NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Tool's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

[Our readers who are holidaying will be doing us a great service by obtaining the NEW AGE from their local newsagents.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Readers of Fraser's "Golden Bough" will remember the tragic figure of the Priest of Nemi who sat and ruled by the grove and lake of Aricia until his murderous successor appeared. Even so is the situation of England in Europe. While therefore denouncing the false alarms raised by amateur diplomats intent on political capital, we do not disguise from ourselves the real nature of international rivalry. Thanks partly to the inspiration of Nietzsche, Germany is undoubtedly preparing to become the super-State of the world; and in the interests of civilisation we cannot pretend to be altogether sorry that British Imperialism is being compelled to realise the price of power. That price, we maintain, includes a more serious attention to the health and happiness of our people than any Government has yet been prepared to pay. A happy England would have nothing to fear though the world in arms were against her; but an England with eighteen millions of its people on or in the abyss of starvation is already a half-defeated nation. The hysteria of the last few weeks is the product not of "jolly confidence," as Mr. Blatchford appears to think, but of a sense of social sickness of which increasing pauperism and unemployment are merely the symptoms. We have said that the business of Socialists during the paper crisis was to consolidate the forces of International Socialism. Now that the crisis is somewhat passed, the additional duty of Socialists is to ensure for every soul in the land a living wage. If we had to make our choice, we would rather live under German rule than see our millions slowly starve under the rule of our own English bureaucracy.

All the same, we are glad to see that the furnaces of rancour have been damped down during the past week. Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George cannot, however, be said to have contributed to this result. We acquit Mr. Churchill of such ignorance as really to believe in his phrase regarding the "essential goodness of great peoples." Great people are like great men, no worse and no better. In other words, their essential goodness is compatible with a large admixture of essential badness. Nor was that the proper line to take at such a meeting as that at Swansea. Mr. Lloyd George, too, was quite as feeble in Germany. Both his own interview with the "Neue Freie Presse," and the interview of his even more indiscreet secretary, Mr. Harold Benn, with the "Tagblatt," were good taste, but they were diplomatic blunders. They give colour to the rumour that the Cabinet is divided; they detract from the prestige of Sir Edward Grey as Foreign Minister; and, worst of all, they positively magnify the importance of the situation in the eyes of Europe. Still less can we admit that Mr. Blatchford has supplied any peace-making material to the discussion. He upbraids his friends with having failed to discern his political object in joining the agitation. That object, he told the "Daily News," was the creation of a Citizen Army. But to raise a scare for such a purpose seems to us very like burning a house to roast a pig. A Citizen Army is, we hold, necessary and desirable; but a desirable Citizen Army will never be created in a panic. Lamb never told us how often the Chinese in burning their house, burned their pig, too. But it must often have happened. Again, we deplore the tone of the "Nation" in commenting on the situation. Apparently its master argument in support of peace is that peace is cheap. We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but shopkeepers or not, no nation with power in this instance. Mr. Bernstein, late Social Democratic member of the Reichstag, has both in the "Nation" and the "Labour Leader," been doing what he can. At a huge public meeting in Breslau last Sunday he carried a resolution protesting against "agitations for war and diplomatic intrigues," and renewing the old international vow of Socialism. But in this country, so far as we can learn, nothing of the sort has been done. Our Socialist and Labour leaders have not the excuse of Grouse, and we certainly think they would have been well employed in organising Socialist demonstrations, here and in Germany. The "Labour Leader" is satisfied to record that "numerous resolutions" in favour of international peace have been received; but it has not had the nous to publish a single one of them. Hence the "Clarion" has apparently had the whole field to itself. This suggests, of course, that the Socialist movement has not yet come to man's estate, but remains a congeries of more or less independent units, engaged in guerilla warfare with the present order of things. Of collective and national responsibility we have yet scarcely a sign; of international responsibility we
can therefore anticipate no great things for a long time to come. The whole incident of the war-scare, in fact, has thrown a vivid light on the youthful weaknesses of the Socialist movement.

But if we cannot honestly attribute the lull in the storm to any of the above-named elements, what are the powers that have been at work? We do not hesitate to place first the King's visit to the Kaiser at Cronberg. Like it or not as we may, the King is still far and away the most powerful person in England; and there is not the slightest doubt that his meeting with the German Emperor as the conversation held between the latter and Sir Charles Hardinge, have served to allay both in Germany and England the irritation both countries were experiencing. Obviously, of course, no essential change in the situation has been produced. Germany and England remain precisely where they were. But it must never be forgotten that the chief feature of the recent upset was that neither country knew exactly where the other was. As our contributor of a week or two ago, "Stanhope of Chester," pointed out in reply to Mr. Blatchford's patriotic illusion that "there is no war-party in England," in Germany that illusion does not exist. Mr. Blatchford must be singularly badly read in current journalism, as well as singularly uninformed generally, if he really believes that there is a war-party in England but not in England. Professor Doctor von Schulze-Gaueritz, writing as a German who knows England, finds evidence enough in English journals to convict Mr. Blatchford of blind sentiment. The "New Statesman," the "Observer," the "Saturday Review," and the "Saturday Review" are among the papers quoted by him. Does Mr. Blatchford never see them? In any case, the point is that while things remain unchanged, it is our first business to know what these things are; and one of those things is the existence in England as well as in Germany of a war-party. The whole question is whether either or both of these war-parties will have their way; or whether, by the King's help, we can enlist the help of international organisations, and, by the help, the (which is the Socialist's business) of the European Socialist movement, the war-parties of the respective countries shall have their teeth drawn and their claws clipped. But how?

We commend to Socialists in particular the wise words of Mr. Edward Bernstein. "There is," he says, "no solution at all for those Socialists who disparage foreign affairs, movements for disarmament, or the restriction of armaments, and movements for arbitration." These means may or may not be powerful at the present moment; but practically they are all we have to rely on. The alternative is a gigantic race between armaments, periods of armaments, and armaments so large that a slump in the whole policy of International organisation, peace, and the help of the (which is the Socialist's business) of the European Socialist movement, the war-parties of the respective countries shall have their teeth drawn and their claws clipped. But how?

There are Socialists and democrats who hold the view that Haldaneism is absolutely useless, even as a sketch. Dr. Miller Magazine, for instance, denounces Mr. Haldane's scheme weekly in these pages. Mr. Haldane, a Labour Member, is another instance. The papers of this current week will contain, we understand, the draft of a Bill which Mr. Thorne will introduce into Parliament during the coming Autumn Session, to constitute a Citizen Army. We have not had the opportunity of considering the Bill in detail, but the next few months will give us ample time. The greatest obstacle hitherto to a National Army in this country has been the omission from its initiation of any popular element. Every Army scheme has been grafted on from above, by force and cajolery. If Mr. Thorne's scheme should provide for a vigorous movement from below we shall wish it well. But there remains the question of desirability. Is it a compulsory (for universal) scheme which in our opinion make its ultimate failure not only inevitable, but desirable. It is at best a half-way house between the old feudal army and the genuine-democratic army. And Mr. Haldane and his friends show no signs of even wishing to consider the democratic goal. As far off from the goal of complete democratisation as any War Minister stops, so far off complete success will be. In discussing, however, the question of a National Army our first business is to enquire whether Mr. Haldane's scheme is good enough to begin with, or whether we must project an absolutely new model, consigning Haldaneism to the same grave in which he has buried Conscription.

As we anticipated, the revolution in Turkey has given an impetus to Egyptian Nationalists. The "Lewa," and other Arab papers, have addressed telegrams to the Sultan praying him to advise the Khedive to grant a Constitution to Egypt. Unless, therefore, the Young Turks desire to embroil England in Egypt the prayer of the "Lewa" will remain unanswered. The programme of the Young

Finally, there is the Citizen Army, which Mr. Blatchford hopes may arise out of the programme of the present discontents. But we are at all sure, first, that a Citizen Army is desirable; secondly, that it is possible; and thirdly, that we have not already the sketch laid down in Mr. Haldane's Territorials. Speaking for ourselves, we have made up our minds on all three points; but we have yet to see any unanimity amongst Socialists generally on the subject. The "Times" Military Correspondent described in summary the first impressions undertaken by the new scheme. It is high time for arbitration. These means may or may not be public means compulsory; and Mr. Haldane and his optimism as part-author of the scheme, there is enough hope left in his description to encourage in thousands of his readers the belief that Mr. Haldane's scheme will eventually prove satisfactory. We deny, therefore, that it will. There are Socialists generally on the subjects. The "Times," the "Observer," and the "Saturday Review" are among the papers quoted by him. Does Mr. Blatchford never see them? In any case, the point is that while things remain unchanged, it is our first business to know what these things are; and one of those things is the existence in England as well as in Germany of a war-party. The whole question is whether either or both of these war-parties will have their way; or whether, by the King's help, we can enlist the help of international organisations, peace, the help of the (which is the Socialist's business) of the European Socialist movement, the war-parties of the respective countries shall have their teeth drawn and their claws clipped. But how?

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The Congo Annexation Bill was passed in the Belgian Parliament by a majority of 29. We may take no longer needed. Doubtless abuses will remain for whatever purpose it may have served in the past, is capture of the Army effect our more difficult purpose? overthrow—not kings and autocrats. Would even the tally, the ablest man in Belgium, M. Vandervelde, is the Bill to the very last. But they are wiser than to private reformers must be equally directed against dream lightly of the perils and tasks ahead.

Socialists, we hope, have not missed the moral of the Turkish revolution: it is that revolutions are effected by force of arms. Japan, Portugal, and now Turkey have each succeeded to the degree of their success by means of arms alone. If not by arms alone it is certain that everything depended on the capture of the Army; and the sudden death of the popular Minister for War two days after his appointment will be a serious blow to the new constitutional victors. But it must be remembered that Socialism involves a far more difficult revolution than mere Liberalism. What happened in Japan, in Portugal, and in Turkey was what happened in England three hundred years ago, namely, the destruction of an ancient aristocratic feudalism by a semi-democratic body of Liberals. That, too, is the task that is being attempted by the Russian revolutionaries. But the overthrow of formal feudalism is much easier than the overthrow of real feudalism. Feudalism in England gave place to capitalism; and in Russia, where a new wealth has succeeded. Can we doubt that in Turkey, if the new Constitution remains, it is capitalism and not the commonwealth that will prove to have conquered? Or that the success in Russia of the revolutionaries will do more than instal in the Tsar’s place the statue of Mammon? We in England, and Socialists everywhere, have Mammon to overthrow—not kings and autocrats. Would even the capture of the Army effect our more difficult purpose? Chances are that these Constitutional reformers are, they dream lightly of the perils and tasks ahead.

The Congo Annexation Bill was passed in the Belgian Parliament by a majority of 29. We may take it as an indication that the Congo Reform Association, whatever purpose it may now have served in the past, is no longer needed. Doubtless abuses will remain for some time to come—possibly quite as long as they continue under the British flag—but the Belgian people having taken the colony in hand, any further action by private reformers must be equally directed against native ill-treatment in all parts of the world. The Socialist Parliamentarians in Belgium protested against the Bill to the very last. But they are wiser than to protest and nothing more. Their leader, and, incidentally, the ablest man in Belgium, M. Vandervelde, is on a mission of discovery in the Congo. It is certain that with the knowledge gained there at first hand such criticisms as he can afterwards supply in Parliament will do more good than all the pamphlets issued by the Congo Reform Association.

Another outbreak of race hatred took place in America last week in Illinois, the birth-place of Lincoln. The settlements in a journal that refuses to shock its readers except by means of ideas. Suffice it to say the whites of the city behaved worse than wolves in a sheepfold. The authorities, however, acted splendidly; and we understand that when once the hysterics and mob were under control, all the perpetrators were confounded. But such occurrences are too numerous and widespread to be salved by smooth words on the morrow. We trust the Commissioners will insist on land for the six months ending June last. The findings of the two Small Holdings Commissioners have presented to the Board of Agriculture an interim report on the proceedings taken under the Small Holdings Act for the six months ending June last. The findings of the Commission falsify most of the prophecies of the anti-social politicians. Far from there being, as we were told, no demand for small holdings, the demand has, even under the restrictions of the Act coupled with the stupidity of local bodies, grown so large as to almost exhaust the supply of land. Further, instead of the demand coming from the landless masses, it has been supplied by the wealthy, and even by the Yellow Press. No Peace Congress has occurred before which has received more official notice than this one, and there is a new question raised: “What is Mr. Belloc?” We do not propose to enlighten the “Academy” any further.

The “Academy,” we grieve to say, has resigned its struggle against overwhelming odds. We had really only begun our defence. In the current issue THE NEW AGE is gently set aside, and the new question is raised: “What is Mr. Belloc?” We do not propose to enlighten the “Academy” any further.

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It is perfectly well known to all military historians that the battles either of the South African War or of the Russo-Japanese War were in no sense more destructive of life among the combatants than were the wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In fact, it may easily be shown, that, pro rata, there were a few more casualties in earlier battles than in later ones, due to causes which I need not enter into here. The dominant factor is in both cases the human nerves, which very clearly indicate to man when he has had enough of fighting, and which have no preference for the soldiers that it will eventually be enforced. Therefore, the first business of those who know the truth is to make the peoples understand not the bloodiness of war, but its futility. Evils are more effectually killed by ridicule than by aught else, and if you can show, as in this case, that not only is modern fighting no more effective in the killing of the living than was the old fashioned kind, but that it is pathetically humorous in its effects on totally innocent people, you have at hand every argument which should cause a reaction against it.

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The German Social Democrats and the War Scare.

By Alderman W. Sanders, L.C.C.

The manifesto of the Labour Party on the war feeling which is being systematically created in England against Germany, is a notable step towards the long needed understanding between the working classes of Great Britain and Germany. For reasons which need not now be touched upon there has been a want of sympathy in the relation between the English and German Labour and Socialist movements, and the absence of any desire to get in close touch with one another which is extremely regrettable, inasmuch as it has considerably weakened the international side of Socialism. English Socialists have failed to appreciate the difficulties under which our German comrades have been compelled to carry on their agitation and to build up their wonderfully efficient organisation. Nor do they fully know of the constant and energetic opposition of the German Social Democrats during the last three years, both in the Reichstag and in the country, to the anti-English campaign which politicians, journalists, and university professors have been conducting with great cleverness and vigour. Deserted by the puny Liberals who have gone over to the jingoists, our comrades have fought single-handed against the organised efforts of those who are trying—with the aid of our anti-German patriots—to make Germany believe that nothing can prevent a mighty struggle for supremacy between the greatest naval and the greatest military power of the world. The Labour Party's action will stimulate their German friends to greater action to curb the war spirit in their country, and will make them feel that they are no longer fighting alone, as they really have been, for the maintenance of peace.

The task of the Social Democrats in this matter is far heavier than ours. They have not to combat the childish nonsense which has filled the columns of the English Press about spies in woods and restaurants, and staff officers searching for military information disguised as barbers' assistants. The German jingo plays a more dignified game. He points to the fact that Germany has lost millions of her sons because there were no German colonies in which the teeming inhabitants of the Fatherland could find new homes. Colonies of any nature can only be obtained by force, and this means running the risk of a war with the British Empire, which, holding the sea roads of the world, will not allow the development of a rival world Empire. But time will come when Germany must expand, a form which can be considered inimical to the prosperity of either country. Much more ominous is the competition in the building of Dreadnoughts. Here is the point at which we must begin. We have not the ground on which German and English working classes can agree to the outlook, and what further steps can be taken to counteract the enemies of peace in our respective countries.

The Social Democrats lost half their seats although they increased their votes. But the defeated party have not slackened in their endeavours to educate their working class countrymen, and to make them recognise that they will have to pay the price of the policy which is being engineered by those who dream of great German dominions beyond the seas, and who draw handsome dividends from the work which get the orders for the steel plates to build the ships which will secure those dominions. Recently our comrades have redoubled their efforts in view of the use the German Press has made of the anti-German outpourings of English newspapers. Before me lie the reports of three great meetings held in Berlin addressed by Robert Schmidt, G. Ledebour, and Fritz Zubiel, three of the best known Socialist members of the Reichstag. All three meetings were crammed; thousands desirous of admission were turned away. Resolutions were passed unanimously and enthusiastically condemning the German Government for its provocative foreign policy, and the action of those who were responsible for bringing about the feeling of hatred against Great Britain, and declaring that steps should be taken to bring about a friendly arrangement between Great Britain, France, and Germany with the object of securing a reduction of armaments. The resolutions also expressed profound satisfaction that the working classes in the countries concerned were taking steps in a similar direction, and expressed sympathy with them in the name of international Socialist solidarity. In Breslau, and other cities, similar gatherings have been held; and the German Socialist Press has been full of articles and reports giving voice to the crusade on behalf of peace which the party has undertaken.

If the war scare is to be killed and the present dangerously explosive state of the public mind is to be cleared, International Socialism must do the work. In Germany it is being done, and with considerable effect, as recent elections, national and Imperial, have shown. The effect will be immensely greater, both in Germany and in Great Britain, if the parties in both countries are able to follow up the manifesto of the Labour Party by united action. During the approaching annual Congress of the German Socialists in this city I hope to be able to secure direct from the leaders their views as to the outlook, and what further steps can be taken to counteract the enemies of peace in our respective countries.

I have already received the views of one well known Socialist representative, Dr. Albert Südekum, member of the Reichstag for Nuremberg. Dr. Südekum was chairman of the section of the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart last year which dealt with the question of militarism. His communication runs as follows:

"My own position with regard to the present situation between my country and England is that of my party, with this difference, that I am less convinced than any other German Socialist, profoundly convinced, not only of the necessity for, but also the possibility of, bringing about a complete understanding between the German and the English working classes. I regret very much that owing to the absence of personal intercourse the relations between the two have not been more intimate. I consider that the most important duty of the Socialists of both countries is to fight against the stupid belief that a war between Germany and England is inevitable. On the contrary, I see no real ground for even the danger of a military struggle between the two nations. The rivalry of the two peoples in the field of trade and commerce cannot be held as a sufficient reason, seeing that it has not taken a form which can be considered inimical to the prosperity of either country. Much more ominous is the competition in the building of Dreadnoughts. Here is the point at which we must begin. We have not the power to bring about a complete understanding between the two nations, but we all have the view that we can win over the majority of our respective countrymen to the side of a reduction of naval armaments. For this object we must work unceasingly, believing that both peoples are really more in favour of peace than of war. But for the fear of being thought unpatriotic this would be generally admitted."

Dr. Südekum will be in England in October and will lecture in a number of the big towns, under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party, on the German Socialist movement, thus helping to bring about closer personal relations between the English movement and the one he represents.

Nuremberg, August 22.
by those who have ridden in an open car on an untreated road. There is, therefore, in this department of the question, no dispute as to the urgency of the case. But the abolition of dust will cost hundreds of thousands of pounds. Motorists themselves shrink from suggesting where the hundreds of thousands can be collected. Socialists, on the other hand, have informed as to the enormous proportions of the unearned accumulations that have accrued to land and monopoly (see "Facts for Socialists," price 1d.), must politely requite it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer loan, remake some of the roads, treat the surfaces of others with tar or some other dust-preventive, widen places that are dangerously narrow, and erect warning-boards at danger-spots. The local authorities, relieved of the expense of the main roads, must be exhorted to improve the lanes and by-roads. Today, many local bodies refuse to incur expenditure for the benefit of traffic that comes from a distance and does not directly contribute to the prosperity of the district. Their grievance shall be removed; they must be left with the supervision of the little roads that they use themselves. One advantage will be uniformity of method as regards the main roads. A motorist travelling to-day for 100 miles passes through the control of scores of authorities, which indulge in innumerable variations in the construction of roads, methods of maintenance, speed limits, signs, and notice-boards, etc. In one district he is held up to execution as a "road-hog" for the same conduct that is elsewhere regarded as innocent. In this connection, it should be remembered that there are areas as large as counties in which no prosecution for exceeding the speed-limit has yet been instituted. Central control, with its uniformity of procedure, will benefit the motorist and the public alike.

Anti-motorists are clamouring for a lower speed-limit, for more numerous prosecutions for exceeding the limit, for heavier penalties. The answer to this wrong-headed view is that the removal of the speed-limit on the open road is one of the certainties of the future. It will be replaced by prosecutions for driving up to the gauge of the public, for which purpose it will be necessary to produce evidence identifying the actual persons endangered. In other words, a conviction implying nothing disgraceful will give place to conviction that motorists will avoid, for fear of general censure. The speed-limit system is a charter of freedom, a scrocher, who has little objection to pleading guilty to a charge that has been laid at the door of the most considerate drivers. All motorists believe it to be safe to exceed the limit on open stretches. Amongst those who have broken the law, or whose drivers have broken it, are men and women prominent in every walk of life—statesmen, judges, bishops, magistrates, philanthropists, and social reformers. Why should any car-owner feel shame at finding himself in the same box as the Prime Minister or Sir Wilfrid Laurier?

One view of motoring regards it as an aristocratic and plutocratic luxury. But the self-propelled vehicle is to be, before long, practically the only vehicle. It will carry produce for the whole community, and the workers will be transported in public service motor vehicles not only along the streets of towns, but from one town to another. Why, indeed, should not the owner of a farm become the means of transportation of the artisan, as cycles and pianos have become?

I rejoice to think that the day is approaching when horses will not be seen lying in agony in our thoroughfares, when the use of the hearse-rein will not be the subject of protests, when the overworked cab-horse has been entirely replaced by the motor-cab. Here the humanitarian aspect comes in; but I search in vain for the animal-lover's point of view in the sheaves of letters to editors that I have gathered!

(TO be concluded.)
An Odious Bureaucracy.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

VIII.

A glance at the names of War Ministers for sixty years past will prove that our Army has been managed by a succession of titled or very rich or otherwise prominent political men. One of the Secretaries of State for War has always been a peer, and among the Secretaries and other officials we find such names as the Duke of Newcastle, Dan-
mure, de Grey, and Ripon, Gatborne Hardy (Lord Cranbrook), Stanley (Lord Derby), Hartington (Duke of Devonshire), E. Stanhope, the Marquis of Lans-
downe, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Hon. St. John Brodrick (Lord Midleton).

Hence, we have the very pick of the ruling classes, so called. Yet these supported the infamy of flogging soldiers till 1882, and it was only abolished after a desperate struggle by Radicals and Irish M.P.'s. All through the privates were swindled and robbed, they were shut up in loathsome barracks far worse than prisons or workhouses, their wives and families were treated with cruel and foul ignominy, and they were imprisoned by myriads per annum, even after flogging was abolished. Officers and men have been treated as parliats and deprived of civil rights, their very uniform caused non-commissioned officers to be excluded from the saloon bars and theatres of gentility and respect-
ability.

When a war became inevitable, in nine case out of ten both nation and Army were betrayed and robbed. In every case the War Office was unready at the start; in no case was wise foresight displayed. The politi-
cians have refused to take necessary precautions urged by able writers and soldiers, till it was too late. Cor-
rupution, nepotism, lying, and ruffianism have been ordinary incidents all through. This state of things has been reported by generals and other authorities, and by Boards of Enquiry again and again, and has been thoroughly proved since 1902 by the Elgin Com-
mision, the Farrall Commission, the Aker-Douglas Commission, and the Norfolk Commission. I would advise my readers to study able summaries of War Office tyranny and mismanagement by Sergeant-Major Edmondson, called "John Bull and his Army," and by the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold Forster, called "The Army and the Empire." I could give out of my own experiences terrible narratives since 1882, and Haldane admits that when he came into power the Army was in a complete state of disorganisation; but he was too courtey to expose malfeasance when he became an official himself.

Not one of the potentates whom I have named was a success, and Lansdowne was such a shocking failure that his whole system was denounced by Wolseley, Butler, and Buller himself, and he only escaped im-
peachment because of his wealth and widespread family connections. He cost the nation in absolutely wasted funds directly £200,000,000, and indirectly £800,000,000 more and 20,000 lives! Had we been governed by able business men, with the advice of military experts like Wolseley and a few others, that war in South Africa would have never taken place; or could easily have been conducted to a successful issue at a cost of £40,000,000 and 5,000 lives. But read the strategy speeches of Balfour, the "man in the street," 1899-1905, and wonder that we were not absolutely ruined. They are the very subline of the inept and the insane. Yet he is now the chief of the Opposition.

In regard to strategy, men like Cardinal Dubois, Olivier, and Secretary Stanton were to Balfour as Agamemnon was to Thersites.

But the wars in the Soudan and the Crimean War were just as stupidly managed by the same type of politicians. The late Lord Salisbury, a most ineffi-
cient Foreign Secretary, and, as Captain Mahan says, one of the worst examples of the Manchester School, declared that in the Crimean War "we put our money on the wrong horse."

But the management of that war was characterised by flagitious incapacity, and would have been horrible but for Miss Agnes Miller and William Howard Russell, and was only redeemed by the heroism and patience of the soldier. Out of 24,000 British who perished, 18,000 owed their premature death not to Russian bullets, or shells, or sabres, but to the Right Honour-

sofists in London. All through the Victorian Age the "brave and wise man's toll has been the sport of political and society fools." It would have been a very good bargain to have given most of our War Secrretries, including Mr. Haldane, a year, to stay away from the War Office. Their presence has degraded everything which they touched, as Lord Hals-

bury recently said of Asquith and Lord Loreburn and Birrell and Lloyd George and Churchill.

The treatment of the rank and file by these charla-
tons, who could find time for games and hunting and shouting and costly luxuries and entertainments, and "were clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," has been infamous, without any intermission. They have harrased on the spouls of the Empire won by our soldiery, whom they recruited by lies, and retained by treachery, and left to rot and starve.

I hope that I have proved that committees of Suffragettes, or Socialists, or shopkeepers, or railway men, or railway men would probably manage military affairs much better, and could not possibly manage them worse than they have been managed by both political parties; and these committees would not be insulting their victims by attending race courses and fashionable garden parties and gold plate dinners and gala performances at the Opera and golf clubs during their highly paid tenure of office, and thus turning into scorn the toils and sufferings of their ill paid victims.

Napier, the historian, said of our troops in the Penin-
sula:"The British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honour awaited his daring, no praise or payment; no place for him in the van or rear of the line; he was allowed to starve.

A military journal says:"Recent enquiries showed that of the men who fought for England over half a century ago in the Crimean War there were, it appears, a thousand survivors who were spending the closing years of their lives in the workhouse!" Noble Govern-
ment!

Sir Charles Dilke, speaking on the question of Mili-
itary Law in the House of Commons in March, 1906, protested as follows:-

That there should be a total of 22,000 men in the home stations driven into military prisons every year, that there should be 7,750 men driven into gaol by courts martial every year, and that they were condemning these men for the technical offence when mere boys, was surely a matter which, if the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Haldane) looked a little further away, he would find the Army a very good bargain to have given most of our War

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Occasional Reflections.

By Edgar Jepson.

It is an exceedingly gratifying reflection that on the very day on which Mr. Plowden declared from the bench that the honour of his Majesty King Edward the Seventh got on to our postage stamps, I have it on excellent authority that the die from which they are printed was made by a gentleman who has received an Art education, probably at South Kensington. Now this is horribly old-fashioned. How much more truly Twentieth-Century it would have been, and how much more gratifying to loyal subjects like me, to have had his exact lineaments reproduced on the stamps I daily use by some really up-to-date photographic process. But there, nothing is done to encourage loyalty. Gramophones now: why do not gramophones go about the country reproducing for our delectation the exact tones and accent of his kingly voice? Why do they give us merely the stertorous blither of tenth-rate Tariff Reformers? It is within the resources of modern science to bring his Majesty into closer touch with his subjects than ever was possible before in history. How would it knit us together to sit hand in hand in darkened halls listening to reproductions of his familiar, homely talk with Sir Francis Knollys at breakfast time; or with the beauties of his Court after dinner. How would it strengthen the bulwarks of the British home. The gramophones could go to the very ends of the Empire, stilling Indian and Colonial sedition; the sun need never set on them. Besides, there is posterity: why should those accents be lost to posterity? But there, science is never employed to encourage loyalty.

Upon a Steamship.

All night, without the gates of slumber lying, I listen to the joy of falling water, And in the thrashing of an iron heart.

In ages past, men went upon the sea, Waiting the pleasure of the chainless winds; But now the course is laid, the billows part; Maskeid has spoken: "Let the ship go there!"

I am grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams That haunt me, of the time that is to be— When shall cease from wantonness and strife, And lay his law upon the course of things. Then shall he live no more on sufferance, But now the course is laid, the billows part; Mankind has spoken: "Let the ship go there!"

The untamed giants of nature shall bow down The tides, the tempest, and the lightning cease From mockery and destruction, and be turned From mockery and destruction, and be turned Unto the making of the soul of man.
The Case of the Anti-Feminists.

By Beatrice Tina

So long as the anti-feminist party seemed to possess not a single argument which I could acknowledge, I troubled myself with it no longer than the moment of reading its name whenever this occurred in my newspaper. It was too paltry for attack, considered. To have struck it or even to have nudge it hard, would have been to hit below the belt; for the creature appeared to be all below belt.

But what? Suddenly their argument presents itself to the mind as being so deep and rationally irresistible, their view so obvious, that I sit astounded never to have seen it before. And yet, a very little unprejudiced consideration might have reminded me that no profound and serious opposition to a movement never to have seen it before. And yet, a very little profound and serious opposition to a movement so deeply and rationally irresistible, their view so obvious, that I sit astounded never to have seen it before. And yet, a very little profound and serious opposition to a movement springs from shallow sources. And the opposition to the movement for women's franchise is not only profound and serious, but upstanding and declamatory as well, voiced by men and women.

The men in favour of the suffrage are, naturally enough, the kinsmen and friends of the women who are demanding the vote. These men declare their opinion that the agitating women are in every way worthy of their respect, and, further, that participation by women in affairs of state not only has no terrors for them, but that they expect positive advantages from the cooperation of feminine intelligence with masculine intellect in the making of laws.

Of course, such conclusions must be based upon male feminists' experience of the sympathetic insight, the moral valuations, the mental faculty, and, finally, the life-energy possessed by the women they are supporting.

If thus the judgment from experience is conceded to the supporters of Woman's Suffrage, surely the same source of intellectual reasoning must be granted to the anti-feminist with his apparently inordinate dislike of women's share in ruling. For instance, who could blame a man whose aspirations may have been all too small, whose life-energy possessed by the women he is bound to obey, this woman's very existence being a perpetual source of intellectual reasoning must be granted to the anti-feminists to repress its use! Leave them to deal with their own women. And if their experience has taught them to suppress the vexes-assist them, I say.

There are only two ways of protection against physical force. One way is to meet it with cunning and turn it into pleasant channels; the other way is to shame and subdue it by exhibiting mental force. The anti-suffrage women, by their own confession, are unfit for the latter method; unfit for anything except what they have always done.

Therefore, please, everybody, help me to persuade them to continue their old ways, that possibly we may be spared the spectacle of bruised and lacerated wives working in chains. I say that the fears of these women anent the violence they may provoke from their men are not without foundation. I say that the fears of these men that their women would prove intolerable tyrants if they ever got a free hand are based upon experience. I implore the anti-feminists to repress while there is time. For the first person these women would tear to pieces might be me. I uphold the anti-feminists! They have a good case.

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The House of Candles.

A Pastoral Drama by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Scene: Grisel Stark’s Cottage. Grisel Stark lies unconscious on the bed; two neighbours, Barbara Wilson and Rebecca Wood, stand watching her, and whispering together.

Barbara: The house was dark; and so, at once, I knew that something was amiss.

Rebecca: The house was dark?

Barbara: Yea; not a blink of light the window showed—the window that had blazed each night for years. I stood a moment, wondering, at my door; and then I crossed the road; and paused awhile. Upon the threshold ere I dared to knock, I was afraid to knock, I knew not why: It seemed so strange to find the house all dark—No candles in the window, not a gleam Beneath the door; and when, with quaking heart, At last, I knocked, none answered, so I raised The latch; and stepped into the house. The room Was dark and silent; and to me it seemed As though I stepped into the house of death. The fire was out; and not a candle lit; And you know, neighbour, how the candles blazed. Night-long this many a year.

Rebecca: She must have burnt a fortune out in candles!

Barbara: When at last My fumbling fingers found a match, and struck A feeble light, it only served to show The candle-sticks burnt empty: naught I saw. Of Grisel, ere the weak flame flickered out, Though I could feel that she was in the room; And, sure afraid, I ran back to my house To fetch my lamp; and in its friendly light I looked about me with a braver heart; And found her stretched before the hearth. At first I thought that she was dead: and shrank from her; For she was ever cold and proud with all, And I had never touched her hand before. And as I looked on that lean hand outstretched, I wondered if that hand had done the thing That rumour spake of it, when first she came. It frightened me; and, as I watched, it seemed The fingers crooked to clutch a baby’s throat; And still I could not draw my eyes from them, But gazed, spellbound, until I realised That only in my fancy they had stirred; For still the hand lay, limp and white; and soon I came unto myself; and pity drove Fear from my heart; and I bent down to lift That fallen head; and found that she still breathed. I loosed her bodice; then I ran to fetch My man; and we together lifted her On to the bed—it took us all our time, For, though she is so slight, yet, in our hands She was a dead weight; and it almost seemed

As if we lifted more than one frail body, As though some dreadful burden bore her down.

Rebecca: God knows what sins are on her! How you dared To touch her I know not! 'Twas madness, sure!

Barbara: I could not leave her, lying helpless there: And, maybe, she is innocent. We know That babies die oft, though only God knows why.

Barbara: The innocent fear not the light, nor waste a heifer's price On candles in a twelvemonth.

Barbara: When we had laid her on the bed; and naught That I could do would rouse her: so I sent My man to fetch the doctor; he can scarce Be back ere dawning, even should be find The doctor in. 'Twere dreadful if she died Ere he should come.

Rebecca: If she's to die she'll die whether he come or not. But strange it is That such as she should have an easy end.

Barbara: O neighbour, you are hard! What would you have?

Rebecca: A murderer . . .

Barbara: Nay! you shall not in this house,

Rebecca: Nothing was known.

Rebecca: But you, yourself, have said These many times—I heard it from your lips . . .

Barbara: Perhaps we all have wronged her. She may be As innocent of her poor baby's death As it . . .

Rebecca: As it! How know you even it was innocent?

Barbara: The babe!

Rebecca: A bastard brat, you may be sure! Else, where is his goodman?

A woman's not worth much who comes alone To a strange village, and sets up a house Where she within a month is brought to bed, And cannot name the father of her child.

Barbara: Cannot? How know you? Did she tell you she was?

Rebecca: Me? Not a word; for she was ever close. But you know well that man was never seen To cross her threshold yet. Had she been all She should be, would there then be any need For secrecy? Her silence proves her guilt; And her dead brat . . .

Barbara: A babe is still a babe whenever it is fathered.

Rebecca: Aye . . . and yet, She can have had but little love for it.

Barbara: Nay! you shall not, neighbour, here!

Rebecca: Why not? 'Tis common knowledge. When it died You know how all the village whispered then That she had strangleted it.

Barbara: Still, naught was known.

Rebecca: Why, I have heard you speak the thing right out With your own lips in Farmer Thompson's field, And Grisel hoeing not ten yards away.

Barbara: But I was young and thoughtless; and since then I have borne children of my own; and seen My firstborn die. Oh, we, when we are young, Are hard of heart, till we, ourselves, have felt
A baby's fingers clutching at the breast!

REBECCA : Ah! who is hard and cruel now! You twit me
That I am barren; but I thank the Lord
I am not as she whom you befriended.
Although I brought my man no child, at least
I bore no nameless children.

BARBARA : Oh! forgive my cruel words. I did not mean to wound. I spake unthinkingly. You answer naught; and never will: for, 'tis our thoughtless words that hurt past healing. Now the thought of me will rankle in your heart for evermore, because my heart that bears no grudge to you Let slip an idle word beyond recall. But you, though you have been denied so much, have been spared something, too. You have not stood Beside your firstborn's grave.

REBECCA : Your patient stirs. 'Twere best to keep your tenderness for her; nor waste your words on me. You know the saying: "Least said is soonest mended." (Turns as if to go.) Aye; she wakes.

BARBARA : You are not going now!

REBECCA : Why should I stay?

BARBARA : You will not leave me with her here, alone! If she should die?

REBECCA : If she's to die, she'll die. Fear not; she will not go before her time.

BARBARA : I dare not bide alone.

REBECCA : You dare not, you! Oh, the brave mothers! Must the barren wife lose her night's rest to tend two shiftless mothers? For she, the helpless wanton on the bed, and you, who stand tremble by her side, are mothers both; while I, you know full well, am but a barren woman, hard of heart.

BARBARA : I said not so. But go; I need you not. I, who have brought to birth, can look on death alone, if need be. I fear nothing now. Shut the door close behind you.

REBECCA : I will stay.

BARBARA : Bide if you will; but come not nigh the bed.

REBECCA : Fear not; I would not soil my hands . . . .

BARBARA : Your heart is soiled past cleansing. But no more of words! For she may die while we standickering here. She wakens; and it seems she tries to speak. (Grisel Stark raises herself on the bed, and looks about her.)

GRIEL : Oh, the great light!

BARBARA : The light! 'Tis but my lamp.

GRIEL : 'Tis not the lamp. The light is in my heart. The candles all are quenched: yet, I fear naught.

BARBARA : You are in your bed in your own house.

GRIEL : But you; how come you here? You and your lamp? I did not see you come.

BARBARA : You have been ill. I saw the house was dark; and feared that something was amiss; and came to find you stretched, unconscious, by your hearth.

GRIEL : I must have fallen. Yes: I have been ill. For many years; but I am better now; and I shall never ail again. You say the house was dark; yet, it was full of light; and it will nevermore be dark to me.

BARBARA : The candles all were out.

GRIEL : And yet, the house was filled with light—the light within my heart—The light that quenched the candles and my fears. I, who have dwelt in darkness, know the light as you can never know it. Since he died—My little babe—so many years ago, my heart has dwelt in darkness; and though I kindled frail candles to dispel the night, naught they availed; nor even the noon sun could drive away that darkness from my heart—My heart so choked with hate and bitterness. Since my babe died . . . . nay, neighbour, shrink not back! These hands have never done a baby hurt. I know what's in your mind; for I heard all those dreadful whispers in past years, though then I answered nought. But, oh! if you have felt a newborn baby cold against the breast, then you will know I speak the truth.

BARBARA : I know.

GRIEL : Still, were you right to shrink. I slew the babe: I killed it in my heart ere it was born: I stabbed it with the dagger of my hate—My hate for him who had forsaken me. Why shrink you not from me, now all is told? Your eyes are kind; and I can talk with you as I have talked to none. But who is that there, in the shadow. . . . though it matters not? For I would have the whole world see the light that floods my heart now. When I left my home, that I might hide my shame from friendly eyes, and came into this countryside, and thought to bear the burden of my misery more easily 'mid strangers, I was fierce against . . . . But, even now, why should you care? That name which once was all the world to me! And that dark month before his child was born, I brooded on my wrongs, and nursed my hate within my bosom; and there seemed no room for any other care within my heart. Ah! shut your ears if you would hear no more; for I must tell out all. Your brow is smooth; your eyes are mild; I think you could not hate: and few have known such hate as mine. His child within my womb, because it was his child, even my hate spared not, but ever prayed that it might never look upon the light—That it might never draw a mortal breath; though even I must die ere it was born.
My time came; and I went through all alone. Nay; spare your pity. 'Twas my will. I kept
You all at bay to serve my evil ends.
And little I remember of those days,
Save as a dream of anguish, till one morn
I knew a lifeless babe beside me lay,
Whose eyes had never looked upon the light—
Whose lips had never drawn a mortal breath—
And knew my prayer was answered
though I lived.
Death passed me by—my punishment, to live:
Knowing myself a murderer in my heart.
And since that hour I have not dared to pray,
Fearing the dreadful power of my prayer.
And since that hour the babe has haunted me,
And I have never dared to be alone
With darkness, lest those eyes which I denied
The light of heaven should burn out from the darkness.
Upon me: and I strove to keep the night
At bay with flickering candles; but in vain,
Because mine own breast still was dark with hate—
The night was in my heart, my bitter heart
That could not yet forgive. But when I came
To-day from work, I was so tired I scarce
Could lift the latch, or cross the threshold—
And could not eat nor sup, just having
strength
To light my candles ere I fell asleep
Beside the hearth-stone; and how long I slept
I know not; but I wakened with a start.
The candles all were out; the room was dark;
I had not looked on utter night so long;
And since that hour the babe has haunted me.
I feared to breathe; and then the thought of him
Came upon me for the first time without hate:
And pity stole like light into my breast;
And instantly the room was filled with light:
And, as I wondered whence the glory
sprang,
My little babe before me laughing stood
With outstretched arms, and happy, kindling eyes,
His little body filled with living light.
And, as I stooped to snatch him to my heart,
I fell; and knew no more; till, in the night,
I saw you standing by the bed. But nay!
There is no night since I have cast out fear:
And I shall dread the darkness nevermore.
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soapy—on the doctrine of the universal memory, and perhaps when the collected edition of his works, now being prepared, is finally issued, there may be an opportunity to come back to this, and see how far, if at all, the poet has been marred by the philosopher, and whether many of his poems fulfill his own conditions: to be understood twitly or not at all, like the poems of the old writers, the masculine writers of the world.

This volume contains most of Mr. Yeats's best work, and is a source of pure joy. They are poems that one can come back to and read and re-read, and each time seem to penetrate deeper into the emotional mystery of life; one's spirit is steeped in the waters of Eden and made clean and invested with the poet's robe of beauty, so that one becomes unfit for the brutalizing and carking ugliness of the world's night-marish present. There is need, too, of a heart of mystery in all poetry, a mystery which, like beauty, will wear and repel us, and, drawing us, will bend our spirits to it, until we cry out in sheer despair of being able ever to envelop its surpassing loveliness in the achingly emptiness of our hearts.

This sense of mystery is not sufficiently felt in Professor Rhys's little masque; and yet it is there in the enchantments, and struggles of the "Forest of Shadows," for instance, in the vision of the dead Arthur and of Guenevere's going to Amesbury, as Sir Galahad achieves the Grail; and there is, in a certain material sense, all the way through, but not felt like a spiritual premonition, as Mr. Yeats thought. But the performance of this "Masque of the Grail" would be a satisfying piece of work, which would minister to our need for colour and beauty, our desire to watch the grouping and disentanglement of destinies, and awake our feeling of awe in the presence of the march of life and death on the eternal Quest. For the symbols Mr. Rhys uses are as vivid to-day as ever they were. We have all still to achieve the Grail, whether in the town of Sarras, the Spiritual Place, far out over the Sea of Collibë, or in the pleasant Isle of Avalon, or through the Castle of Car-bonek, the Place of Renunciation. Mr. Rhys says that the masque "may be played with exceeding splendour on the stage, or with the simplest effects in a village school, or in a garden or close. And in truth there is need for some such out of the welter of vulgarities of which the world breathes feverishly now. And that way may be found by a conscious artistic effort, where there are now only cross-purposes, in the direction Mr. Rhys points. But perhaps England has first to become a nation, to achieve its own Grail, though, as we read, for instance, in Richard Whiteing's "Ring in the New," the way has been about playing a simple Mystery to peasants "in a garden or close." And in truth there is need to achieve that fulfilment and perfection which would minister to our need for colour and beauty, our desire to watch the grouping and disentanglement of destinies, and awake our feeling of awe in the presence of the march of life and death on the eternal Quest. For the symbols Mr. Rhys uses are as vivid to-day as ever they were. We have all still to achieve the Grail, whether in the town of Sarras, the Spiritual Place, far out over the Sea of Collibë, or in the pleasant Isle of Avalon, or through the Castle of Carbonek, the Place of Renunciation. Mr. Rhys says that the masque "may be played with exceeding splendour on the stage, or with the simplest effects in a village school, or in a garden or close. And in truth there is need for some such out of the welter of vulgarities of which the world breathes feverishly now. And that way may be found by a conscious artistic effort, where there are now only cross-purposes, in the direction Mr. Rhys points. But perhaps England has first to become a nation, to achieve its own Grail, though, as we read, in Richard Whiteling's "Ring in the New," the way has been found by a woman (was it Florence Farr?) who went about playing a simple Mystery to peasants "in a village school, or in a garden or close."

There is not much to be said for "Amaranthus," and not much to be said against it. Mr. Bernard Capes writes novels of a swashbuckling kind, I believe, breathes less adventures, and so on; and one may see by what one reads a book like this, not for any new revelation of reality of things; but until we learn to empty our spirits to it, until we cry out in sheer despair of being able ever to envelop its surpassing loveliness in the achingly emptiness of our hearts.

We all of us more or less believe like brutes in the passion, and the cruel moods of Nature that make men impotent, and Mr. Bernard Capes is not disappointing in the slightest degree, and Mr. Rhys is not disappointing in this respect. He has a fondness for Clelia and Chloe, Phebe and Bonnibell, and is yet a good father. And in truth there is need to achieve that fulfilment and perfection which would minister to our need for colour and beauty, our desire to watch the grouping and disentanglement of destinies, and awake our feeling of awe in the presence of the march of life and death on the eternal Quest. For the symbols Mr. Rhys uses are as vivid to-day as ever they were. We have all still to achieve the Grail, whether in the town of Sarras, the Spiritual Place, far out over the Sea of Collibë, or in the pleasant Isle of Avalon, or through the Castle of Carbonek, the Place of Renunciation. Mr. Rhys says that the masque "may be played with exceeding splendour on the stage, or with the simplest effects in a village school, or in a garden or close. And in truth there is need for some such out of the welter of vulgarities of which the world breathes feverishly now. And that way may be found by a conscious artistic effort, where there are now only cross-purposes, in the direction Mr. Rhys points. But perhaps England has first to become a nation, to achieve its own Grail, though, as we read, in Richard Whiteling's "Ring in the New," the way has been found by a woman (was it Florence Farr?) who went about playing a simple Mystery to peasants "in a village school, or in a garden or close."

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The Barbarians of Morocco. By Count Sternberg.

The author of this book, we are told, is an Austrian count who fought on the side of the Boers during the South African War, from feelings of sympathy with an oppressed nation. This fact would seem at first to entitle Count Sternberg to our honour and respect. The idea, however, quickly dispelled by the present volume. As a study of the Moorish nation, it is merely an impertinence. But it is interesting through the insight it gives us into the psychology of Count Sternberg himself, and the vulgar prejudices of his tribe. His attitude towards the Moors is illustrated in the following passage from the book:—

"In my book on the Democrats as a barbarian, not the Arab, who is a brother-Conservative... The Mussulman is nearer of kin to us aristocrats than the Social Democrats are. The gulf between faith in Christ and the belief in Allah is much smaller than the abyss which divides faith in Christ from the teachings of Marx and Lassalle."

His views on other questions of the day are equally amusing. We quote one or two of them:—

"The indissolubility of marriage seems to me the highest stage we yet reached in the development of human society."

"The fatuous preachers of peace at the Hague will one day be cursed in every European tongue."

"We know, however, that England owes to her religious belief. The Anglican Church has preserved the true spirit of Christianity. The fundamental axiom of Christ: 'All men are equal before God,' is carried out in England."

It must not be inferred from the above extracts that Count Sternberg is a person entirely devoid of intelligence. He knows a pretty woman when he sees one— or at least he tells us so. He is also presumably a judge of a good dinner—from his frequent references to the colour—the work of Mr. Douglas Fox-Pitt.

The Compleat Baby Book. By Arnold Crossley. (The Celtic Press. 25. 6d. net.)

By permission of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the author of this useful book is permitted to publish a letter he received from Mr. Shaw. We cannot do better than reprint that letter here.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the book you have sent me. Some years ago my attention was called to the subject by something that happened in a Great Western express. A woman was travelling in the express; and the only people in the carriage with her were some students. She was the only woman there. In the course of the journey she gave birth to a child. Fortunately it was not her first child: she was able to tell the unfortunate students what to do; and as far as one could gather from the newspaper, neither the mother nor the child were any the worse. It struck me at the time as a very noteworthy fact that though these students could have found innumerable popular handbooks instructing them in all sorts of exercises and processes, from driving a motor-car to giving first-aid to a man with a broken leg, there was absolutely no popular guide in existence to the conduct of a childbirth.

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By permission of Mr. Bernard Shaw, the author of this useful book is permitted to publish a letter he received from Mr. Shaw. We cannot do better than reprint that letter here.

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"In my book on the Democrats as a barbarian, not the Arab, who is a brother-Conservative... The Mussulman is nearer of kin to us aristocrats than the Social Democrats are. The gulf between faith in Christ and the belief in Allah is much smaller than the abyss which divides faith in Christ from the teachings of Marx and Lassalle."

His views on other questions of the day are equally amusing. We quote one or two of them:—

"The indissolubility of marriage seems to me the highest stage we yet reached in the development of human society."

"The fatuous preachers of peace at the Hague will one day be cursed in every European tongue."

"We know, however, that England owes to her religious belief. The Anglican Church has preserved the true spirit of Christianity. The fundamental axiom of Christ: 'All men are equal before God,' is carried out in England."

It must not be inferred from the above extracts that Count Sternberg is a person entirely devoid of intelligence. He knows a pretty woman when he sees one— or at least he tells us so. He is also presumably a judge of a good dinner—from his frequent references to the colour—the work of Mr. Douglas Fox-Pitt.
fear, largely responsible for the wishy-washy character of popular theology. As lecturer—essayist, and writer, Miss Farrington met with amazing success. The “life” is somewhat scrappy in parts, but always sincere and readable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

“The Diwan of Abul-Asa.” Wisdom of the East Series. (Murray. 1s. net.)

“Heightening and Settlement.” By R. J. Ebbard. (Modern Medical Publishing Co. 5s.)

“New Truths for Old.” By Robb Lawson. (New Age Press. 2s. 6d.)

“La Décomposition du Marxism.” Par Georges Sorel. (Marcel Rivière. 60 c.)

“Common Obituaries in Socialism Answered.” By R. B. Sutthes. (Clarion Press. 1s. net.)

“The Oldest Story.” By W. A. Macdonald. (Questall Press. 1s. net.)

“Craftsmanship in Competitive Industry.” By C. R. Ashbee. (Essex House Press. 5s. net.)


“A Territorial Army in Being.” By Lt.-Col. Délmac-cliffe and J. W. Lewis. (Murray. 1s. net and 2s. 6d.)

“Washed by Four Seas.” By H. C. Woods. F.R.G.S. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

“The Barbarians of Morocco.” By Count Sternberg. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

“The Little Brown Brother.” By Stanley Portly Hyatt. (Constable. 6s.)

“A Set of Six.” By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen. 1s. 6d.)

“The Result of an Accident.” By Beaunate Whitley. (Methuen. 6s.)

“A Summer Tour in Finland.” By Paul Waineman. (Essex House Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

“Spiritual Perfection.” By Thomas Clute. (Fitzed. 1s. net.)

“Thursday Mornings at the City Temple.” By Rev. R. J. Campbell. M.A. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

“The Band.” By C. A. Dawson-Scott. (Heinemann. 6s.)

“African Life and Customs.” By Edward Wilmot Blyden, LL.D. (Phillips. 1s. 6d. net.)

“The Sum of a Woman.” By Frank Mond. (New Age Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

“Labor and Neighbor.” By Ernest Crosby. (L. F. Post, Chicago. 25 cent.)

“The Endowment of Motherhood.” By Dr. M. D. Eder. (New Age Press. 1s. net.)

“The Story of the Australian Bushrangers.” By George E. Byer. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

“Our Criminal Fellow-Citizens.” By G. C. André (New Age Press. 1s. net.)

“The Magistrate.” By Robert Elson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

“The Prince’s Marriage.” By W. H. Williamson. (Unwin. 6s.)

“Our Friends the Angels.” By René Palmer. (Elliot Stock.)

DRAMA.

The Experimental Theatre.

There have been a good many replies to my articles “Towards a Dramatic Renascence,” and I have received some helpful criticism. Mr. John Galsworthy, after saying that “the salvation of the vitality of the drama lies in some such small subsidised theatre,” goes on to say that “it occurs to me, however, that at this particular juncture, with so many more or less abortive attempts to vitalise drama going forward, it will only be another drag on the march of drama to advance a scheme which might fail for lack of money in even two or three years’ time; and I cannot help thinking that however economical and simple your ideas may be, you are somewhat underestimating the absolutely essential expenses.” In my own mind, the question of cutting down expenses proceeds from a conviction that only by so doing is it possible to avoid getting drawn into the trap of mere experiment. Mr. Galsworthy thinks this will hardly be got for less than £5,000 a year. I confess the figure alarms me. I don’t want to pay more than an average of £150 a year, and this is an estimate of an average of £4,000, altogether too possible income for anyone on experimental work in- tent. And as regards competency, I have no doubt that the offer of, say, six months’ regular engagement with the probability of a year or two at regular work, at £3 a week, and in London, not to mention the fame to be obtained by association with the Experimental Theatre, would overwhelm me with applications from quite competent people. The meagreness of the salary is, of course, obvious. We should want (and get) people to work in the ordinary theatre of necessity, but we must, because we should be offering them the chance of cooperating in an experiment which aims to put drama on a new footing. And it would be understood that the management would not unreasonably stand in the way of any actor or actress supplementing their income by a spell of other work or by any other reasonable arrangement.

It must be quite clearly realised that this new theatre will be one of shifts and expedients. The scenery will not always be well adapted, the dresses not always the best possible, the acting not the best imaginable. Theatrical managers, actors, and critics will find a good deal to smile at. If the ordinary theatrical world smiles contemptuously so much the better; it will mark us off. For this Experimental Theatre will, at any rate, have the essential thing: it will be alive, and show real drama, and not dramatic accessories. You see, I am not going on the assumption that this theatre is coming into life. That depends on subscribers; but I have received so many assurances of support that I do not doubt the money coming in. Mr. Galsworthy, who puts the expenses at a much higher figure than I do, says that it “ought not, however, to be very difficult to get a permanent annual endowment (by subscription) of £6,000 a year. I trust that this is not need; but this encouragement and that of a number of people who offer to take shares at once, may fairly cure me of the idea that the money is not coming in.

The suggestion made by Mr. Whitley last week, of admitting subscribers to private performances, is one which has been made by a number of correspondents, and is one which must almost certainly be adopted, although it is to be hoped that the time for plays earmarked for private performance is coming to an end. With this modification of constitution, the new theatre would possess all the advantages of a regular theatre superadded, the private performances also being considerably greater in number.

That the theatre should be in an accessible position is desirable, but not necessarily in a central position. The remoteness of the Court Theatre in Sloane Square was no barrier to its clientele, and I hope an equal remoteness would be no barrier to ours. Beyond this there is the question of repertory, which no correspondent touches. It seems to be assumed that there is a sufficiency of plays worth seeking to stock any theatre, and the assumption is justified. From medieval mystery plays to ultra-modern German satire there is no lack of material to hand. But a large part of the theatre’s work will be taken up with the presentation of new work by modern English writers: plays of some them crude and queer, but having the root of the matter in them. I believe that in this way any amount of dramatic talent will be discovered and given the chance to show itself, and I hope that in this way the newer tendencies in English drama will have the chance of expressing themselves. A great many plays, no doubt, will come to be written for the theatre, and these should as far as possible be written for production without scenery or with elementary scenery and with the very simplest of accessories.

Some of my correspondents have been kind enough to offer me personal help in various ways, and I shall be glad to avail myself of these offers a little later on. In the meantime, the best help I can offer is criticism, and particularly of expense. There is also the important matter of the theatre’s position and the question of whether it must be fairly central, or may be quite suburban. With regard to scenery, my own feeling is that if anyone has expressed above: if anybody much the other way, they had better express their views now, or, more or less, be for ever silent, because the selection of a place and the main outlines of the definite plan will be made within the next few weeks. • • •
I must confess to a sneaking liking for the touring opera company, and in particular for that of Moody-Manners. It carries me back to the days when the orchestra was intact all the illusions of the theatre. It is no longer this or that actress I see, but the actress; not this or that actor, but strangely potential persons called actors. As for the music, I am so unwise as to attribute to the reader organ that I am almost incapable of saying anything about it. And, after all, music is still so primitive, hardly ever does it do more than chatter without words. Given the responsive strings of the musician's temperament, any wind of the dogmatism and the restrictions of the necessity for forming a plot which operates in all other arts, is infinitely relaxed by our childlike delight in mere sound and our universality of response to its appeal.

Last year I heard the Moody-Manners Company in "Faust," and this year in "Madame Butterfly," and both were done well. I have taken them in each case as the overture to the dramatic season, which will be in full swing again in September. Abandon yourself to the warm; they open vistas of reverie, and they give full swing again in September. Abandon yourself to them, and you will find an outlet for your rapidly increasing population, and Britain is the easiest to conquer and the richest to plunder. We won our Empire by the sword, and should have no real grievance against Germany if she took it from us by the same means. Peace has never in the past been anything more than an interval between wars. No government which has ever kept its power and position unless its men practised sufficient self-sacrifice to learn enough to defend their country, and such is still the present state of affairs. Nations still go on the old principle:—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power.
And he shall keep who can.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Although it appears to me that the Socialist's idea of the Government owning all land, mines, and means of production, and finding well-paid employment and short hours for the working classes, to give up their only yearly holiday and find an outlet for their rapidly increasing population, and Britain is the easiest to conquer and the richest to plunder. We won our Empire by the sword, and should have no real grievance against Germany if she took it from us by the same means. Peace has never in the past been anything more than an interval between wars. No government which has ever kept its power and position unless its men practised sufficient self-sacrifice to learn enough to defend their country, and such is still the present state of affairs. Nations still go on the old principle:—

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

M. ROWLAND HUNT, M.P., ON THE GERMAN COLONIES

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

And it is suicidal, cowardly folly to pretend that it is otherwise, whatever we may think of its justice and morality.

Under these circumstances, it is not true that as Socialists have been warned of the danger by the leaders, by men with great knowledge of international politics, and by our great war captains, from the great Duke of Wellington and Nelson to Lords Roberts and Wolseley, they have only two courses open to them? Either they must find an outlet for her rapidly increasing population, and Britain is the easiest to conquer and the richest to plunder. We won our Empire by the sword, and should have no real grievance against Germany if she took it from us by the same means. Peace has never in the past been anything more than an interval between wars. No government which has ever kept its power and position unless its men practised sufficient self-sacrifice to learn enough to defend their country, and such is still the present state of affairs. Nations still go on the old principle:—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power.
And he shall keep who can.
In Germany who has given utterance to any expression that could be so interpreted. As regards Mr. Keir Hardie, it is not easy to convince me, nor, I think, the English people quite incapable of taking a view which is as fair to his case as it is to Mr. Cotton's own. Mr. Cotton will therefore he must leave the matter alone; for his private affair or deny anything at all about it. I repeat that there is no official justification for Mr. Cotton's amplification, and it is no official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret that the subscribed name is indeed my own and no more was it any official secret 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Mr. Belloc is hopelessly inaccurate here, because long before Hilaire Belloc was born, long before some of us had personally witnessed the blood and tears of the unhappy Congo people, indeed, even before Hilaire Belloc left Balliol, this vital point "was first mentioned"! 1897-1892—And the formula was passed—by Englishmen—but by Belgian merchants themselves who were then building up an honest and lucrative trade in the Congo demanding "the freedom of the native to buy and to sell." 

Here is the resolution passed in 1892, drawn up by Messrs. Urban, Brugman, Thys, and Wiener:

"To deny the native the right to sell ivory and rubber produced by the forests and plains belonging to their tribes, which (forests and plains) form part of their hereditary natal soil and without which (ivory and rubber) they have been able to live freely from time immemorial, is a veritable violation of natural rights. To forbid European merchants from buying ivory and rubber from the natives, to compel them to purchase concessions in order to trade with the natives, is contrary to the spirit and the letter of the Berlin Act, which proclaimed the unlimited freedom of every one to trade, and forbade the creation of all monopoly."

Well might Mons. Lorand, in the Belgian debate of 1903, exclaim: "This thesis that commercial liberty is violated . . . . from being a British thesis; is a Belgian thesis brought forward ten years ago!"

I do not anticipate that Mr. Belloc will acknowledge his blunder, but I do ask your readers to believe that if he can make such a gross error in the region of fact, it is equally possible that he may be wrong in judging the motives of men into whose past records we challenge him with perfect confidence to enquire.

* * *

THE ARMY OFFICER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am very pleased to see that my friend "Guarded Flame" has taken up the cudgels against that writer of embittered nonsense, Dr. T. Miller Maguire. I, also, am a constant reader of "The New Age," although I cannot profess such deep faith in the beneficent effects of Socialism as can "Guarded Flame." However, I should like to say a word on this subject. Dr. Maguire's article on the influence of the status of the British officers, entitled "A Contemptible Anachronism." Firstly, Dr. Maguire takes exception to the public schools education, which the great majority of officers receive, and to private tuition. Let me point out that Dr. Maguire is personally interested in this question of the supply of officers, and that any scheme whereby boys can enter the army direct from school or through the University, very appreciably affects the number of his pupils.

Naturally he is biased in favour of the "crammer" system, and perhaps this bias forms a veil in front of his vision, through which the light of reason is unable to penetrate.

Is there any sane parent who would prefer his son to be educated at one of those dens of immorality and bad form, a "crammer's," rather than at one of our public schools? I think not.

There is no doubt scope for considerable improvement in various ways at Eton, as at other schools, so let us turn our attention to affecting something in this direction, whilst we at the same time wholly disregard the vituperative counsel of Dr. Maguire.

I cannot suggest one redeeming point in a "crammer's" education, beyond the fact that it will perhaps enable a backward or idle boy to pass some competitive examination. It is at best a specious form of instruction, as the boy fills his mind with a multitude of facts and formula, which he proceeds to mentally disgorge, so soon as he has "scraped through," and given his tutor the long delayed advertisement of another name amongst the list of successful competitors.

Now, I maintain that the system of competitive examination is bad, for the very reason that it virtually compels parents to remove their sons, if naturally backward, from the excellent general course of instruction that is obtainable at our public schools. They are perforce sent to a "crammer's" at a private tutor's domicile, where their character rapidly deteriorates, and they become vulgar, inordinately conceited "crammer's" cads. It is almost pathetic to read Dr. Maguire's prophecies and warnings of this kind to Dr. Warre, the late Headmaster of Eton, and without exception the finest character of present-day scholastic history.

It may be possible to equitably arrange, but I consider that Dr. Warre's scheme of selecting boys from our best public schools to straightway enter the army, is admirable in every way.

Finally, I should like to enlarge somewhat on "Guarded Flame's" remarks on the contemptuous attitude displayed toward British officers by a certain section of the literary public, particularly Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. These individuals are far too apt to cast ridicule at us "stupid, sullen, unintellectual officers," but is it not a gross libel to brand us as such? I flatter myself that I can successfully cope with an intelligent civilian in any discussion, and so bring all my brother officers to a level with our own intellectual trumpet. Bernard Shaw quite fails to realise what harm his satire on military life may do. They give ignorant parents and ignorant boys a wholly erroneous idea of the mental calibre of the average British officer, and thereby prevent many boys gifted with brains from entering the army, because they have been led to consider such a profession intellectually infra dig.

One is undoubtedly amused by G. B. S. when he reviles the British officer from his lofty pinnacle of genius, but comments very far removed from these fill one when such as Dr. T. Miller Maguire take up their pens and concoct such cheaply cynical balderdash as has appeared lately in your columns.

* * *

MUSIC-DRAMA IN THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AG.

In your issue of last week Mr. Edward Carpenter in an exceedingly interesting, if not particularly illuminating, article, seeks to misjudge the entire object and intention of music drama, whatever be the medium or form by which it is expressed.

I refer specifically to his criticisms and animadversions upon the Music-Dramas of Richard Wagner. Speaking of them in general terms he says: "We get a music-drama which is exciting in its passages, and which conveys no final message—which arouses so often without satisfying, that it at last becomes wearisome." The inference that Mr. Carpenter evidently desires to be drawn is—that because superficially the intention of the composer is not quite apparent, and because the music suggests more than it performs, therefore Wagner's Art Form is imperfect.

I believe, however, that the highest form of art must of ONE AND ALL.

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necessity accomplish its end by suggestion, and that the greatness of a work of art can be measured by the images and indefinable thoughts it involves. Art springs from the longing in man to image forth something more perfect than he knows, and the vague intuition of sub-consciousness that enables the artist to fulfill his genius. Every great artist recognizes that his work, however perfect, is only a faint conception of the vision vouchsafed. The cruelest of the tasks that art sets its makeshift and perishable and indistinct forms, is but symbolical of something far higher, far nobler, and more enduring than that which has been accomplished.

It is because Richard Wagner's Music Dramas convey this subtle essence of what I must call "unsatisfaction," and demand of the listener such an extraordinary amount of sympathetic, as they are capable of interpreting to thousands the intangible, but not less real, dreams from realms unknown to the sordid minded.

EYEVER G. GILBERT-COOPER.

THE SOCIALIST POLICY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In Bernard Shaw's essay on "The Transition to Social Democracy," the following occurs:

"The necessity for cautious and gradual change . . . . could be made obvious to everyone if only the catastrophists were courageous and sensibly dealt with in discussion."

Now, I submit that, although there are now no catastrophists in the Socialist camp to-day, there is a growing band of Impossibilists. For instance, Mr. A. E. Wachter, in his letter published in your issue of August 8th, claims that Socialism can only be "brought about" by educating the people to appreciate the fact that Socialism is fundamentally revolutionary.

[Many letters on the same subject are held over.—Ed., N.A.]

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Anthony Oldpate would be much more convincing if he were to state what he has in mind when he says that Shaw has "no meaning." Shaw is certainly not a idle writer of an empty day. His plays do mean something. Art does not teach us philosophy, but it adds to our knowledge.

(1) Shaw would never have seen the Gospel if he had not had such a life, catering for the amusement of the crowd. He has an aim.

(2) Shaw is a Socialist, and he knows that until men become conscious of what is, intellectual and impulsive, and motives that actuate them, they will do little towards the realization of the Socialist stage of human progress.

(3) Shaw is a psychologist—he rather implies that he is the greatest living psychologist—how can he tell the largest possible number of people just what it is that leads them to do what they do?

(4) The Theatre is the most popular form of art. Shaw can write plays—though he rejects many of the recognised canons of the dramatic art—why not make the theatre a speciality?

(5) Thereupon, Shaw, the psychologist, economic thinker, analyst of public and private morals, becomes Shaw the dramatist. But is he any the less the thinker? He wants to lay bare the strings of human action, and he does it in a way that brings tears to the eyes (tears for poor humanity) rather than at the light of the laughter.

(6) But further, he even hints at a philosophy. Simple it may be, but it is not the banal of all Shaw's writings—the salvation that Captain Braggfound finds after his disillusionment? What is philosophy, if a man want this, that, he must not rest his life on an idea which may fail him at any moment? He must rely on the site, the will, and the purpose which he himself. If this is not a philosophy, I give up trying to understand what men when they write.

SEYMOUR MARKS.

EUGENICS!!

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I notice that last month the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society awarded prizes to the agricultural labourers of the district who had brought up and placed out the greatest number of children without having received parochial relief.

The first prize of £4 went to a man who had had twenty-three children, the second and third prizes to men who had had fourteen children.

What object have the promoters in view? Is it to induce a plentiful supply of labour for agricultural work, or is it an experiment in Eugenics! The only person one can conceive of as benefiting from the midst is—hers must indeed be a lucrative post. Further, if it be a labour question, and the above is the only method of solving the shortage of supply, what of the money they spend in "out-door work" themselves? they are better able to afford the luxury of producing unlimited children, and there should be no doubt about their being able to do so without receiving parochial relief.

Such encouragement to the breeding of large families should not be allowed to pass without protest. Human beings existing to the end that they may become unintelligent breeding machines, is not an ideal spectacle. And why, O why, the prize to the man?

B. PHILIP HOWELL.

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