NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the lamentable absence of a really effective International Socialist organisation, such as would make such panics and scares as we have suffered these last few weeks either impossible or ridiculous, the King's visit to the Kaiser at Cronburg may be regarded as so far satisfactory. It is, perhaps, more to the point that King Edward should personally visit Germany, since it is undoubtedly believed there that the estrangement of the two courts (we deny, of course, that there has been an estrangement of the two peoples) was due to the King. His visit may, therefore, do a great deal to blow away the fumes of resentment, beneath which the detestable sensational journalists on both sides carry on their evil craft. And if, as we are told, there is to be a State visit of the King and Queen to Berlin in the autumn (according to the "Nation") or in the early spring (according to the "Spectator") even English Socialist jingo-scarers may sleep safely yet awhile.

Unfortunately, the success, even though perhaps very temporary, of the King's visit knocks another nail in the coffin of Parliamentary control. We are not such fools as to prefer war by Parliament to peace by the King in this instance; and it seems not improbable that as things were drifting we might, under Sir Edward Grey's extraordinary indifference, have landed ourselves in difficulty. All the same, the moral cannot fail to be drawn that the King alone is powerful enough to ensure peace. And the circumstances of the visit will not be forgotten either. Three times within a few weeks King Edward, whatever the "Daily News" may say, has acted as his own Foreign Minister. At Reval Parliament was represented by not a single Minister, though Sir John French and Sir John Fisher were there to represent the Army and Navy. At Cronburg and Ischl this week only Sir Charles Hardinge, the permanent head of the Foreign Office, was in attendance, presumably as the King's secretary. We confess to not liking the prospect, whichever way it is looked at. If the King can do so much, practically by himself, he can undo also.

The slackness of our Parliamentary Ministers is witnessed in other respects as well. Is our diplomatic service really so poor that we cannot find a better man than Sir Edward Goschen to represent England at Berlin? We understand that our diplomatic service is wretchedly manned; but for the next ten years (till that is, the Socialist International Federation undertakes to police Europe) Germany will certainly be the storm centre of English Europe. What was needed at the Kaiser's Court was a man of at least approximate ability to that of the Kaiser himself. Nobody pretends that Sir Edward Goschen can hold a candle to the most brilliant monarch of Europe. But another faux pas has been made in allowing Mr. Lloyd George on the Continent unmuzzled. We are all for publicity ourselves; but a Cabinet that accepts the principle of corporate responsibility and makes a kind of Athanasian Creed of it has need to rein in its unruly members. Mr. Lloyd George, it appears, actually suggests, as the proper thing to make, an entente with Germany. Strange that Sir Edward Grey had never thought of it! And Mr. Winston Churchill is reported as having made an "important" speech on the same subject. We deny that Mr. Churchill can yet make an important speech on any subject under the sun; and on the subject of our relations with Germany his speeches are intrinsically no more important than "Daily Mail" leaders. Yet as an aspect of the one and indivisible Cabinet his pre-marital utterances have a fictitious value corresponding to the value of the "Daily Mail" from its largest circulation; and thus we are led to wish that Sir Edward Grey (or whoever is Foreign Minister) would send both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George a bridle or a rod.

The answer, however, of these gentlemen might be that if Sir Edward Grey employs the King there is no reason why they should not do a little ambassadoring on their own private account.

One thing, however, the King's visit has done; it has effectually taken the wind out of the bellying sails.
of the English jingoes. Mr. Keir Hardie replied with deadly precision to Messrs. Hyndman and [Blatchford's] attempt to make a Citizen Army out of a war scare. We disagree with Mr. Hardie when he opposes compulsory military training, but we cordially agree with his denunciation of the methods employed by most of its advocates for bringing it about. Evidently the theory is that nothing but a panic can induce our people to take the Army seriously. Even if that were true, it must be remembered that an Army born in panic is very likely to melt away in the time of quiet. Are we to have regular periods of panic just to keep the Army up to the mark? The theory is ridiculous. If there is to be a Citizen Army let us dispense with scares and panics for its creation. Our never knows where or when a panic will go off. Mr. Blatchford's famous "facts" have also been challenged by the "Nation." Altogether, in short, the "Clarion" has scored nothing but a little notoriety.

As we suggested last week, the only course for Socialists to pursue in the matter is to begin in earnest the close consolidation of International Socialist influence. That task has been already too long delayed. What can one futile committee and another do? It is about time that a Socialist inter-parliamentary committee was formed for the sole purpose of discussing such affairs as these. With three and a half million Socialists in Germany, two millions in France, and half a million in England, it should go very hard if considerable weight did not attach to their opinion. Meantime, it is desirable to have Socialist opinion in Germany represented more fully in England. So far, in spite of four Socialist weeklies, practically nothing has been heard by our public of the attitude of men like Bebel. We have been fortunate enough to secure for THE NEW AGE the services of Alderman W. Sanders, who is at present in Germany. He has kindly consented to interview for us the leading German Socialists, and to report in our columns the results of his investigations.

Mr. Haldane has now had two and a half years in which to develop his scheme of a Territorial Army. The results have been seen in the lamentable exhibition of manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain during the last two weeks. By the beginning of the second week about two-thirds of the train had either had enough or where a panic will go off. Mr. Blatchford's famous "facts" have also been challenged by the "Nation." Altogether, in short, the "Clarion" has scored nothing but a little notoriety.

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What, however, he failed to realise was that the only alternative to an army of yokels officered by gentlemen is an army of citizens officered by citizens. The middle classes of this country are paramount, and they know it. Offer them "gentlemen" officers and they will ruin your scheme for you; but give them a free run from private to general, and they will make a national army as easily as they run the nation's business. Mr. Hal- dane dismissed the Volunteers, the last of the Militia will disappear at the month's end; but so long as he retains his "aristocracy" of officers, he will get nothing to put in the place of the vanished legions. And then? If Conscription has been buried in a deep grave, what is the alternative to universal and compulsory military training? Only this, that it must be universal; and there's the rub. The Algerians have no fancy at present for drilling by the side of the Tommies.

The visit of the American battleship fleet to New Zealand has been the occasion of some spread-eaglesm and the ingerminating of quite a little war-fever. The four thousand miles between America and Auckland were done in the scheduled time of fourteen days, to the apparent astonishment of America; and on the strength of that achievement and the enthusiastic welcome they received, the Americans have been moved modestly to deprecate any serious meaning in the visit. New Zealand has its bogey in Japan, which serves the purpose that Germany serves English journalists; and unwarly mentioning the fact, New Zealand was told that America did not propose to defend her in the event of war. That damped enthusiasm, needless to say.

The surprising thing about America is that positively nobody ventures to say "Boo!" to her. All the Powers without exception play Polonius to her Hamlet—a flattering comparison, by the way. Yet within the last few weeks atrocities have been reported in the "Times" and elsewhere which, had they occurred anywhere else but in America, would certainly have been declared abhorrent to civilisation. Lynching is almost now a matter of course. So frequent has it become lately, and with such accompaniments of revolery (as when picture postcards of the murder-scenes were circulated broadcast and nobody censured), that we may fairly regard it as part of the unwritten constitution. In Georgia, according to the "Times" report, convicts, both white and black, are leased out like oxen to private employers to make a profit for the State. The convict camps are described as "scenes of murder and brutal whippings ending in death." The convicts wear iron anklets, are chained to their bunks, fed on tainted and insufficient food, and are indecently lodged in foul surroundings. By a stroke of satire, it was only last week we were informed that the State of Georgia is proposing to make the wearing by women of peekabo blouses or openwork stockings a ground for divorce. The Georgians are in all respects susceptible, it appears, of provocation.

Let us add, then, that America deserves nothing but the execration of civilisation for permitting such horrors as lynching and convict-leasing in its own land. Though all the countries of the world singly refuse to speak out, it may be that together they will dare. After all, what has America done for civilisation, or what is she doing? Witness the Philippines. Monstrous like her own Diplodocus, America as she is requires metamorphosis.

The evolution by revolution in Turkey proceeds apace. Practically all the "old gang," with the exception of the Sultan himself, have now disappeared, either temporarily or permanently. The Sultan, like Falstaff, has learned the manner of his age; he has even contributed to the rebuilding of a Parliament House for his late rebellious people. These things in the days of telegraphy and universal reading, cannot be hid under a

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The lies placarded by a subsidised Press all over England professing to enumerate the benefits to be received from the new combination by the public at large were positively sickening. Everybody knows that the companies are "out for fodder" and nothing else. Their new move is dictated by the same desire as has delayed it all these years—the desire to extract the maximum of profit from the minimum of public benefit.

The "Nation" publishes an inspired anticipation of the scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords which the Lords' own Committee have recommended. The idea, it is suggested, is Lord Rosebery's, but it is said to have the support of Lord Lansdowne as well. Briefly, the suggestions are that the membership of the House of Lords should be reduced to 180, membership being based partly on representation. Ex-Cabinet Ministers and peers who have been members of Parliament would also be included. On the face of it the scheme is attractive, as it is certainly bold. One inevitable effect will be the strengthening of "class-rule" in England, for the more efficient the Lords the harder the brake on popular progress. But we have yet to see what the Lords will say to the proposal for their self-purgation.

It is surely significant that the two largest circulation papers of the day—the "Daily Mail" and "Daily Telegraph"—should have chosen as their subject of controversy during the silly season the subjects of Sex and Marriage. The New Age modestly declines the suggestion of having pioneered this particular topic, the cost of pioneering being too great for a penny review to pay. What is more, the censure of the correspondents of the "Telegraph" in particular is admirable. We have been pretty bold ourselves in printing "advanced" sentiments, but we bow before the courage of the "Telegraph." Strange that one journal may not look over the wall while another steals the horse. The "Daily Mail" is much less outspoken in its columns of correspondence: the blue pencil has left its deserts in many a letter. All the same, if a Socialist paper were to print the "Daily Mail" letters, the "Daily Mail" would shudder even under its golden dome.

It appears the "Academy" did not mean what it said, but something else. The seven inaccuracies having, we gather, been confessed, the new point is made against The New Age that as a "Review of Politics, Literature, and Art," we should offer our readers better politics than those of Mr. H. G. Wells; better literature than that of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome; while as for Mr. Bello, his offence, it seems, is writing for a double-dyed Socialist paper like The New Age what time he is writing for the high and dry Tory "Morning Post." Well, our politics may be better or they may be worse than the politics of Mr. H. G. Wells, but they are certainly not the same, as Mr. Wells would be the first to claim. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has written once, and once only, for The New Age, and cannot, therefore, be blamed for our literature. And Mr. Bello has never written in The New Age except to take part in controversy, and always on the anti-Socialist side. What has the "Academy" to say now?

We wish the railway companies that have just combined for the more efficient plunder of the public would have the good taste either frankly to avow, as one of Mr. Shaw's characters does, that their intentions are "not honourable," or to keep silence altogether.

The prominence given to the question of Union or Federation has made the South African papers more than ordinarily interesting reading lately. The nominations—as far as they are known—made by the different Governments appear to have given satisfaction generally; the minorities being fairly represented in each case. One of the points upon which a good deal of discussion is taking place unofficially is with reference to the site of the Capital. Apparently the people of Natal recognise that the seat of central government will not be in that country, and they are not concerning themselves greatly about it; but with the other three Colonies there is considerable feeling displayed in the bringing forward of their individual claims. To the outsider the claims of Cape Town certainly seem to outweigh those of either Bloemfontein or Pretoria. Prior establishment, health, convenience, beauty of surroundings, the sense of more immediate touch with the outside world, all count strongly in its favour. Bloemfontein can claim health and convenience only, but to that extent it is better than Pretoria. Pretoria is not only without equalising advantages, it has the very serious drawback of being in close touch with Johannesburg. It appears to us rather more than a possibility that the atmosphere of the mines would be prejudicial to the governing of South Africa in its best interests.

The unauthorised summary of the Poor Law Commission's Report, which by another of those sinister accidents has found its way to the "Times" office, is likely to whet the appetite of the Poor Law reformers for the Report, the whole Report—and a good deal more than the Report. If the recommendations of the Commission, as outlined by the "Times," prove authentic, and the Government is in earnest about the question, we may expect a revolution in the Poor Law system of England compared with which nothing since the days of Elizabeth affords a parallel. Mr. G. R. S. Taylor discusses the subject in our present issue. Meanwhile, however, the urgent problem is the problem of Unemployment. Of that particular problem the Report, we understand, professes to be able to recommend a solution. If so, the news is good, better, we sincerely believe, than any news England has heard for many a year. For all over the land the question has become an obsession. The "Pall Mall Gazette" is doing the worst service in the world, namely, hitting a trade depression when it is down. Yet undoubtedly the signs are ominous.

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The Newer Poor Law.

SEVENTY years ago some learned Commissioners invented a New Poor Law, which Parliament embodied in the great Act of 1834. It was an age when the middle class folk were in supreme control of the whole country in the House of Commons, in the factory, in the study, where they turn out economic theories, in the Churches, where they set up ethical standards. It was an age of crude commercialism, which was the peculiar business and mainstay of the big and the little traders. The men who kept them abreast of the tumultuous social waters of the Industrial Revolution were the men whose only ideal was the making of money. The New Poor Law was the work of these men, who wanted the lower orders brought still more into harmony with the social system of the day—a system for making still more money for the traders.

The New Poor Law was enacted for supplying relief—to the Middle Classes. The essence of it was that the poor should not be relieved except under the direst penalties and in the harshest manner. There was to be no help granted them until they were destitute, face to face with starvation. That was the humane and charitable offer of the men of trade.

About two hundred years before, the Old Poor Law had been founded, at the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Its essential feature was contained in a few lines of the Act of 1601, entitled, an Act for the Relief of the Poor. It instructed the public representatives of each parish to "take order from time to time for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not, by the said churchwardens and overseers, or the greater part of them, be thought able to keep and maintain their children; and also for getting to work all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by; and also to raise weekly, or otherwise (by taxation of every inhabitant, person, vicar, and other, and of every other occupier of lands, houses, tithes, coal mines, or saleable underwood in the said parish, in such competent sum or sums of money as they shall think fit) a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff, to set the poor on work; and also competent sums of money for and towards the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and other such others among them being poor, and not able to work; and also for the putting out of such children as otherwise concerning the premises, as to them shall seem convenient." There is a radical difference between the solution of 1601 and the solution of 1834. The essence of the former was that the supplying of productive work was the real remedy for poverty; and provision was made, according to the economic requirements of the day, to supply the capital materials which the craftsman lacked; further, to apprentice children to suitable traders; and, only as a last resource, to give money as pure relief from want.

The Act of 1834, whatever may have been its intention, had one comprehensive effect; it made the Act of 1601 (which was never repealed, be it remembered) should be used only for the granting of relief, and that the provision of work thereby should be allying or, if need be, to evade the whole problem. It is fully admitted that the Old Poor Law had grown corrupt and harmful in its administration, but it was not only against the corrupt developments that the Commissioners of 1834 struck; they struck against the essential good, under the pretense (or ignorant belief) that they were only abolishing the non-organic evils.

But, of course, the right or wrong of the Old and New Poor Laws cannot be dealt with in the scope of this page, which can only point out that the matter is one concerning which it is necessary to come to an early decision; for, as the "Times" has very wisely warned us by three articles published last week, we shall soon be in possession of the report of the Royal Poor Law Commission which has been sitting during the last three years. It would seem that both the Old and the New Poor Laws are about to be thrown into the melting pot; that, if anything is to emerge from that place of boiling reenactment, it will be a Newer Poor Law. We are all, men and habits, the creatures of our environment, so that it is a foregone conclusion that we must come to a different decision than that reached by the keen, scientific statesmen of the Tudor period, or by the stupid middle-class amateurs who were pleased to call themselves "statesmen" in 1834. If the "Times" forecast of the Commissioners' Report be correct (within the limits of the average Royal Commissioner's mind) we may expect quite drastic proposals; and the forecast certainly bears the mark of inspiration (I hasten to explain that "inspiration" is used in its strict earthly meaning—the messages from the gods have never yet been delivered to the editors of the "Times," though it is interesting to recall that the "Times" stood beside Cobett in his fierce attack on the Commissioners of 1834). It is suggested that the coming report will, in brief, abolish the Boards of Guardians and distribute their work amongst the existing local bodies, chiefly the county and county-borough councils, which are already doing similar work outside the Poor Law. Thus, the Poor Law children will go to the existing education committees, the sick will go to the ordinary public hospitals, the able-bodied will go to the labour colonies or other works provided by the distress authority under the Unemployment Act 1906 (or its substitute); the aged will go under the Old Age Pension Scheme. Now there is nothing original in this suggestion; it is what every intelligent person has been saying for years; the important news is that the Royal Commission will show signs of intelligence and advise the Government to do the same by translating the Report into an Act of Parliament.

As for Socialists, we must be prepared to criticise the Report in a practical spirit. We must not expect to get any radical change by a revision of the Poor Law: one cannot deal successully with the capitalist system except by organising industry on a collective basis. The Poor Law, reformed or unreformed, can only, in the main, deal with the wreckage of capitalism, and relieve the individual hardships. But we can deal with these in such a manner that it will tend to break up the system which offers our poverty. To relieve poverty in an intelligent way is to make the poor strong and defiant, and ready for fighting a battle which will get them something really worth the getting. The weakness of Socialism is a physically and mentally unprepared Poor Law which remedies that is worth our support.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
Dr. Guinness and the Congo.

Dr. Grattan Guinness claims that the motive inspir-
ing the origins of the Congo agitation was pity. There
are no doubt that such a motive is sufficient to ex-
plain the action of many subordinates in this business.
It does not explain the origin and conduct of the
agitation. The names of those who engi-
neered that agitation may not be publicly known,
but I am safe in saying that they betrayed no indigna-
tion when as citizens they were responsible for cruelties
committed under their own governments, whether here
or in America. They were silent when the tortures in
the Philippines were thickening the conscience of Europe.
They are silent now, when a vicious "Indemnity Act" is to
wipe out all that has happened in Natal and to afford a
precedent for any future arbitrary or cruel action against a
subject people.

They concentrated upon one area of exploitation, wherein, under its present
regime, commercial profit was forbidden to a group of
merchants; they spent large sums of money
secretly to attain whatever may have been their object.
They betrayed anxiety to conceal the original sources
of their funds. When the hard work of pione-
ering was to be done, not a word was uttered;
the country once developed and capable of affording
a market, the agitation arose. First, it was con-
cerned with cruelties alone. Stories of these were
spread, with or without dates attaching to them,
false and true, but all of a nature deliberately calcu-
lated to excite the emotions of a public peculiarly given
to moral indignation against all sin except their own.
The flame of indignation well aight a new element was
introduced. The "freedom of the native to buy and
sell" was first mentioned, then more and more insisted
on. It is at present already more than half the affair;
soon it will be the whole discussion. Add to all
this the fact that the native chiefly buys alcohol when he
can get it, that our merchants control that trade; that
until the present régime is ended he may not buy it
from them; and that all during this agitation that dis-
ability and the corresponding opportunities for this
liquor trade afforded in our Colonies are carefully kept
in the background: add, I say, all this together, and
the motive of the whole nasty business stands out as
clear as that of the money-lender or the forestaller: it is
not pity, it is Avarice.

Obvious as this is, however, it is, I cannot too often
repeat, no sufficient ground for any man's interference.
It is but one of a hundred similar nastinesses with
which the recent commercial exploitation of poor and
weak peoples is strewn; moreover, the other side is
precisely of a kind that warms one in its defence: no
story of these was spread, with or without dates attach-
ing to them, false and true, but all of a nature deliberately calcu-
lated to excite the emotions of a public peculiarly given
to sympathy and to the poetry of oppressed suffering; and
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A Controversial Nuisance.

By Belfort Bax.

It is a favourite device nowadays to attempt to over-
throw a controversial antagonist whom it is found
difficult to refute by means of solid argument, by dis-
crediting his position with the charge of belatedness.
This is the latest ju jitsu in controversial tactics. The
suggestion that any intellectual position is a "back-
number" is supposed to be the most utterly damning
imputation that can be cast upon it. The major pre-
miss underlying the notion implied in these tactics would appear to be that human intelligence at the end,
not even of every generation, but of every ten years or
so, has a regular sale of old stock and starts afresh
with a completely new "rig-out." Every principle, or
idea, that can be shown to have been prevalent, or
even to have existed, earlier than the last decade is
apparently to be treated as ready for the scrap-heap.

Time was when to prove the antiquity of an idea was the most approved means of insuring it respectful atten-
tion. Its mere antiquity was taken as a guarantee of its
truth. The absurdity of this worship of intellectual
products on the ground of their authority, tradition, or
antiquity, so seems to have impressed the latest up-to-
date order of modern mind, that this latter has swung
round with a violent rebound to the opposite extreme,
which admits nothing to be of any account that can be
shown to have been current previous to the intellectual
birth of the youngest aspirant to literary fame.

Although the mere upstart charlatan employs this
controversial trick as a favourite weapon, yet it is by
no means exclusively confined to him. I have known
G. B. S. to seek before now to bowl me over when I
have been advocating the rights of weak or otherless;
and when I have argued for the rights of weak or otherless,
our makers of a new Imperialism, by observing that my line of pro-
test belonged to the old Radicalism, and was hence
unworthy of a "modern man." I do not mean to imply
that G. B. S. is himself a turbulent Imperialist, or that
he is not smart enough to discern the fallacy of his own
argument—but we all know our G. B. S. and his gay
and frolicsome intellect! Needless to say, it was easy
for me to point out in rejoinder that there were many
principles of the old Radicalism, some of them now
realised, and some of them still unrealised, which
form the necessary groundwork of all subsequent pro-
gress whatever, Socialist or otherwise. Freedom of the
Press and public meeting, abolition of feudal and
bureaucratic privileges and abuses, not to speak of
reforms in the mere machinery of politics, are all things
belonging par excellence to the programme of the old
Radicalism, but, nevertheless, they are recognised as
the essential element of progress by the most revolu-
tionary Socialist to-day, in countries where they do
not as yet obtain they constitute an important plank
in the programme of the Socialist party. Hence to
regard the demonstration that any given principle
belongs to the code of ideas proper to the old Rad-
icalism, as a damning sentence on such principle, is
absurd.

We all know the neo-Socialist bounder, who has dis-
covered that Marx is a "back-number," having been
superseded by distinguished men like himself and his
friends, whose Socialism usually consists of undigested
fragments of Marx's economics torn from their con-
nection, combined in an eccentric amalgam with
Utopian imaginings of their own, the whole embedded
in an aspirant sauce of compromise and apologies,
calculated to make it palatable to the Nonconformist
elector and suburban householder. All this is new (?) and, therefore, the true up-to-date article, as against the superannuated work of the founder of modern Socialist theory, the great Socialist thinker of the nineteenth century.

Some months ago Margaret Bondfield was criticising some views of my own, or someone else, on the subject of the woman question in THE NEW AGE. I forget now what the precise views were, but I remember that the piece de résistance of the criticism consisted in the allegation that the ideas in question were "mid-Victorian" in character—the implication being, of course, that any view of the "mid-Victorian" decades must, eo ipso, be absurd. And, of course, there were a few trifles, e.g., the circulation of the blood, the law of gravitation, etc., that the much despised "mid-Victorian" accepted, which, nevertheless, in the noontide glory of the first decade of the twentieth century, most persons are still belated enough to adhere to.

Again, Mr. Chesterton, in criticising an article of Shaw's in THE NEW AGE, loftily waived aside some statement of the latter by trying to identify it with the late Hall of Science and Mr. Bradlaugh, without so much as attempting to show that every doctrine taught at the Hall of Science must be necessarily erroneous.

But if there is no guarantee that an old idea is peremptorily obsolete, to be wholly rejected, there is also no guarantee that the latest and most approved theory will maintain itself or stand the test of the next decade's criticism. One instance of this occurs to me from the domain of comparative mythology. Many of us will remember how, during the seventies and eighties of the last century, it was the correct and up-to-date thing to interpret all mythological stories and all the legends of early history by what was known as the "solar myth." The late Max Müller was the protagonist of this theory. Its classical expression was to be found in the work of his follower, Sir George Cox, entitled "Aryan Mythology," in which the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey were reduced to a string of unconscious metaphors concerning the sun, the dawn, the clouds, etc. Now, I think it will impress that exuberant cocksureness of the latest up-to-date writer reduces itself to absurdity when we reflect that ex-hypothetical its own lucubrations, brilliant and satisfactory as they may be, are only a few years time have become back numbers, to be trodden under foot by still newer aspirants to intellectual fame. This theory of the absolute discontinuity of intellectual progress which is the true major premise of much of the assertion of the younger school of writers, is a fruitful source of fallacy. The blank-slate theory, as I may term it, is the product of a crudity resulting from inadequate acquaintance with the evolution of thought in the past, and can be held seriously by no one possessing any but the most superficial knowledge of the history of intellectual development. The recent past of thought is indissolubly interwoven with the present, and cannot, without giving rise to fallacious assumptions, be separated from it. The two form one whole.

By the "recent past of thought" I mean, as above said, the thought of the present and last generation, at least. When we go back beyond this the connecting threads certainly become less obvious and more indirect. But treat any of the leading ideas to which the last half century has given birth as per se obsolete, and you have arrived at absurdity. False and superseeded they may be, but in all cases they demand a serious refutation, and where this has not been given, to treat them as, merely by some of their age, ready for the scrapheap, can only be regarded as the sign of naivete in its salutary days.

There are three forms in the relative estimation of thought in regard to its antiquity. There is the order of thought which is traditional, or in which the traditional element predominates, which belongs to a pre-critical period of the human mind, and which is, pro tanto, valueless in itself, its interest being purely historical or archaeological. Then there is the modern thought of a generation or so back. Lastly, there is the thought of the present, the assumption of whose genuine and satisfactory as it may be, is simply a development of the best order of ideas, whose true test is to make good its claim. This, of course, does not say that it may not have done so in other ways. But, barring this, I maintain that, a priori, the presumption is in favour of the older theory or order of thought, and that this presumption subsists until it is explicitly and successfully rebutted, and is not to be waived aside with a stroke of the pen.
The War Office Charlatans.
By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

A friend and client of mine, Mr. Gage, was recently ejected from the 5th Dragoon Guards merely because the Army Council was too stiff-necked to admit that it had acted on a wrong assumption, and that he had, in point of fact, passed tests for promotion which a "certain member" stated he could not pass. This gentleman and scholar, for he knows Arabic and other languages, in addition to being a much -medalled warrior, tried to get into the Yeomanry, and when he complained of unnecessary delay and the refusal to diminish the brain power and limit the utility of our Army in the future.

Meanwhile my readers will be inclined to agree with me that our Army is a costly curse under present political management from the following quotations:—

"Never before has the position of the Regular Army fallen so low, or its accursed leader been recognized to such extent than now," i.e., under a succession of Tories and Whigs, plotters and K.C.'s.

"Officers of conscript armies enjoy many compensating substantial rights and privileges," whereas ours have none.

He calls the Army Council "jobbers, so absorbed in their ignoble game of taking care of Dobw that they are quite unaware of the disgust and discontent they are causing by their crooked ways." He refers to "Many officers of middle age, capable, hard-working, and ambitious, men and women, told by an official at the horse Guards that "he did not care a dam about his inconvenience," and the War Office refused his services though he is in every respect the very type of man required, and there is a dangerous shortage of officers for the Territorial Army, or "Tom Fool Army," as it is now called. No wonder a friend of mine who is a colonel, whose son was the victim of notorious injustice, but whose case is unknown in the Commons, writes me: "My son is a good fellow, and, if the Army Council finds his military career closed, though he deserves promotion in the highest circles. Well, he wrote an article (February, 1908) as an officer's tenure, and how secret are the ways of service he was repeatedly thanked for his energy and ability, and yet he writes: "There is no inducement to continue in a service, i.e., a life of worry under the discipline and handling of a cavalry corps for years."

I think my readers will agree that this sample of one week's correspondence would prove my case. I have hundreds of such letters, but I prefer to quote other evidence. There has been a very striking correspondence recently in the "United Service Magazine," issued by that eminently orthodox firm, the Cocksor Street publishers, Messrs. Clowes and Co. Viscount Esher's name is not unfamiliar to sportsmen between 1848-1904. These selfish and base, unreconstructed, bloodless campaigns against niggers, whilst for the rest everybody knows he is an ass.' ' Never mind, the medals and things are enough to afford them a bloodless campaigns against niggers, whilst for the rest everybody knows he is an ass.' ' Never mind, the medals and things are enough to afford them a bloodless campaigns against niggers, whilst for the rest everybody knows he is an ass.'

A discussion followed, indeed, was invited, and a "Field Officer" commented, "What does one hear in every ante-room when some surprising promotion or appointment is discussed? 'By Jove! He must have something somewhere.' Of course he has. He is nearly related to General — and his sister married the director of regimental duties. 'Ah, well, then he was bound to get a job.' Anyone who kept his eyes open and went through the various promotions he thought had a good chance at a case in which I was consulted. During his service he was repeatedly thanked for his energy and ability, and yet he writes: "There is no inducement to continue in a service, i.e., a life of worry under heads, themselves headless and brainless."

Field Officer "accepted the invitation, but never-
Hypocrisy, Stupidity and Ignorance.

The fundamental weaknesses of human nature are responsible for all the evils of our existing institutions, and it is only by their removal and cure that progress can be made. Vices and weaknesses may be either conscious or unconscious. It is with the latter, the unconscious, subconscious, or even well-intentioned vices that we propose to deal at present. These fall into three principal groups:

1. Hypocrisy, a wise man has said, is the concession which vice makes to virtue. It is certainly so deeply rooted in us that it influences almost every one of our actions. We have an instinctive craving to appear better than we are. By the very act of concealing our weaknesses and vices under the cloak of hypocrisy we are admitting that virtue, or morals put in practice, is a thing in itself superior to vice. And yet this cloak of hypocrisy is detestable and harmful. Beneath its shelter vices and weaknesses swarm and multiply. And worse still, the human brain, which has a kindly tendency to believe everything it finds flattering and agreeable, becomes readily accustomed to hypocrisy, and even grows to regard it as honest. It then becomes unconscious or subconscious; we can no longer keep account of it.

2. Stupidity is an incurable disease. The gods themselves, it is said, contend against it in vain. It comes into the world with us, and is the result of evil hereditary tendencies in the germs from which our brain has grown. It extends, without any clear dividing line, from fair mental health to imbecility in every particular. It is the domain of the intellect and of moral and physical weaknesses, the chief of which are incapacity to understand or learn, and especially incapacity to draw proper conclusions from information furnished by the senses or by instruction.

One may have a phenomenal memory, and yet be very stupid and even imbecile. One may display an intellectual brilliance which dazzles plain folk, and yet in spite of that, be utterly at fault in judgment. Good sense or reason, and not cleverness, is the true antithesis of stupidity. People who are incapable of judging for themselves, and whose wisdom is only erudition or faith in authority, are in reality nearer stupidity than intelligence. A truly intelligent brain must be able to distinguish for itself between the true and the false, and thus to reach conclusions independently of external and acquired dogmas.

In the domain of feeling stupidity exhibits itself either in the form of apathy, or in that of a capricious and unhealthy emotionalism which dominates reason. One may be so excitable in certain spheres of feeling—such as morals and aesthetics—while being otherwise quite intelligent; but in this case the intelligence often takes an ominously anti-social direction, and sometimes even manifests itself in absurdities.

In the domain of will, stupidity betrays itself in indifference and phlegm, in impatience, or indifference. Lack of perseverance is the greatest defect of the will-power. Strength of will is shown not only in firmly and unhesitatingly transforming thought into action, but also in attaining success by unalterable steadfastness. The will thus accomplishes what is good or moral, if its motive power lies in a sane and independent judgment, together with sound altruistic impulses.

3. Ignorance is the result of stupidity or of lack of instruction or, most commonly, of a union of the two. An intelligent savage will be ignorant in a different manner from an imbecile who has studied in our European schools. Ignorance, as we are told, breeds superstition. Combined with stupidity, obstinacy, fanaticism and prejudice, it is the cause of all our social evils, and it prevents the progress of morals. It is the unconscious parent of that tyrannical power which achieves the evil, while it desires the good. It is the chain which fastens error and prejudice upon our minds. And that is why we must make every effort to combat it by universal and wise education, and by such liberty of speech and thought that all restraint of human expression will be rendered impossible.

The emotions are by nature much more tenacious and much harder to uproot than ideas and thoughts. Man becomes attached to everything with which he is familiar, and to all that has become familiar to him. In this way customs and prejudices come into being. However false, absurd, unjust, and evil they may be, no task is so difficult as that of modifying or eradicating them. Without any great effort we adopt a technical progress, because it does not touch our more intimate feelings, but we cling, as if to the most sacred technical progress, because it does not touch our more intimate feelings, but we cling, as if to the most sacred idols, to all habits and customs bound up with our emotions, and to vain repetitions which are dear to us. It is possible in some cases to fight religious and political formalism, to fashions, to alcohol, and to a thousand other things which are either socially worthless or positively harmful.

In this way the conservatism of the emotions becomes the chief prop and stay of ignorance, prejudice, and stupidity.
The Plague of Spectacles.

I take it for granted that you found, as I did, the sight of Dorando staggering to the tape at the Olympic Sports the other day a very disgusting one. And on reflection this surprised you, for the sight of a man exhausting himself for small causes is not so ordinary as one might suppose from having seen very drunk, we have even got drunk ourselves, though we were not in a position to supply the advob of degree; we have seen men over-eating themselves on steak and kidney pudding and causing more harm to their systems thereby than such a trifling displacement of the heart as that under which our friend Dorando momentarily suffered; and yet we have not been appalled. You and I have endured much in this same cause of sport for which he gasped and gurgled; we have flautened plaster of Paris (or at least I have) and a wire cage round a slit and sewn-up knee joint; and we have not felt depraved. Whence comes, then, our horror at the sight of the Marathon hero being pushed and pulled to his hypothetical victory? This I think I have discovered for you.

Dorando is all right. He is as entirely justified in ruining his constitution with record-breaking as another man is justified in ruining his constitution with beer-drinking or pork-pie-eating or love-making or novel-reading; for surely his own body and only his own body has a man the right to spoil. The horror we felt was of ourselves, of this huge circulating mass of people making holiday of the torment of a worn-out man.

And now I must be quite explicit, or you will misunderstand me. It is the fashion nowadays to lament the sufferings of ancient bulls, Roman gladiators, dissected frogs, gasping Dorandos. This, of course, is all sentimental rot. How could we waste a moment’s thought on their sufferings when thousands on thousands of people are being killed daily (even tortured) for an entertainment by an ignoble deed for you to hiss; of you, who should be the incarnate spectator—only interested in life the way it is—of you, who feel so comfortable in it that the active life has become a sentimentalist; you are like Oscar Wilde’s aesthete, for whom emotion has its tastes, no more—only you sink lower than that; it is not your own emotion you smack your lips over.

You find life interesting? Ugh! the ugly word! It is not interesting; it is sacrilege to call it so; it is diminishing; it is degrading. Did you ever hear a schoolboy call a snowball fight interesting? Or, if you have seen your first kiss interesting? And life should always be a snowball fight and a first kiss.

And the canker spreads. One does not amateur-act any more; one strums no longer on the piano, but Boxoni can do it so much better; love-born poetry went out with the crinoline; gymnastics, reciting, singing, philosophy, fighting, patriotism, chess, hygiene, love-making, virtue, vice, religion, theology, are things one sees done on a stage. One even stage to seeing you might make a fool of himself (or usually two men make fools of themselves), a thing which once on a time every honest fellow could do in his own backyard. And sometimes we laugh, and sometimes we weep, and sometimes we clap hands, and sometimes we hiss, and that is all.

I suppose you know that you are dead? Oh, yes; stone dead, I assure you. It is not life to sit and watch other people living.

You have even got your own percursor philosophers who exult in this death. Man is to be the observer, they say. Action is blind, mad, unreasonable. To observe is the only business worthy of the latest born— to observe, namely, the mad, blind, unreasonable folk who do things! A sweet predicament.

One would judge the novelists safe from the infection of contemporary thought, but no, you have got him, and instead of singing of splendid adventures like Scott or Dickens or Alexandre Dumas, he gives us conclusions arrived at from an observation of the innards of man; while even the detective goremonger apologises for his blood and burglary in a wrapping of tedious analysis.

Life is a thing to be lived, not to be observed. That is the fact you are forgetting, but not David Hume; not psychology, not even a plot, but adventure, where one just has a good time and nothing comes of it but growth.

I write books, and I find it very amusing; but to read books! I should not be so foolish. The purpose of a book is that it may be written, not that it may be read. I have acted in amateur theatricals, but I thank God I have never witnessed an amateur theatrical performance. I have run and jumped and wrestled and swum and heaved the weight (at fences and across streams), and this Stadium thing is the fourth sports-festival I have witnessed. I have loved and, yes, I admit I have read love poems—but only for the sake of comparison. And that is all right, you see, if you will observe deeds merely to compare them with the deeds done in the flesh.

Probably your deplorable condition does not trouble you; you are so conquered by this habit of looking-on, and you feel so comfortable in it that the active life has no attraction for you. But how long do you think that comfortable condition is going to continue? Have you never heard of the Class War—not the Marxian one; that is more or less incredible—workman and employer intermix so; but the war between the entertainer and the entertained? You haven’t? Well, then, let me tell you it is on the verge of breaking out. You realise, of course, how helpless you have become in our hands; now every day the spectator for every entertainment is the type and symbol of civilised man—it has turned you into the incarnate spectator—only interested in life the way it is—of you, who do things; of you, who do for yourselves; how more and more you depend on us for your daily pleasure. Suppose we refuse to sing for you, play-act for you, dance for you, fight for you, make love for you any more. What will you do?

I imagine you sitting packed in the heaven-topping stands of you Stadium facing the empty arena—murmuring impatiently, then clapping to signify you want us to begin, then shouting angrily, stamping the feet; then suddenly falling dead silent, as, in one of those queer flashes of insight crowds sometimes have, you realise that no one is coming, that no one will ever come, that no one will amuse you any more.

So I see you sitting, day after day, incapable, any one of you, of going into the arena and taking up the dreadful burden of amusement—and a black cloud of boredom sinks solidly over you, and your features stiffen to a stare of dull surprise, and in your bones the chalkiness mounts and mounts.

This, I trust, is not a pleasant prospect.

As a matter of fact, we have, the most of us, stopped entertaining you; these people you pay to be alive are only pretending, they are really almost as dead as you are. None of these sportsmen ever felt the joy of sporting (like a lamb, you know, or a goat, or a butterfly). None of these players have ever known the joy of playing; these dancers of dancing; it is all a sham; Death leers at you under the painted muslin mask.
Poor little children! You have forgotten how to play and to know how to play; and to know how to live. What is the difference? And then, even if one knew, one would be sure to play so badly, and your critical faculty is keen, you know too well the proper joy by proxy! It is not much you ask of your experts; live. What is the difference? And then, even if one have experts to play for you. Poor little children! You have forgotten how to play. And to know how to play; and to know how to know, one would be sure to play so badly, and your sport was more than a word, was a laugh, was a shout, was an echo from the cavernous beer jug held above the nose; and your hearer understood that "sport" was a synonym for joy.

I do not disguise from you that this ideal is difficult of achievement. One cannot, without practice, by taking thought suddenly become joyful. But the first step is obvious; you must refuse to be the spectator of any spectacle, the member of any audience. You must join a dramatic society and a choir, learn Robert Louis Stevenson's one-finger music for the piano, become a member of the Irish Dancing League, play cricket and football, swim, run, jump, make poems, murder a rich woman, do so furiously rage together and foam at the mouth; whilst their females fly to the other extreme, of something else, please. Socialism—is really quite indecent, when it isn't dowdy. Suburbia would rather you talked too. So "pukka" Socialism is vulgar. "Pukka" Socialists are low. Suburbia would rather you talked of something else, please.

"Pukka" Socialism, which is of the red-tie-and-sombrero brand, has never appealed to Suburbia. Because, obviously, you can't go to business or to church in a sombrero; and to wear a red tie with a frock coat would be to exceed the limit (as we say): people might think you were a fire insurance agent, or something of that sort. And then Socialism—"pukka" Socialism—is really quite indecent, when it isn't dowdy. The male members of the tribe wear such very décolleté shirts, and do so furiously rage together and foam at the mouth; whilst their females fly to the other extreme, of something else, please. And as for that Bernard Shaw man—well, she may be silly, but she must confess that she never did quite understand everything in those plays of his, and what she did understand she did not approve of.

But the younger generation of Suburbia takes up Socialism—not enthusiastically: that would be bad form—but with a sort of sporting seriousness, as they took up Ibsen—under advice—some years ago, and as they are disposed to take up the Suffraget Movement now.

The young men remark to uninitiated friends, as if casually, "I say, you're a Socialist, of course?" And when the Uninitiated start to dodge from the phrase, learn Robert Louis Stevenson's one-finger music for the piano, become a member of the Irish Dancing League, play cricket and football, swim, run, jump, make poems, murder a rich woman, do so furiously rage together and foam at the mouth; whilst their females fly to the other extreme, of something else, please. Socialism—not enthusiastically: that would be bad form. "Of course, I don't mean one of those chaps who go about with a banner, you know. I mean the sort of Socialist that any decent sort of fellow can be. Oh, I assure you it's quite the racket out!"

And the maidens tell one another that there really must be something in it, or the Countess and the Duchess wouldn't belong.

The result is that Suburbia—which once confounded Socialism with Anarchy, and had been proud of its new opinions as it is of its brass knockers and tradesmen's entrances. It still adopts a superior attitude toward "pukka" Socialists, but it no longer dubs them "raving cads. It refers to them as "the rank and file." Awfully raw, you know, and all that, and naturally quite wrong about Essentials, but so long as one doesn't take them too seriously, poor chaps, one can smile and smile and— and put up with them, you know.

Thus, Suburbia does not join the I.L.P. or the S.D.P., or, least of all, the S.S.G.B. It is "not altogether in sympathy with" the views and aims of any of the organised bodies. But it talks of joining the Fabians. And meanwhile it does a considerable deal of propagandist work of a negative kind.

For instance, it goes about explaining to those who still hold aloof that you don't have to do anything that is in the least "outside, you know."

"Pukka" action that wants to make itself unpleasant. One can quite easily be a Socialist without ceasing to be a gentleman. The chaps who really damage the cause and frighten away the decent people, and bring Socialism into disfavour, and so spoil its chances of ever becoming a really fashionable hobby, are those uncouth, unbusinesslike fellows who won't keep quiet about it, but must be forever holding meetings and passing resolutions, and airing their own crude misconceptions of the true inner-meaning and purpose of the whole thing. And as for that Bernard Shaw man—well, she might be silly, but she must confess that she never did quite understand everything in those plays of his, and what she did understand she did not approve of.
Traffic and Socialism.

It is very difficult to say anything about Socialism, for, apparently, everyone has different views as to what should or should not be named, and will meet any objections that may be raised with the answer, "Oh, that is Socialism!" Socialism means neither equality, nor a readjustment of burdens, nor a new form of government with the position of the "dogs" reversed—for one "top-dog" is very much like another, whatever his name is; also, I remember a cartoon in the French comic paper of a red-bearded anarchist banging the table and shouting:—

"Please remember this, when anarchy is come it is I who am going to give orders!"

Socialism, I believe, means comradeship; and the eschewing of a system of rank and file, so that all the comrades should have "found themselves," as Kipling would say; that they shall, at least, have begun to enter on their birth-right of Individuality. This seems the rock on which most of our theories split. We are talking in a certain sense independently from our bodies, but from the larger comprehension which the independence brings with it—a new state of things may be begun, in which the spiritual man may go through the same embryonic stage and blossom into spiritual independence, as the animal-man has done before him.

"Spiritual" is an awkward word; it means so many things according to the user, and no wonder, for it is a thing with which we have very little acquaintance. I do not mean the word in the religious, or philanthropic, or vague, or "good," or unworldly. Perhaps the nearest suggestion is that it is the conscious aspect of what is unconsciously or subconsciously present in the great artist, or musician, or scientist, or philosopher, or poet. It is the universal essence, which, though it expresses itself in colour, form, sound, thoughts, words, and deeds, is yet none of these, but something behind them all, which we sometimes sense, almost unconsciously, when sitting on the downs, or listening to good music.

This all sounds far off and impractical, but I do not think it really is so. These conchy gifts of individuality and spirit are not the exclusive property of any one race of men or any one class of society; except that in towns they are oftener than elsewhere smothered by the grime and smell, both physical and mental. In fact, I fancy they are much more present in our minds, which are so universal, and it is to these that our social reformers should look. It is no use denying that, however difficult a man's conduct of himself through the intricacies of life may be, it should at any rate be a simple thing for him to conduct himself after the best ideals of comradeship towards those he meets in the street. They are mostly strangers, against whom he has no prejudice; he has nothing to lose by stepping to the right side of the path, if on foot; by passing behind a pedestrian, if on a cycle in an empty road; by yielding a few inches to a less aristocratic (and weaker) vehicle, if he is a Mayfair coachman; or by remembering that the best can make himself very obnoxious if he drive a motor; and yet one has only to step into the street to see how badly we succeed. Of course, it is sometimes merely the self-assertion of the unfeathered individual, but often it seems merely due to an unconsciousness of its importance, to never having considered the world from the Socialist point of view, coupled with ignorance or misapprehension of what may be called the amenities of traffic, otherwise the rules of the road.

This is, in the little Socialism of our example, our teachers are to blame; our municipalities who put up "keep to the left!" in their lavatories, to the policemen who, as often as not, walk on the wrong side of the path, to our schools which ignore such practical and unimportant things. It is our teachers, too, in the larger Socialism who are to blame; they are inclined to ignore the old proverb, "do as you would be done by"—or, at any rate, the truer version of it, "do as you truly believe others would want it if they were you." For true Socialism will be governed only by this law, coupled with another: "never impute an evil motive (even in thought) till you are forced to it." There will have to be a few "rules of the game," of course; but that is exactly what Socialism may know best, which is that it can fathom without colliding—not because one way is right and the other wrong—for it is just as polite here to take off your hat as it is to take off your boots in the East—but because it is the accepted way.

At present we demand as if it were rules of the game that the right which is taking place, and this, greatly, because the rule-makers suggest that they are divine laws, and the making of laws is always inclined to provoke antagonism. Greatly, too, because it is still our primitive custom to leave half a foot of the road for a cab—which, we bless progress or evolution only when it tries to wake us up—whether it is a motor 'bus down someone else's street, or a law which gives us old age pensions; and curse it when it tries to make us wake up—whether it is a motor cab which insists on our remembering that we are in the midst of traffic when we try to change our mind about our destination suddenly in the middle of Oxford Street, or the 1 abreast, which is the accepted way, but also because no one has ever been invited to consider whether the true sign of strength and individuality is not the power of giving them up. Were this suggested, it may be that more would, on consideration, make this great discovery. Instead of which, we bless progress or evolution only when it tends to evolve the way we think it should, whether it is a motor 'bus down someone else's street, or a law which gives us old age pensions; and curse it when it tries to make us wake up—whether it is a motor cab which insists on our remembering that we are in the midst of traffic when we try to change our mind about our destination suddenly in the middle of Oxford Street, or the 1 abreast, which is the accepted way, but also because no one has ever been invited to consider whether the true sign of strength and individuality is not the power of giving them up. Were this suggested, it may be that more would, on consideration, make this great discovery. Instead of which, we bless progress or evolution only when it tends to evolve the way we think it should, whether it is a motor 'bus down someone else's street, or a law which gives us old age pensions; and curse it when it tries to make us wake up—whether it is a motor cab which insists on our remembering that we are in the midst of traffic when we try to change our mind about our destination suddenly in the middle of Oxford Street, or the 1 abreast, which is the accepted way, but also because no one has ever been invited to consider whether the true sign of strength and individuality is not the power of giving them up. Were this suggested, it may be that more would, on consideration, make this great discovery. Instead of which, we bless progress or evolution only when it tends to evolve the way we think it should, whether it is a motor 'bus down someone else's street, or a law which gives us old age pensions; and curse it when it tries to make us wake up—whether it is a motor cab which insists on our remembering that we are in the midst of traffic when we try to change our mind about our destination suddenly in the middle of Oxford Street, or the 1 abreast, which is the accepted way, but also because no one has ever been invited to consider whether the true sign of strength and individuality is not the power of giving them up. Were this suggested, it may be that more would, on consideration, make this great discovery.
very good reason for it. For whether it is a German Emperor or an Italian organ-grinder, by cursing them in and out of season we get them on our nerves, and, whatever else happens, grow worried and fractious and say a great many silly things that had much better be left unsaid.

In fact, a very desirable time would come along, though I am not quite sure that the minority will care about it. For it will be hard to live up to if you don't feel that way, and I think second offences will be strictly dealt with.

All this, no doubt, sounds nonsense, but the fact remains: as in great so in small. If anyone will take the trouble to look when they are out, he will see all the sorts and conditions of men expressing themselves just as definitely and variously, as they walk or drive about the little world of traffic, as they do when they move about the larger world of life. And he will wonder what sort of a Socialist is going to be lived by the thick-headed and stiff-necked folk in the traffic, unless it be—and this is the great hope—that they are not really so thick-headed and stiff-necked as they look, but that they consider (or don't consider) that their manners show that they are Men. Just as if one of the real signs of being grown up was not that one left off crying at the mention of bed!

Anyway the study will open many people's eyes to a lot of details and possibilities which, though almost self-evident when seen, are as difficult to find as a hack's nest till you know where it is.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

In the month of August, when the book trade is supposed to be dead, but which, nevertheless, sees the publication of novels by Joseph Conrad and Marie Corelli (if Joseph Conrad is one Pole, Marie Corelli must be surely the other), I have had leisure to think upon the most curious of all the problems that affect the author:

Who buys books? Who really does buy books? * * *

We grumble at the lack of enterprise shown by booksellers. We inveigh against that vague and long-pedling body of tradesmen because in the immortal Strand, where there are forty tobacconists, thirty-nine restaurants, half a dozen theatres, seventeen neck-tie shops, one Short's, and one thousand three hundred and forty-five bookshops, one should see only two establishments for the sale of new books. We are shocked that in the whole of Regent Street it is impossible to buy a new book. We shudder when, in travelling the virgin country of the suburbs, we travel for days and never see a single bookshop. But whose fault is it that bookshops are so few? Are booksellers people who have a conscientious objection to selling books? Or is it that nobody wants to buy books? * * *

Personally, I extract some sort of a living—a doc's existence— from the sale of books with my name on the title page. And I am acquainted with a few other individuals who perform the same feat. I am also acquainted with a large number of individuals who have some connection with the manufacture or distribution of literature. And when I reflect upon the habits of this latter crowd, I am astonished that I or anybody else can succeed in paying rent out of what comes to the author from the sale of books. I know a large number, I have scarcely ever met, who can be said to make a habit of buying new books. I know a few souls who borrow books from Mudie's and elsewhere, and I recognise that their subscriptions yield me a trifle. But what a trifle! Do you know anybody who really buys new books? Have you ever heard of such a being? * * *

Of course, there are Franklinists and self-improving young men (and conceivably women) who buy cheap editions of works which the world will not willingly let die: the Temple Classics, Everyman's Library, the World's Classics, the Universal Library. Such volumes are to be found in many refined and respectable homes—often unexpectedly, but still there! But does this estimable practice aid the living author to send his children to school in decent clothes? He whom I am anxious to meet is the man who will not let his author who is not yet dead. And he will wonder what sort of a Socialism is going to be lived by the thick-headed and stiff-necked folk in the traffic unless it be—and this is the great hope—that they are not really so thick-headed and stiff-necked as they look, but that they consider (or don't consider) that their manners show that they are Men. Just as if one of the real signs of being grown up was not that one left off crying at the mention of bed!

Anyway the study will open many people's eyes to a lot of details and possibilities which, though almost self-evident when seen, are as difficult to find as a hack's nest till you know where it is.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.

A Holiday Chat on Diplomacy.*

In these days of cackling publicity, when much is said but nothing is told, it was inevitable that a "popular" handbook on the history of diplomacy should be written. Mr. Escott has kindly stepped into the breach, and as the result of his labours we have this book before us. It is tolerably written, and a certain amount of information is compressed between its covers, though as a history of diplomacy it is practically worthless. Mr. Escott has told us very little about foreign policy, and to write a book on diplomacy without discussing the main lines of the foreign policy of England and European nations is like hoping to float a ship which has no bottom to her. The foundation of an understanding of diplomacy is an appreciation of the motives guiding the foreign policy of foreign secretaries. The English democracy has never been in a position to examine and criticise the foreign policy of its statesmen at home, or its diplomatic representatives abroad, for the simple reason that the information necessary to form a judgment has only spasmodically been placed at its disposal. David Urquhart, in the days of the "Portfolio," a publication with which Mr. Escott does not seem to be acquainted, Richard Cobden, Joseph Cowen, Laurence Oliphant, Benjamin Disraeli, and Sir Charles Dilke at various periods of their respective careers strove to instruct the democracy in foreign policy, but were soon disheartened on discovering that the English democracy was content, save for occasional outbursts, to leave the control of English foreign policy in the hands of those who seemed best fitted to conduct it, namely, the Foreign

* "The Story of British Diplomacy." By T. H. S. Escott. (F. Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d. net.)
Office secretariat. The result has been that the Houses of Parliament, there being no outside public pressure, have gradually surrendered the small amount of check which they had over Foreign Ministers, and Spain and France, Whig Foreign Secretary, has been able to snap his fingers at Parliament in a way which the rankest Tory Foreign Secretary would never have dreamt of a century ago.

Diplomacy is derived from two Greek words, meaning "double," and "twofold"; it is significant that the art of diplomacy has many times been stigmatised as the art of double dealing. "Diplomacy" is a word which has preserved the meaning of its root almost unchanged throughout many centuries.

We observe Mr. Escott describes Machiavelli (1469-1527) as "the earliest professor of the diplomatic art." In a sense, this is true; but Ferdinand the Catholic, who trained his pupils in the diplomatic arts, was not directly trained by "Il Principe," which was completed in 1513, but acquired the diplomatic craft, or the craft of diplomacy, at the Court of Ferdinand, the Catholic. Cardinal Wolsey (1471-1530) is another early diplomat, who must have derived his undoubted diplomatic ability, knowledge and principles from the study of works other than "The Prince." On the other hand, "The Dictionnaire de l'Académie de France" precedes "The Prince" by some years, and though there is little evidence that the former book was well known in Europe, Loyola and Wolsey may have benefited from the forerunners of the maxims of "The Prince." After these eminent founders of diplomacy there came the two great statesmen who acted in combination during the Thirty Years' War. These two men were Axël Oxenstierna (incorrectly spelt "Oxenstern") by Mr. Escott, and Cardinal Richelieu (1615-1642). Oxenstierna is almost unknown in modern times, though there was a publication in Sweden in 1900 of several volumes dealing with his life and times. A study of the policies and methods of Oxenstierna and Richelieu, if composed by a competent student and politician, would be as valuable an addition to political science as "The Prince" itself. The editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" missed a great opportunity of enlightening political students by neglecting to append a summary of the Swedish and European policy of Oxenstierna.

Oxenstierna was not a loyal pupil of Machiavelli, for he expressly repudiated the warning which has preserved the meaning of its root almost unchanged throughout many centuries.

Diplomacy has steadily progressed. In its early days it was denounced as a science of which the Devil and his earthly disciple, Machiavelli, were the two masters. "Machiavellian" is an adjective which will retain for ever the meaning its coiners ascribed to it; in popular language, the term "Machiavellianism" was understood to describe tortuous intrigues of which any honest or straightforward man would be incapable. Though the better acquaintance with Machiavelli's writings has dissipated the popular notion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that he was the Evil One himself, the implied libel upon him by the use of the adjective "Machiavellian" is one of those injustices to a remarkable man which the passage of time will never remedy.

To-day the struggles of diplomacy range round the balance of power. Mr. Escott does not specifically mention the three main problems which British diplomacy has to grapple with; they are The Eastern Question, the Pacific Ocean and Far Eastern Question, and the Northern Question. Recent events in Turkey may finally settle the Eastern Question; but as the years roll on, we may see more and more of the most ominous problem of the future will be the competition to rule the Pacific. An American statesman, Mr. Seward, warned the United States many years ago that the interest of the world was slowly shifting from the Mediterranean and the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and he appealed to America to prepare for that eventuality. The unscrupulous seizure of the Panama Canal in 1903 was an intimation to the world that Mr. Seward's counsel had been taken to heart, and an indication of the lengths to which the United States would be prepared to go in her determination to retain "the key of the Pacific."

We will conclude by quoting an excellent definition of diplomacy which is given in "Uncle Tom's Cabin": "Diplomatic art unites the utmost subservience of manner with the utmost indolability as to purpose." Hence, democracy should beware of allowing Diplomacy to increase its present vast power and influence.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."
Music-Drama in the Future.

By Edward Carpenter.

II.

Let us, therefore, once more attack this question of the eternally absurd and impossible, and see if by any means there may yet be a future for Music-Drama.

I think, for a proper understanding of the subject, that the want of parallelism between music-structure and word-drama structure should at once and clearly be recognised: so that at any rate a complete and equal union of the two should be only occasionally attempted or demanded. Only occasionally can it happen that for a few minutes, or even less, a perfect piece of music having its own logical sequences and structure untempered shall correspond exactly with the dramatic sequences it is intended to illustrate. In all other cases either the music must suffer or take the second place, or if the music is developed in accordance with its own laws, the dramatic action must be delayed or quickened, and the words must be repeated over again or unduly hastened, in order to bring them into line with their companion.

Of course this general position is candidly admitted, the method of treatment in Music-Drama becomes pretty clear. Except for those isolated moments when complete parallelism is established (which, like the rare moments of perfect beauty and efflorescence in any work of art, can hardly be commanded by the artist, but are an inspiration of the god)—except for those moments, it will have to be understood that one or other of the elements of the Music-Drama—that is, either the Music or the Drama—must take the lead. Again, here let us have no cavil about logic or formalism. It is not that the Music must always lead, or the Drama must always lead; or that the Music, when it leads, must always completely subjugate and disturb the Drama; or that the Drama, when it leads, must completely dominate and dislocate the Music. There may be many intermediate possibilities. I only plead for the utmost variety, for every shade of combination, and for adaptation to the needs of every possible situation.

I imagine a Music-Drama in which at times the music shall fade quite into the background—a mere faintest accompaniment or distant meditation of the orchestra. At such times the words will be sheerly spoken, or perhaps given in monotone, according to the need of the situation. At other times, or when certain periods—such as occur in almost all opera—in which the dramatic action and the words will practically cease—considerable periods during which the orchestra will command sole attention, taking up some late-mentioned and appropriate theme and working it out in a broad and full flight of pure music. Other periods there will be in which the voice, preponderating, will adopt a distinctly recitative style, the instruments only punctuating the phrases; and others, again, as in arias and choruses, where the words—less important in themselves—will surrender their individuality largely to the production of the musical effect. Finally, there will be those occasional and inspired passages in which both word-drama and music on an equal footing will combine to absorb the action.

If one thus pleads for the utmost variety in the method of musical treatment, it is not only because, in all art, variety is so essential in order to enchain and fascinate, as well as in order to avoid the great pitfall of perfection (which would cause the audience to lose interest and weary through), but also because of course it will combine to absorb the attention.

imitation of possible speech-modulations, and all this to such a degree that the words themselves are practically lost, is to my thinking pure "rot." Such treatment is not wanted, it is not appropriate, and we are better without it. It only excites the mind unduly and renders it insusceptible to the really dramatic passages when they arrive. The long monologue of Mime, with which the first act of "Siegfried" opens, and the long dialogues which follow between Mime and Wotan and between Mime and Siegfried may be quite necessary for purposes of explanation; but the greater part of them is taken up with the recital of certain preliminary facts—as we to the Niblungs was born and placed in Mime's charge, as to who the Niblungs were, and who the Giants, about Mime's designs to get possession of the Ring, and about the Dragon which guards the King, and the sword that shall slay the Dragon, and so forth. Obviously, all this ought to be given as simply and directly as possible, and with a minimum of ornamentation,—that is, it should be given either by ordinary speech, or if not, by the nearest approach to ordinary speech which may be musically possible—the orchestra meanwhile lying low or only supplying a faintest colour of musical background. To spin the scene out, as Wagner does, with endless and quite superfluous musical rhetoric, is merely to weary the audience to death at the very outset of the drama. Or take again the dialogue between Loge and Mime in the third scene of "Rheingold"; did it not demand a more direct treatment? Where Mime tells his story over again at considerable length: or take Siegmund's account of his own early adventures to Siegfried and Hunding in the first act of the "Walkyrie." In all these things there is no great weight of emotion requiring all the resources of music to liberate it. There is merely some necessary material of fact and information which has to be got through, and done with as directly and straightforwardly as possible, and the simplest means of expression is here also the best.

But, again, in any drama worthy the name there are passages which are greatly emotional, sensational, tragic. Here, while the words must be given with absolute clearness (for to miss a word in such situations may be maddeningly painful to the hearer), the musical setting may be most important and necessary in order to reinforce their sentiment. In such passages "recitative" and flowing musical phrases for the voice, supported most delicately, but never drowned or broken up by the orchestra, are the kind most required. Always the voice and the clearly-enunciated words must be the main thing (sprachgesang, if you like), the instrumentation subdued in the background—but here, doubtless, there will be moments, crises, periods more or less extended, when the dramatic action being suspended, the orchestra, like a Greek chorus, will come forward alone and occupy the attention of all with its gracious commentary.

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Finally, in every drama, there are passages that are frankly musical in character—songs, love-songs, marches, choruses. Here the words are comparatively unimportant; they are brief, and their general tendency is to follow and suggest naturally the musical rendering predominates. The singers give rein to their voices and to their utmost melodic quality and expression. The musical structure of the themes, in aria and chorus and so forth, holds complete sway; the words adapt and mold themselves to suit the harmonious needs; the orchestra rejoices in its strength as assistant and interpreter.

If, therefore, I say, a drama is to be properly interpreted, by the means which passages do naturally the greatest variety in that musical treatment. And for such variety of treatment we have— in a way of course—abundant precedent in the old Italian opera, as well as in modern operetta. In both of these we have sometimes the purely spoken word, sometimes recitative, sometimes the fluent cantabile, sometimes the set aria and chorus; and it is no doubt partly through their variety, and the relief they thus give to the ear, that these forms of opera retain their hold upon the public so strongly to this day. Yet the highest art in opera to me to be beautiful and attractive in itself. And that this can be understood that the words, the dialogues, explanatory conversations, can freely and beautifully aire for the mere joy of singing—so when they want to. It will understand that the Music-Drama must be made so that, on the one hand, the words, the dialogues, explanatory conversations, situations, etc., are absolutely clear and unmistakable, even to the most ill-instructed listener, and on the other hand, that the music leads the singer to sing free and beautifully attractive in itself. And that this can only be done by a kind of alternation—at one time the words coming to the fore, and at another time the purely musical idea—and this without patchiness, but by natural and well-managed transitions. That, in fact, the perfect freedom of technique and the use of every effect and combination of voice and instrument is really needed for the medium and material of opera or orchestra rendered possible. If it be said that this is difficult, we may reply that of course it is. All the same, the thing has to be done. If, as seems not unlikely, a school of English playwrights and musicians is growing up with the intention to create a native Music-Drama and avoid the drawbacks of the translated word and of a borrowed musical style, it is particularly important that they should consider this problem beforehand. In a sense, it does not so much matter how the problem is solved as long as it is solved. I would say: Don’t bother too much about theory, Wagner’s or others, but go straight at the thing. As in all art, the great difficulty, and the end of all training and study, is to say simply what you mean, independent of fashion, accepted styles, and so forth. Make a Music-Drama which says what it means—and in such a way that people must follow and understand and respond. Don’t mind the words shaking themselves free from the music at times if they want to do so, or the music shaking free from the words. Above all things, avoid, like poison, monotony and the wearisome continuance of the same method of treatment all along. Think with what pleasure after waves and storms of emotion, one returns to the bare statement and recital of facts; or after the most gorgeous burst of music, to the simplest, quietest monotone or recitative, or even to the speaking voice, and vice versa. Do not deprive your audience of these pleasures by eternally drumming you clever musical phrases and orchestrations in their ears. Perhaps the best way to get free from all this humbug of the past would be to write first a Music-Drama for rustics or for children, and so begin de novo; or take even a wrinkle from the music hall and the comic stage, where singers who cannot produce a singing note often score the greatest success. Be sure, anyhow, of your fundamental appeal to your audience; get the story and the variety of the characters to move, to be beautiful and to be of the highest use. For in attacking all our ideals and all our formulas, they induce us to adopt a wiser attitude; they help us towards better formulas and better ideals by forcing us to admit that we have not got the best. On the other hand, their declaration of the equal rights and equal dignity of all parts of man’s nature amounts but to intellectual nihilism, for in declaring all things divine it leaves no room for change or progress; it leads nowhere but to that very contentment with the status quo which the whole Anarchist denounces. A judicious compromise between Christ and Nietzsche is the solution recommended by Vernon Lee. "For, to be able to see in all we call bad, wrong, false, the cause and effect, the immense naturalness and inevitability, its place in the universe as distinguished from its place in our own liking or convenience; to be able to face fact at fact, yet at the same time to preserve our human preferences, to exercise our own free will and will all the more rigidly because we know that it is our selection, reality offering more, but we accepting only what we choose; such a double attitude would surely be the best." Doubtless it would be best, were such reconstructions possible to ordinary minds. What Vernon Lee does not seem to see is that his views...
the reader's attention; and when she proceeds to attest the case, she so far transcends the teachings of Nietzsche, that a discussion of her ideas in the Tain. It is really in "Gospels of Anarchy" that we have Vernon Lee at her best, for then she is dealing with theories rather than persons, and can afford to neglect the psychological factor which appears in some of the later essays to be so baffling to her.

Some Answered Questions. From the Persian of Mary A. Hutton. (Maunsel, 1904-1906. [Kegan Paul. 4s.])

Wice men still come from the East to offer the treasures of contemplative thought to the feverish and troubled questions of the Western world. The sage, whose "tired moments" Miss Barrey has enshrined in this book, has been persecuted for forty years for his efforts to reform the Turkish Government in the historically famous fortress of Acre (Acca). He is a leading apostle of the religious movement sometimes called Babism, but more correctly, Bahaism. It was inaugurated some sixty years ago by Mirza Ali Effendi, who assumed the title of "Bab"—i.e., the door or gate, through which men could arrive at the knowledge of God. His method was to fulfill rather than destroy: to arouse his Mohammedan hearers to a better understanding of their own faith, and to foretell the coming of a "Mahdi," or Messiah. He was at last shot by order of the Persian Government, but the Messiah arrived in the person of Baha'u'llah, who carried on the work of the "Bab," wrote a "Book of Laws," was four times exiled, and died at Acca in 1892. Our sage, 'Abdu'l-Baha, or Abbas Effendi, is his son and successor. Living, as they both have done, in Palestine, it is no wonder we find in this volume a wealth of material that will call to the attention of many who are interested in the newest of Eastern Theologies.

The Tain: An Irish Epic told in English Verse. By Mary A. Hutton. (Maunsel. 10s. 6d. net.)

We have to admit our disappointment at Mrs. Hutton's rendering of this chapter of the Irish epic. The translation bears all the indications of scholarship—earnestness of purpose, and laborious research, but it lacks poetry. There is no magic of diction, no unique and impassioned use of language. But apart from any attempts to give us the cæsurae of the manuscript sources; one in the "Book of Leinster," dating from the middle of the twelfth century; the other in a manuscript called "Lesbaos no Luidhri," written in 1106 by a scholar who gathered his materials from various books now lost; and thirdly, from a much later manuscript known as the "Yellow Book of Lecan." The present translator has used all these sources in carrying out her work. We quote her own words as to the method of arrangement. "Having, as I dared to believe, grasped the essential human facts of the story, I began by some rearrangement of the historical material. Then I omitted all material that was either irrelevant to my conception or tedious in itself; and finally, I completed the narrative by working into its texture a rather large amount of matter from other related sources." There are five useful appendices from which the translation has been constructed, and others giving vocabularies of Irish terms and place-names. Mrs. Mary A. Hutton will be thanked by students of Celtic literature and legend for her work, and Messrs. Maunsel deserve congratulations on the excellent form in which they send the book forth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

THE EUROPEAN WAR SCARE.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

If "Stanhope of Chester's" article is intended to provoke debate it is well calculated to serve its purpose; but as a serious contribution to a controversy which is a life-and-death matter to us, it is deplorable. He gives himself and his case away in the first paragraph; he charges Meares, Hyndman and Blatchford with "reckless incitements to war"; while, as a matter of fact, their whole aim is to prevent the most disastrous war in the whole history of the world by the only means by which it can be prevented. I could take his article point by point, and show that nine out of ten of his statements are as wide of the truth as that one. As I raised an emphatic warning in these columns before the Hyndman Blatchford articles appeared, I can speak for those who think with them on this matter, and substitute "we" for "I." Because certain vultures fatten on war; that is the reason we would take the shortest means of preventing war. It is true that Germany and England are both preparing for attack and defence; but who has refused to slacken those preparations at the invitation of England and the Peace Congress? Germany; yet "Stanhope of Chester" makes as if England were to begin it. Danger threatens on several sides, and when our hands are full Germany would be able to strike us to the heart beyond hope of recovery; it would be madness to prevent the germ of war from spreading, and other wars would probably result from the scramble for our possessions. Yet "Stanhope of Chester" thinks our capitalists are eager for such a war! It is criminal folly for us to shirk the first duty of citizenship, that of personally defending our own homes, and to trust to a single line of defence.

Now, we largely agree with your Editorial Notes, and with the manifest of the Labour Party; that is the hope of the future; it is the danger of the present we have to meet. If "Stanhope of Chester" were to move in this vital matter; unspurred he would probably be doing the right and patriotic thing. It is infantile to suppose that the great impending movement will be influenced much by what we say of the Germans, or what the

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THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

To Mr. CLARK, 22, AUGUST 22, 1908

CLARK, AUGUST 22, 1908


THE NEW BEEF TEA—JU-VIS.

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Germans say of us; elemental forces are at work, guided by shortest cut to her goal will be the destruction of our Empire, criminally neglect to make these Islands impregnable, the a world-wide disaster to Humanity.

Your contributor "Stanhope of Chester" (can he be a new peer, or what?) is so well-meaning in a mild, Non-
is now a paper regarded seriously, so I think his muddle-
prevent any Power securing a hegemony in Europe. He does know the facts. The strange thing is
believe in the danger of war. But your contributor is not in
properties likely to lead to war could possibly arise between
I have put this sugges-
I wonder how many of your readers are, like myself, ardent Suffragists, and yet sneakingly in sympathy with the Bazian point of view. I wonder how many of us, male and female, are tired of hearing females proclaiming how gentle, how tender, how patient, how brave, and how beautiful the female woman...

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him to smoke her out; last but not least, she will keep away from his dying pillow when he doesn’t want her there.

For (and this is the most serious point of my difference with Mr. Baptista) is a selfish animal who flings to the wind like rain, with none of that cautious instinct for the race that characterises woman. It would be well for the man who thinks he is loving being in man’s life a thing apart, to remember the character of the poet who originated the idea. The things that man does expressly well outside his sexual function far outweigh any present in his eyes; but biology shakes her head at him still.

Let us take woman at her word while we are in the way with her. We cannot admit that they will never do anything except make her tenderer, but let us trust she will develop in magnanimity.

JOHN KIRBRY.

* * *

"THE CONVICTION OF MR. TILAK."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I observe that a wholly unfounded charge is brought against me in your last issue by a correspondent who takes shelter behind the initials "R. W." He accuses me in so many words of "intentionally misleading," the readers of "The New Age" because in the article on "The Conviction of Mr. Tilak" which you printed in your issue of August 1, I wrote that "there are a dozen of Marathi-speaking Hindus on the Bombay High Court jury," and proposed that a seventy-four names were selected by "Mr. Tilak himself, and it is no wonder he objects to eight names with the initials "R. W." given as his." I observe that a wholly unfounded charge is brought against me in so many words of "intentionally misleading," the readers of "The New Age" because in the article on "The Conviction of Mr. Tilak" which you printed in your issue of August 1, I wrote that "there are a dozen of Marathi-speaking Hindus on the Bombay High Court jury," and proposed that a seventy-four names were selected by "Mr. Tilak himself, and it is no wonder he objects to eight names with the initials "R. W." given as his."...

H. E. A. COTTON.

MR. STEAD AND RUSSIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The lady who signs herself "Maurice Browne"—nothing more.

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but the Editor's solemn word will convince me that the
writer is a man—reminds me irresistibly of the cook at Mr.
Nupkin's, J.P. for the borough of Ipswich. Having become
convinced of the perfidy of Job Trotter, she first flew at him
violently, and then, being torn out several handfuls of
his hair, was overcome by the remembrance of the sweet days
in which they had planned together an idyllic paradise in
the shape of a chandler's shop, and "having a lady of very
excitable and delicate feelings, instantly fell under the
influence of that of her daughter."

In the same way, Miss (or is it Mrs.) Browne treats Mr.
Stead, whom she formerly admired as the man "whom men
and women with tears in their eyes blessed, etc.," now that
his treachery is made manifest. But her first fury being
spent, she remembers that he is the "scarred and veteran
victor of the campaign against the governing classes, manage themselves to keep
out of the clutches of the law. But Mr. Stead has for once
gone too far. "No English author," he has said, "would
dream of attacking capital punishment in this country, be-
cause it is part of our law to which we are accustomed." This
is what we might call coming a cropper with a vengeance.
Miss Browne herself is an English author "though an
Irishman;" she is "spies" as Mr. Stead in an earlier para-
graph, and she "is not accustomed to capital punishment,"
she has never been hung even once.

But I—even I who now write unto you—I am also an
English author who have never been hung, and yet admit
that I should deserve to be if I killed a man unlawfully, or
incited others to murder, and what is more to the point, I
have been a Russophile for nearly thirty years. Strange as
it may seem, I love the Russian people more than my own
countrymen, to know them is to love them, whereas to know
the English people is to love a few of them, and I thoroughly
agree with Mr. Stead in everything except the advisability of
letting loose the Salvation Army to delude the ignorant
people of this country.

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