menace of war by the cementing of a more stable peace.

We print in full the manifesto of the Labour Party to which we have referred. It will become, we are certain, a historic document of the first importance:—

"That the National Executive of the Labour Party, representing over a million organised workers, deplores the reckless and inexcusable attitude now being assumed by small interested sections, both in Great Britain and in Germany, to persuade the peoples of the two countries that a war between them is inevitable, and condemns the provocative policies of naval construction pursued by those governments as a colossal waste of resources and because, so far from contributing to peace, such action by inflaming popular prejudice and by seeming to indicate that alarmist rumours are well founded, removes from the minds of the people a determination to resist war."

"The Executive, therefore, assures the working men of Germany that organised labour in Great Britain has never joined in spreading unfriendiy suspicion, and that it is convinced that war between the two peoples would be a disgraceful crime, which would never be possible but for the action of a few individuals who have bought the Press to distort news to suit their flammbyant political passions and their economic interests."

"This Executive, therefore, invites German workmen to co-operate with it for the purpose of defeating the war propaganda and securing the permanent establishment of goodwill between the two nations."

If the Labour Party will vigorously pursue its present intention, sparing no pains and no expense to co-operate effectively with the proletariat of Germany, all that can Humanly be expected of the Socialist movements here and abroad on behalf of peace will have been done. And, after all, we are not feeble either in numbers or in power. The Socialist Movement in this country numbers its hundreds of thousands, in Germany the millions. It will be the greatest blow to the prestige of Socialism in its own ranks if, when all efforts have been made, all efforts should prove in vain. But we do not believe they will be in vain. We believe, on the contrary, that they will be successful. The immediate and paramount duty of every Socialist in Europe and, above all, in England and Germany is to consolidate the friendly relations of internationalism; and to reply to the menace of war by the cementing of a more stable peace.

We deprecate the ignorant criticism that has been passed in this country on the subject of the recent labour troubles in Paris. Not one hundredth either of the statements or of the conclusions drawn from them that have appeared in our Press can be safely trusted. The situation in these countries is created by the existence of innumerable cross-currents, not one of which has been rightly appreciated by our English journalists. The 'Confederation of Labour,' which was responsible for the strike, includes some of the coolest heads in the French Socialist movement. Doubtless, also, differences exist among the Socialist leaders there as well as here. But the plain fact that the Confederation held the power, at least temporarily, to dislocate the business life of Paris is an earnest of what such an organisation can effect when its strength is ripened. The "Times," we observe, first shrieked with terror, and then, on the collapse of the strike, jeered at the weakness of the French Labour Party. Next time, we imagine, there will be no jeering.

The rapid progress of combination among the great railway companies is one of the most significant features of modern business. The working agreement between the General, the Great Central, and the Great Eastern Companies, has been followed by a combination of the London and North-Western and the Midland Railways. If the Confederation had no intention of joining the new combine the joint capital will amount to over four hundred millions. What the causes or what the effects of the new movement are likely to be nobody can clearly foresee. Socialists have the satisfaction of beholding their prophecies of forty years ago in process of fulfilment; for, so long ago, Socialists affirmed that the tendency of capitalism was in the direction of trusts. They were not believed then, but they may be believed now when the fact is patent. We believe, therefore, that they will be in vain. We believe, on the contrary, that they will be successful. The immediate and paramount duty of every Socialist in Europe and, above all, in England and Germany is to consolidate the friendly relations of internationalism; and to reply to the menace of war by the cementing of a more stable peace.
Trade unionism, we urge, may have gone, and rightly gone, into politics; but it must not abandon industrialism at the same time.

* * *

The forces of plutocracy have gained a notable victory in London by the collapse of the Governmental opposition to the Electoral Syndicate's Bill for providing London and the outlying districts with electric light. We understand that the Liberal Government has withdrawn its opposition to the passage of this scandalous monopoly at the instance of certain members of the Cabinet, who have been promised large blocks of shares, and a portion of the profits of promotion. Apparently, the King's recent lucrative "deal" in Siberians having been dissipated in heavy losses on the racecourse, the people of London are to be "electricised" into replenishing the royal banking account. The evil effects of the Recess are already upon us. Whether this corrupt betrayal by the "anti-monopolist" Liberal leaders will be an effective treachery remains to be seen. We have in our possession the names of at least two members of the present Cabinet who are interested in this precious concern, and we shall be glad to have the confirmation that the full glare of publicity will soon illuminate their doings. The silence of the Liberal Press, in face of this sacrifice of one of the most valuable assets of London, must be the conscious silence of guilt. Really, we are surprised at the truckling to fiscal corruption on the part of the editors of the London Liberal Press. It is an indication of what little protection the unthinking public has against its political trustees fraudulently parting with the civic assets. The operations of high finance, with the aid of Court intrigues, are conducted with stealth and swiftness; but the victory is not always to the political thief or the fraudulent trustee. We invite any readers of THE NEW AGE who may have special instruction on this matter to place themselves in communication with us, so that the persons engaged in this abominable transaction may receive a lesson which they will never forget. The Liberal Attorney-General, in his speech in the Mile End case, used language which we commend, in this connection, to the most earnest attention of His Majesty's Government. "To treat such conduct as they have evidenced of as permissive would be a deadly blow to English public life. They could not keep too high a standard, and wherever it was lowered, however slight the deviation, that a public man failed in that high standard of probity, then it was the duty of the community to show that their moral sense was opposed to it."

* * *

The Mile End trial had lost most of its interest by the time the inevitable conclusion was reached. The summing-up of Mr. Justice Phillimore was strongly against the accused, as on the evidence it was bound to be, though there is a probability of an appeal on the ground of misdirection. The sentences were severe, but none too severe, as civic corruption is one of the gravest offences against the citizens of the commonwealth. It was a sordid page in the history of middle-class meanness and jobbery, and the sentences should be a sharp lesson to similar gentry. Mr. John Burns, in the matter of these prosecutions, has performed a difficult and odious task with credit and rectitude; we can only hope that there will be no need to direct further prosecutions. At the same time, Mr. Justice Phillimore must be singularly innocent if he imagines that there are not many greater criminals in high places who escape unscathed because they are in high places, and are able to fatten the very sinews of justice, and to hound on the British working man to his doom on the battlefields of Europe.

Mr. Robert Blatchford says: "It is not mere words, it is acts that have convinced us. Germany has increased, and is increasing, her fleet. Germany has made, and is still making, the fullest preparations for the embarkation of an army. These are facts." Well, England is doing the same. If Germany is increasing her fleet, and practising the embarkation of troops, Great Britain has also been increasing her fleet and practising the embarkation of troops. Moreover, Great Britain has increased her fleet at a greater ratio than Germany. Hence, if Mr. Blatchford's contention is sound, it is England which is going to attack Germany, and not Germany which is contemplating a raid on England. We are aware fellows with sufficient success to make it worth the while of Society to defend them from the indignation of honest men.

* * *

Under the surprising editorship of Lord Alfred Douglas, the "Academy" has become the guardian of abnormally high morality, abnormally High Churchism, and abnormally correct English. Lately there have appeared in its columns a number of diverting articles on the morality of Socialists in general and of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays in particular. Last week it was the turn of THE NEW AGE to be reproved, and in 40 lines, containing at least seven gross errors of fact (mostly deliberate mis-statements), THE NEW AGE was accused of numbering Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome among its contributors. We had no idea it was a literary sin for a weekly review to have its articles written by distinguished writers. If it is, we humbly confess to manifold sins. We hasten to admit that the "Academy" in this respect is well-nigh blameless.

* * *

[Next Week.—E. Belfort Bax on "A Controversial Nuisance." "A Plague of Spectacles," by W. R. Titterton. We shall also publish the first of a series of articles by Professor Auguste Forel, on "Factors in Modern Life." "Socialism and Suburbs," by Edwin Pugh, has been unavoidably held over.]

The European War Scare.

Attentive observers of foreign policy are at one in deploring the present dangerous situation in Europe. In Germany and in England politicians of the most diverse types are united in fanning the flame of Anglo-German rivalry and enmity. Within the last fortnight the war scare has spread to our Socialist contemporary, the "Clarion," which has printed a series of "panic" articles from the vigorous pens of Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Robert Blatchford. The policy of THE NEW AGE hitherto has been to hold aloof from recriminations and personalities which have disgraced the various Socialist societies in this country. But the public welfare, at all times, should be placed above private esteem and friendship; therefore, it is the duty of all patriotic and loyal Socialists to combine to hound on the British working man to his doom on the battlefields of Europe.

Mr. Robert Blatchford has not learnt the bitter lesson of the South African war. The thousands who died on the battlefields of South Africa for the advantage of Rhodes, Beit, Joel, Chamberlain, and the gaol of army contractors and steamship owners, are apparently forgotten by him. The working classes were misled by Mr. Robert Blatchford in the "Clarion" in 1899, and onwards, as cruelly and as wickedly as they were by Mr. Chamberlain. The horrible blunder is now, seemingly, to be repeated. At a period when the Indian Empire is seething with unrest, and when Egypt and the black races of Africa may raise the standard of revolt at any moment, these trusted Socialist leaders come forward with an appeal to the hitherto instinct of race arrogance; in short, they combine to bound on the British working man to his doom on the battlefields of Europe.

Mr. Blatchford says: "It is not mere words, it is acts that have convinced us. Germany has increased, and is increasing, her fleet. Germany has made, and is still making, the fullest preparations for the embarkation of an army. These are facts." Well, England is doing the same. The Editor's Note continues:

If Germany is increasing her fleet, and practising the embarkation of troops, Great Britain has also been increasing her fleet and practising the embarkation of troops. Moreover, Great Britain has increased her fleet at a greater ratio than Germany. Hence, if Mr. Blatchford's contention is sound, it is England which is going to attack Germany, and not Germany which is contemplating a raid on England. We are aware
that there is a small school of naval and military men in England who are egging on newspapers and obscure politicians to create an impost. Sir Penrose Fitzgerald is a typical example of these enemies of humanity. It would be incredible but for Mr. Blatchford’s record in the South African war that Socialists could so submit their country and their creed as to support these bellicose tools of the naval and military classes, with the vulturine financier in the background.

To understand the real position it is necessary to glance at the main lines of English foreign policy. English statesmen have always striven to maintain the balance of power, and to oppose England might to any Power which sought to disturb the European equilibrium. England is an extra-European Power, having little concern with the European disputes of the European Powers, but having the closest interest in seeing that no Power becomes too much influential in Europe, as then the safety of England would be imperilled. England went to war with France, Spain, Holland, and Russia to uphold the balance of power. One after another, these Powers were humbled by the naval and military achievements of England in the eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The growth of democracy and of peaceful ideals has moderated this English line of foreign policy; hence, it is the aim of those who are promoting the anti-German movement to stir up European equilibrium in some “incident” between Germany and England which will embroil the two countries in a disastrous war. It is hellish work, and we are sorry to see Socialists busily engaged in it.

German diplomats well understand the history of English diplomacy; the aggressions of England are plain on the pages of history. Thirty or forty years ago German diplomats would have been culpably negligent if they had not warned the German Ministry of the tendency of English foreign policy. Democracy and Socialism are international forces which exercise more weight in the counsels of Europe than any other movements. They are forces whose strength rests on the peaceful expansion and development of nations. The Germanophobes and the Anglophobes are the jingo representatives of the upper classes in Germany and England who are preparing to destroy Socialism and Democracy by engulfing Europe in a tidal wave of blood—not their own blood, but the blood of the people.

It is damnable; it is still more damnable that Socialists should be on the side of the war-bands. Listen to the innocent babbling of Mr. Blatchford: “There is no war party in this country, but only a party of defence.” Here we have a Socialist wildly appealing to England to arm against invasion, and to transform its valleys and peaceful glades into one huge cauldron. And then he knows perfectly well that England possesses the vastest fleet which has ever sailed the seas, and an army greater than that which defeated Napoleon’s marshals in battle after battle.

Lord Cromer, in the debate on Old Age Pensions, used some remarkable language on the duty of the Government. “What I would ask, in the present condition of Europe, is the main duty which devolves on the Government of this country? Their main duty is to make provision betimes for the European conflict which may not improbably be forced on us before many years have elapsed.” The first ingredient to produce the mass of excitants which cause a war is “war talk.” Lord Cromer belongs to the rank of life whose strength rests on the peaceful expansion and standing, has denounced in Germany the wicked intentions of their rulers. “We confess to doubting the pacific intentions of either the rulers of Germany or England; and we are confident that the organised strength of labour, if strategically handled and led, could paralyse the bellicose attempts of warlike sections in Germany and England to foment discord. That men like Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman should yelp in the pack of the dogs of war might prove a serious mistake. These gentlemen cannot be relied on to warn the labouring classes of England and Germany against a suicidal and ghastly Armageddon, well may Socialists and Democrats exclaim: “Nous sommes trahis!”

Mr. Hyndman, it is well known, has been a fearless anti-German all his life; he has never concealed his personal hatred of the German autocracy, and we are not surprised that he should gladly assume the rôle of trumpeter to announce “The Coming War.” Mr. Keir Hardie and he are joint English representatives on the International Socialist Bureau. Their action, in conjunction with Herr Bebel, Mr. Jaurès, and Mr. Vandervelde helped to avert a war between France and Germany in Morocco. From motives of dislike to Germany, Mr. Hyndman has done all that a pacific Franco-French policy of the Bureau, and has fallen into line with the shouting political incendiaries of capitalistic jingoism.

Here Ledebour, a German Socialist of high character and standing, has denounced in Germany the wicked efforts that are being made to stir up bad blood between England and Germany. What will he think when he reads the utterances of Messrs. Hyndman and Blatchford? To be betrayed by the desertion of one’s friends is enough to make the stoutest heart quail and the most impetuous spirit bleed. Listen to the “Clarion” :-

At this moment there is a threat of war between us and Germany. Why? Because the commercial and financial expansion initiated by Bismarck in his wars against Austria and France is still incomplete.

The German Social-Democrats, who are a far stronger party than the English Social-Democrats, are striving against long odds, owing to an undemocratic franchise, to persuade their fellow-Germans to stand fast against the militarism and Imperialism of the Bismarckian tradition. The English Social-Democrats are treacherously abandoning them in their struggle to preserve peace; it is infamous conduct, and we implore Messrs. Hyndman and Blatchford to stay their hands from the insensible harm they are doing to the progress of humanity by this insane playing with gunpowder.

Mr. Blatchford has thrown down a challenge to the Labour Party and to the advocates of peace. He asks: “Let us have light.” We reply, the light of Socialism and Democracy will burn brightly if the workers of England and Germany would organise into a compact peace party. Such an organisation would render war impossible. The Socialist War Party’s remedy is to swamp the lightship of Socialism and Democracy in a sea of blood; it is a betrayal of the workers and an eternal shame to those who are preaching their own destruction.

I am authorised by the editor of The New Age to state that the columns of this paper are open to Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hyndman, or anyone else to demonstrate, if they can, any advantage which the democracies of England or Germany will obtain by a war between England and Germany.

The liberty of the Press is a sacred thing; but if ever a prosecution of a newspaper were justified it would be the prosecution of a newspaper which fomented war. Personal incitements to murder are punishable as felonies. Public stirring up of the war spirit is a greater felony than a private incitement to murder.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."
The Otley Murder Case.

On July 18th last, James Jefferson was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Bigham at the Leeds Assizes for having murdered a woman named Elizabeth Todd. The only defence set up was that the prisoner was insane at the time he committed the murder.

The circumstances of the crime were these: A man named Hellwell, who was driving along the Otley Road, came upon Jefferson bending over a body. He enquired what he was doing, but received no answer. To his horror he saw Jefferson was cutting a woman's head off. Hellwell drove on in his trap to a house, from which he telephoned to the police, and returned with two other men to the place where he had left Jefferson. In the meantime, Jefferson had thrown the body over a low wall which divided the road from an adjoining field, and was engaged in hacking the woman's arm off with a blunt knife. Her body was naked, except for one stocking, and her head was lying some distance from the body. Jefferson was challenged and told to drop the knife, whereupon he desisted from his cutting and quietly surrendered.

When arrested he was carrying the woman's hat, her corsets, and her umbrella, and he informed his captors that he would get much more apiece for each of these articles. When searched, it was discovered that he had the woman's purse and one of her stockings in his possession. There had been no attempt to outrage her.

Medical evidence was called by the prosecution to prove that the prisoner was insane. The judge persuaded the jury to reject the doctor's evidence, and the prisoner's trial proceeded. The details of the crime were given in evidence, and it was proved that the woman was a healthy, well-developed, well-nourished, and strong woman. The medical gentlemen who had been witnesses for the prosecution were called for the defence to prove the prisoner's insanity. An unusual incident of the trial was that the police record of the prisoner's life was read twice to the jury by the judge before the verdict.

The following is an extract from the report of the Chief Constable: "The prisoner has been known since September 18th, 1896, on which date he was charged with four cases of larceny, which were withdrawn when his youth was discovered. On May 7th he was charged with two cases of larceny from a shop till, and was sent to an industrial school at York. On July 31st, 1901, he absconded, and on November 19th, 1901, he was arrested on four charges of larceny from the police. The prisoner was seven times before the justices for different offences, and in 1907 he was committed for twelve months at the Newcastle Assizes for arson. He was discharged on May 7th this year (1908)"; and on May 5th he committed the murder near Otley. Careful search has been made, but no trace of insanity can be found in Jefferson's family. The testimony of the prison doctors and the mental expert was to the effect that, owing to hallucinations and delusions, the prisoner was insane and not accountable. The judge laid great stress on the terrible record of the prisoner, saying to the jury: "The man is a bad man, but that does not necessarily mean that he is a mad man." Unfortunately, the defence made no attempt to prove insanity from the outset, and he omitted to remind the jury that the prisoner's awful career was more consistent with insanity than with criminality. Mr. Justice Bigham's directions to the jury reminded me of Ruskin's denunciation of Intersection of Literature and Democracy: a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesome process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like the pack of frosted-pitched wolves. The murder of an unhappy, crazed boy.—(Otley, 1908)—or grey-haired clodpate Othello, 'perplexed i' the extreme' at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to a Crown visit, 1908, a visit of the Crown itself—"to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their fathers' sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring." [Sweat and Silks.]

Mr. Justice Bigham summed up on the narrowest basis of the legal view of insanity: that he exceeded all reasonable interpretations of the doctrine and is some reason for assuming that it is bad law. The jury retired at 3.20; at 4.35, the judge sent for them and again addressed them, repeating: "You must remember that it is for the prisoner by his evidence to satisfy you, beyond any reasonable doubt, that he did not know that he was doing wrong." Upon that, one of the jury remarked: "If there is a doubt, I suppose the prisoner would have the benefit of it." Mr. Justice Bigham: "No, no; I want to explain to you. He has to make it out to your satisfaction without any reasonable doubt. If you have a reasonable doubt as to whether he knew that he was doing wrong or not, you must find him guilty. The responsibility of the jury is this: If we think he may have knowledge that he was doing something wrong, but still be insane, that does not matter; if he knew he was doing wrong, however insane he was, you ought to find him guilty." After hearing this plain instruction the jury had really no option but to return a verdict of "Guilty." They retired again at 4.39, and were back again in six minutes with a verdict of "Guilty." However, the responsibility for the verdict rests on Mr. Justice Bigham, because if he had not exceeded all reasonable doubt, he would have acquitted the prisoner. The prisoner was sentenced to death, and was executed in the cell in which he was last confined after his conviction; may the Lord have mercy on his soul. The Court of Criminal Appeal set aside the verdict, there being no reasonable doubt as to whether he knew that he was doing wrong or not, you must find him guilty. The Court of Criminal Appeal, in the event, set it aside, and found the prisoner insane. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead, and that your body be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been last confined after your conviction; may the Lord have mercy on your soul. The prisoner is an under-sized boy of twenty-one. When arrested he was carrying the woman's hat, her coat, and one of her stockings. There had been no attempt to outrage her.

The Otley case is worthy of record as demonstrating the enormous power of the judge over the jury; secondly, it shows there is a considerable difference between medical and legal views as to the responsibility of a man who is bayoneting young girls in their fathers' sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. [Sweat and Silks.] The Otley Murder Case.
Hilaire Belloc, M.P. and the Congo.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Belloc has expressed himself freely in relation to Congo affairs in your last issue, and as the subject matter is of primary importance, I venture to send a brief reply to the strangely antiquated position he adopts. He describes the Congo business as "a square fight between two financial interests; the interest of old Leopold, and the interest of those few merchants in this country who want to break down Leopold's monopoly, and to deal in rubber and gin with the enfranchised negroes." He would have your readers believe that the movement for reform on the Congo is a bit of "cant and hypocrisy," characterised by sordid motives of gain, and destitute of other foundation than a criminal desire to "soak the Congo in gin," and fatten on the miseries of a debased population.

Such a mental attitude was conceivable five years ago, when an abysmal ignorance of the facts was almost universal, but to-day there is no excuse for any well-informed public man thus vamping up the exploded arguments of the past. Even a brief consideration of elementary facts will be sufficient to impress upon your readers how base and unfounded is this attack on the motives for Congo reform. Mr. Belloc apparently imagines that because Mr. John Holt, one of the West African merchants of Liverpool, is identified with the Congo Reform Association, his contention is, therefore, proved! Absurd! Years before the Congo Reform Association came into being (1904), Protestant missionaries were complaining of the outrages inflicted on the helpless Congolese, and the writer of this article in person laid the matter before his Majesty King Leopold of Belgium in the spring of 1896. The ghastly facts which began to be made public in 1895, eventually induced the British Government to make official con-
sular investigation, and the latter amply corroborated the atrocious condition witnessed to both by travellers and missionaries. And the motive which prompted the movement for Congo reform, however incomprehensible it may be to Mr. Belloc, was purely humanitarian. No sane man can study the 82 pages of Consul Casement's report without feelings of the utmost abhorrence of the revolting conditions therein revealed. This evidence has since received ample confirmation in the official report of the Consular-General of the United States of America, and in the Report of the Commissioners of King Leopold. Evidence more complete, more damning, cannot be conceived; and both the Conservative and Liberal Governments of this country united in outspoken condemnation of the principles underlying this twentieth-century slavery, and in earnest effort to bring about a happier condition of affairs. Does Mr. Belloc imagine that your readers will ignore the official evidence of Great Britain, the United States of America, France, Italy, and Belgium, and accept his unsupported statements with regard to the motives that underlie this international protest?

His remark that "Catholic missionaries in the Congo have brought such pressure to bear that the Congo natives cannot get this cheap spirit" is simply ridiculous. The reason why natives have not been saturated with drink on the Upper Congo, as they systematically have on the Lower River, is because Lord Salisbury brought about the Conference at Brussels in 1890, at which certain regulations with regard to drink and slavery were formulated, by which ardent spirits were excluded from the Upper River, in which region, up to that time, they had never been sold. It was not Catholic missionaries that brought about this restriction, but the Conservative Government of this country acting in association with all the Powers of Europe and with the U.S.A.; and the observance of this arrangement has not been without its financial advantage to the Leopold régime. The traffic in rubber could not have been so ruthlessly successful had the slave popu-
lation upon whose labours that régime was dependent been saturated with gin. And thus, in restricting the sale of alcohol, King Leopold followed a policy of financial common sense. But let it be remembered that that policy was laid down at the Conference of Brus-
sels, and there has never been the slightest desire on the part of Congo reformers to do otherwise than insist on the observance of those international regulations which were adopted in order to the preservation of the native populations.

Mr. Belloc remarks that "we can only get the right to soak the Congo in gin . . . by paying some price," to which I reply that in all my experience of Congo reform I have never met a single person who enter-
tained such a desire, which exists only in the brains of ill-informed or prejudiced persons hard up for argu-
ments wherewith to buttress the slave system of the Congo. I have met thousands of people genuinely interested in Congo reform, but with half a dozen excep-
tions none of these have any financial interest in West African affairs. It is true that one of my personal friends, pledged heart and soul to this movement, is an African merchant. But he voluntarily resigned a fortune through refusing to have anything to do with the drink traffic of the West Coast of Africa.

And yet this nightmare seems to cling to Mr. Belloc, who says, "I know it is the opinion of experts that we shall be able to break down the barrier and pour cheap spirits from our ships into the Congo upon such a scale as will dwarf even the five million gallons we unload upon our own West African negroes." We had supposed the fact well known, even to the man in the street, that the desire of the British Government and of Congo reformers is not the abolition, but the observance of those international regulations upon whose labours that régime was dependent been saturated with gin. And thus, in restricting the sale of alcohol, King Leopold followed a policy of financial common sense. But let it be remembered that that policy was laid down at the Conference of Brus-
sels, and there has never been the slightest desire on the part of Congo reformers to do otherwise than insist on the observance of those international regulations which were adopted in order to the preservation of the native populations.

H. GRATAN GUINNESS, M.D.
Harley House, Bow Road, London, E.,

JU-VIS
BEEF TEA
A Breakfast Cup for a 1d.

AUGUST 15, 1908
THE NEW AGE 306

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


M O R R I S B O A R D I N G H O U S E, opposite Wad-
don Station, Croydon. Conduit. Economical.
Our Soulless Army.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

VI.

There is practically no aristocracy nor pride of birth in England, and no zeal for knowledge among our juvenile desiré, hence what may be called the rich school castes, with whom managed our Army since 1850, and the records of the management are infamous throughout.

From the publication of the William Russell Crimean Correspondence through Elgin Report and the Farwell Report on the flagitious South African follies, and swindling and waste, right honourables and unscrupulous sophists and grasping charlatans have degraded everything which they touched. The present Liberal and Whig Whigs and fish wives will drive the mandarins into the Thames, and copies were sent to the preposterous Committee of Imperial Defence and to the Secretary of State for War:

(1) That soldiers of all ranks are at a disadvantage as compared with the civil population in that the law fails to protect their rights.

(2) That the soldier, who protects the country, should himself have equal protection with the civilian.

(3) That the Government of the day be asked to appoint a competent committee to investigate the question, and to make such statutory changes in the laws as will secure them as full protection of their rights as is enjoyed by citizens.

(4) That in the opinion of this meeting the barrack accommodation and the food supply of our soldiers should at once be put on a level at least equal in comfort and in all sanitary and dietetic arrangements with that prevailing among the employees of ordinary business establishments in London; that the taxpayers now provide ample means for this purpose if the control of the expenditure were placed in efficient hands; and that the present treatment of soldiers of all ranks is in many respects costly and wasteful in a very high degree.

But the mandarins continued to draw salaries, accept titles, and laugh at reform. I have paid visits to a number of barracks, and I described the abominable abodes of our soldiers in Dublin and Edinburgh in the Press. No workhouse in the United Kingdom was in such a disgraceful state; no German capitalist on the Rhineland would have the impudence to house his workmen in such degrading and degrading dens; no such rotting old caravanserai in the midst of appalling social decay could be found in any garrison on the Continent. I called public attention to these places in vain. Our rulers are too lazy; too busy at gold plate dinner parties and eagerly dines glittering with precious stones to gala performances, and they must golf and must revel in luxury. What care they for patriotism or for the woes of veteran soldiers and the stateful life to which bureaucracy has doomed married soldier? Have my readers ever travelled in the steerage part of sea tramps with the families of soldiers of even corps d'élite? I have, and some day I will tell what I saw. I have been a careful student of the treatment of soldiers for a quarter of a century, so I read with no surprise this passage in the "Daily News," June 29, 1906:

"In connection with the Earl of Dartmouth's question in the House of Lords last week, asking the Earl of Shelburne, the Under Secretary for War, if he is aware that in Lichfield Barracks a bedroom is allowed to married people with two children, and that in some cases, where the whole family have to sleep in the one room, the mother is in an advanced state of consumption; we learnt yesterday that similar conditions may prevail in any barracks in the country."

I quote a few passages from authoritative utterances:

"We fear that no eloquence will have the slightest effect in bringing the Army Council to a proper sense of their duty to the soldier. We have been working away at the subject of an improved dietary for the soldier for over a year; we have made the most astounding revelations regarding it, and we have from time to time pointed out where abuses and defects abound, while at the same time suggesting effective remedies. But all to no purpose. On the question of messing reform the Army Council present an utterly indifferent attitude, and seem to have made up their minds that, as long as things are not worse they must remain as they are now."

Another military paper wrote:

"It never seems to have occurred to those who have brought about this unfortunate condition of things [i.e., the utter chaos in the army], what a fearfully bad effect it was bound to produce on all branches and all ranks of our land forces, what it has been complained many times during the last decade that there is no healthy in the military system. We will go even farther than this. There is another feature entirely absent, and that is justice. It is the easiest thing for a Minister sitting in his office to issue mandates affecting services, arms, and departments; to lop off a million here and half a million there; to say that this method is old and that method new-fashioned. It not unusually follows that as the result of such actions and considerations—there they have neither time nor inclination for such matters. Mr. Arnold Forster did show a certain amount of interest in the soldier's messing, and the probabilities are that, had he continued in office, some practical reforms would have been made, but Mr. Haldane has put back the clock in this business, as he has done in all matters concerning the regular army.""—"United Service Gazette," June 30, 1906.

Another military paper wrote:

"It never seems to have occurred to those who have brought about this unfortunate condition of things [i.e., the utter chaos in the army], what a fearfully bad effect it was bound to produce on all branches and all ranks of our land forces, what it has been complained many times during the last decade that there is no healthy in the military system. We will go even farther than this. There is another feature entirely absent, and that is justice. It is the easiest thing for a Minister sitting in his office to issue mandates affecting services, arms, and departments; to lop off a million here and half a million there; to say that this method is old and that method new-fashioned. It not unusually follows that as the result of ill-considered action there is, directly or indirectly, punishment to be borne which innocent victims are entitled to, and that is justice. It is the easiest thing for a Minister sitting in his office to issue mandates affecting services, arms, and departments; to lop off a million here and half a million there; to say that this method is old and that method new-fashioned. It not unusually follows that as the result of ill-considered action there is, directly or indirectly, punishment to be borne which innocent victims are entitled to, and that is justice.


"Another military paper wrote:

"It never seems to have occurred to those who have brought about this unfortunate condition of things [i.e., the utter chaos in the army], what a fearfully bad effect it was bound to produce on all branches and all ranks of our land forces, what it has been complained many times during the last decade that there is no healthy in the military system. We will go even farther than this. There is another feature entirely absent, and that is justice. It is the easiest thing for a Minister sitting in his office to issue mandates affecting services, arms, and departments; to lop off a million here and half a million there; to say that this method is old and that method new-fashioned. It not unusually follows that as the result of ill-considered action there is, directly or indirectly, punishment to be borne which innocent victims are entitled to, and that is justice.""—"Army and Navy Gazette," June 30, 1906.

I just find (July 15) that the Committee of Public Accounts reports more scandalous waste of public money by the red tapeists. Of course, the War Office figures appear.

It lost me for the crime of public money in investigating a title to land at Shoeburyness! Yet the Chief of the Army Council is a Chancery lawyer paid £5,000 a year.
I AM ASHAMED.

August 4th, 1908.

Slanderer, did you write this?—
There are few men who are more directly responsible for these hangings and the murders which provoked the hangings, than Count Tolstoy himself.
And this?—
The improved moral and social status of the executioner is the direct result of his own teaching.
Slanderer, cruel slanderer! Lickspittle, did you write this?
and his neighbour's cottage.
Are you an Englishman?
I am ashamed, I tell you! I am ashamed at belonging to the same people as you.
Detestable trimmer, did you write this?—
What you describe in the 'Daily Chronicle' as 'Tolstoy's' tremendous indictment of the Tsar's Government.'
Coward, did you write this?—
"Russians say . . . . . that Count Tolstoy himself enjoys the protection of the Government he denounces as 'Government by murder.'"
"Russians say" . . . . . And what do you say, Coward?
Liar, did you write this?—
"No English author or publicist would ever dream of addressing such an appeal as this to the British public. We are accustomed to capital punishment. It is part of our law—and I am ashamed of my riches.

The . . . . harm that is done to the cause of international peace by those who declare that all war is murder.
Behold! I tell you that all war is murder, for all men are my brothers, and I am my brother's keeper.
I am ashamed, I tell you, I am ashamed at belonging to the same species as you, my brother.
Yes, it was you, you, who wrote this, and this, and this.
And I am ashamed.
"Our own experience in Ireland under the Land League might lead to some moderation in the vehemence of the condemnation pronounced upon a Government confronted with the peril of social dissolution."
Are you, then, that one who before preached Liberty and held Freedom high as a torch to light the way and cheer the heart of the down-trodden? Are you he whom men and women with tears in their eyes blessed for cleaner, sweeter, purer, better, happier lives?
"Our own experience in Ireland . . . . I, an Irishman, spit at you: Renegade!
No one who has lived through the last three years in my district can be other than a reactionary. You in England have no idea of the devastation that has taken place in rural Russia. . . . Hundreds of the country residences of the landlords have been wrecked. Every absentee landlord's place has been looted and burned. Picture galleries, statuary, libraries, precious heirlooms have been given to the flames."
Not is that all. Agricultural machinery, thoroughbred stock, the whole apparatus of scientific farming, have shared the same fate.
So you write. Now listen to me, Revolutionary! You lie. I, an English author, dream of addressing such an appeal as this to the British public. I am not accustomed to capital punishment. It is part of our law—and I am ashamed that it is part of our law—but its regular application will never cease to evoke a protest from the Society of Friends of Man.
"There is not an Englishman . . . . But I tell you there are a hundred thousand Englishmen who would be ashamed if a man called Bernard Shaw, who have been wrecked. Every absentee landlord's place has been looted and burned. Picture galleries,
AUGUST 15, 1908

THE NEW AGE

John Smith wants to Know.

By Jerome K. Jerome.

I met him one Sunday morning in Victoria Park. We had been standing shoulder to shoulder on the outskirts of a small crowd, listening to an earnest young gentleman, obsessed with the idea of the adoption of a policy called Socialism, all the troubles of mankind were at once to be removed. A hundred yards away a prosperous-looking gentleman, with the aid of a gramaphone, was offering precisely the same inducements to sixteen men and a boy to vote for Tariff Reform.

Beyond him a hoarse gentleman in shirt-sleeves was promising humanity all the advantages of a new heaven and a new earth contained in one small pill-box for the modest price of ninetence. To the left of us a rather pretty girl, with tears in her voice, was urging a mainly unsympathetic audience to bestow immediate happiness upon the world by the inexpensive process of giving votes to women.

The spectated young gentleman stepped down. His place was taken by a speaker who proved to be less interesting. The crowd thinned rapidly. John Smith, having filled his pipe, was evidently in trouble for a light. I offered him my matches, and in this way acquaintance was formed.

We strolled together towards the neighbourhood of the Burdett Road.

I found his name was not John Smith, but that is immaterial; it ought to have been. By profession he was engineer.

He commenced life, he told me, as a grocer's errand-boy, but had always been interested in machinery; had got into trouble with a girl, and had run away to sea; had found a job in the engine-room of an American liner; had been an engineer-driver in the States and afterwards in Mexico; had returned to England when he was about thirty; had found work with an engineering firm at Glasgow; had married a farmer's daughter, who had borne him five children, four still living, the eldest boy now sixteen, a pupil at the South Kensington School of Engineers. His eldest daughter had ideas of being a Board school teacher. At the present moment he was foreman to a firm of pumping engineers in Thames Street, earning six pounds a week. He had worked for two years in Egypt and eighteen months in China. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens and of Burns's poetry.

His wife and the three younger children went to chapel; he himself and the eldest boy preferred Westminster Abbey, especially on Sunday evenings in the winter.

His wife and he had no prejudice against the Modest Price of Ninetence, and generally voted Liberal, except in 1900, when, to put it in his own words, he had thought it better the Conservatives "should see their own job through." A slight incident that happened while we were sitting on one of the seats overlooking the water was not without its significance. Some half dozen sparrows suddenly and altogether set upon a young one. At once he sprang up, flinging his hat into the midst of them. They scattered, leaving the wounded youngster, which he carefully picked up and deposited in a place of safety, where from time to time as he talked he stole a glance at it.

I have dwelt upon John Smith's history because it helps me to understand him and the class he represents. He is of a type whose thought moves slowly. He is a man you might reason with, but he's not to be hurried. Justice, I am sure, he would understand, and, perfectly sure where he was going to plant his foot, he would do his best to satisfy both desires. He seemed to be interested in politics, but rather from a spectator's point of view, and generally voted Liberal, except in 1900, when, to put it in his own words, he had thought it better the Conservatives "should see their own job through." A slight incident that happened while we were sitting on one of the seats overlooking the water was not without its significance. Some half dozen sparrows suddenly and altogether set upon a young one. At once he sprang up, flinging his hat into the midst of them. They scattered, leaving the wounded youngster, which he carefully picked up and deposited in a place of safety, where from time to time as he talked he stole a glance at it.
how it was going to work. I found very quickly that mere rhetoric did not interest him. Prognostications about the benefit to future generations left him cold. He would have none of the idea that as regards general prin-
cipalities he did not look upon me as an authority. Talk about "Humanity" likewise had no meaning for him. Humanity for him meant only men and women—chil-
dren. His ideas went back to what had been. If his impe-
vious stroke produced any good, it was to give his fellows in the workshop. He wanted to know how the thing was going to effect them in their daily life.

One of this chief worries was concerning the loafer. He has a fixed idea that Socialism is going to keep the loafers in existence. He admits that millions of loafers—from the millionaire loafers to the per-
manent casual—are, as it is, kept in comfort by the very system which is striving to do away with them. His fear is that under Socialism the number will be increased. He is firmly convinced that the average man's desire is to loaf. He agrees that the loafing instinct may in course of time be eliminated in the human animal. But he puts the time needed for the change at ten or twenty years, and is chiefly interested meanwhile in what is going to happen during the interval. He thinks that until this human nature of ours is altered to an extent that will render man, practically speaking, a new animal, the loafers will be reckoned with. He looks upon him and sees everywhere the man with assured income only too willing to whet his whole life in play—and worse. His observation has convinced him that men will only waste the purpose of securing just as much material comfort as they desire as they have in the past. He is convinced that Socialism does not mean the paradise of the wastrel. If the idea is to put the community under the compulsion substituted for one he is familiar with, A Socialism forced upon the community; his fear is that Socialism will not be made to fit him he has no objection to it, but any attempt to cut him down to fit a ready-made Socialism would be to overcrowd those departments where the least in-
dividual effort is required, to the starvation of all work demanding thought and skill.

And who is going to shovel the coals, to black the boots, to swear expense of the hard-working citizen. He quite understands that mil-
ions of loafers—from the millionaire loafers to the per-
manent casual—are, as it is, kept in comfort by the system which will still continue to exist. He sees the thing as it is, and wants to see it as it will be. He is a firm believer in the idea that Socialism will not mean a higher rate of wages, but it does not alter his love for the Socialistic idea he will need to have it driven into other men's heads. He is convinced that everyone wants to be to a greater extent than the mere difference that the motive force would be to overcrowd those departments where the least in-
dividual effort is required, to the starvation of all work demanding thought and skill.

AUGUST 15, 1908

I have ventured to present John Smith's questions to my fellow-Socialists because I feel they have got to be answered. They have got to be answered to the satis-
faction of John Smith. It will be to no purpose cheer-
fully assuring him that he has got the thing all wrong, that no Socialist ever suggested anything so foolish, that Socialism does not mean a higher rate of wages, that Socialism is not going to demand more work of the individual. As a practical person, I would suggest that Socialism might leave that point over for a little while. After all, it may be more difficult than it seems to legis-
late for the human race on the basis of experience gained in the poultry yard. One never knows.
Music-Drama in the Future.

By Edward Carpenter.

I.

There are signs on all hands just now that the eternal question of the feasibility of opera and of the creation of a sensible and satisfactory Music-Drama is nearing its hydra head once more. The inevitable reaction against the Wagnerian opera has arrived. People venture to say, what everyone has long felt, that immense performances in which the ear hardly rests for four or five hours are more fatiguing than inspiring, and that endless dialogues, in which the vocal and instrumental parts, without any continuous musical structure of their own, leap wildly and gymnastically about in mere attendance on the words, are not a little wearisome and even dull. They admit that, as far as they are musical word-illustrations; Wagner's gymnastics are extremely clever, and indeed interesting; but they also aver, with sorrow, that since the words are seldom if ever really heard, this cleverness and this interest are largely lost to the audience.

I think myself that there is a great deal of truth in this. Wagner's musical settings, reinforced by all his skill in emotional rendering and orchestration, are not only interesting; they are often very exciting; but since the phrasing is so little continuous in a musical sense, it is apt to excite without satisfying, and instead of building up and refreshing, to finally exhaust and depress the listener. And this action is increased by two causes: firstly, by the very needless piling up of musical emotion and intensity in dramatically unimportant passages, like mere recitals of past events or dialogues about matters of fact; and secondly, by the fact already referred to, that the words, by which alone the musical sequences should be held together and justified, are practically drowned by the music, and fail to do their appointed work. So that in the end we get a music-drama which is exciting in passages, and which yet conveys no final message—which rouses so often the singers will be perfectly oblivious of the words, as the orchestration, should illustrate the words to the last degree possible, and be in that sense entirely subservient to the words. Wagner's own instructions, took the phrasing is so little continuous in a musical sense, it is often to excite without satisfying, and instead of building up and refreshing, to finally exhaust and depress the listener. And this action is increased by two causes: firstly, by the very needless piling up of musical emotion and intensity in dramatically unimportant passages, like mere recitals of past events or dialogues about matters of fact; and secondly, by the fact already referred to, that the words, by which alone the musical sequences should be held together and justified, are practically drowned by the music, and fail to do their appointed work. So that in the end we get a music-drama which is exciting in passages, and which yet conveys no final message—which rouses so often the singers will be perfectly oblivious of the words, as the orchestration, should illustrate the words to the last degree possible, and be in that sense entirely subservient to the words. Wagner's own instructions, took the
worthy literature as his "Ring" is, it is drowned out of all recognition in the torrent of musical paraphrase which is meant to give life and vigour to it. Never once are the poor words allowed to speak for themselves. On the other hand, whatever theory may conclude on the subject, there is no doubt people like opera. As E. A. Baughan remarks (in the "Nineteenth Century" for last March) : "It is easy enough to argue against opera on every possible aesthetic ground, but man is a creature, and in the end the spirit must have a way of expression; and the promises of good work in his poem are not fulfilled by the author. The organ, for instance. Beauty, emotion, and suppleness are the essentials of good poetry.

On the other hand, whatever theory may conclude on the subject, there is no doubt people like opera. As E. A. Baughan remarks (in the "Nineteenth Century" for last March) : "It is easy enough to argue against opera on every possible aesthetic ground, but man is a creature, and in the end the spirit must have a way of expression; and the promises of good work in his poem are not fulfilled by the author. The organ, for instance. Beauty, emotion, and suppleness are the essentials of good poetry.

* See, for instance (as an example from the old Italian opera), Cimarosa's "Marrimonia Segreta," in which the run-away couple, hotly pursued by the parents, rush on to the stage and begin singing long arias, which finally merge into a duet, with bravura conclusion, and then the rest of it; and then rush off, while the hotly-pursuing parents (who have been patiently waiting in the wings) take their place and go through a similar series of vocal exercises! The idea—that of making the music follow and illustrate the words, instead of (as in Italian opera) the words being a mere excuse for elegant melodies and musical situations—was an excellent idea; but Wagner, by the very things which Wagner intended, makes the music-drama of operatic expression; and the very things which Wagner intended to illustrate the libretto have ended by smothering and rendering it inaudible! Folk, for a long time fairly hypnotised by the composer's extraordinary command of instrumentation and musical stage effects, and carried away by a sort of indulgence in emotion, now demand that they should be played with no longer in this matter of dramatic lucidity and directness.

The second mistake which Wagner made is the all-too-common mistake of the theorist—of the man who levels his art to an idea. The idea—that of making the music and the drama run parallel to each other, there is no doubt people like opera. As E. A. Baughan remarks (in the "Nineteenth Century" for last March) : "It is easy enough to argue against opera on every possible aesthetic ground, but man is a creature, and in the end the spirit must have a way of expression; and the promises of good work in his poem are not fulfilled by the author. The organ, for instance. Beauty, emotion, and suppleness are the essentials of good poetry.

On the other hand, whatever theory may conclude on the subject, there is no doubt people like opera. As E. A. Baughan remarks (in the "Nineteenth Century" for last March) : "It is easy enough to argue against opera on every possible aesthetic ground, but man is a creature, and in the end the spirit must have a way of expression; and the promises of good work in his poem are not fulfilled by the author. The organ, for instance. Beauty, emotion, and suppleness are the essentials of good poetry.

* "Israel." By E. M. Holden. (Fifield. 15s. net.) "The Great Companions." By Henry Bryan Binns. (Fifield. 15s. net.) "Poems." By George C. Cope. (Elkin Matthews. 4s. 6d. net.) "Animos and Other Poems." By Montague Summers. (Sidley's.)
I have already quoted the first paragraph of Mr. Bryan Binns' "Introduction." He goes on:

But every poet hears, flowing amid the silence, the living immortal song; its words progress together in a cosmic fellowship, inseparable, moving forward in the liberty of a living thing.

But to create the liberty of a living thing the Creator (Principle or Being) brooded for ages, and Mr. Bryan Binns' book has not this liberty, except in snatches. It would have been more beautiful had he been more careful now and then to catch his emotion as it came on bearing wings, rather than let it sink to the depths of his philosophy and alight—on prose. He has let pass too often "les moments de crise de l'âme" like the one he has caught and placed at the beginning of "For Comrades and Lovers." Mr. Binns is rather created than a creator: he is a disciple of Walt Whitman; but we have this to thank him for: he has sung his own song with his eyes on the horizon. He has chosen an aphoristic form cut up into little verses like the Bible and Zaratustra, broken here and there by snatches of orthodox verse; and he says many things for which those who seek to extend the bounds of consciousness, and those who are fain to look on the world with ever-new eyes, will have to be grateful.

If it were to be freed from the trammels of caste and greed and human meanness, it will be by men's acquiring the faculty of seeing, as Mr. Bryan Binns sees, that "Le monde est fait des astres et des hommes," a line from Verhaeren which has been quoted before. Does your ordinary bureaucrat know that the world is made with men and stars? Good God, no! For him it is made of rules and regulations. Could he understand the life that quickens under Mr. Binns' verses, the life that seeks to emerge, to develop, to broaden, and to eliminate? Confronted with him and his perplexity before such a book, we must ask what is to be done with him and his sickening phthisiasis; he rules the world.

One's task here is not so much to criticise as to get people to read. It may be that Mr. Binns is only a reflection of the Good Grey Poet; I do not think so.

I see in him one of the pioneers of the new purpose, on whose brow is the chrism of the vitalising thought that will creep over the earth (or let it perish), and level the barriers of man's aloofness from his fellow, and let light into the dark recesses of his greed. I see in him one of the pioneers of the new purpose, whose brow is the chrism of the vitalising thought that will creep over the earth (or let it perish), and level the barriers of man's aloofness from his fellow, and let light into the dark recesses of his greed. I like these words of the "Envoy":—

Words were worth nothing if words could say all:—

So too, behind this little book with its words of franchise, my emotion remains unmentioned.

The trees sing in the vale and make music in it; but in the Earth abiding they keep silence.

For you, beloved, abiding in your love, my heart keeps silence while I sing.

Perfect! It enters the brain like a drench of perfume.

There are no doubt many people in England to whom Mr. Cope's volume would be pleasant reading on a morning's walk through the country. The trouble is to make author and reader known to each other. Mr. Cope is scholarly, unsentimental, never soaring high; a man who pursues the even tenor of his way without haste and without pause, singing his joys, his loves, and his indignation, too, beyond his own knowledge and experience, unprecedented in his subject. His book flowers and blooms and bears fruit, but there is this strange compelling power of a new grace of pictorial word, and in "Canace" he has wrought a fine passion; but he is plainly the idle singer of an empty day.

There is no prose, says Mallarmé, and in all effect there is rhythm. Only in the inertia and dullness of life is there prose, in the smooth and constant stream of books that have been written and read so often.

We are all dominated by the spirit of our age; but we can not hope with the poet who can break through that spirit, and mingle with his song some of the fire of the aboriginal stars. F. S. FLINT.

REVIEW.

Mathilde. By A. A. Jack (Constable. 3s. 6d. net).


Within Four Walls and Children at Play. By Leo Sarkadi-Schuller. (Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Mathilde" is a rambling, ramshackle play that flags on monotonously to a tame ending. Its author has been acclaimed by the critics as a close and loving student of the Elizabethans, a writer to be watched; and a former play, "The Prince," might, it has been said, have been written by one of the Tudor dramatists. We of the new age, who have eyes that look forward, as should the eyes of men, have no need for such rehabilitation of the dead forms of a past age. But even in this Mr. Jack does not seem to have been successful. His play, one of plots, and murder, and death, and the career of an adventurer after temporal power and the love of Mathilde, the useless, might for its object have been written by the Elizabethans; but that strange orgy of words which to the Elizabethans was second nature is with Mr. Jack merely an effort of memory. It comes out in a general striving after wordiness and wordplay like Hamlet's "But in the scope and gross of my opinion," and the "'tis true, 'tis pity..." of Polonius. And we have mixed metaphor like this:—

... to-morrow

We might have need in things of consequence
To stem the popular flood. Let it flow now
In matter of no moment, bolt upright
To get its sweat out. Easy then it is
To flag a tired horse home.

Sometimes the memory fails, and a sixteenth century regent speaks of a "zealot, mad with radicalism," or a winebibber refers to his woman as a "back number," or as being "clipper."

There is a wide difference between "The Magic Sieve" and this play; one is written in response to the stirring of a national movement for freedom from foreign trammels, the other to minister to the obsolete and somnolent existence of leisured gentlemen with a taste for literature. The story of the "Magic Sieve" is very slight. It shows how Irish farmer-tenants sell their daughters to the highest bidders, and it gives insight into their shrewdness at driving a bargain, and their credulity where magic is concerned. The English-speaking characters are wooden; but those who use dialect are alive, not with the exuberant humour you find in Lady Gregory's work, nor with the biting, esquile and wormwood he loves; the words are wordy and wordy and wordy; but with a quiet working humour and realism of their own.

The point, however, is this: "The Magic Sieve," although amateurish, was applauded by an Irish audience, but "Mathilde" would be found deadly dull on any stage. And yet the writing of this kind of play goes on year in, year out. An age's reasonable demand of its artists is to see life with their own eyes, or to be silent. Solomon had this in mind. Sophocles is thus still modern, but Mr. Jack has masqueraded in cere-cloths. Had he read and understood Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's "Morgane," only, he would have known what it was to breathe fresh life into an old theme.

. . . . A chi soffre e sanguinando crea
Sola splende la gloria.

There is this strange compelling power of a new
outlook in the work of Mr. Sarkardi-Schuller, who is apparently a Hungarian writing in English. His two plays read as though they were translated from Ibsen, or, better, Hauptmann. This is not said in disparagement of Mr. Sarkardi-Schuller's work, but as an indication of the atmosphere and quality in his writing. The theme of "Within Four Walls" is curiously like that of Ibsen's "Ghosts." In both we have a mother passionately fond of a son hereditarily diseased, but while Mrs. Alving tells Oswald the truth to save him from mental anguish, Mrs. Ronaj tells her son Gabor a lie. Oswald's brain gives ways; but Gabor commits suicide. In both, the author feels that his hero has been built, as he thinks, on adultery, and that he has been wasting his enthusiasm to carry on the work of a man who was not his father. By her son's suicide Mrs. Ronaj learns the lesson conveyed in Florence Farr's "Mystery of Time," the consciousness of which had all through unmannished Gabor in his work of carrying on the past: Live for the present! Refuse to take any sorrow into your heart. . . . What is past is past. Don't hesitate to go your own way, otherwise you will kill your own soul. And in that case you must live without what is called life. And she leaves everything incontinently, even the decorating on All Souls' Day of her son's grave, to follow an old lover.

In "Children at Play," "How strange it is," says Ardo, "that men cannot realise that they are still children—children at play, and that no lapse of time can ever make them grow up, no growth of the brain that can turn them into men. . . . We always, want, want, want—a child, and life would not be worth half as much (as it isn't) if we had not an imaginary goal before us. . . . but were we grown up, we should see that we can never reach it . . . . that there is, in fact, no goal at all."

And to satisfy his longing for paternity he lives and jealousy of the two women for his love—they who to him "are but a composite whole, and who each love him a different man"—that the play revolves. The child is killed through Klara's jealousy, and over the little dead body the three are reconciled and made one. They grow up.

"Within Four Walls" is not so closely knit together as "Children at Play"; nor has it the same fatal sweep to a foreseen end. This is because in the first play the crisis is intellectual, and in the second emotional. The intellect is complex, the emotions simple, in their working. The life in the two plays is too intense for an English audience to understand. It is a pity. They are both fitted for the stage. In Germany they would find an audience. Why did Mr. Sarkardi-Schuller write in English? He lays the scene of his plays in Hungary.

Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism. By E. Nesbit.

(Ifield. 6d. net.)

There are times when it seems criminal to paint any pictures or to make any songs except cartoons or songs of war. But the interval need not have been an enchanting fairy stories Mrs. Nesbit has caught this mood and crystallised it into ballads and songs hurling defiance at the worshippers of the Golden Calf, or telling of the blank, hopeless lives of the poor. Standing in the chill light "of dawn beneath, she can pity those who died in the night, hopeless of any morn; yet she sees them as part of the coming light. She hears the cry of the children, and their sufferings move her, as we might expect, more than the sufferings of the grown-up children of the world. Her pleasure...
in life has been marred by the constant press of poverty around her:

Throughout my happy life I hear the cry
The exceeding bitter cry of human pain.

Even amid the beauties of the country she knows.

Even the old despair, the old unrest and repining. She sees that

poverty deep and darkowers under the thighs with

swallows.

And it is... just this power to feel how she is fair
Means just the power to see how foul life is

that she has written in passion, and sorrow, and anger
of what she has seen and felt. She has the fervour
of the imaginative poet, and a

of the writer of hymns, the fervour of the righter of

wrong, the fervour of the imaginative poet, and a

woman's tenderness; and if her art is not your art,

if we could all shout our resentment as fiercely to our masters,

and be as ready to fight the good fight, there might

be a revolution in England—to-morrow. But would it avail?

West Country Verses. By Arthur L. Salmon. (Black-
wood.
The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves. net.)
The striking difference between these two books is that the "West Country Verses" have a universal interest and appeal, while the Irish poems are of mainly local interest. The reason of this is that Mr. Graves, who is the "creator" of "Father O'Flynn," writes in a traditional fashion of the ancient heroes
and balladry of Ireland, and of love, requited or disap-
pointed. Mr. Salmon, on the other hand, takes his ordinary,
fluency and a liking for certain machine-made rhythms
for which Moore is famous. We can love the original Irish rhythms when they run thus (from a
"Winter Song"):"

Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows;
O'er misty meadows,
but only feel weary of this:

My force hath forsaken me, my battles are over.

And this line is unfortunate—

My force hath forsaken me, my battles are over.

She melts with pity and melting loves.

Mr. Salmon, on the other hand, takes his ordinary,
West Country man and woman, wife, peasant, widow,
bumpkin, or old maid, and makes them speak their own
honest thoughts and feelings; and he mingles pathos
and humour in a most charming way; and he can com-
mand a note of true tragedy. But when he is not writing in dialect he is uninteresting. The poems in this
book, however, which is a re-issue of two former
collections, are already well known, and there is no
need, therefore, to insist on their merits. In the
"West Country Verses" there is a perennial quality,
wholly lacking, we think, in the Irish Poems, of
Dr. Douglas Hyde's prefatory coupling of Mr. Graves' name with James Clarence Mangan.

In Memoriam: Saladin (William Stewart Ross).
Selections from his Writings. (W. Stewart and Co.,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 25.)
This memorial book of Wm. Stewart Ross, a vehem-
ent champion of unpopular opinions, has now advantage
for students of being printed in English and
German, facing pages. After reading the fiery and
exalted sentiments expressed therein, we are more
than ever surprised at Saladin's sanguine attacks on
a brother Atheist, Charles Bradlaugh, twenty or
thirty years ago. However, as both the greater
and the lesser man have now crossed the bar, we may
indulge the hope that on the other shore they have long
settled their terrestrial difficulties in a complete under-
standings.

The frontispiece has a fine portrait of Saladin, and
we commend the book to his admirers, of whom there
are many.

Seership and Prophecy. By R. Dimsdale Stocker.
(The Samurai Press, Cranleigh, Surrey. No price.)
For this little book, consisting of two short essays of
"Poetry as a Moral and Spiritual Influence," and
"Emerson the Master," we have nothing to criticise.
He who discourses favourably on that which we love
is sure of indulgent hearing. And what is more
divine than poetry—not verse making—and who is
more lovable than the cheerful Emerson, the serene,
the享有 of life and light? From so short a book
we refrain from quotation, whilst expressing the wish
that it may get into the hands of every Philistine in
the land!

The AUGUST MAGAZINES.
The Editorial Outlook of the "Socialist Review" is usually
the best feature of this magazine. In the August number
the anonymous writer discusses "Women's Franchise, the
I.L.P. Bye-election Policy, and the King's Garden Party
incident. Unfortunately, we derive no conclusive conclusion
from any one of the discussions. Woman is told that in
the enthusiasm of the Irish militant, the Irish poet, and the "Socialist Review"
we commend the book to his admirers, of whom there
are many.

The exceeding bitter cry of human pain.

of what she has seen and felt. She has the fervour
that she has written in passion, and sorrow, and anger
around her:

wrongs, the fervour of the imaginative poet, and a

of the righter of

love of freedom and hatred of oppression; if we could

It is because

means just the power to see how foul life is

that she has written in passion, and sorrow, and anger

of what she has seen and felt. She has the fervour

that she has written in passion, and sorrow, and anger

around her:

wrongs, the fervour of the imaginative poet, and a

of the righter of

love of freedom and hatred of oppression; if we could

it avail?

The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves. net.)

The striking difference between these two books is that the "West Country Verses" have a universal
interest and appeal, while the Irish poems are of
mainly local interest. The reason of this is that Mr.
Graves, who is the "creator" of "Father O'Flynn,"
writes in a traditional fashion of the ancient heroes
and balladry of Ireland, and of love, requited or disap-
pointed. Mr. Salmon, on the other hand, takes his ordinary,
fluency and a liking for certain machine-made rhythms
for which Moore is famous. We can love the original
Irish rhythms when they run thus (from a
"Winter Song"):"

Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows;
O'er misty meadows,
but only feel weary of this:

My force hath forsaken me, my battles are over.

And this line is unfortunate—

My force hath forsaken me, my battles are over.

She melts with pity and melting loves.

Mr. Salmon, on the other hand, takes his ordinary,
West Country man and woman, wife, peasant, widow,
bumpkin, or old maid, and makes them speak their own
honest thoughts and feelings; and he mingles pathos
and humour in a most charming way; and he can com-
mand a note of true tragedy. But when he is not
writing in dialect he is uninteresting. The poems in this
book, however, which is a re-issue of two former
collections, are already well known, and there is no
need, therefore, to insist on their merits. In the
"West Country Verses" there is a perennial quality,
wholly lacking, we think, in the Irish Poems, of
Dr. Douglas Hyde's prefatory coupling of Mr. Graves' name with James Clarence Mangan.

In Memoriam: Saladin (William Stewart Ross).
Selections from his Writings. (W. Stewart and Co.,
Farringdon Street, E.C. 25.)
This memorial book of Wm. Stewart Ross, a vehem-
ent champion of unpopular opinions, has now advantage
for students of being printed in English and
German, facing pages. After reading the fiery and
exalted sentiments expressed therein, we are more
than ever surprised at Saladin's sanguine attacks on
a brother Atheist, Charles Bradlaugh, twenty or
thirty years ago. However, as both the greater
and the lesser man have now crossed the bar, we may
indulge the hope that on the other shore they have long
settled their terrestrial difficulties in a complete under-
standings.

The frontispiece has a fine portrait of Saladin, and
we commend the book to his admirers, of whom there
are many.

Seership and Prophecy. By R. Dimsdale Stocker.
(The Samurai Press, Cranleigh, Surrey. No price.)
For this little book, consisting of two short essays of
"Poetry as a Moral and Spiritual Influence," and
"Emerson the Master," we have nothing to criticise.
He who discourses favourably on that which we love
is sure of indulgent hearing. And what is more
divine than poetry—not verse making—and who is
more lovable than the cheerful Emerson, the serene,
the enjoyer of life and light? From so short a book
we refrain from quotation, whilst expressing the wish
that it may get into the hands of every Philistine in
the land!
Review " for a Liberal battle-charge on the House of Lords. But how lonely it sounds! "The country," says Mr. Jenks, "is waiting for the challenge to be taken up. . . . Shame on the earth. Why not know a few as old as the hills. Mr. Jenks must become a revolutionary.

In "A Revolt of Woman " Mr. Harold Spender points to the obvious origin of the modern feminist movement. "Woman is moving from the home into the market. How be greater to any University which would open wide its ford. Mr. E. C. Kittson writes of the ("Ideals of an Assistant discourses on ("The Parliamentary Breakdown." He be-
to a prison, and its inmates feel themselves treated as crimi-
нот in America, Old Age Pensions in Australia, etc., etc.,
variable ability and seriousness of the views expressed in
Working Folk." Our repeated plea for a democratised
England, and Lieut.-Col. Pollock wrings his hands and cries
"The success of the effort about to be made to reform the

Mr. Bremner. 
Master." Esperanto comes in for some severe handling by

Mr. H. G. Wells. A "Bolt from the Blue " describes the

of gentlemen are concerned, we can only politely
finance is not easy to escape from, but it has got to be
stage. It really is no use saying that there is no
third of Trade Unionism. The dramatic author is pre-

of trade unionism. The author is pre-

of the Germans on the east and south coasts of

His name is for a long time Lord Cromer was all that was
retrograde because of his Free Trade; this month he speaks
with "almost univalled knowledge, experience, and
authority," because of his warning in the Lords the other day
that a bill at any moment. Again we are told in this very month's Notes that there is "a for-
midable conspiracy inside the Cabinet against the safety of
the country are asked to be grated to the
the Cabinet for their management of Foreign Affairs. Ap-
parently what is not black is white.

Lieut.-Col. Pollock has a thrilling story after the manner of
Mr. H. C. Wells. A "Bolt from the Blue " describes the
descent of the Germans on the east and south
of England, and Lieut.-Col. Pollock wrings his hands and cries for
a lease of time. A little later we are asked to grate
the Cabinet for their management of Foreign Affairs. Ap-
parently what is not black is white.

Lieut.-Col. Pollock has a thrilling story after the manner of
Mr. H. C. Wells. A "Bolt from the Blue " describes the
descent of the Germans on the east and south
of England, and Lieut.-Col. Pollock wrings his hands and cries for
a lease of time. A little later we are asked to grate
the Cabinet for their management of Foreign Affairs. Ap-
parently what is not black is white.

In " The Revolt of Woman " Mr. Harold Spender points
students of sociology. Naturally it is difficult to get the

undramatic Reflections.

Undramatic Reflections.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!
NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT
Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations
Elementary and Advanced supplied.

W. & G. FOYLE, 138 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

THE NEWEST IDEAS
In LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD., 6, Paul
Good Prospects for Active Agents.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.
The New Age

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE ARMY.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

Your correspondent, "Guarded Flame," manifestly has not read my letters throughout. I neither make nor propose to start any argument against the bulk of the officers and men of our Army. Quite the contrary. Like most of my friends, I believe that they are altogether too good for the Party Canaille who rob and betray them in time of peace and massacre at least three out of four of the victims of our wars by obstinate folly and sheer incapacity. I spend a large proportion of my time in trying to secure redress for persecuted officers. Future letters will be called "Guarded Flame" if our fight is with Mandarins and not with working soldiers.

His notion that I have had no opportunities of studying military organisation since 1902 is quite baseless. I have been at most of the manoeuvres since then. Moreover, I can say that I have daily opportunities of keeping in touch with every detail of military organisation and life and I have been officially asked to do military tasks, not only in England, but also in Scotland and Ireland, during the past few years. Perhaps the enclosed letter from the War Office in 1904 will convince your correspondents that my pretence to know something about military education is not mere vanity.

War Office, London, S.W., January 27th, 1904.

Dear Dr. Maguire,—I have been disappointed as regards the writing of a book on the history and development of the tactics of the three arms from 1866 inclusive to the present date which you know is one of the subjects under the heading of tactics for the examination for commission to the Army from the militia and from the universities.

There is a good deal of murmuring because no one book
A great service. As it is, by his ungenerous treatment, in print, of women as a whole (one presumes that Mr. Bax's mother was a woman), he is doing his best to keep out of the Socialist movement some of the finest men and women in the land. They feel that in this matter, if Mr. Bax represents Socialist theory, he could get better treatment from Paul of Tarsus, whose teachings appear to be Mr. Bax's model in his regard for women.

ANGUS J. CAMERON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

After several weeks' interval, Mr. Bax professed to answer his critics. He is entitled, if he likes, to ignore my letter which you published on June 20th; but if he runs away, he cannot shelter himself under the generalisation that his original contention has not been traversed. I shall not again intrude upon your space at length (having already occupied nearly a column), but, as Mr. Bax is silent on the points I raised, I am content to assume (1) that if a paternal government deprived him of his vote on the ground that they supplied him with sugar-sticks, it is just possible he would kick; (2) that he cannot tell me when and in what manner women agreed to barter citizenship for chivalry; and (3) that he does not feel quite comfortable as to the despotism involved in punishing individuals for breaking laws in the making of which they have no voice.

JNO. GEO. GODARD.

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am sorry Mr. Grainger has, in a manner, shelved this question, because I am sincerely anxious to bear what can be said in defence of the "Shaw-philosophy" attitude. I see the usual exploiting of a clever writer by all the busybodies who imagine that his writings lend support to their own little systems—the Shaw plays made the happy hunting ground of every faddist who wishes to use Mr. Shaw's reputation to bolster up his own pet opinions. I ask to be shown some definite statement by Mr. Shaw himself lending support to all this theorising about his opinions, and I am told not to expect the formality and conciseness of a legal document. But if there is no formality and conciseness, it is clear that there is no Shaw-philosophy, unless, indeed, an altogether new meaning is given to the term "philosophy."

C. B. FRY'S

"Diet and Exercise for Training."

Post free on application to PLASMON, Ltd.
(Dept. B. J.) FARRINGDON ST., LONDON.

THE GRAPE-CURE IN ENGLAND

has been made easy by the introduction of pure, sterilised, unfermented grape-juice direct from the Spanish vineyards.

MOSTELLE

is so delicious that it soon takes the place of all other beverages. It is NON-ALCOHOLIC, yet paintable alike to the abstainer and non-abstainer. Equally well come at table or as a tonic.

To ORDER SAYS:

"It possesses all the virtues of wines and fresh fruit in a cold non-alcoholic beverage which is healthful and delicious. High Class Stores, etc., do not do it. No other maker has this product east or west."

THE GRAPE JUICE CO., Ltd.,
(Dept. D.) 7, GREAT TOWER STREET, LONDON, E.C.
In that case, however, we ought properly to speak of Mr. Shaw's "point of view" and regard his plays merely as outdoor shows; a viewpoint after all in which the artist, in fact, no longer has a right medium for teaching a philosophy, not because it has never been so used before, but simply because it cannot be so used at all. Can anyone imagine Herbert Spencer, Hegel, or Schopenhauer dramatised? And the difference between these men and Mr. Shaw is precisely the difference between a philosopher and a dramatist.

Mr. Grainger, however, contends with modestly claiming that "all great art means something"—whatever that something may be. What I want to know is: Who shall determine what a given work of art means—the artist himself or the public? And when people offer a mixture labelled "Shaw-philosophy" or "Mr. Shaw's meaning," I shall presumably Mr. Shaw, and define guarantee that the mixture is genuine. Until such a guarantee is forthcoming I am quite content to go on admiring the Shaw plays without looking for any meaning at all, believing, as I do, that artists have something better to do than waste time in futile efforts to turn people into uninteresting dupli-
cates of themselves.

ANTHONY OLDFIELD.

AN EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

That an experimental or "advanced" theatre such as that operated by Dr. Guest would succeed is, I think, certain. The various dramatic societies cannot be taken as affording much data for the estimation of its probable successes, because these societies have "got hold" of only a quite small minority of the people to whom our experimental theatre would appeal—an "artistic" minority.

Such a theatre must first interest the liberal intellectual outlook of the community and from there create a public with a certain dramatic esprit de corps. For the achieve-
mant of this object promiscuous advertisement is not the proper method. For example, it was obvious to the obser-
vant beholder that a large number of the audience at the productions of Shaw's plays are not the sort of people that we would have any right in proposing to Dramatic Remorse.

The proper method is to advertise in a few selected periodi-
cals that circulate amongst certain circles sympathetic to the modern drama and modern ideas generally.

Numerous details occur to one in relation to a theatre such as that which Dr. Guest has sketched. To run a literary dramatic society in connection with the theatre might be valuable in creating a dramatic esprit de corps. It would have to be of a not too dilettante and "arty" kind, but would have to handle the dangerous stuff of ideas. In connection with the repertoire theatre at Zurich those citi-
zens who have taken shares (with the full expectancy of receiving little or no dividend) have certain privileges such as first choice of seats and a voice in the selection of plays for production.

My chief object in writing, however, is to express concrete sympathy with Dr. Guest's scheme.

G. STAFFORD WHITBY.

DRINK AND EMPLOYMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Responsible temperance men contend that if the Bill now under consideration becomes law, increased employability will ensue, because, they argue, the amount expended on drink will employ a larger number of men in other and more use-
ful ways. Labour men, rightly I think, regard this as fallacious.

On the other hand, responsible Labour men contend that "all the money spent employs labour" and "that the effect on employment is the same whether money be spent usefully or foolishly."

While it is no doubt true that "all the money spent employs labour," it is also true that Labour men themselves are ceaselessly striving to limit some kinds of employment and to substitute others—child-labour and cheap sea-labour at once spring to mind.

The second part of the new Labour doctrine, viz., "that the effect on employment is the same whether money be spent usefully or foolishly" appears to be as fallacious as the temperance man's doctrine.

Were this curious doctrine sound it would be as good for employment to spend 200 millions, as in the recent, in detraction of industries and properties as to expend a similar sum in creating additional industries and properties with correspondingly enlarged opportunities for employ-
ment.

It is said that a good test of a principle is that it shall bear unlimited extension. Let us therefore suppose that instead of spending only 200 millions on destruction of industries and properties we make a good job and spend the whole of our national capital in this way. We could pro-
duce ruin in a week. We should, of course, hope to get our wages at the end of that week—but what then?

I should not have troubled you were it not that the curious doctrine I am attacking has been approved by the official organ of the Labour Party and has, therefore, obtained wide currency.

A. C. THOMAS.

"THE CONVICTION OF MR. TILAK."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In Mr. H. E. A. Cotton's article on the conviction of Mr.
Tilak, which appears in your issue dated August 1st, there occurs the following passage:

"There are dozens of Marathi-speaking Hindus on the special jury-list of the High Court. Why were all such rigorously excluded from the jury, which was made up of seven Englishmen and two Parsees, and which went against the accused, in exactly that proportion of seven to two?" 8

Is not that extract intentionally misleading? One hopes not. And yet Mr. Cotton is so closely connected with Indian affairs that he must know that Mr. Tilak made full use of his right of challenge at his trial, objecting to eight sug-
gested jurymen. I believe that the Crown challenged no-
obody. Surely then to talk of rigid exclusions from the jury is just outside the bounds of common fairness.

I think there is no official justification for Mr. Cotton's implication that the seven Englishmen on the jury, seven were for a verdict of "guilty," while of the two Parsees, two were in favour of acquittal. Mr. Cotton is, one fears, car-
ried away by his too obvious prejudice against his country-
ymen and his ardent sympathy for "the subject race" he forgets to give credit to his compatriots where credit is due.

R. W.

THE RED HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In noticing "Fifty Years of Modern Painting," your re-
viewer speaks of "Philip Webb, the architect of the Red
House." This is, of course, a slip. Philip Webb is the name of the distinguished architect who built Red House, Upton.

M. M.

ONE AND ALL.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

WHAT 1s. A MONTH WILL DO:
ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY SICKNESS.
ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY ACCIDENT.
ENSURE £10 AT DEATH.

(A Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members.)
CLAIMS PAID ON SIGHT.

No other Association offers such liberal terms.

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

JUST CONSIDER:

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

General Manager: WILLIAM A. TRATHEN.
Secretary: EDWIN S. S. SMITH.

(General Secretary of the National Society of Operative Printers' Assistants.)

Offices: "One & All Buildings," 12 & 13 High Street, Redruth, R.B.

Telephone No. 2091 Hop. Telegraphic Address, "Futurity, London."

Prospectus and Press Comments forwarded post free.

AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
TWO NEW BOOKS.

THE BURDEN OF WOMAN.
Compiled by FRANK MOND. Crown 8vo, 230 pp. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

In view of the increasing army of women engaged in an energetic crusade to make the relations of the sexes the world-wide question for reformers, the compiler of this book considered that a definite statement of women's grievances, and a calm consideration of reforms and remedies proposed, was needed. The Chapters are: The Tyranny of Man, The Submission of Woman, Lack of Sympathy, Neglect of Intellect, and "Sickly Children." The last chapter contains some plain speaking on hereditary disease.

FIRST PRESS NOTICE.—"The first three chapters have proved so attractive that we can only find space to mention Julia F. Brosnams on the 'Neglect of Intellect' and 'Mrs. X' on the subject of 'Sickly Children.' But each of these is quite as sensible as the three already mentioned, and the whole conclusion of women and their partners seems to conclude any doubts that he will have to hit his head on ever—"witness the new age 'causes along.' —The Daily Mirror (in a column review).

THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.
By Dr. M. D. EDER. Crown 8vo. Limp canvas, 1s. net.

In this book an analysis is made of the present social conditions from the medical side. A consideration that it is desirable to encourage the production of healthy children, and to repress the breeding of unhealthy children, leads the author to the conclusion that only by making mothers free to select their partners and economically independent of these partners, is any advance possible. He points out how inadequate is the help which is afforded to maternity, and presents a plan for the State Endowment of Motherhood, which would, at the same time, not remove the children from their mothers' care. He further gives a summary of all the measures already undertaken for the purpose of making maternity easier.

Published by THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOW READY.

THE LAST GENERATION.
By J. E. FLECKER.

First Press Notice.—"This is quite a remarkable little story. Mr. Flecker is to a certain extent a disciple of Mr. H. G. Wells, and his prophetic vision of the future of the world is, in its way, as forcible as anything which that writer has accomplished. His style is brilliant and polished, showing at times the influence of Swift, and he possesses a keen if somewhat sarcastic sense of humour.—Country Life.

Published by THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW AGE PRESS.

IMPORTANT.—The New Age Press can supply any book dealing with Socialism at present in print, without delay, on receipt of the published price and postage.

NOW READY.

STUDIES IN... SOLITARY LIFE.
By W. R. TITTERTON
(An author of "Love Poems").

Crown 8vo, Art Vellum, 2/6 net, by post, 2/8.

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

"... In Praise of Good Eating" is extremely good in substance as well as in technique. "Thoughts on Going Home from the Office" goes to the extreme of delicate and honest romance. It will be seen, therefore, that this collection of variety. Mr. Titterton is a writer of great promise."—The Morning Leader.

"Mr. Titterton is a poet, and he has carried a poet's imagination about with him through the streets and lodging-houses of London. The author shows keen insight and the faculty of getting at the heart of humanity. There is a graphic directness about Mr. Titterton's pen, which shows keen insight and the faculty of getting at the heart of humanity. "South of County " and even in others are literary gems."—The Sunday Advertiser.

Published by THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

NOW READY.

NEW TRUTHS for OLD
By ROBB LAWSON.

"Truth is always my truth, and your truth, and cannot exist apart from us."—First Press Notice.

"It is made up of fourteen essays on various subjects, such as the decay of individuality, the use of enemies, women, the sorrow of widows, and self-sacrifice. At once thoughtfully and sincerely written, and speaking in its tolerant philosophy a middle course between optimism and pessimism, it makes an interesting and suggestive book for people of an imaginative turn of mind. —...he concludes.

Crown 8vo, Art Vellum gilt, 2/6 net.

A Prospectus sent on Application.

Of all Booksellers, or by post from the Publishers, THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

How to Live on 24 Hours a Day.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

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

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A COPY YET?

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

This Book is at once a reproof and an inspiration. We commend it to the man who dawdles away his evenings. It is the cheapest investment of precious moments now going in the book market.—The Bristol Daily Mercury.

Of all Booksellers, or by post from the Publishers THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.