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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the absence of anything more important (for we cannot regard the incident of the blowing off of the King of Spain’s green hat in Piccadilly as likely to lead to international complications), the return of Mr. Lloyd George from Berlin may be said to have contributed somewhat to the lull in foreign affairs. Sir Edward Grey must have heaved a sigh of relief when his hot-headed colleague and his even more gaseous secretary had safely returned to the precincts of Fleet Street, where journalists abound whose reports nobody believes. Mr. Lloyd George’s absence has left the field clear for the forces of friendliness to do what they can, the amenities of the Crown and of the International Socialist movement. Both have been busy after their respective fashions, the King at Marienbad and the Socialist movement. The Citizen Army, which was to arise out of the international trouble.

As we said last week, the fundamental features of the situation remain exactly where they were. All that is altered is the attitude of newspaper-fed England towards them. And we can only suggest that as, on Shakespeare’s authority, fire drives out fire, the sensation of Sevenoaks has driven out the sensation of Germany. It may be so; it probably is so. Only in that case we ask what possible weight attaches to a public opinion so easily inflamed and so easily allayed? We drew attention to this disquieting symptom of popular superficiality only to set our readers guessing at its greatest cause. The answer is to be found in the series of articles on the Harmsworth Press which have just concluded in the “Nation.”

Now that a little sanity has returned, we ask what results beyond an increased circulation for the inflammatory journals has the scare really produced? That Germany has been alarmed equally with England is, of course, ridiculous. No greater homage was ever paid a nation than the homage of our panic at the thought of German invasion. To be able to inspire such fear in England is surely the Kaiser’s masterpiece. That anything constructive in England was born during the crisis we must equally deny. Some of our Socialist friends, we observe, have claimed part of the honour of raising the wind, but we are afraid the crop they seek will prove the whirlwind. The Citizen Army scheme, to which we referred last week, has duly appeared in the pages of “Justice,” but we look in it in vain for a scheme suitable for England. Briefly, its idea is the municipalisation of the Army, an idea, by the way, which is, in one respect, only an extension, not a contradiction, of Mr. Haldane’s Territorial Army. Along with municipal organisation goes the democratic machinery of elective officers. The scheme, we admit, is interesting and has many merits; but we shall retain an open mind on the subject until considerably more discussion has taken place. Meanwhile, we regret that we do not regard its appearance at this moment as of such vital importance as to have justified the labouring mountains of an Anglo-German misunderstanding.

So much at present for the Citizen Army scheme which was to arise out of the international trouble. Now let us consider what other elements have been pursuing their nefarious trade during the brain-storm. The “Observer,” under the editorship of Mr. L. L. Garvin, may be said to be a weekly edition of the “National Review.” If the editor of the “National Review,” Mr. L. J. Maxse, has a daily paper as well, we do not read it. The “Observer” and the “National” are quite enough. The “Observer” on Sunday last appeared with the越是的 suggestion (which in its authoritative way might conceivably be more than sheer guesswork) that England had put her foot down at last, all doubt was at an end, a four-year naval programme had been drawn up, and fifty million pounds were to be spent in “Indomitable.” Such was the announcement, the wish being father to the thought. A little later in the week, however, the whole story was contradicted, contradicted authoritatively, contradicted finally. England had not put her foot down, for she had never taken it up; doubt was not at an end, and could not be until Germany declared her intentions (that
is, never; for the truth is that Germany does not know her interests any more than England knows her own. Germany and England as intelligent entities are pure myths, convenient only as counters; a four years' naval programme on the basis of "two keels to one" has been knocked off. Apart from this, General Botha has perhaps in a little different. The Young Turks not only made a head, but the part he has taken has been much exaggerated. Of Lords Selborne and Milner, certainly here Milner should be given first place; but Cecil Rhodes completely overshadows both of them. A United South Africa was the dream of his life, and the beautiful estate of Grootshuur, on the slope of Table Mountain, remains as proof of his faith that the seeds he had sown would in due time fructify.

General Louis Botha apparently went out of his way to make a vicious attack on Lord Milner last week. Although this will certainly make many people uneasy as to the spirit he will carry with him to the Convention, we are not inclined to be concerned about it. General Botha had to soothe the feelings of the farmers, and excuse himself for rash promises he had made with regard to the payments still due for stock bought after the war. It has been decreed that 25 per cent. only of the amounts charged is to be remitted, and General Botha and his party had led the Boers to believe that something like 75 per cent. would be knocked off. Apart from this, General Botha has personal feelings in the matter, for Lord Milner had an unpleasant way of looking deeply into the motives which prompted Botha's recommendation to the Government, and generally proved himself rather too clever for the worthy general. We do not believe that General Botha will allow these feelings to sway his judgment at Durban in October. It is good that Rhodesian delegates have been invited to attend the Convention, but we confess to a feeling of satisfaction that this country will not at present be included in the Union. Rhodesia is not necessarily dependent to any considerable extent upon the colonies under consideration. Beira, on the Portuguese east coast, is its natural port, and it is as well perhaps in an experiment of this sort not to have all the eggs in one basket. The Union will be pleased to include Rhodesia at any later time if it wishes to come in.

The revolution by Fabianism which Turkey has achieved has been followed by a period of reaction—in revolutionaries turn to reactionaries. Discontent now in constitutional authority, the Young Turks, excepting their friends of reform everywhere, have, if we may believe the "Times" correspondent, practically told the Egyptians that the Sultan will not advise the Khedive to press for personal advantages. We have always been entertained as to follow the destruction of the British Navy.

As to the management of their internal affairs we feel inclined to place a good deal of confidence in the Colonists, Boer and British, provided the basis upon which the Union is formed is such that neither race has reason to believe it has been unfairly dealt with. Should, unfortunately, this feeling find place, and ensuing elections be fought on racial lines, the last state of that country may well be worse than the first.
practically an all-Turkish army. The Egyptians, on the other hand, have to convert an army officered mainly by an alien race. Since promises, solemn pledges, seals and covenants go for absolutely nothing in international affairs, it seems likely that the Egyptians must continue to whistle for their emancipation. The spectacle of English public opinion rejoicing over the triumph of the Young Turks what it time is cynically reinforcing its own anacoluthy in Egypt is part of the irony of history. Such antinomies have existed before; they exist still.

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The situation in Morocco is really one of tragedy. Our friends across the Channel have certainly contributed as much to the gravity of situations as to their grief by the astounding adventures of her diplomats, soldiers, and men of business. From beginning to end there has been no particle of idiocy missing, and not an accessory of tragedy or comedy forgotten. Everybody knows by this time that the original enterprise was morally the equivalent of buccaneering. The connoisseur, or at least the not too strenuous resistance, of the legitimate Sultan with the French expiditionary force was the result of a compact whereby Abdul was to be recognised as Sultan of Morocco, with France as suzerain. Unfortunately for France, she reckoned without her host. The natives have refused to endorse the bargain, and instead have proclaimed Mulai Hafid, a brother of Abdul, Sultan in his stead. In the meantime Faisal is powerless. The conquest of Morocco is impossible; yet to admit a gross blunder is even more impossible for a first-rate European Power. A decent opportunity for taking the advice of the French Socialists and letting Morocco alone would be welcome to the French Government at this moment.

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At the Trade Union Congress, to be held at Nottingham early in September, the main question submitted by the Parliamentary Committee for discussion is Parliamentary Reform. This is obviously in view of Mr. Asquith's promise to deal with the subject before the end of the present Parliament. The committee, we observe, are in favour of adult suffrage and payment of members, in addition to smaller reforms. It is urged by the suffragettes that the enabling measure for some women's suffrage will be on the statute book before the big measure is introduced; but it is improbable that the Cabinet will make two bites of the cherry. Another question of interest to be discussed is the foundation of a Trade Union daily newspaper. The scheme has been worked out on its productive side by the Society of Compositors, who put the capital needed at £150,000. On its distributive side, however, no evidence worth considering seems to have been called. We judge so by the estimated circulation of half a million copies daily. We should like to see the Labour paper that could command a tenth of that circulation, unless it largely sacrificed its Labour politics to the demands of sport. Unquestionably a Labour daily would have a future; but like the majority of working-class Socialist papers, it would be for a long time a heavy charge on propagandist funds. Is the Labour movement prepared to pay £5,000 a week to report itself?

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The problem of employment would seem to be completely solved in respect of able-bodied men at any rate, else why the renewed activity of the Association for Promoting Employment of the Defective? In a letter to the "Times" this week the committee of the Association appeal for funds for the employment of these unfortunates; but the irony of the situation is really rather oppressive. "For social reform, Free Trade, and universal peace" makes the following comments:-

"Vorwärts" quotes at considerable length from the "sharp protest of The New Age against the articles of Blatchford and Hyndman," and reciprocates warmly the feeling expressed in the resolution passed by the Labour Party Executive. "We demand," says the leading organ of our German comrades, "that German diplomacy shall for once in a while act wisely, and come to a permanent and honest understanding with England and France. The results of such an understanding would be all the more welcome to the German people if it had for its object the limitation of naval armaments. The workers of Germany stand by this policy as strongly as the organised workers of England." Again, in an article dealing with the close of the English Parliament session, the "Vorwärts" makes the following comments:--

"In addition to questions relating to social reform and to home affairs which formed the chief work of the session, matters connected with the maritime and foreign politics were debated at considerable length; English and German naval programmes; the meeting of the King and the Tsar at Reval; the transfer of the Anglo-Egyptian State to Belgium; reform in Macedonia; the Persian troubles, and the Turkish Constitution were subjects of discussion between the members of the House and the Secretaries of State, and the speeches on these occasions have not only interested the trained observer of public life, but have also had an educational effect upon the masses. A busy session has come to an end, one which, from a Social Democratic standpoint, can be severely criticised, but, nevertheless, compared with the Parliamentary session of any other country, deserves our applause. To this legislative and educational activity the Labour Party has largely contributed; the representatives of the party who have taken part in the debates have succeeded in making the Socialist influence felt in legislation; and in the field of foreign politics the party has worked for international peace.

"For social reform, Free Trade, and universal peace the working class representatives have been the best and the straightest advocates. Keir Hardie and O'Grady supported the demands of the natives of India for a greater measure of freedom; O'Grady, Keir Hardie, Thorne, and Macdonald spoke and wrote in the clear and straightest advocates. Keir Hardie and O'Grady supported the demands of the natives of India for a greater measure of freedom; O'Grady, Keir Hardie, Thorne, and Macdonald spoke and wrote in the clear and straightest advocates.
class-consciousness. This criticism, however, is after all but a sign of the strength of English Socialism. It is not the business of the foreign observer of the English Labour movement to search for the weaknesses of the English proletariat, but rather to point to the extraordinary progress of the movement during the last few years. Moreover, in view of the strained international situation, it is practically impossible to over-estimate the importance of bringing the English and German workers closer together and of building up relations between them founded upon friendship and respect."

The "Vorwärts" in no wise minimises the part the German jingoism has taken in creating the strained international situation, which it deplores. It holds that the alleged desire of the British Government to isolate Germany is a bugbear put forward by the anti-British Press with the deliberate aim of strengthening the demand for larger military and naval expenditure. There is also the dangerous and insidious inculation of hatred of England by a certain type of University professor, who combines the rôle of a teacher of history or political economy with that of the apostle of an inevitable Anglo-German war. Against this combination of journalism and academical intrigue, against political jingoism, the "Vorwärts" has been waging a vigorous and continuous campaign. Indeed, only a close student of German politics can be aware of the large share of attention which both the Socialist leaders and the Socialist press give to this subject. It need hardly be mentioned that this is not due to a slavish admiration of this country and a belief that Germany is always wrong in her suspicions of our diplomacy, but to the knowledge that war with any country, and especially with England, would mean a tremendous set back to Socialism all over the world, apart altogether from the enormous misery and suffering a struggle between the two countries would cause. Hence the rapid and hearty recognition of the efforts of the British Labour Party by our German friends, who, now there is a real and urgent piece of work for International Socialism to do, exhibit a desire to cooperate with us which will lead to a firmer international bond being established, in spite of differences as to terms and abstract theories relating to Socialism.

Nuremburg.

Revolutionary Militarists.

By Nom-de-Cueur.

So the scaremongers seem to have cried truce this week. We confess we do not feel assured by this circumstance against further recurrences of Germanophobia. We are willing to admit that the latest newspaper sensation may be regarded in some sort as the present holiday season's surrogate for gooseberries and sea-serpents; but all the same, there are certain interests involved and periodically renewing the present chronic friction which forbid us to dismiss altogether the Blackford-Hyndman lucubrations as nothing better than a joke.

There is more than one interest involved in the case. First of all, there is the United Service interest, the desire to use the dreaded German invasion as a tailor's blink in order to sell the next crop of increased Army and Navy Expenditure, if not of increased efficiency. Again, there is the Yellow Journal interest, which finds it convenient and profitable to take a scare of this kind out of the pigeonholes in which such things come off. Yet, there is what we may term on the whole the most respectable of these three interests, that is the genuine funk of old ladies of both sexes of the pickelhaube appearing in their front gardens or taking the pluck out of the poulards due to the next peace愚蠢, and then there is the Socialist interest, and this it is which has the most importance for readers of The New Age.

Now, there is more than one strain in the Socialist interest in a war scare such as the recent anti-German one. We all know there are persons who have accepted Socialism from the economic side, or at least think they have, but who have failed to grasp its implications otherwise. On any question immediately outside the purely economic issue they remain in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity of bourgeois philistinism. Thus, on the English prosperity, the Socialists are adopting a stiff and starry attitude of provincial moral rectitude on questions of relations between the sexes. Anon they will become more dogmatically theistic than the parson of the nearest church itself. Or, as in the present case, all the same aggressive patriotism will well up within them, and they will out-jingo Lord Roberts himself in their zeal for their dear, dear country for which their eyes their vigils will keep, regardless of all faith and fact outside that traditional line of vision.

And there is a strain of Socialist opinion in this matter the holders of which, although they make common cause with these hearty patriots, and even use their arguments, are yet more keen than hearty in their devotion to the patriotic ideal. Their psychology is somewhat as follows. They believe that the present order of society will not be ended, that the crucial turning point which shall lead the way to the social democratic commissariat will not be a forcible revolt. Now, to the successful accomplishment of this forcible revolt it is clear that the class revolt must be armed and possessed of military organisation of some sort. But the only way of securing these two conditions seems to be the establishment of what is known as the Citizen Army, by which the classes immediately interested in the overthrow of capitalism shall be armed and trained on a military basis.

Now, if we have but a suspicion that some of the class or section interested in the window with a gun, for instance, the signs have not been hitherto particularly favourable to the serviceability of the latter as an instrument of revolt. But the fact remains none the less.

What we do see, however, as regards this country and the signs and prognostics point to anything in the nature of universal military service raising not a spirit of revolt, but the very contrary, to the turning aside of the social discontent and unrest into the channels of jingoism and aggressive national vanity. Any citizen force must necessarily be trained and commanded by army men. It must, or at least it certainly will, be officered by scions of the aristocratic and plutocratic classes, which classes will know well enough how to alternately coerce it and pamper it as occasion may require. And it is very certain that whatever facilities might be afforded the citizen for the possession and use of rifles, the overwhelming strength of the big artillery would be absolutely retained by the governing classes.

We can see not the slightest prospect, looking at the matter from the point of view of English national character and traditions, of a Citizen Army that could be constructed or raised at the present time being capable of wielding the leverage power of a popular revolution, and not rather the crushing power of a class reaction. We would earnestly exhort our fellow-Socialists, with whose arguments we are in principle agreed, to carefully weigh and consider what they are staking in throwing the whole weight of their influence into the scales in favour of what may, after all, only turn out to be a fraud, a delusion, and a snare, judged from the revolutionary standpoint they occupy.
The Obsession of the Profit-Making Idea.

Profit-making industry bulked so large in the eyes of the modern Englishman that he is apt to apply profit as a universal test of value, ignoring the vast amount of work that is continually being done for use without any aim or desire for profit, and looking the still deeper fact that the ultimate aim, even of profit-making industry, is always use or enjoyment. This sounds like a truism, but like some other truisms, it is frequently forgotten, especially by the less reflective person. The "Spectator" then, as against the Nationalisation of Railways, that the nationalisation of the telegraph had been a failure, because previous to nationalisation the competing companies used to make a profit, at the nation had subsequently made a small loss. The "Spectator" then, with its usual solemnity, added up the annual loss, and, to tell the truth, I did not even work the sum—it was July! But if it had been January, I would not have troubled to do either the one or the other, except as an indication of what is the prevailing dilatation of those myself, to maintain that the "Spectator's" reasoning, even if based on reliable history (which may be doubted) and on correct arithmetic (which may be taken on trust), is hopeless wide of the mark. Why should an industry be supposed to be working at a loss simply because its results are being used and enjoyed by the country, instead of going into the greedy pockets of the profit-maker? It is almost incredible that persons supposed to be educated and intelligent should argue about the nationalisation of telegraphs as if profit was the whole matter at issue, and omit the use from their calculation. The real reason for nationalising these or other industries or services is that when nationalised we could then arrange them so as to yield the maximum value in use and enjoyment to the public, the question whether a particular service should be decided in each case according to the particular circumstances, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on, partly by the inveterate habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on, partly by the inviditive habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on.

In regard to the persons employed, still from the profit-making point of view, it will be wise to pay wages just good enough to retain the services of workers of the necessary degree of skill; anything more would not only be wasted in accordance with ethical or sentimental feeling. But suppose that a municipality or some department of government service decides to run its own factory and produce its own clothing, for use and not for profit, a whole new range of economic motives are brought into play. The thriftiness of any kind, in so far as it is in touch with public needs, will be forced to be a model employer, just as the private profit-maker is sometimes forced to be a philanthropic employer, but it will be influenced by economic considerations which do not apply to the private or profit-making employer. The enlightened municipality will realise that its immediate practical concern, partly by the inveterate habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on, partly by the inviditive habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on.

For instance, the outcry occasionally made about the wages of municipal labourers is always made by persons who are obsessed by the idea of wages paid in competitive industry, for goods to be sold as cheaply as possible, and to a class of labourers who, if incapacitated and worn out, can be left to the Poor Law. In regard to municipal servants, the object is that the work should be as well done as possible and the workers retain health and efficiency as long as possible. In the case of services such as public health or education, value in use is their full and perfect justification, and for instance, which municipalised its drink traffic and therefore in the same thing applies to the public body of any kind, in so far as it is in touch with public needs, will be forced to be a model employer, just as the private profit-maker is sometimes forced to be a philanthropic employer, but it will be influenced by economic considerations which do not apply to the private or profit-making employer. The enlightened municipality will realise that its immediate practical concern, partly by the inveterate habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on, partly by the inviditive habit of so many middle-class people of seeing the whole field of economics in terms of profit, and absurdly importing those terms into the existence of a number of unco-ordinated public authorities, one for public health, one for poor relief, and so on.

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A Democratic Army.

The Lions in the Path.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Alsager Pollock.

I am a lover of ideals, but although I do respectful homage to them, I worship them not; because I feel that I find that the realisation of ideals is incompatible with the frailties of man's nature. In a State inhabited by angels, in place of men, there would be always a good Government, placed in power by electors who were both wise and honest; and in such a State, military and other institutions would doubtless be similarly idealistic. Unfortunately, however, it is a well ascertained fact that wisdom and honesty are not prevailing virtues; that from the very earliest times the reproach once cast by Carlyle upon the English in particular, has been applicable to all nations. Moreover, not only do fools form a large majority in all classes of society, but there are also many knaves; and herein we discover the primary obstacle to the consummation of all social reforms.

If men holding prominent positions in public life spoke only the truth, or even what they honestly believed to be the truth, and if their audiences were capable of discriminating wisely in reference to their utterances, the path of progress would be rendered comparatively easy. What we actually find is that most men strive, by word or deed, for whatever they conceive to be their own immediate interests, and are prone to say or to approve that which for the moment appears most pleasing to them. The man's interest is often in advance of his duty, and vice versa. This is why ideal conditions are so rarely approached and never actually realised.

In respect to systems of government and to military organisations, I have now in my mind three examples which appear to me to approximate very closely to the ideal. Yet in all three cases the absence of actual perfection is readily apparent. (1) The Emperor Trajan stands prominently forward as a first-class autocrat—the man with the mission. In his vast dominions, a very small number of his subjects, incapable of any unworthy action himself, a stern though merciful judge, a great statesman, and a consummate general, under whose sway the Roman people enjoyed unexampled security and prosperity. Never were the great affairs of any State more admirably conducted than those of the Roman Empire by Trajan, while even the smallest matters received his personal attention; we find him writing with his own hand and special permission for the Consul Pliny to utilise a seat in the Government post-cart for the conveyance of his wife's aunt! The lesson is obvious. Pliny dared not even in his distant province do an illegal act; and the Emperor, in spite of the immense importance of the business, could find time to deal with so trifling a matter. Yet Trajan had his failing. He was imprudently ambitious in his frontier policy, and one of the first acts of his successor was to withdraw from the occupation of inconveniently distant territories. Trajan had shut his eyes to the fact that a policy which he himself was equal to maintaining, because of his great genius, might, as actually happened, involve a task too difficult for those who came after him. Had Trajan been immortal, the Roman Empire would probably have endured in all its magnificence; because, under his rule, his subjects would have continued virtuous. But Trajan died, and great as he was, we learn that it is not altogether well that even a Trajan should wield absolutely despotic power.

(2) In Peru, before the conquest by Pizarro, the government of the country was a survival of Patriarchal Society; Socialism was then being, as it were, thrown back quite naturally into his ordinary position in civil life. Nothing could be better than this. The advantage lies not in the mighty having been thrust down and the humble exalted; but in the right man having been selected irrespective of his station in life. Were such conditions universal all would be plain sailing; but in Switzerland, as in other countries, "kissing often goes by favour." The "best man" is not always selected. The employer may be appointed chiefly on account of his riches, or the employee not because of his military capacity, but owing to his eloquence as a democratic orator. Such was Varro, and his consuls ship cost the Romans the terrible disaster of Cannae. Appointments based solely upon merit are indeed frequent in Switzerland, and all candidates for commissions must pass the same qualifying tests; yet because of the frailty of human nature the full ideal is far from being universally realised.

A Democratic Army to be worthy of the name would need to be one in which soldierly merit and nothing else was considered in reference to the appointment of officers; the candidates being selected neither upon account of high social position nor the lack of it. This much given, the efficiency of any army, democratic or otherwise, must be fully assured; provided that both soldiers and people will concede to their chosen officers the right to exercise complete authority for the maintenance of discipline, civil and military. But, quis custodiet ipsos custodes? The spirit that would leave State questions to be decided at the moment by an excited people, in place of deputing plenary power to authorities previously appointed is essentially dangerous. Dismembered Poland is a wretched monument to the inefficiency of the right of popular veto, while the rise of Rome from small beginnings to extraordinary greatness sufficiently vindicates the wisdom of that once-admirable democracy which recognised the need for a Dictator in times of emergency.

History teaches us that crowds, however composed, are alwaysicine, and that authority based upon the shifting sands of the popular mind is extremely insecure. The Athenian democracy paid very dearly for the unbridled licence it arrogated to itself. One after another, men who had been "Saviours of their country"—and might have saved what was left—were overthrown because of false impeachment by jealous rivals. The climax was reached when men cast their shells adversely to Aristides, merely because "tired of continually hearing him called 'the Just.' " It would be idle
to expect any but quite exceptional men to do their duty fearlessly if always liable to deposition from their appointments or commands for no fault whatever but simply because a faction of sufficient strength had been raised up against them. Discipline must be maintained, with it an army is but a mob, and the State depending upon such an army must lie at the mercy of better organised adversaries. Officers, if elected like Members of Parliament, would inevitably endeavour, in very many cases, to retain and to keep their places by the same unworthy means that too generally prevail in political life. Officers, in short, would become " popularity-hunters."

Paradoxical as the assertion may seem, it is an absolute fact that a really sound Democracy, a Democracy such as the one we are beginning to build on a large scale, must necessarily be the most genuine Aristocracy; simply because in it a wise as well as honest people would choose for its leaders, political and military, only the very "best" citizens, totally regardless of birth, wealth, or any other consideration except sterling merit. It was thus that leaders in war and law-givers in peace were chosen in the patriarchal days when congeries of families formed tribes, and congeries of tribes afterwards became nations. When the essential conditions have been fulfilled—that is to say, when a sufficiently large majority of the citizens of the United Kingdom have so completely mastered their own personal failings as to have become capable of rightly judging who are the "best" among them, I for one shall be an ardent Democrat; the ideal of my dreams will have been actually realised, and I shall straightforwardly fall down and worship it.

Meanwhile, it appears to me that the time for an efficient "Democratic Army" is not yet, and I doubt whether it can arrive before the millennium, in which epoch no armies of any kind will be required. So long as a nation is composed of "mostly fools," so long must the least of two evils be the exercise of executive authority, principally by those who have most to lose by whatever follies they may be guilty of, and who least under temptation to act dishonestly. Some men, in all classes of society, are born virtuous and live also virtuously; some develop wisdom and strength of character sufficient to render them virtuous by choice; and others by force of circumstances are led into paths of virtue, from which self-interest prevents them from straying; but original sin is a ranker at the roots of most characters; so that the most trustworthy man is usually he who is exposed to the smallest temptation to depart from virtue.

At the present time I do not believe that the British nation is capable of instituting a pure Democracy. The upper classes have deteriorated, while the lower have not appreciably improved. The Ancient Aristocracy is dying out or becoming submerged, and in too many cases the latter-day representatives of families that formerly regarded it as their first duty to prove themselves the "best," have shown themselves unworthy. Even a quarter of a century ago the name of a peer on the directorate of an industrial company was a guarantee that he at least believed the concern to be sound, and had a heavy stake in it; but now it is impossible for those who do not know the man himself to tell whether his name has not been "bought"—as a bait wherewith to catch any wily who would prey upon them. Representative of the "people" have been elected to fill positions involving financial responsibility, and not a few of these so-called "guardians" of municipal purses have been found lacking in common honesty. When the nation has become thoroughly enlightened and upright in all its dealings, then Democracy will have become capable of demonstrating its virtues; but until that day arrives, we had better "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Before pulling down what is, it is wise to build what we have something better to set up in its place. At present we live under neither Aristocratic nor Democratic conditions; but have a Plutocracy tempered by Labour. Of the rich, some are constantly striving to become richer, others to squander the wealth they have made or inherited; of the labouring classes, some work hard and honestly, some think more of getting wages than of earning them, and too many are starving because for them there is neither work nor wages. All classes clamour that the State shall legislate in their favour, and meanwhile justice is often in their eagerness to witness games which they themselves make no attempt to play. It is panem et circenses over again! When it ever, we are a nation composed of sober, patriotic citizens, capable of electing the best and wisest among us to legislate for the real good of the whole people, then we shall realise true Democracy, in place of spouting of counterfeit. Existing conditions are indeed unsatisfactory, but they might be worse; the larger the number of dirty fingers thrust into the national pie the less appetising it will become. When all are clean handed, that will be quite another story. Then pseudo-Aristocracy and pseudo-Democracy will each have been purified, so as to form together a true Democracy, in which every man will think first of the common good, while at the same time having full scope for the betterment of his own circumstances. In such conditions we shall have, with other benefits, a Democratic Army, composed exclusively of the military pick of the nation.

Aftermath.

Where the tall straight chimneys smoke
By the river bank,
'Mid the swarming city-folk,
On an evening drear and dank,
When the silent moving ships,
Wandering like ghosts in pain,
Pass, and turn, and pass again,
And the lamps, in half-eclipse
Gleaming through the dreary rain,
Down the long, black, wet road shiver,—
Girt with London twilight came
One with eyes and hair of flame,
Desired and desirable,
One with heart and soul of shame,
One who loved but loved too well,
Maid to me, ah me, no maid.

And the driving river mist
Swept up from the river
Through the open window, laid
Spells on brain and body passed
Drave, brake, laid on body and brain
Spells that set the burning twain
Fishing fast, trembling fast,
With desire a-quiver.

Lips to lips there we kissed;
Jewels in her ears I set,
Loosed her hair about her face,
Held her from me for a space,
Then in one glad fierce embrace,
Crushed lithe to to , violet
From gleaming body and burnished hair
Filled the maddened sense
With pain—sweet, swift, strong pain—intense,
Rapturous, half-divine;
And in our veins life's warm red wine
ran like riotous, passionate flame.
Yet once I cried on a dead god's name;
But I cried in vain, for God was dead,
And the living woman reigned in his stead.

And we wrought our pleasure there.
* * * * * *

And the driving river mist
Swept up from the river
Through the open window, kissed
Tired body and burning brain
With its cold and clammy lips.
And still the silent moving ships,
Wandering like ghosts in pain
Pass, and turn, and pass again,
And the lamps, in half-eclipse
Gleaming through the dreary rain,
Down the long, black, wet road shiver.

MAURICE BROWNE.
Factors in Modern Life.—II.

By Professor Auguste Forel.

Translated by Aubrey Dukes.

The Family.

The family, it has been said, is the foundation of society. Yes and No—Yes when it subordinates its own interests to the social welfare, endeavouring to bring up its members as individuals who shall give more to society than they take from it; then the family is moral. No, when it is only a little den of pirates whose selfish passions, of abusés of power, of plunder and of pharisaism often testers beneath the brave exterior of domestic morality, of brotherly, sisterly, fatherly, and even motherly love!

Family duties serve as the pretext for a thousand social frauds and deceptions. In order to assure the future of the children, a "good match," that is, a wealthy husband or wife, must be found for each of them, and thus the capital used in exploiting labour is heaped up in the hands of the few. This is done, of course, in the name of duty and family affection.

There is scarcely a lawsuit which does not unveil the mean trickeries and deceptions of domestic morality. It is almost unnecessary to recall the frequency with which egotism à deux, pompously decorated with the tinsel of love, degenerates into more or less open con-jugal warfare.

When two persons marry for mutual advantage and in order the better to exploit others, they easily come to the point of plunder and exploitation of one another. Religious and moral phrases, words of loyalty and affection are ever upon their lips, but these sentiments are generally intended for the use of others. Brotherly hatred is almost as common as brotherly love, although it is not generally confessed to. Under the cloak of paternal authority or strict upbringing, we see a host of fathers and mothers venting their ill-temper or rage by abusing and insulting their children, or lashing them to their parents, and allow the latter to decide its beliefs. The child is also saddled with all the parents' prejudices regarding social position, class, and marriage choice; and with all their money, or lack of it. In this way hypocrites are systematically created.

An abyss of stupidity, ignorance, and unscrupulous hypocrisy lies concealed beneath the veil of domestic upbringing and parental authority. We have yet to mention the martyr children; the little ones who are maltreated and even slowly put to death by worthless parents or by stepmothers and baby-farmers. This evil is so crying that every one is aware of it, and yet little is done towards its suppression.

Ah, yes; the family! How fair and lovely it is in principle; how sordid often in reality! Even in those families whose members have only the happiest recollections of harmony and affection we too often find, behind the ideal outward semblance of this sanctuary, the hideous spectre of the exploitation and plunder of others; that is, of human society, by family selfishness.

The same system of private property which makes life at least outwardly happy and agreeable for one family plunges a hundred others into a constant struggle to avoid starvation, and makes domestic harmony for them difficult and sometimes impossible of attainment.

Friendships between individuals often consist merely of synedicata of common interests, analogous to those of the family. I need not discuss here the moral value of cliques and associations for the defence of common interests.

Does all this mean that we want to condemn friendship and the family, and to plunge into black pessimism or into a cold Collectivist Utopia which shall stifle all individual feeling? A thousand times, No. We only want to persuade our brothers and sisters in terrestrial misery to study themselves a little better, and to adopt a less unjust and hypocritical system of morality, realising that an even moderately happy community cannot exist until man is trained from childhood to understand his human obligations towards society as a whole, and to subordinate his domestic and private affections to the common welfare of the race.

Yet, in spite of these facts, our constitution and law naively proclaim "liberty of thought, religion, and conscience" for every individual. The law even ventures to pretend that, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear upon him by his family and his pastor, a boy of sixteen freely ratifies at his confirmation the vows which his parents made for him at his baptism! This is surely the culmination of artless hypocrisy. And it is still more saddening to see how often parents who have themselves suffered from having been educated in a condition of physically and morally debasing dependence upon their parents, in a blind slavery of prejudices and accepted opinions, revenge themselves later upon their own children and treat them in the same unfeeling, just as if they were freed from this stupid yoke by educating them in liberty, self-reliance and freedom of judgment, developing their social impulses, and encouraging them in communal activity and labour.
Confessions of a Book-buyer.
By Arnold Bennett.

I write these notes of purchases in 1908 directly in response to the invitation of Mr. Jacob Tonson, as set forth in his vivacious remarks, entitled "Books and Persons," and as seconded by the Editor. I quite agree with Mr. Tonson that particulars of books actually bought by a living book buyer would be interesting. Any list of books is interesting. I must warn Mr. Tonson and the public that what follows is not a list of the books that I ought to have bought.

The first book I bought this year was "The Pottery and Porcelain of the Victorian Era," both fascinating. I regret that the descriptive and historical matter of the new one shows a declension of excellence.

I also bought, of local interest, "The Victoria History of the County of Stafford," vol. I., which I ordered years ago. There are three volumes to follow, and the price is six guineas. I got this not with joy, but because I could not do without it. I was disappointed in the format: too large, cumbersome, and showy, with a tinted, sentimental frontispiece utterly out of keeping with the scientific character of the work, and a gift-book binding! However, contents pretty juicy. "Political" history, by Mr. W. II. R. Cutler, dull, like beads on a string: 'social and economic history' by Mr. Mildred Spencer, simply admirable. Maps very agreeable; also statistics. I make these observations, as truly candid observations on such formidable works are rare.

One bad day in January I made a thorough search of all the bookstalls in Farringdon Road, and bought only this: "Eloghe d'alcuni de' migliore Poeti Latini del 1400, e 1500 in versi scioliti ridotte da Gio: Battia Vicini, con tre Eloghe trattic del Pepe." Paris 1764. I got this for its six curious engravings, and because it was bound in vellum. I wanted to try my hand at illuminating on old vellum. The book now gives a touch of culture to my drawing-room table. Price 6d. Needless to say, I shall never read it. In all Farringdon Road I could discover not another book that I wanted.

"Clarissa, or the History of a young lady," in seven volumes. Full calf, fourth edition, 1751. Price 5s. Cheap! The last Clarissa I bought, not a whit better, cost 15s. 5s.

"Lettres Provinciales et Pénées," by Blaise Pascal, in two volumes, half russia. Paris 1821. A beautiful edition. Price about 8s. My private opinion is that Pascal and Taine and Montaigne are the three chief French prose writers.

"Voyage aux Pyrénées," by Taine, second edition. Paris, 1858. Pretty copy. I daresay my adoration of Taine amounts to a disease. But you should read "La Haute Noce," partly because I had to read it, partly because it looked improper. However, I was disappointed. Still, it is good journalism. In the next issue of the scandalous, I bought a "Dictionnaire Portatif contenant les anecdote historiques de l'amour depuis le commencement du monde jusqu'à ce jour." (2 vols. Paris, 1788. Full calf.) I thought the title sufficiently inclusive. Another insipid disappointment!

Mudie's sale catalogue interested me. The result of an order, however, recalled my bygone experiences as a subscriber to Mudie's. The books I really wanted were in the "remainder" catalogue of Mr. William Glaishter, Ltd., which it is well to pore from time to time. Thus: "The British Empire," by Sir Charles Dilke, 1s. 3d. "Heavens, what a compact mass of knowledge and common sense!" I regret that I had to buy it. I would have preferred the "Ateneum" of the "Ateneum" than anybody. He is a first-class expert on nearly everything except the use of the English language. Split infinitives, etc. ! "The Life," by Alfred Russell Wallace, two stout octavos, per 6s. 6d., instead of 7s. 6d. into England that A. R. Wallace is a great man? "Guide Book to Books," by Sargent and Whishaw, 1s. 6d. Very useful. "Bibliography of 18th Cent. Art and Illustrated Books," by J. L. Adam, with 35 plates. Seven and six instead of three guineas. A truly noble tome! It is stated in French catalogues to be better than the French standard work on the subject, and sells in Paris at 30 francs. "Lucian's True History," translated by B. J. S. Stow, illustrated by William Strang, Aubrey Beardsley, etc. 500 copies only. 3s. 6d. instead of 7s. 6d. "Virgilius the Sorcerer," with a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley, 2s. Broadly speaking, I was charmed with Glaishter, but shocked to find the fellow selling my own books as low as 1s. 3d! As a subscriber to the Rationalist Press Association, I became the owner of Mr. A. W. Benn's "Modern England," 2 vols.; "The First Easter Dawn," by C. T. de Gebe, a pleasing exercise in disproof of the central dogma of Christianity, which, however, has the air of arriving after the battle; Andrew Lang's "The Origins of Religion," and Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature." The last two are sixpenny editions. I read them in trains, and was highly satisfied. The tract-distributor gives tracts. Also, "The Rise of Christianity," by Albert Rahl.

Another source of books upon which it is advisable to keep an eye is the Baron Tauchnitz. His general catalogue will reward perusal, and I have never had any difficulty in introducing his publications into England. Amongst other Tauchnitz volumes I have bought this year are Freeman's "Growth of the English Constitution," and Joulou's "Woman's Place in Nature." The last two are sixpenny editions. I read them in trains, and was highly satisfied. The tract-distributor gives tracts. Also, "The Satires of Juvenal, etc.," translated by Dryden and others; fifth edition, "adorned with sculptures." London: printed for Jacob Tonson, 1713. 2s. Can! Also of the last impropriety!


"Hortulus Anime." A reproduction in colours of the celebrated illuminated MS. at Vienna. In eleven parts, at three guineas a part. Sheer madness, of course! They say it is the finest colour-printing ever done. So it ought to be! Two parts this year.


"La Psychologie Anglaise Contemporaine," by Th. Ribot. Paris, 1875. I bought this without seeing it, and was infuriated to find it had been a school prize. Still, as a specimen of honest mediocrity it passes. I have glanced at it, and am prepared to bet sixpence that I shall never read it.

John Smith for years. I have played football, hockey, and polo with John Smith; I play lawn tennis and bridge with him still. To know John Smith you must play his games. Now, I agree heartily and thoroughly with three-fourths of Mr. Jerome's article; it is a truly admirable statement of the real obstacles in the way of Socialism. Our real opponent is John Smith: not the House of Lords, or the Bishops, or those great financiers who so strenuously run these various kinds of institutions. When John Smith says "Go," those amiable institutions and their backers will fall over one another in their haste to clear out. We have to satisfy John Smith that under Socialism he will still have his own, if he wants it, that the Socialist State will not necessarily be the Inferno's paradise, or the bureaueaut's preserve. He might, indeed, see for himself that he will in the end himself settle these points; but John Smith's eyes, outside games, are not good. But I do not agree with Mr. Jerome when he says that if you tell John Smith that motherhood should be subsidised by the State, his eyes glitter with the fury of the primeval beast and he grows like a Trogloidi. It is not my experience that any such obscure, basic passion flares up in him at the suggestion. I have always observed that he merely asks anxiously, "Will it come out of the rates?" But the opposition of John Smith is weakening and weakening. I have at last begun to see more and more clearly that John Smith is not getting his fair share of the wealth his produce works; and he is growing surer and surer that those little apples of his eye, Algernon Marmaduke Smith and Ermyntrude Hildegarde Smith, are being pinched to death. If it is your habit to blather about the communal wife and the group grandmother, let up on it a little when you talk to my dear old friend John. They are, of course, pretty academic themes of discussion; and the slob-wallopers of Socialism will blurt out their views aloud, and all is blue, or even bluer. The necessity of the group-grandmother may have become a pressing question in the days of John's great-grandchildren: I do not myself think it will. To-day the dear old lady is not with us. But if you talk to John Smith, with the assurance of giving the woman-worker the vote, he will give you his most interested attention; talk to him about a graduated income tax, and his eyes will gleam like the stars in the firmament. I like most glorious twentieth-century heirs of the ages who have a family to keep, John Smith is a good deal less interested in the affairs of his great-grandchildren than in his own. And, after all, in all human probability, that is, Socialism will begin at the beginning.

I may as well go on exhausting myself in the effort to be agreeable; and the more I reflect on them the more I wonder where Mr. Edwin Pugh gets his suburbs from. I have lived in the suburbs, and no excessive sense of my own worth has prevented me from becoming intimate with their inhabitants. Now, not one of those suburbs displayed anything at all of the attitude to Socialism which Mr. Pugh set forth in his article "Socialism and Suburbia." The first suburb had no attitude to Socialism at all; for I lived in it before the suburbs had heard of Socialism. In the second suburb to mention Socialism was to wave the red flag at a bull; and accordingly I mentioned it often. In the third suburb things were changed; and they went on changing. If the Transvaal War did nothing else, it brought home to the suburbs, to the middle-class workers, that the industrial struggle has grown fiercer and is growing fiercer, that unless they find a way of escape, they will get crushed in it. I saw the lean years change them. The bulk of the people in that suburb has grown ripe for Socialism; above all, the Nonconformist element, which is by far the most intelligent, has grown ripe for it. Those suburban listeners agreed to the exposition of it and questioned and discussed with a very grave, seeking earnestness indeed. There was nothing of that sportiveness in their seriousness of which Mr. Pugh writes, in those suburban. They were in dead earnest about the issue; the industrial struggle is getting too fierce for them. The opponents of Socialism there were a few uninteresting persons, mostly

Occasional Reflections.
By Edgar Jepson.

 Gin follows the Flag. The protests of Mr. Bellocc are vain; no whole-hearted Imperialist will heed them. If, to-day, the people of Congo are looking370 for a new book, it is from Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith to heed them, he will be vastly disappointed. It is in the very course of Nature that wherever the British Flag waves, whether on the Board school in the slum—at the expense of the London ratepayer—or above the Equatorial swamp, it should wave in an air fragrant with the fumes of gin. Can Mr. Bellocc act back Nature in her course? No! At the same time, he might divert her course a little, by favour of beer—as against gin. If the Englishman is going to give him to drink: no remon- strance will turn aside Sir Edward Grey from this, his plain duty to the British Flag. Beer, then, not gin: would be an admirable war-cry. At the same time, he might divert it to beer. Beer, British beer, for the Congo! would be an admirable war-cry. The third suburb things were changed; and they went on changing. If the Transvaal War did nothing else, it brought home to the suburbs, to the middle-class workers, that the industrial struggle has grown fiercer and is growing fiercer, that unless they find a way of escape, they will get crushed in it. I saw the lean years change them. The bulk of the people in that suburb has grown ripe for Socialism; above all, the Nonconformist element, which is by far the most intelligent, has grown ripe for it. Those suburban listeners agreed to the exposition of it and questioned and discussed with a very grave, seeking earnestness indeed. There was nothing of that sportiveness in their seriousness of which Mr. Pugh writes, in those suburban. They were in dead earnest about the issue; the industrial struggle is getting too fierce for them. The opponents of Socialism there were a few uninteresting persons, mostly
O Fifty Chimney Pots.

The mysterious workings of the great blind Spirit that rules this world and my own austere conception of Duty together achieved it that, yesterday, at the moment when Tea has become the promise of the multi-

tudinous, gorgeous glories of sunrise over an Italian lake might see in its stateliness and beauty the long

story of our Northern Civilisation, the great history of

tenth-class) might be reminded that there is the Sunday

hors d'oeuvre but a faint promise of repletion as the

and beer from One till Two? Truly, the art of enter-

prises, the unannounced attentions with which our un-

ner Element, and all the dim origins of our sublimest

error was that, in whichsoever direction I looked,

thrusting their outlines right in my line of vision were

agglomeration of locomotive comfort to rest for three

moments hard by the Collegiate and Cathedral

Church of Saint Saviour, Southwark, so that I (the

indicator had slowly traversed back to more than twenty

over, and, in our well-bred way, we began again to

move.

If trains were run, as ships are sail, by dead reckoning, we should have been three

and four-fifths minutes from the stop, on Charing Cross railway bridge, which permits that unequalled

view of the Rivet from the splendid tracery of West-

minster to the magnificent solemnity of Saint Paul's

(with those characteristic institutions, Whitehall Court, the National Liberal Club, the Cecil, the Savoy,

Somerset House, the L.C.C. Education Office, and Sion College thrown in, all to be considered by the thought-

ful) when a curious sensation; the regulated and deliber-

able movement of the vacuum brake telling in its own inimitably silent, courteous fashion how inch after inch of air was creeping into those delicately festooned tubes; firmly, but, oh, so gently, the brakes exerted an

amorous pressure on wheels which covet resisting, sinks into the stillness of a dear embrace. Thus, the

ain stopped. Then I looked forth and saw The Fifty Chimney Pots.

The Waterloo Road was on my right a hundred and fifty yards away. Up and down its ugly length (the Joint Committee of This Line did not build it, but common builders) raced the noisy, hurr-le.

all the horrors and joys of traffic in a word: a little house. Six Pots in each stack and two over. And

dear, uncultured people of this realm hurrying from the

destruc of London, a hundred and fifty yards away. In this dreary region, the launching of a new

sciousness of the public injustice of its owners and the

ous, the dictionary of locomotion as which now we

enjoy lies in the repose, the delicate deliberation, with

which such a journey is conducted. All the little sur-

prises, the unannounced attentions with which our un-

fastening path is courteously bestrewed only speaking from the floor of this flower of our

English aristocracy—the noblest, boldest, trust

kindest, and, above all, the most reposeful of Europe:

the silent East may know a better. Who but they

would have caused this smooth rolling, deep rumbling
glittering agglomeration of locomotion so which now

peaceful moments hard by the Collegiate and Cathedra-

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BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Democracy in the Philippines.

Mr. Hyatt is a vigorous writer, though his prejudices against "The Little Brown Brother" are made apparent from the contemptuous way in which many of his characteristics are touched upon. The plot and dramatic interest of "The Little Brown Brother" are concerned with the adventures of the Filipinos of an Englishman, Derek North, who had resigned his commission in the Indian Army in consequence of some scandal. North has many exciting adventures in the course of his campaign against the Filipinos. There is a charming love story interwoven in the plot; and this love story, together with the excellent descriptive account of the episodes of the campaign, lend a charm to a book which otherwise is rather gloomy. North comes through a series of adventures with the loss of an arm; but the blot upon his name is wiped off, and his success in the field of love is even greater than his success in war.

Mr. Hyatt is a writer of power and courage, and a large portion of the book is devoted to a denunciation of the methods of American politicians in the Philippines. Mr. Hyatt has little sympathy with the principle that Democracy involves treating as equals the unequal. Though he may be justified in exposing the corruption endured by Filipinos in consequence of the interference of Washington politicians, the line of thought running through the book is unconvincing. The United States is a hotbed of corruption; and that corruption is not more reprehensible because it is naturally penetrated into the Philippines. But to argue, as Mr. Hyatt does, that the treatment of the Filipinos as a people capable of governing themselves is bad, because it has been engineered for corrupt and malevolent motives, is a disingenuous attempt to confuse the issue. American statesmen possibly have advocated native government for vote-catching purposes; but how does that prove that native government is a danger to the Philippines? The virulence of Mr. Hyatt's references to those Americans who have urged the inclusion of a proportion of the natives of the governed community in the official service rather detracts from what would otherwise be a weighty indictment of those reformers who have aimed at relieving coloured peoples from the rule of white bureaucracies.

Mr. Hyatt has not disclosed the full history of American relations with the Philippines. He has only referred to a small part of the period of occupation. In the early days of the American occupation, there were many protests in Europe and the United States against American injustice and cruelty. For instance, some experimental purposes, with the result that the wretched case of women, in certain islands should be slaughtered. But to argue, as Mr. Hyatt does, that the treatment of the Filipinos as a people capable of governing themselves is bad, because it has been engineered for corrupt and malevolent motives, is a disingenuous attempt to confuse the issue. American statesmen possibly have advocated native government for vote-catching purposes; but how does that prove that native government is a danger to the Philippines? The virulence of Mr. Hyatt's references to those Americans who have urged the inclusion of a proportion of the natives of the governed community in the official service rather detracts from what would otherwise be a weighty indictment of those reformers who have aimed at relieving coloured peoples from the rule of white bureaucracies.

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SEPTEMBER

which, however desirable they may be considered in this
of the exoteric principles which it believes itself com-
which this little book is meant to convey was grasped by
much inclined to think that if the full meaning of all
their lives and proved so beneficial for ages.
and oust those more natural principles which have ruled
years ago. It has needed no revision and no amend-
ments, because founded upon the law of Nature and not
upon the dictum of any ecclesiastical hierarchy. Europe
is now grappling with the problem, and finds that not
only is her solution unsatisfactory, but out of it have
grown other difficult questions. 'There is not one social
question,' said Gambetta, 'there are social ques-
tions.'

We are tempted to quote largely, but refrain, merely
adding a few lines in conjunction with the quotation
given above, which will need no further explanation
here. "Under the African marriage system such a state of things is utterly impossible. There are no 'women of the under world,' no 'slaves of the abyss.'
Every woman is above ground, protected and sheltered." On
page 52 the author contends that there is a fair
division of labour between the men and the women, but
our own knowledge on this point, which is not incon-
stantly unfair to the women, but as the greater
appears to be deliberately calculated to
leave a wrong impression in the mind of the reader,
and is distinctly unfair to the women, but as the greater
praise of the women, so the greater
risks, very inadequately, the Indeterminate Sentence, and,
more fully, the Dorstal System. No. 3 is on "Discipline,"
and consists partly of extracts from the Elima Refor-
matory Report.

The I.L.P. publishes a useful pamphlet by Mr. T.
Summerbell, M.P., on "Afforestation" (1d.). It contains
practically all the statistics and information necessary.

What is one's country? Is it what Aristophanes and
Euripides defined it—there where one is happy? M. Hamon
has an interesting discussion of the subject in relation to
Internationalism, in "Patrie et Internationalisme." We
venture the definition that one's country is where one
feels most at home. Any objectors?

Replying to Sir Eldon Gorst's first annual Report on
Egypt, A. B. Fahmy Kamel, the Vice-President of the
Egyptian Nationalist Party, delivered a "Patriotic Address,
which has been reprinted in French. Perhaps French is
more suitable than English for the lyrical conclusion:
' Mon pays! Mon pays! Tu as mon ame et mon coeur! Tu
as ma vie et mon existence! Tu as mon sang et mon
ame! Tu as mon esprit et ma langue! Tu as mon
coeur et mon intelligence! Toi seul es la vie et il n'y a plus
de vie sans l'Egypte.'

Mr. T. Russell Williams delivers Henry George from
the charge of being opposed to Socialism, by showing that
Socialism, and the Single Tax." I.L.P. (1d.). He believes
that George did not intend the Single Tax to be the only
tax.

With Auberon Herbert's "The Voluntaryist Creed" (Ox-
ford University Press, 6d. net), it is possible for a Socialist
agreed heartily. The practical difficulty remains, however,
of legislating for the individual. Surely this is a case for
compromise by experience.

"Woman in Relation to the State," by George Calderon
(Priory Press, 6d. net), is a reply to the arguments of the
feminists. The author makes some good points; and by
instance, the distinction between the community and the
State. His whole case, however, is given away in the
admission, without comment, that women are intellectually
and morally the equals of men. After that, why clink
the kannikin?

"A Short History of National Education," by T. L.
Humberstone, contains a useful summary of school history
and a complete guide to the British Educational System of
the Franco-British Exhibition. (King and Son. 3d.)
The large charts there shown are reproduced here.
A grave charge is made by Bradley Hall in his pamphlet,
"Flogging at Manchester Grammar School" (1d.). Mr.
Faton, the Headmaster referred to, has a reputation as an

RECENT PAMPHLETS.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

RED WHITE & BLUE
eductionist, and it is depressing to learn that he practices haggling with those who call him "hanky-panky tricks." Whatever his theories, his practice obviously is bad. There are only two explanations of haggling: one is cruelty, the other is educational incompetence. The High Master of the Manchester Grammar School may take his choice.

Bradford has set a model to other municipalities in the Federation of School Children. Descriptions of the methods employed, the organisation and history of the scheme, etc., are given by one of its engineers—Councillor J. H. Palin ("A, Bradford and its Children." I.L.P. id.). His narrative is quite exciting.

"Socialism for Fishermen" (I.L.P. id.) is in the form of an address by Mr. Joe Duncan. He has no difficulty in illustrating the evolution of capitalism by changes under-employed, the organisation and history of the scheme, etc., and he is quite right. But, instead of haggling on the subject, let us discuss the point at issue.

The Congress has left behind it a valuable catalogue containing, besides numerous illustrations, official statements by men of authority in their profession; and the "Times" published day by day admirable reports of the proceedings of the delegates. Perhaps the best summary of the whole, and certainly of most interest to us in England, is to point to the evidence they furnished of

Never despair whilst you have sixpence in your pocket, for that silver sixpence may be your mascot, and make you the survival of the fittest.

It is all a question of health and vitality.

Most of the ills that flesh is heir to come from an impaired digestion. Keep your digestion in order, and I tell you you will be all right. But, instead of rushing to drugs and stimulants to effect this, give your body a chance by giving it proper nourishment. All is not gold that glitters, as you have no doubt heard said before; also a bad thing is dear at any price. And this brings us back to the silver sixpence with which I started. Do not spend it on medicines which will do you no good—and the cheapest of them will cost you more than one silver sixpence—but just straightway invest it in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, and become strong and healthy as thousands of men and women have already done.

The EBBARD HEALTH FOODS.

EBBARD'S CEREAL ALBUMEN. Per lb. packet 1/-

Pamphlet containing a perfect presentation of the Proteids—entirely Cereal and with no admixture of Milk-powder.

EBBARD'S INFANT MILK - FOOD. Per tin 1/.

Postage 4d. The nearest approach and best substitute for human milk it is to be desired that its conclusions in the practical affairs of everyday life. Art is not something which may, or may not, be cultivated as an additional fine flavouring when the day's work is over; it is, on the contrary, interlocked with social structure at every point. Thirty-seven of the Governments of the world appreciated the importance of the matter by appearing at the Congress; our own stood in glorious isolation. How were we to educate our masters? Perhaps some foreign visitors might be able to say how it was that their Ministers and members of municipalities were as well educated as their pupils.

The Congress has left behind it a valuable catalogue containing, besides numerous illustrations, official statements by men of authority in their profession; and the "Times" published day by day admirable reports of the proceedings of the delegates. Perhaps the best summary of the whole, and certainly of most interest to us in England, is to point to the evidence they furnished of what is now being done in the way of Art teaching by the London County Council and one or two of the provincial municipalities. It is a bright spot in our national record of mismanagement of public affairs. To take the case of the L.C.C., it is quite obvious that the expert officials of that body are slowly building up a system of art teaching in its fullest meaning, which eventually must have a radical effect on our industrial
It is hard to believe that the abundance of cultured thought displayed in the exhibits and the methods of teaching in the Council schools will be entirely smothered when it has to go out into the cold world where they produce for profit, with little thought for use or beauty. It is quite true that, on a hasty glance, it seems useless to spend money on the production of craftsman, when at present there is only a market for the labour of machine-drivers. The linking of the ideals of craftsmanship with the realities of business seems the greatest of all problems; it is a problem which it is full time some of the numerous reforming associations began to work out in detail. It is probable that a valuable clue to the solution will be discovered in the Trade schools, for such subjects as dressmaking, cabinet-making, silversmithing which are now working under the control of the L.C.C. William Morris stated the problem in broad outline; where is the leader who will give us particulars? Who will make the artist and craftsman a factor of everyday life, instead of leaving him on the bankruptcy list of commerce and industry or a rare exception if success comes at all?

We drew attention a month ago to the value of the picture section of the Palace of Art at the Franco-British Exhibition. Of course, there must be in such a place an undue preponderance of the pictures which please the “crowd” which has been fashioned by the painter. The best work is always modern, but, indeed, who could have failed with such a model. Whistler on his own ground: it is a piece of pure commerce and industry or a rare exception if success comes at all?

But, nevertheless, if one takes the trouble to look for them, there are pictures there which give an intelligent summary of the history of painting in modern France. In the English section there is no need to hunt for the pictures of value; for the first three pictures at least are packed with as well-chosen a selection of our early masters as heart could desire. There are several which are famous as masterpieces; there are, for example, Gainsborough’s “Blue Boy” and Madox Brown’s “Work.” But finer still (for famous works are rarely the best, after all) is Gainsborough’s “Lady Dudley” (50): and Madox Brown’s “Roméo and Juliet.” There are four or five Sir Joshua Reynolds who will be a revelation to anyone who thinks that “modern” work began with Whistler or some such old-fashioned painter. The best work is always modern, or ancient, whichever you care to call it. It has very little to do with chronological tables, if you examine it closely.

At least, Reynolds’s “Lady Crosebe” challenges Whistler on his own ground: it is a piece of pure harmony of colour and composition. The eye does not wander from part to part; it takes it in with one focus. It is a piece of art, not a background; they are finely balanced in one. You may remember, and prefer, Whistler’s “Miss Alexander,” that silent child in per-plexing matter. Jews throng the theatrical world. Of course, there must be a revelation to anyone who thinks that “modern” work began with Whistler or some such old-fashioned painter. The best work is always modern, or ancient, whichever you care to call it. It has very little to do with chronological tables, if you examine it closely.

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The second room, mainly of the pre-Raphaelites and their offshoots, is full of interest; but it is sad to see how Millais even in his early days, was not so far away, as is generally supposed, from his soap advertisement days; the hoof of the devil has already marked the famous “Black Brunswicker.” The “Queen Guinevere” of William Morris, his only picture we believe, is what one would expect from a man whose sense of beauty was inevitable; whose craftsmanship seemed to need no training. In a later room should be sought a picture by Mr. T. M. Rooke (700), who, perhaps more ably than any living artist, maintains that exquisite sense of balanced detail which was the essence of the pre-Raphaelite tradition. And when you have appreciated the very different schools of Mary Nimmo, Thomas Rotherstein’s “The Doll’s House” (408) you will be ready to admit that there is no one royal road in Art. In the Irish Village there is a fine collection, where the pictures of Messrs. O'Kelly and Charles Shannon must not be missed.

G. R. S. T.

Yiddish Plays in Whitechapel.

The importance of Yiddish plays at the present time depends upon the possibility of a Jewish Drama arising out of them. Yiddish is a dialect; the Jews are a people with very marked characteristics, and with very majestic aspirations, who might produce an extremely interesting and racially individualised drama. On the face of it the fact that a Jewish theatre is not already in existence as a powerful dramatic force is a rather perplexing matter. Jews throng the theatrical world. As actors, managers, and audience they take an important part in the career of every play produced, and the assumption naturally is that the Jew has a special interest in matters dramatic. But the assumption is not justified. Jews throng the theatrical world because the theatrical world is open to them as a career for which very little capital is needed, the asset of the average Jew being not money but brains.

It is useless to compare Jews as a body with Englishmen as a body. The results are liable to be both misleading and unfair. The Jews in the mass correspond only to the upper strata of our English society, and the lower grades of our population find in them only a negligible representation. That the theatrical world is thronged with Jews, therefore, is no more remarkable than that the theatrical world is thronged with sons and daughters of the middle-classes. And that the Jewish Drama does not exist is no more remarkable

Made under ideal conditions of labour in an English Factory amidst pure and healthful surroundings where the well-being of the workers receives the constant care of the firm.
than that the drama of the intelligent middle-class is only beginning to exist.

The Jew who is intelligently interested in drama is interested as a member of the intelligent classes. The patrons of the Yiddish theatre, on the other hand, are people who are more or less bound to the Yiddish language, but are not those with the specific dramatic interest of their own people. Indeed, it is certain that the Yiddish theatre is an accident of language and locality specially serving the needs of those who do not take it seriously. On no other hypothesis is it possible to account for the plays produced. The present season in which Mr. Adler appears, is, indeed, charged with statistics which can only be excused on this hypothesis.

Probably most of my readers have read a story of Mr. Zangwill about the Jewish Hamlet. In this story a Jew rewrites "Hamlet" from the Jewish point of view, and puts all his soul into Hamlet, from the moment he is born into the world. The play is accepted, but the author himself is never admitted to the theatre rehearsal, until on the first night he forces his way into it. He finds the play drastically altered, and Ophelia coming down in the fortunes of London. A Yiddish theatre are, up to the time of my visits to the Yiddish Theatre I had always regarded this as a justifiable caricature, but amid the tragic scenes of "Solomon Kass," in which the "Jewish Irving" is appearing, a young woman, and a lady actor with a scarlet under-petticoat gave a song and a kicking dance of the usual sprightly music-hall variety. An interlude; an interlude which completely destroyed the artistic possibilities of the play and made it very difficult to properly appreciate the value of Mr. Adler's playing. Not to mention the fact that the intervals between acts were almost interminable, and that the actors, with the exception of Mr. Adler, had to have their parts read to them communally out of the prompter's box in the middle of the stage. Unfortunately, the feats of skill which they displayed in keeping the thing going did not compensate for the awkwardness of the continual hiss and bubble of the prompter's voice.

The best feature of the Yiddish plays is the impulse towards, and the desire to have, a Yiddish theatre to which they bear witness. Yet if the desire is no more than the expression of the accident of language and locality the Yiddish theatre will never attain anything but a local importance. No doubt the language is a difficulty, the enthusiasm of great writers to express themselves through Yiddish not being precisely overwhelming. But is Yiddish quite essential? Could not a movement of Jewish national drama, comparable with that of the Irish Theatre, express itself through English? Mr. Zangwill says that the Yiddish theatre has not even the advantage of an English language. But the railways, the telegraph, the steamship, and the telegraph, these have always remained a vague and impassioned controversy) the changes and developments that are chiefly necessary if dramatic music is ever to be a naturalised form of expression in English art.

The past glories of opera, in its various forms, are a sufficient assurance that music may always have an important share in the conduct of certain kinds of drama, whatever practical difficulties are inherent in what must always remain a mixture (rather than a fusion) of two independent arts. Music-lovers owe Mr. Carpenter considerable gratitude for his sympathetic disentangling of several false clues which have recently confused and imperilled this art-form.

Yet in the generalised terms of a brief inquiry into issues must often be left undeveloped; in matters of detail they may affect, in a small degree, Mr. Carpenter's conclusions.

The conditions of the English operatic stage have not hitherto made for ideal performances; and, in particular, the elocution of the singers and the fact of there being no permanent opera-houses with systematic constant rehearsal and ensemble, permit the argument that the best possible result has not yet been obtained in the conduct of those of them of which we get a farrago of tragedy and music-hall song and dance, staged with the care bestowed on a Christmas charade.

The lack of a representative Jewish drama detracts very seriously from our national dramatic output, and the fault lies quite clearly at the doors of those Jewish writers who, having the open sesame to the record of their own people, deliberately avoid making use of their opportunities. Partly, the explanation lies in the well known desire, which often afflicts Jews well up in the intellectual social scale—to conceal the fact of Judaism. The gentleman of marked HEBRAIC TASTE who chooses to appear at a fancy dress ball as John Bull is merely typifying an unfortunate weakness which may have arisen from centuries of oppression.

But in the drama one cannot believe that the choice lies between a complete Anglicisation, which swallows the Jews up, or a dialect drama of only local importance. It must be possible to have a modern drama of serious value, one of its roots perhaps springing from the cult of modern Hebrew literature.

I. HADEN GUEST

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

MUSIC DRAMAS OF THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's articles on "Music-Drama in the Future" have given rise (in what I am inclined to regard as a vague and impassioned controversy) the changes and developments that are chiefly necessary if dramatic music is ever to be a naturalised form of expression in English art.

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his system, it is perhaps less than just to select instances from the works, which, in spite of many noble and splendid pages, are the most unequal and imperfect of his mature system, it is perhaps less than just to select instances where monotony and diffuseness are apparent. Such things yet with this generation there has been born in England the musical accompaniment must not bear the whole blame. Agamemnon and Zeus, Hera and Helen were: certainly the kinetic mingling of gods and men—all of the same hacks raiment—the kin of vultures and eagles; but, in—warrior maidens—with storm-torn locks, weathered armour, seamed by a skilled dressmaker, their fashionably plumed ram's, the least hopeful of the audience cannot have expected any form of drama which deals with romance and mystery. And a grotesquely literal interpretation of the remainder an...
intelectual level of public school boys, and, in fact, never have any desire to do so.

It is for this reason that I agree to a great extent with Mr. Belloc's statement that the old-fashioned public school system, which I believe in the main to be entirely harmful and chiefly calculated to produce snobs and tools.

I was much interested to hear by "B. K." no hard feelings were taken when he was moved to another battalion, evidently not so much for his own advantage as the advantage of the system. Surely "B. K." knows that 99 per cent. of a Crammer's pupils come from some public school or other, and not only is the very fact that they are obliged to go there at all a charge against public school education, but the tone of a Crammer's, of which "B. K." so bitterly complains, is entirely made by its pupils, and they naturally follow the bent to which public school life has inclined them. The result is, I admit, often productive of "immorality and bad form."

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An "officer and a gentleman" is a charming formula; but the necessary qualifications nowadays are time and money. In the Volunteers a certain amount of time was required, and the expenses will probably be considerably less (subscriptions, etc.). Officers, particularly keen and intelligent officers, posed, signalling or transport courses, in fact, make him himself welcomed among the clerks, brewers' surveyors, solicitors, and the like who form the mass of Territorial officers. The result is, I admit, often productive of "immorality and bad form."

The new scheme demands more time and less money; the necessary qualifications nowadays are time and money. In your editorial notes recently I have noticed that the editorial intelligence seems permeated with the idea that Territorial officers are and must be aristocrats. May I but officers.

The result is, I admit, often productive of "immorality and bad form."

In my article on "The European War Scare," I challenged the German "pomp of school of writers to demonstrate any advantage which the Democracies of England or Germany will obtain by a war between England and Germany." Neither Mr. Blatchford nor Mr. Hyndman has attempted to establish this impossibility, and of the three correspondents of THE NEW AGE who have criticised my article, Mr. Wake Cook, Mr. Thorpe Lee, and Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., only Mr. Hunt has met that perfectly definite challenge.

Territorial Officers.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

In your editorial notes recently I have noticed that the editorial intelligence seems permeated with the idea that Territorial officers are and must be aristocrats. May I inform you as a Territorial officer that this is not the case.

An "officer and a gentleman" is a charming formula; but the necessary qualifications nowadays are time and money. In the Volunteers a certain amount of time was required, and a good deal of money: £300 for outfit and perhaps £10 a year for other expenses when a captain.

The outlay will be much cheaper (well covered by grant), and the expenses will probably be considerably less (subscriptions, etc.). Officers, particularly keen and intelligent officers, are so difficult to get that a Socialist journalist would find himself welcomed among the clerks, brewers, surveyors, solicitors, and the like who form the mass of Territorial officers. Could not THE New Age find someone on the staff who is willing to help take away from the young Socialists the approach of being mere talkers? Let him apply for a commission in his local battalion, take the Chelsea School (one month), Hythe musketry (three weeks), training at the depot, camp work up for his (q) examination (theoretical) play Krieg-spiel, shoot, train his men, take, if he feel disposed, signalling or transport courses, in fact, make himself efficient. I can assure him that he will be a great success in the regiment, even without eight quarterings.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

I am quite unable to understand Mr. Bellow's article on "Dr. Guinness and the Congo," but how dare I venture to object to an article of his? My criticisms are surely too obvious to be applicable to so difficult a subject, treated as one of my many Socialist friends. I am quite unable to understand Mr. Bellow's article on "Dr. Guinness and the Congo," but how dare I venture to object to an article of his? My criticisms are surely too obvious to be applicable to so difficult a subject, treated as one of my many Socialist friends.

Are we advised to renounce all efforts we may have been making on behalf of the wretched Congoleses, because, through the union with the 'United Nations,' a sufficient explanation of the division of many of the subordinates, -- in the agitation, yet the originators of it were inconsistent enough to be silent concerning other brutalities perpetrated in other parts of the world? Also they were moved "by avarice." -- and then I open THE NEW AGE and read "anything that kills this agitation before it is too late is to the benefit of England."

Must I admit, then, that the benefit of England is a natural result of stifling the "goodwill" towards our brothers?

M. L.

THE GERMAN PANIC.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

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THE CONGO.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

I am quite unable to understand Mr. Bellow's article on "Dr. Guinness and the Congo," but how dare I venture to object to an article of his? My criticisms are surely too obvious to be applicable to so difficult a subject, treated as one of my many Socialist friends.

J. C.

ONE AND ALL.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

WHAT 1s. A MONTH WILL DO:

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AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
The British worker does not benefit by the British Colonies: and there is no ground for thinking that the German workers would be benefited by the possession of those same Colonies.

In these very Colonies, the problems of poverty and starvation are sufficiently terrible, while the power of the Labour Party in Australia and New Zealand has somewhat modified the course of capitalist development and exploitation. In fact, it is one of the most striking circumstances of modern times that in those countries where there is a powerful labour and socialist organization the standard of life of the workers begins immediately to rise. But, until that Socialist or Labour vote comes into existence, the exploitation of the workers will continue. Moreover, there are regular troops in England that could be used to have restrained them, otherwise, could not have set up this dummy argument of "gain."

Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hyndman, and the three correspondents of The New Age, agree in advocating what they are pleased to call a "Citizen Army," as a safeguard against the German danger. The Citizen Army is a bogey which somehow its advocates never materialise in such a way that one can grasp and which would be powerless. The theory of the Citizen Army is a Socialist theory. Another form which the Citizen Army has assumed is "universal military training." A third form is Conscription. In a capitalist State like Great Britain, the German objection to all these schemes could throw some light on this problem, and these objections, if clearly comprehended, could disarm the workers in the strike area; that is, assuming the workers were allowed to keep their weapons at home.

Against the inclusion of the middle and lower classes in the Citizen Army would merely be that the military forces which could be called out to put down disorder arising from strikes would be strengthened by the inclusion of the middle and upper classes. The argument put by experts of the world's history is that the effect of the German invasion would be easily maintained, since the outside limit of time for which Great Britain could undergo the hardships of a blockade would be about one month. An effective blockade could be easily maintained, since the amount of provisions which could be run through by blockade runners would have little relation to the extremities of the Navy. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the Navy. If the Navy were beaten, would a Citizen Army protect Great Britain from defeat and annihilation? The support of the Citizen Army proclaims in loud tones: "Certainly." Clamour, however, is, as against the hostility of Germany, what value is theaccumulation of the middle and upper classes, which, if united, could have secured the workers in the strike area; and that, assuming the workers were allowed to keep their weapons at home.

Mr. Wake Cook dwells upon the advisability of rendering these islands "impeetable." The only way to do this is to devote some portion of the revenue allocated to military expenditure to a vast development of intensive agriculture. In war time the real enemy would be starvation, not invasion by a German army corps.

Some German people fear that a German army corps could be rushed across the North Sea, and could be landed on the shores of the eastern counties without the British fleet know- ing an attack had been made. Any German general who were not caught on such a raid would be entangling his troops in a trap, unless the British Navy had been completely routed. Moreover, there are regular troops in England in sufficient force to have restrained them, otherwise, would have been powerless. The argument put by experts of the world's history is that the effect of the German invasion would be easily maintained, since the outside limit of time for which Great Britain could undergo the hardships of a blockade would be about one month. An effective blockade could be easily maintained, since the amount of provisions which could be run through by blockade runners would have little relation to the extremities of the Navy. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the Navy. If the Navy were beaten, would a Citizen Army protect Great Britain from defeat and annihilation? The support of the Citizen Army proclaims in loud tones: "Certainly." Clamour, however, is, as against the hostility of Germany, what value is theaccumulation of the middle and upper classes, which, if united, could have secured the workers in the strike area; and that, assuming the workers were allowed to keep their weapons at home.
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