NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the Peace Society could but contrive to stimulate the production of legitimate news during the late summer months it would deserve the profound gratitude of European humanity. We are led to make this remark by a consideration of what has happened during the past two months. There has been a war scare of some what alarming proportions, with absolutely nothing tangible to justify it. How it arose is almost a mystery. An article in the "Quarterly Review," another in the "Clarion," a phrase or two used by Lord Cromer in the House of Lords ; these are the true and only foundations of an agitation which has disturbed the peoples of Germany and Great Britain for weeks. Why, having once arisen, the scare flourished and grew to the extent it did is, however, clear enough. The vera causa of the phenomenon was the silly season. With the silly season the scare was born, and with the silly season it is dying. By the time Cabinet Ministers begin to desert the grouse moors and return to town it will be as dead as the "Spectator's" campaign in favour of contributory Old Age Pensions. It has served its purpose of maintaining the holiday circulation of various journals, and will doubtless now be allowed to depart in peace.

We fear we cannot join with the majority of our London contemporaries in expressing gratitude to the Kaiser for his "peaceful" speech at Strasbourg. We are not prepared to admit that he has contributed anything at all to the laying of a war spectre whose birth and death can be accounted for as due to the needs of much less excitable, if not less irresponsible, persons. Besides, our habit of discounting the value of the Kaiser's words is so far confirmed as to have become instinctive. With the best will in the world, we can pay no more attention to the cooling dove than to the barking war-dog. One is probably as much a stage trick as the other. If the speech had been delivered by anyone else we could have agreed with the "Times" in ruffling it a sober and statesmanlike utterance; as it is, we can only say that for once in a way, and for reasons best known to himself, the Kaiser chose to speak in dulcet tones. Perhaps it was because it was Sunday.

Even on this occasion, however, the Kaiser's speech was not without its preposterous side. There is certainly no other word to describe his suggestion that the finest security for the peace of Europe exists in the consciences of God-fearing Princes. It would, we imagine, be impossible to propound a more thoroughly fallacious theory than this. It is as indefensible upon abstract as upon historical grounds. The truth is exactly the reverse. For, as we have pointed out before in these columns, there is no real hope for permanent peace until Princes, God-fearing or otherwise, have ceased to control the instruments of war, and the people have come into their own kingdom. To say that the workers of England and Germany have nothing to gain and all to lose by fighting each other is a truism, but until the workers are themselves the sovereigns it is scarcely likely to be treated with that effective and tacit respect which all such truisms deserve. It is interesting to note, by the way, that on the day following the publication of the Kaiser's speech there appeared in the London Press an extract from General Kropotkin's supposed memoirs, in which it was made clear that the immediate cause of the Russo-Japanese conflict was a Korean timber concession, in whose financial prospects the Tsar and his personal friends were deeply interested.

The one thing in the Kaiser's speech of which there could be no mistaking either the sincerity of the importance was his emphatic declaration against the reduction of armaments. Germany, he said, was determined to maintain her power, both on sea and land, at its high level, and to develop her forces as her own interests should demand. In other words, the German programme of Dreadnoughts and Invincibles is to be carried out to the letter. Further discussion of what measures Great Britain must take in these circumstances in order to maintain her two Power standard is useless at the present moment. We must wait to hear the Government's proposals. In the meantime, we may print here a table taken from the official return issued last week by order of the House of Lords, showing the comparative naval strength of Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and Japan. No battleships more than 25, or cruisers more than 20 years old are included.

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Readers may find this table useful to refer to when the dangerous condition of our native shores is under discussion. For our part, we confess to feeling that if, with the superiority shown above, England cannot hold her own, it is time she went under.
No doubt we shall soon have grown accustomed to the idea of an awakened Asia, and shall accept it as one of the settled facts of world politics. In the meantime, the stream of evidence that is reaching us from all parts of the world of Asiatic aspirations, and especially of Asiatic solidarity, comes with all the force of a new and unexpected element in our calculations. The past week has been particularly full of such evidence. Telegrams from Pekin and Tabriz, Pretoria and Bombay, Medina, Tokio, and Constantinople all testify that the new era, of whose coming a few have been dimly aware, is approaching with a rapidity that none expected.

Japan, whose military prowess is commonly regarded as the chief cause of the new movement in Asia, is now clearly being much slower in her movements than her sister nation, but even she has already decided to have a constitution of sorts, and the scheme outlined in the Edict of September 1st is deliberately constructed upon European models.

Turkey seems to be becoming more and more united and confident as the weeks pass. The danger of the Sultan regaining his old power by a successful manipulation of the reactionary forces in his Empire is still there, but it is steadily growing less. The Young Turks, who two or three years ago were only a small band of intellectuals, have attained a pinnacle of power which may well be regarded as dangerously unstable by those who only a year or two ago predicted the movement as it existed a couple of months since. But the rapid education of public opinion is creating a firm foundation for the future. Already the idea of political freedom is planted deeply in the hearts of millions of the Sultan’s subjects, and it is hard to believe that there can now be any serious going back. Doubtless, in many minor affairs Abdul Hamid will find means of re-asserting his paramount authority, but in essentials his despotism is surely going to give way.

At the opening ceremony of the new railway through Hedjaz to Medina one of the speakers, the editor of the Egyptian Nationalist paper “Al Lewa,” struck a note which may be expected to resound through the Mohammedan world. “The Prophet,” he exclaimed, “did not permit the railway to reach Medina until the Khalif had granted a Constitution to his people.” Egypt will shortly be the only province of the Turkish Empire that knows not the use of the franchise. How much longer will the infidel English be able to refuse self-government to the servants of the Prophet?

The case of India is, of course, even more pressing. The Hindu population, having witnessed the rise of Japan, can now hear of China’s Constitution. More and more will their inferior condition be borne in upon them as they realise how other Asiatics are advancing. The fellow feeling that exists between the two races is strikingly shown by what has just happened in the Transvaal. The Chinese residents have joined hands with the British Indians and have begun a sort of pathetic strike over the registration question. As for the other hand, he is forced by public opinion to resort to palliatives, it will greatly weaken his personal prestige. The latter alternative is, however, almost unthinkably slow as long as he is John Burns, and so we may look forward with some confidence to the conflicts between the Labour members, with their knowledge of the great need of the people, and the optimistic Minister, with his principles and his determination to do nothing in a hurry.

The circular issued by the Board of Education this week on School Medical Inspection is an important document. The need for medical inspection, which Socialists maintained in the teeth of apathy and opposition, has proved even greater than we expected. There is every prospect of the Schools being more and more important—and, let us add, expensive—as time goes on. The office of the medical inspector will be no sinecure if half is done that should be done. In the words of the circular, he is to give “to the public a notion of what the school hygiene of the future will be like, and in this sense the State must necessarily become the substitute. If the ‘Spectator’ objects, let it join us in abolishing the industrial system slowly enfeebles the home, and with every decline in the stability and efficiency of the home the State must necessarily become the substitute. If the ‘Spectator’ objects, let it join us in abolishing the industrial system that is the only way of preserving home life. The circular of the Board of Education is not quite so

There are several obsolete assumptions, however, in the circular on which reactionaries like the “Spectator” are sure to fasten. This week, in fact, the “Spectator” “promptly unmask[s] the real effect of State Medical Inspection, namely, the substitution of the State for the home.” But the thin end of the wedge was inserted many years ago, and it is too late to object. Every legislative device on behalf of children has disputed the sacrosanctity of home; and, on the whole, with such excellent results that nobody seriously dreams of returning to the old system. The only problem is how much further the State will be compelled to go in the interests of children. Our evil industrial system slowly enfeebles the home, and with every decline in the stability and efficiency of the home the State must necessarily become the substitute. If the “Spectator” objects, let it join us in abolishing the industrial system that is the only way of preserving home life. The circular of the Board of Education is not quite so
efficient medical inspection on parents we care nothing. It is about time the State ceased sacrificing the future to the past.

Dr. Francis Darwin’s presidential address before the British Association at Dublin was an extraordinarily interesting dip into regions commonly left to imaginative poets, cranks, and students of guptavidya. The details are beyond the grasp of the majority of lay minds (who, nevertheless, splash like confidant levithians in the equally abstract subjects of economics and politics), but the main issue discussed will probably become popular in a very little while. Are plants intelligent? Have they a psychic life? Does consciousness indubitably extend so far, and if so, why not still farther? We are reminded of the ancient Hermetic aphorism: A stone a plant; a plant an animal; an animal a man; a man a god. Dr. Darwin admitted his evidence might appear “both weak and fantastic”; but now that the director of research has been clearly indicated, we may expect evidence to accumulate. The fantasy of the hypothesis is by no means admitted by everybody.

We hope Mr. Basil Thomson’s letter to the “Times” on the subject of race-prejudice will be carefully noted. The subject appears to be a general recrudescence amongst civilised and decivilised people (to wit, Americans) of the most primitive tribal jealousies in an exaggerated form. As Mr. Thomson points out, the sentiment in this form is of comparatively recent growth. There has often been in various parts of Europe the race hatred of anti-Semitism, but this was due more to Jewish exclusiveness than anything else. Apart from the Jews, however, Europeans generally had no particular prejudices against non-European races and peoples. Shakespeare, for example, made the husband of Desdemona an Ethiopian; a grave sin against the White God had Shakespeare written his play to-day. Even to-day, in many parts of Europe race prejudices need to be still more vigorously combated, for it is the duty of every able business of politicians and journalists often to stimulate that very fear. Women are notoriously less decisively racial than men. Their tendency is to rub out the man-made lines that scar the face of humanity. If for no other reason than their liberalising effect on race prejudices, we hope women may obtain a share of political power.

The German Social Democrats and the War Scare. III.

By Alderman Sanders, L.C.C.

The movement towards a united effort on the part of the English and German Socialist and Labour organisations to finally dissipate the happily disappearing war clouds is going on most satisfactorily. The note of warning by Bebel against the sending of a British Socialist and Labour deputation to Berlin is finding no support in the German Social Democratic Press. On the contrary, the “Times” in commenting upon the Independent Labour Party, suggests that he was probably not aware of the steps that had already been taken, and that there was no reason to believe that the proposed visit would fail to strengthen the anti-war feeling. It would be folly, however, to dismiss the proposals and anticipates that the meetings in the German capital at which the deputation will appear will be most successful and enthusiastic. It is probable that a return visit will be made to London by representatives of the German Socialists, who will be able to put the situation in their country clearly before us.

One factor which makes for the continuance of peaceful relations between Germany and England is, as a distinguished Socialist member of the Reichstag points out to me, the present parlous condition of the finances of the Kaiser’s Government. Assuming that the ultimate object of the German naval programme is war with this country, how is that programme to be carried out? There is an anticipated deficit of over 500 million marks to be met in the coming year if the naval and military estimates are to be adopted without reduction, and no one knows where or how the money can be raised. A loan is out of the question, and indirect taxation has been carried to such an extent that it has exhausted the paying capacity of the nation. For instance, the tax on railway tickets recently introduced only produced during the first twelve months of its enforcement one-half of the amount anticipated, and the second year shows a continuous decline. The income-tax is highly unpopular both among the people and in the various State Governments, as it would compete with the revenue already raised in this manner by a number of States for their own purposes. Moreover, Germany is suffering severely from trade depression, which also adds to the difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of the Kaiser’s naval plans. Prince Bislov is said to be endeavouring to get the Conservative-Liberal Bloc to support his financial scheme, but up to the present there is no sign of agreement. Indeed, rumours are in the air to the effect that a dissolution of the Reichstag and a new election are not far off; and if they materialise, the complexion of the new Parliament is likely to be very different from the present one. The jingo-patriotic election cry will not sweep the country off its feet again as it did in 1907. The disappointment with the results of the alliance of Liberalism with reaction has been too deep.

The annual Conference of the German Social Democratic Party, which will be opened on Sunday next at Nuremberg, will discuss the present situation and the outcome of the foreign policy of Germany, and will settle upon the course the party is to adopt to bring the country to a sensible frame of mind. Already it has been decided to carry on a campaign in advance against any further increase of indirect taxation, especially for expenditure on armaments. This alone frees the German Socialists from the charge of being at bottom in sympathy with the alleged aims of militarism. The only qualification of this statement that can be put forward is that the poor one that Bebel on one occasion, when taunted with being on the side of every country but his own, said he would have been prepared, if Germany were attacked, to shoulder a rifle to defend his native land. This attitude, however, is quite consistent with a keen opposition to a provocative foreign policy and the building up of a bloated and costly navy. It is true some Socialists, both here and in France, suspect our German comrades of not being really at heart opposed to militarism and aggression because they opposed the thorough-going, anti-national, and anti-army resolution brought forward by Hervé at the International Congress at Stuttgart last year. The real reason for the refusal of the Germans to agree to the proposals of Hervé was that they take the motions passed at International Socialist Congresses very seriously, and are not prepared to vote for those which they cannot hope to carry into effect in their own country. They knew it would be impossible to carry on an extreme anti-military propaganda in Germany on the lines supported by a section of the French Socialists. They succeeded in getting the Congress to adopt the German view of the question, and to make it their own way to make war on militarism and its evils.

In France the anti-Socialist politician points to the German Socialists as an example of patriotism which he would like to imitate. The Socialist at home on the other hand, while the Kaiser has been known to say that the Socialists of Germany—fatherless vagabonds, as he calls them—lack the patriotic sentiments of their French comrades. The iron military system of the German Empire does not make men who belong to what is essentially a peace-loving people to love that system or share the alleged ambition of its head. Rather it has helped to discipline the German worker and make him an effective soldier in the cause of international unity represented by the Socialist organisation and its far-reaching influence.
Morocco and the Great Powers.

It does not appear to have struck any of the Great Powers except Germany, that from its inception the actual war on Morocco has been simply a filibustering expedition on a large scale, and that notwithstanding all the fine talk in the French and Algerian papers about conferring the blessings of civilisation on the Moors, the real object has been, and is, to rob them of their country.

It is useless to recall the means that have been taken when they discovered that the policy of the “pénétration pacifique” by the establishment of the “Banc d'Etat du Maroc” and the obtaining of a virtual control of the interior of the coast towns in the appointment of French advisers did not bring them any nearer to eating up the country bit by bit. Hence the pace had to be forced at the behest of the Colonial Party, headed by Etienne de Ouan, and of the international financiers who are anxious to float Moorish mines, town development, agricultural, and other companies on the Paris Bourse.

Everything was promising very well, notwithstanding German antagonism, until the crowning stupidity of forcing Abdul-Aziz to march to the conquest of Marrakesh. Although his troops were trained, armed, and supplied with artillery by the French, besides being accompanied by a French military mission, the number of which we shall probably never learn, the expedition has been utterly defeated, and the papers seem to think the French game is up.

Such is not the case, however. The French are in possession and have troops in Oudjda and Casa Blanca, they have legation guards in Tangiers and war vessels in the bay. They have a fleet patrolling the whole coast. They have not only taken over the old penal colony of the French in the coast towns from Tetuan to Mogador, and although the men are nominally Moorish, many of them are Algerine Arabs whom the French can trust, whilst the most important police forces are entirely commanded by French officers, and are divided into three corps of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in short, regular military forces in all but name, who patrol the coast towns from Tetuan to Mogador, and all along the country round the ports far beyond the ten kilometres stipulated by the Algeciras Act! As to the rival Sultan’s, of course they would much have preferred the puppet state to this much more wily and talented diplomat, Moula Hafid, who is de jure and de facto the only Sultan in the eyes of the more wily and talented diplomat, Moula Hafid, who is de jure and de facto the only Sultan in the eyes of the Moors (whatever the Great Powers may say). But is it likely, in consideration of the progress the French have made, that they will throw up the sponge at a de jure and de facto the only Sultan in the eyes of the Moors (whatever the Great Powers may say)?

In going over it again, of course one is at once struck by the amusing confusion of Socialism with ideas of equality and, curiously enough, Democracy with inequality. Of course, as every one knows to-day, just the reverse of this is true, for under no possible Socialistic system can the democratic ideal of personal equality be maintained, and no democratic system has ever got much beyond the assertion that the brains of men are essentially the same. Vide Ballot Acts and the rest.

But now, in 1908, we have gone a little farther than we were in 1884. Every time I return to England I am the more surprised at the people who now have adopted the Socialist principles, persons who are among those the least likely to be attracted by such ideals. Being no Socialist, therefore, I have tried to think out the cause, and here I am going to put on paper my views.

In the first place, the Democratic principle of equality has had as a chief opponent, Nature. No two babies born into the world have ever been born equal, as the American Constitution avers, so that personal equality is barred, by a crooked back, by a narrow brain, and other matters, and the assumption of this equality offends the intelligence of every thinking man. But every thinking man does not realise that the present social system is rotten to the core. Survival of the fittest! Yes, let the fittest survive, the principle of individualism—but we all know that they do not, and that, on the contrary, some of the ablest are at the bottom of the ladder and some of the stupidest are on the top.

A little time ago I was “chaffed” in my club in St. James’ Street for my liberal opinions. An old friend of mine said: “But how can you find friends among the working classes, how can you talk to them?” My reply was that in many working men’s clubs I knew well the tone of the conversation was much higher in this exclusive institution in St. James’ Street—much more intellectual, and much more serious.

The fact, of course, is that the working classes are not by any means intellectual and the working classes are often perforce so, and while there is no possible reason why wealthy people should not be in touch with human affairs, as many of them are, there is yet a tendency already seen abroad in an accentuated manner to leave the greater affairs to professionals—the defence of the country to professional soldiers, the government of the country to professional politicians!

The revolt against professionalism accounts for much, but the revolt against equality accounts for more,
We all know that equality does not exist, yet Liberalism and the Progressive Party have accepted it. Fundamentally it is unsound, and therefore a cause of revolt, and suddenly comes in the Socialist principle. While accepting equality of opportunity, never admits equality as a basis of government. To place the right man in the right place is the aspiration of the Socialists to-day. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw will not contradict me. But a chance, never admits equality as a basis of government. To place the right man in the right place is the revolt, and suddenly comes in the Socialistic principle. Fundamentally it is unsound, and therefore a cause of good man in a good place must always get more than a stupid man in a wrong place. He must earn more because he does more. Mr. Whiteley as a retail tradesman, great organiser as he is, must certainly obtain more than a porter in his shop, if the State expects to run the retail business successfully. He would not be allowed to leave his savings, but he would certainly have a more comfortable house than his porter, because he would require a better library.

The Liberal idea of personal equality has done much to stimulate the Socialist sentiment, which latter opposes equality. But "laissez faire," which simply means "the devil take the hindmost," has done more. Unfortunately in this world of disorganisation, the hindmost may be behind, not on account of weakness of brain, but through corns on his feet, which have nothing to do with his ability as an administrator.

Yet the devil took the hindmost, the poor children at Huddersfield, for instance. Some of us, therefore, not Socialists at all, have been naturally attracted to Socialistic ideas because they are opposed to what we think wrong, namely, personal equality; they pretend to correct the evils of the present system, either which every year are sacrificed to the State. Great new movement of the people towards Socialism? Some of us, therefore, not Socialists at all, have been naturally attracted to Socialistic ideas because they are opposed to what we think wrong, namely, personal equality; they pretend to correct the evils of the present system, either which every year are sacrificed to the State. Great new movement of the people towards Socialism? Yet the history of the bicycle throws much to stimulate the Socialistic sentiment, which naturally is still good reason to believe that clerks, small shopkeepers, and workmen in the better-paid trades will be able, in the course of time, to live in the country and indulge in daily travel.

And we wonder whether there is likely to be a change! For myself, not yet a Socialist, and a member of a Whig family, I wonder what ought to be done, what attitude I should take up. We have always been on the side of the people, not always agreeing, but remembering always to be on their side. Every hereditary title obtained by the Whig families has been earned by leading the people, sometimes by following them. We have not always been sure of our cause, but we have always known that the people were more important than the Government because they were the State.

Now, what ought to be our position respecting this great new movement of the people towards Socialism? Of course, if the nationalisation of the sources of wealth is to be done itself, we must oppose it. But is it wrong? Do we post my Socialist and bank my Socialistic savings in the G.P.O. I travel by Socialistic tramways; in Germany, by Socialistic railways, under which every year are sacrificed to the State. Grants that it will take some years to bring the price of even a "drayman" to the floor of the "seventies," the squire's son was often the only cyclist in the village; to-day the village cyclists include labourers, farm lads, and the squire's maidservants. Granted that it will take some years to bring the price of even a "drayman" to the floor of the "seventies," the squire's son was often the only cyclist in the village; to-day the village cyclists include labourers, farm lads, and the squire's maidservants.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that, if supporters of the "class war" think it good policy to make a point of attacking those forms of recreation that are mainly indulged in by the well-to-do, there is a wide field to cover; yachting in the Solent, climbing in the Alps, stalls at the Opera—all these will run a risk of being put under an embargo.

"Not at all," replies the anti-motorist, "we distinguish between recreations that harm others and those that do not; the motorist is a ruffian who kills or maims the proletariat." True, O king! And yet false. No language that has appeared as yet in the Press is too strong for the reckless drivers who have caused certain accidents that have been reported, especially for the reckless drivers who have caused certain accidents that have been reported, especially for the reckless drivers who have caused certain accidents that have been reported, especially for the reckless drivers who have caused certain accidents that have been reported, especially for the reckless drivers who have caused certain accidents that have been reported.

I have suggested (New Age, August 29, p. 347) that the outcry against motor-cars is simply one of the usual holiday discussions started by the Press to keep up sales in the holiday season, that the denunciations belied the first railways and are awaiting the days when the dust evil can only be remedied by the State control of main roads and the re-making of those roads on "dustless" principles, that speed limits on the open road should be abolished as a mere scorching by bringing him into the same category as the conscientious and considerate driver, and, finally, that the ordinary conditions that surround the "tractive" horse are not such as would warrant humanitarians in depleting his elimination.

Turning from those credible propositions, I have embarked upon a perhaps Quixotic attempt to undermine the common view of motoring as a luxury of the plutocrat. This common view is natural enough. Is it not obvious to any pedestrian that the cars that pass him on the highway are occupied by rich people on pleasure bent? Yet the history of the bicycle throws some light on the problem of the coming functions of the motor-cars. When bicycling was the "seventies," the squire's son was often the only cyclist in the village; to-day the village cyclists include labourers, farm lads, and the squire's maidservants.

It stands to reason that the mechanically-propelled vehicle, which responds to the lightest touch and cannot shy or cross its feet, is safer than a vehicle attached to a creature of irregular movements and impulses. I have travelled by car 450 miles in two days without experiencing a moment's anxiety, and, the same week, I have had four "narrow squeaks" in a hansom-cab ride of less than two miles. Not merely is it safer to travel on four wheels with the driver in front than on two wheels with the driver at the back, but the motor principle is safer, in its perfected form today, than the principle of animal propulsion.

Although this superiority from the standpoint of safety should be self-evident, it is not generally recognised, owing to the fact that every isolated motoring accident is reported as constituting good "copy," whilst
horse-accidents are too numerous and too commonplace to be put on record. How is it that the Highways Protection League, which periodically publishes alarming statistics of motoring accidents, tabulates no comparisons with horse-accidents? Is it not because a comparative statement would make the League's case look unreasonable? Motorists, for the most part, have also fought shy of the comparison, being doubtless obsessed by the newspaper stories of the "toll of the motor." One of them—Sir John Macdonald, the Scottish Judge—has, however, carried out an investigation, and, although hampered by the meagreness of the sources of information as to horse-accidents, he has arrived at results favourable to the more controllable mechanical principle.

Children, it is said, have from time immemorial been at liberty to play in the roadway, and the motor-car is robbing them of their birth-right. Certainly, since the days when the coaches were driven away by railway rivalry, children have found the deserted highways admirably adapted for games of all sorts, but it is difficult to believe that they were free from danger in the pre-railway period when, for instance, twenty coaches ran daily from London to Oxford. Evidence at inquests convinces one that merely reducing speed by some fraction arbitrarily fixed will not save these children's lives. The Socialist remedy is the provision, at the public expense, of playgrounds in all villages. Why not at the motorists' expense? Because that is not the Socialist solution of taxation. If each class of society pays for its own wants or repays its own obligations, our basic principle—"Each for All and All for Each"—would go by the board. Reform of our taxation system is a burning question, and the motoring classes will not escape the payment of their share.

There are some minor points in the problem. Complaint is made of noise, but cars are becoming quieter. Complaint is made of smell and oil dropping under which they gain a few puddles of petrol and are robbed of their unearned excrement. The whole controversy, indeed, presents only two serious aspects: dust must be dealt with; the dangerous driver must be driven off the road. The former nuisance can be removed by the Government acting through our road surveyors. The latter nuisance will solve itself. To-day there are more cars than good drivers, and owners have to put up with a second-rate and even tenth-rate article. This will not continue, nor is it likely that licences to drive will be issued much longer to those not possessing certificates of proficiency from an examining board. The latter nuisance will solve itself. To-day there are more cars than good drivers, and owners have to put up with a second-rate and even tenth-rate article. This will not continue, nor is it likely that licences to drive will be issued much longer to those not possessing certificates of proficiency from an examining board. The latter nuisance will solve itself.

Motoring is a magnificent form of recreation. It is health-giving. It is free from the taint of "blood-sports." It keeps the wealthy classes out of the public-house. To speak of its danger is to me meaningless. Certainly it is more dangerous than playing chess; I am sure that it is not so dangerous as eating unripe plums. Whether it is as dangerous as mixed bathing or marrying a deceased wife's sister, I do not know. Whether it is as dangerous as mixed bathing or marrying a deceased wife's sister, I do not know.
Are not our sergeants who teach our soldiers their shooting at least as deserving of good emolument as Park Lane footmen or the keepers who provide game for Cabinet Ministers or princes or peers at battatas? Are not officers and corporals worthy of as good pay as huntsmen and whippers-in of the packs who are proud to emulate dogs in the rapid pursuit of foxes? How are the cavalry schools less important than kennels? We think they are more important. We prefer the views of Caesar and Gustavus Adolfus and Cromwell and Napier and Baron Suyematsu on the soul of an army to the views of a Haldane or a Lansdowne on any matter whatever. Every private and non-commissioned officer and captain and colonel will gladly serve in our Army, not one soldier will be imprisoned. It will be as great a disgrace to be removed from our Army—we were about to say as being disbarred by Benchers is to a barrister—but this might easily be a proof of an honourable character— we will say as being removed from the Japanese Army hitherto been. This disgrace chilled to death a soldier of the Mikado.

As to officers, there will be no more folk of the probationer type or the type described by Generals Baden Powell and Roberts and Kitson. British officer will be at least as well educated before joining as any German officer. Cadets will be tested at open public competitions such as those which were giving such good results till reverend failures like Dr. Warre began to "coach" the War Office. No officer whatever will be shown to Eton or Harrow or Oxford or Cambridge. If any of the richer classes prefer ignorance to knowledge, they will never become officers—we can afford to do very well without them. They can be barrack scavengers and fatigue men in our New Model. The incredible folly of the "cult" of games and idleness and holidays and the appointment of men who cannot either examine or teach to educational posts will be sternly repressed. Our Secondary and University Education, will be fitted for public utilisation, and every encouragement will be given to able private tutors—we care not where our cadets are educated, provided they are educated up to the average standard of respectable Scotch and German and American students aged nineteen.

The career of a soldier will be open to talents, as it was in France from 1703 to 1815 and as it has been in America. As for the shoddy thing of mushroom growth called Aristocracy in England, hail the creations being not a hundred years old, and 50 per cent. of these for not a hundred years old, and 50 per cent. of these for

The life of Tolstoy: first fifty years.

By Aylmer Maude.

Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

The author's prolonged personal acquaintance with Tolstoy, and twenty-three years' residence in Russia, enable him to understand his subject, and his previous short biography of Tolstoy shows that the latter's work in the field of Popularising English, he makes the story intelligible to English readers, and has produced a book which is not only biographical, but a straightforward account of the man who stands easily first among the writers of his country and his age.

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On the Deck.
A Trade in Human Misery.

The deck passenger is essentially an Eastern institution. You will find him in the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal, in Madras, Penang, and Mauritius, even as far south as Durban; but you will never see him in the Mediterranean. He does not take up space where cold, more likely because the public conscience would never tolerate the trade, were it once to learn all that he does nothing to help it. He is so utterly exhausted from sea-sickness and cold and the buffeting of the weather that he has lost the faculty of thought. If the storm only lasts long enough, he will die, not so much from his sufferings—for he comes of a tough race, a people trained to endure—but because the strangeness and the terror have rubbed him of the wish to live.

The deck passenger is essentially an Eastern institution. The deck passenger merely supplements the ordinary cargo of the ship; he does not take up space where he does not mind the conditions. As a matter of fact, feeling amongst the emigrants often runs very high, and many and bitter are the complaints of Penang. It is the tragedy of a poverty so deep that the Board of Trade is a very long way off. Local inspectors close both their ears and their eyes—the traffic is an established custom, and they have nothing to gain and much to lose by running up against the Board of Trade is one of the great powers of the East.

A hundred dead of sheer misery or internal injuries, a score of broken limbs, a hundred minor wounds—such is no uncommon casualty-list in one of these open-deck ships. The officers are not to blame. They can give no help whilst the gale lasts. They loathe the trade, being decent men; but their mouths are sealed. In those days a sailorman discharges the vessel. There are too many waiting for his berth. The owner is a long way off, and he judges the trade by the satisfactory returns it shows. If his conscience pricks him, he probably gives five pounds to a local charity, and so relieves his mind. The ships engaged seldom carry ordinary passengers, and even if they do chance to have a stray tourist, it is one thing to view the herd from a chair on the upper deck, another thing to be down amongst it. But I happen to know, for I have made that journey on the deck of the Bay of Bengal, in Madras, Penang, and Mauritius, the very oldest and worst of these emigrant ships ply. It would be interesting to get figures of the deaths which occur in one year on the Colombo-Mauritius route, where the very oldest and worst of these emigrant ships ply. They must run into many hundreds, perhaps thousands, whilst the list of lives lost is a truly appalling one. Has the Board of Trade any returns to show?

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.
A Plea for Youth.

I am a man that hath a grievous malady, and the peculiarity of the malady lies in this: that its victims manifest an intense desire to communicate the virus of it to other men. I have a theory, in fact; and I proselytise. A man with a theory must either proselytise or slay, and I have never been quite able to understand the fun of the Moslem method. What that theory is lies not within the scope of this essay; call it Socialism, Vegetarianism, Free Love, Blind Love, Temperance, Tariff Reform, Spectris—what you will; call it Copernicanism.

And in my proselytising I have been struck by one astounding thing; not by the difficulty of convincing people of the truth of my arguments (nothing easier, I have found), nor by the easiness of convincing them (this I could have foreseen), but by the fact that when I had gone to the trouble of convincing them, nothing came of it; absolutely nothing. This was the remarkable thing. People said solemnly, "Hear, hear!" and "Very true!" and turned over and went to sleep again.

Now to the impartial observer (that grotesque invention so useful in argument) the natural consequence of convincing a man of the truth of anything—of my Copernicanism, let us say—ought to have been that he should begin acting as if he believed it to be true. But people don't. They go on voting solidly, election after election, for anti-Copernicanism Tweedledee and anti-Copernicanism Tweedledeed. It is extraordinary.

The only conclusion one can come to, if one is to stick to one's faith in the sanity of the universe is this: My proselyte does not act as if he believed because he really does not believe; he assents to the logic of my position, yes; but believe! that is a very different matter.

Do you realise the difference between belief, and surrender to the logic of an argument? Belief does not surrender to an idea; it annexes it. And the modern man, you will find, has lost the power of annexing ideas.

Belief! he finds something indecent in it.

"We are all Socialists now-a-days," says my lord, with a cynic smile, and proceeds to invest in real estate on a lease of ninety-nine years; while we Socialists read The New Age, take in the "Clarion," and sometimes pay our subscriptions to the Fabian Society and the I.L.P.

Believe in Socialism! Good God! man, if we really believed in Socialism do you think there would be one slum left in London to-morrow? And that gives you visions of horror, no doubt. Oh yes, belief is a very dangerous thing.

But you need not fear, gentle Socialist, the slums of London will be all intact to-morrow. We can all dream. We can all build air-castles on our Profit and Loss accounts. This thing, this quality of youth, is what makes a man no sooner have a vision than he wants to act on the strength of it. It is an absolute faith in the unachieved, an unending belief in the unreal that is to-day manifest as the love of our generation, the love of the men who have never yet been done are possible; that the past is only foolish hustle. A new idea is greeted with a stupid stare, an idiotic peal of laughter, or a criminal silence.

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Take Politics, Business, Theology, Art, Science, in each and every department of life we play for safety. And what is safety? This thing we lack is not the capacity for dreaming. We can all dream. We can all build air-castles on our Profit and Loss accounts. This thing, this quality of youth, is what makes a man no sooner have a vision than he wants to act on the strength of it. It is an absolute faith in the unachieved, an unending belief in the unreal that is to-day manifest as the love of our generation, the love of the men who have never yet been done are possible; that the past is only foolish hustle. A new idea is greeted with a stupid stare, an idiotic peal of laughter, or a criminal silence.

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A little while ago one of our philosophers said he was opposed to modern doubt because it is dangerous. Now I am opposed to modern doubt because it is safe. All regulations are safe; the Conservative Party knows (or once knew) that. It is belief that is dangerous. It is belief that makes us into unknown regions, launches us upon perilous voyages (but the "Free-thinker" is more an organ of belief, you must understand, than the "Christian World"). Life is a perpetual danger, a perpetual delight; death is the only safety. Youth—and what but youth is life?—stands with one foot on a whirling globe and one on empty space building the future out of—all but the "Free-thinker" is more an organ of belief, you must understand, than the "Christian World"). Life is a perpetual danger, a perpetual delight; death is the only safety. Youth—and what but youth is life?—stands with one foot on a whirling globe and one on empty space building the future out of—out of anything, out of sunbeams, cobwebs, statistics, cosmic dust. A horrified sigh for us middle-aged babies; we shudder and turn our ledgers: To goods, so much; by cash, so much; by, balance, so much. It seems so safe.

Things are getting worse. Fewer and fewer of us are born young. It has even been found safe to include men not yet out of the thirties in a Liberal Cabinet. The spirit of the age is a pill, cleanser, a brute, and the Conservative Party knows (or once knew) that. It is belief that is dangerous. It is belief that makes us into unknown regions, launches us upon perilous voyages (but the "Free-thinker" is more an organ of belief, you must understand, than the "Christian World"). Life is a perpetual danger, a perpetual delight; death is the only safety. Youth—and what but youth is life?—stands with one foot on a whirling globe and one on empty space building the future out of—all but the "Free-thinker" is more an organ of belief, you must understand, than the "Christian World"). Life is a perpetual danger, a perpetual delight; death is the only safety. Youth—and what but youth is life?—stands with one foot on a whirling globe and one on empty space building the future out of—out of anything, out of sunbeams, cobwebs, statistics, cosmic dust. A horrified sigh for us middle-aged babies; we shudder and turn our ledgers: To goods, so much; by cash, so much; by, balance, so much. It seems so safe.

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forlornly in unsightly houses. It feeds on little or nothing, it is mown down by the wheels of ramping motor-cars. And then, if it does not die, it learns submission, and Disbelief takes it on his staff at two pounds a week and "no nonsense mind you!" He takes us out to the country, good God! And we like his fingers and his postage-stamps, and preach his paltry gospel for evermore. ...

It is unfair; the old men were there before us; they have collared all the best jobs, and called the tune. If only we could get there first! But as fast as ever we get ourselves born, there are the old men ready to receive us. It is difficult to find out how to overcome this defect of nature.

To abolish the tyranny of the old, of those who have forgotten how to believe, that is the problem—to make Youth our King.

The devil of it is that it is you who have been already spoiled must be got to do the crowning. You who have grown old must of your own will step down from your throne.

Give a chance to Youth! Give a chance to Life, O pale masters of the shades!

Your aumonic brains have devised pensions for the old; it is very kind of you; but it is pensions for the young that I require; not for those you have spoiled, but for those you were going to spoil, and might be your redeemers.

We give men big salaries now-a-days for growing old (up to a point, and then we kill them). Why not give men big salaries for keeping young? Let us for it accordingly. Let us give to youth the highest and work downwards. It is one of the advantages of feudalism over raw democracy that one has a better chance of being governed by the young. Let us steal that chance.

Then as to salaries. How ridiculous it is that young men full of the joy of life and bustling with desire for amusement should starve on a beggarly guinea or two a week, while your reverend senior, whose one notion of happiness is a warm chimney-corner and a fat cigar, floats in a flood of gold! Here, too, we must start at a maximum, and work downwards. It is one of the advantages of feudalism over raw democracy that one has a better chance of being governed by the young. Let us steal that chance.

As for children up to the working age, I believe we are agreed that it is the duty of the State—to start them off in life as healthy and happy as it knows how.

But at what age, please, are you going to throw them off into the maelström? When do you think your responsibility should end? As soon as they can earn their own livings you will say. But what living, may I ask? A child of six can earn a living of sorts—often does. A child of eleven could be a whole side of a butcher's shop, if it was not spoiling men—"even us they are spoiling—if we are not spoiled already!"—"If we really believed in Socialism!" 

Yes, I am afraid that is the secret of it—we do not believe ourselves, not one of us. The man who believes will either proselytise or slay; and we pass resolutively,

If there were but one that believed! One just man in the cities of the plain!

But I do not lose heart. Some day will come the man who believes; then it will be quite easy, I imagine. Though there may be slaying.

The Owl and the Epitaph.

The moon shone in the midnight sky
As an old brown owl went gliding by.
He lighted upon a churchyard tree,
And shouted aloud right eerily—

"Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
The graves they are many; the mice are few."

Beneath his perch there stood a stone
Where a young dead woman lay alone.
The owl conned over her epitaph,
Then, blinking his eyes, he began to laugh—

"Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
This was a fine damsel that once I knew.

"Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful wife of Jonathan Cann.
Such virtue could not inhabit clay,
So Heaven hath plucked the flower away,

Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
Her gravestone should really be writ anew.

"Here lies the dust of Mercy Ann,
The faithful mistress of young Squire Mann.
She gave him five years of joy and bliss,
And now she's a flow'r in the realms of Dis.'

Hoity-hoo-hoo,
Toity-too-too,
Hullabaloo!
There's a mouse on her grave!" And down he flew.

Doubt.

I loved your body,—your dear ardent eyes,
Your hands and feet and every part of you,—
But most I loved your soul. So when you prayed
That I should yield to you, I would not yield;
I would not bring dishonour on your soul.

Was I then posing on the frosty heights,
While down below, some tender human need
That was false to cried to me in vain?
Did I then wrong my love? The torturing doubt

Pricks at my heart forever night and day,

But I do not lose heart. Some day will come the man who believes; then it will be quite easy, I imagine. Though there may be slaying.
Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I have received a number of responses to my request for definite information from people who had actually bought a book; but not enough. I am grateful for the detailed frankness of Mr. Arnold Bennett's reply, though I agree with him that his list does not carry much encouragement for the living English author—except Mr. Joseph Conrad. By the way, all book-buyers seem to buy Mr. Joseph Conrad, and to be prose-proud of having done so. Mr. Conrad must be accumulating riches, and I hope shortly to hear that he has taken the empty mansion next to Sir Gilbert Parker's in Carlton House Terrace.

* * *

The most interesting letter that has reached me is assuredly from Mr. J. Geo. Morley, a manufacturer of harps. With it Mr. Morley was good enough to enclose certain literature of a musical cast. Some of the literature is really very good. For instance, the first thing that leapt to my eye on opening Mr. Morley's communication was: "Our harps are miserable productions. We cannot, save with extreme reluctance and misgiving, commend them to your honourable consideration. STILL, they have been praised by those who are judges of harps. "This is our contemptible excuse for reminding you of our unworthy existence." That pleased me. The second was this: "Stratford-on-Avon. . . . Enchanted with my harp.—Marie Corelli." That single phrase unlocked mysteries for me. The third was this: "What is the connection between music and monkeys? There can be no essential connection, or you may be sure Mr. Henry J. Wood would keep a monkey chained to the conductor's desk during the Promenade Concerts."

That is the sort of thing I should have been glad to say myself, if I could have thought of it.

* * *

But Mr. Morley's letter is far more startling than these elegant trifles. It runs thus: "I am the man—I myself with my own money, my hard-earned savings, I bought a book—why? Why did I buy 150 copies of it? Sinclair's 'Jungle'? Why am I buying 100 copies of Bellamy's 'Equality'? Because these two books are the two masterpieces of our twentieth century. The one destructive, the other constructive, I must be accumulating riches, and I hope shortly to hear that he has taken the empty mansion next to Sir Gilbert Parker's in Carlton House Terrace.

* * *

The second letter I will quote runs thus:—

"I am a sort of agricultural labourer; and I, like you, extract a kind of dog's existence from the sale of letters about cabbages and kings; about pig and princesses, and in response to your appeal I will tell you of my actual purchases of books this year. They are as follows:—


This completes the list, my dear sir, except—must I confess it?—a seedy-looking tout took me unawares with his how the other day and—in spite of my name being omitted from the list of contributors—persuaded me to subscribe to an Agricultural Encyclopedia—for he, poor devil, had to hawk about other people's literature, which I think is a shade worse than having to hawk about your own.

F. E. Green.

Of course, the great drawback to this letter is that it is written by an author. The same remark applies to Mr. Bennett's article, and to other letters that I have received. The purchase of books by authors does not in the least reassure me. It is obvious that laundresses cannot live by taking in each other's washing. What I was hoping for was a series of letters from pork-butchers, stockbrokers, proprietors of newspapers, composers, and book-browsers. But I am pleased that Mr. Green bought 'The Daily Mail Year-Book.' It is an excellent book, and renders impossible such generalisations as that no good can come out of Carmelite Street.

* * *

I will finish for the present with a letter from a lady whose name I was familiar with as a journalist, but who desires me to disclose only her initials. I hereby disclose them: E. W.

In reply to your inquiry, I beg to say that I have bought a book. In fact, I have bought several books, as I will show you.

I will only say that I have been fortunate in choosing my books. The following is a list of the books I have bought during the past two months; the first twelve as gifts for friends, the remaining nine for myself:

Walter Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean.'
Walter Pater's 'A. C. Benson.
Oscar Wilde's 'Happy Prince.'
'The Soul of Man under Socialism.'
De Profundis.'
Cunningham's 'Graham's Success.'
Joseph Conrad's 'Youth.'
Frangon Davies on 'Singing.'
Mrs. Newmarsh's book on 'Henry J. Wood.' ('Masters of Music,' Second Series.)
Heine's 'Poems.'
Mrs. Besant's 'Thought-Power.'
'The G.B.S. Calendar.'
Montgomery Carmichael's 'Life of J. W. Walsh.'
Orage's 'Nietzsche.'
'Consciousness, Animal, Human, and Superhuman.'
Molinos', 'The Spiritual Guide.'
Coleridge's Poems.
'A Little Book of Life and Death.' (Methuen).
Bernard Shaw's 'Sanity of Art.'
Arnold Bennett's 'How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day.'
'The Reasonable Life.'

In addition, I have spent from five to ten shillings on children's books at Christmas, but I buy what the children ask for, and keep no record. I am resolved, however, that one of them—of myself—shall have 'Beaties Courageous,' by Douglas English, next time. I have also the following note in my diary, of 'books that must be bought this autumn':—

Mrs. Binyon's 'Anthology of English Prose.'
'The Oxford Book of English Verse.'
'Shakespeare,' by Walter Raleigh.
'The G.B.S. Calendar.'
William Lyon, 'Liberal and Mystical Writings.'
Anything of Wilfred Whitten's that I can lay hands on.

My knowledge of human nature leads me to think that not more than two of them will be bought this side of Christmas. Boxes pertaining to that season may do the rest. I ought, perhaps, to add that I suffer from expensive tastes in music, which compel me to spend half-a-crown a month on concerts, which might otherwise go in books.

The NEW AGE is the only journal I buy regularly.

It is clear from this letter that E. W. is a genuine book-buyer. The letter breathes the true spirit of the book-buyer, and I like it. Perhaps I like it because E. W. has taken to heart what I said about Wilfred Whitten's work. I may state that though I am a profound student of Wilfred Whitten's writings, I know of only one book which he has actually written, as distinguished from books which he has edited. And even this solitary work is a very little one. The title is 'Daniel De FoE,' and I think it was published in 1900. I am much obliged to all my correspondents.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Nietzsche ohne Wert.*

Reduced to guide-book phraseology, a guide-book intended for the timid souls who dare not venture into a city of its gifts, you discover that Nietzschean philosophy has arrived at that final stage when its critic can declare that much of the doctrine is older than the hills; you commence to wonder what all the pother is about. Translated from the deft imagery, the grave and compelling prose of Nietzsche's language into the American diction of Mr. Mencken, Nietzsche becomes no more than another philosopher, the founder of a certain school of thought—all that he laboriously strove not to be. The essential weakness of the philosopher, and the philosophy is brought in upon me as I read Mr. Mencken's reduction of his philosophy to practical affairs. To support Nietzsche's doctrine that the order of castes is the dominating law of nature, against which no merely human agency may prevail, Mr. Mencken finds proof in "The history of the hopelessly futile and fatuous effort to reform the negroes of the Southern States by education. It is apparent, on brief reflection, that the negro, no matter how much he is educated, must remain, as a race, in a condition of subservience; that he must remain the inferior of the stronger and more intelligent white man so long as he retains racial differentiation . . . Indeed, it is a commonplace of observation in the United States that the educated and refined negro is invariably a hopeless, melancholy, embittered, and despairing man."

What is apparent, on brief reflection, is that Mr. Mencken has never reflected, however briefly, on the meaning of educational improvement; that he is either unfamiliar with the history of the negroes of the Southern States, or he is deliberately misleading his readers when he suggests that there has been any real attempt to educate the negroes, even on conventional lines. I will admit that it is a commonplace observation that the educated and refined negro is hopeless, melancholy, and all the rest of it, but I am not disposed to accept Mr. Mencken's commonplace platitudes as bits of genuine observation. You will find the really genuine bits of observation in Nietzsche's writings; but possibly that term would suggest Luther too forcibly. It is not necessary to explain to the average reader the details of the quarrel between the Pope and certain Roman Catholics who accept critical views of Scripture and the growth of Church dogma. All Protestant Englishmen are inclined, more or less, to sympathise with anyone who is "against the Pope"; just as all Catholic Irishmen are frankly "against the Government." The number of Englishmen who try to understand the Pope's point of view is about equal, we suppose, to the number of Irish Nationalists who try to see things as Mr. Birrell sees them. Therefore, it is not necessary to emphasise the Modernist position, or to say more than that Modernists present their case as well as it can be stated.

According to the Encyclical Letter, Modernism is a synthesis. According to the Modernists, it is nothing of the sort. "We are groping our way to some sort of reconciliation of the scholastic philosophy as outworn, antiquated, and all the other epithets dear to both the Tariff Reformers and the inventors of new theologies; yet they maintain that their views are reconcilable with Vatican definitions. Now, this "groping towards the light" theory is characteristic of every new fad, fancy religion, or fleeting philosophy that has appeared since Tennyson set the fashion in the vague yearnings of "In Memoriam." The Roman Church, on the other hand, does not profess to grope towards the light. She claims to be the Light. She may be wrong, and her medieval synthesis may be wrong; but if so, the Modernists should at least offer her another synthesis (which they do not) in its place. It is all very well to "produce the Logos-conception as the translation of the Hebrew Messianic notion into Alexandrine terminology; but what similar modern conception can the Modernists offer as a genuine advance from medieval doctrine? They complain that the Encyclical stupidly attributes...
to them a synthesis which they disown. Well, the Official Church generally is (like the official person) stupid. St. Paul foresaw that when he spoke of "not many wise" being called. The Official Church very often cannot distinguish between a good programme and a wrong synthesis. But, after all, the purpose of the Official Church is not to approve of programmes, but to cling to its syntheses—any rate, till a better one comes along. She has listened, through many centuries, to the vague modernism which talks of growing out of dogma into something "wider and better"; and, as Mr. Belloc says, she has recognised in it merely the hurt and tired journalist. Rightly or wrongly—almost always stupidly—she claims to be an Eternalist.

The Enchantress. By Edwin Pugh. (M. 65.)

Readers of The New Age are so familiar with the work of Mr. Edwin Pugh that any recommendation of his books on our part would seem unnecessary. At the same time we cannot refrain from stating that his latest novel should not be overlooked by those who value good fiction. "The Enchantress" is in many ways a remarkable novel. In the first place, dependent as it is upon its complicated and somewhat daring story, it teems with careful character studies and keen observation of life. The personalities of George Bolt, Oliver Creed, Mrs. Gautry, Sir Moses, and the Enchantress herself are striking realities, and they are revealed to the reader in a series of brightly-coloured and cleverly-drawn portraits. The story is one of revenge. The Enchantress is trained by her mother to ensnare Sir Moses Parradine, a baronet of three score years and ten, whose heir is the son of the man who deserted the mother many years before. The enchancements of the baronet, and indeed of everybody else, by the dancing of the heroine; her capture and death within a year after her marriage; Lady Parradine's adventures in love both before and after the marriage are the themes of the novel. The whole idea is somewhat bizarre, and in unskilful hands might have been impossible, but Mr. Pugh never for a moment strains his reader's credulity as he unwinds his story with an excellent sense of humour and, here and there, fine tragic feeling. "The Enchantress" is a frank psychological study revealing a deep insight into human action without lapses into dulness.

Mr. Gladstone at Oxford. By C. R. L. F. (Smith Elder. 2s. 6d.)

This is a wholly delightful little book. It gives a sketch of Mr. Gladstone's talk during a week's visit to All Souls' in 1890, and succeeds in depicting the wonderful personality of the man. He was an aristocrat to his finger tips, and even at the end of his life conscious appreciation of so splendid a survival that it is more than probable many years before. The enchantments of the baronet, and indeed of everybody else, by the dancing of the heroine; her capture and death within a year after her marriage; Lady Parradine's adventures in love both before and after the marriage are the themes of the novel. The whole idea is somewhat bizarre, and in unskilful hands might have been impossible, but Mr. Pugh never for a moment strains his reader's credulity as he unwinds his story with an excellent sense of humour and, here and there, fine tragic feeling. "The Enchantress" is a frank psychological study revealing a deep insight into human action without lapses into dulness.

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old and faithful valet to the extent of allowing his relatives, whom he has not seen for years, to imagine that the dead body is that of himself, whilst he passes himself off as the old servant. The complications of this Gilbertian or, rather, Bennettian circumstance are amusing and pathetic, and the whole fantasy is sustained with the aforementioned incomparable skill of which Arnold Bennett is a master.

The September Magazines.

The Editor of the "Socialist Review" regrets to find Mr. Blatchford using the "Clarion" as the source supplement of the "Daily Mail." If he had said of it that the phrase would have been more accurate. The "Socialist Review" looks to the leaders of the Labour Party both in England and Germany to make war impossible. Mrs. Glaisier must get used to it. She denies that "Home" and "Socialism" are bound up with each other. Mr. Brougham Villiers has a suggestive article on "Socialism and the National Debt." He maintains that the business of a Socialist Chancellor is to abolish the Debt and substitute a national Store.

The "National Review," as might be expected, is jubilant that somebody has at last taken notice of its philistinism. Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman are now all that Mr. Maxse can wish them to be. We urge this on the Editor specifically repudiates Mr. Winston Churchill's charge that the "National Review" wants war with Germany as a "malignant falsehood." We can only say that we should have had ten times more respect for the "National Review" if its Editor had the courage of his real opinions. Under the title "The Cult of Cant," Mr. J. I. Gavlin continues his attacks on Free Trade. But why in the name of sense should the politicians who (vide Mr. Maxse) are incapable of frustrating the naval tricks of Germany, prove capable of frustrating Germany's commercial tricks? "A Peck" contributes an excellent article on the House of Lords, which he rightly regards as the battlefield of politics for the next few years. His pen portraits of prominent Lords throw some light on the difficult question: Why is the

Buried Alive.

By Arnold Bennett. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

There is something, we had almost said diabolically clever, but let us say inevitable, about Mr. Arnold Bennett's days at the police old days was it a compliment by a writer that he always turns the subject to which he is touched; nowadays we do not pay compliments of this kind, even if we did, we should have to hunt about for another word than adorn, which lies long since joined the limbo of effeminacy. Not that Mr. Bennett lacks an unmistakable grace of style, but it would be nearer the truth if we said that he enlightened every subject he touched. Whether this is due to insight or mere skill it would be difficult to say. But there is one thing certain, and most interesting about all his books, and that is this workmanlike finish. Mr. Bennett is a thorough master of his craft. One could imagine him writing at the shortest notice upon any subject, and in any of the literary forms, with distinction and effect. We once heard Mr. Bernard Shaw demand for all works of art that they should have what he called "trade finish," and as an example of this quality he gave the enamel work of a carriage. Now, this is just the quality possessed by all Mr. Bennett's books, and that is this workmanlike finish. Mr. Bennett is a thorough master of his craft. One could imagine him writing at the shortest notice upon any subject, and in any of the literary forms, with distinction and effect. We once heard Mr. Bernard Shaw demand for all works of art that they should have what he called "trade finish," and as an example of this quality he gave the enamel work of a carriage. Now, this is just the quality possessed by all Mr. Bennett's books, and that is this workmanlike finish. Mr. Bennett is a thorough master of his craft.
House of Commons gradually but certainly losing its place as predominant legislative partner?—Mr. Maxse has suffered so much from Teutophobia that he has omitted any discussion of the Turkish situation: an omission that makes we wish Sir Godfrey Lagden had indicated the source of his the September "National Review," quite conspicuous. 

granted that there will be no reaction in 1908 as there was as predominant legislative partner?—Mr. Maxse has suf-

by Mr. Churchill, among others, of settling Asiatics in East Young Turks themselves. The accident of a mutiny in Velli of modern times." We cannot so easily believe that

the article improves considerably however; we have not! The article improves considerably however; the point of Mr. Dickey's article is Egypt not Turkey. As a "life-long advocate of the British occupation," Mr. Dickey now has come to think that the time is ripe for the extension to Egypt.

The accident of a mutiny in Macedonia afforded these Fabians the opportunity of trans-

fusing their propaganda with sedhory; and in face of the disturbance in Macedonia, Mr. Dicey has the gravest doubt that coup d'état is anything more than a device for disar-

mimg the mutiny is doubtful. Mr. Dickey has "the gravest doubt... Africa. Its mining treasure will be insignificant in the end compared with its agricultural wealth. It must yet sustain a great population. That population will not and cannot be drawn from the mother country, whose emigrants in the next hundred years will continue to settle in Canada and the United States. The coming unification will practically create a single African State protected by the British fleet during the development of development that is prerequisite for the British. Mr. Morel sees Free State from King Leopold to Belgium. Mr. Morel sees it as possible for this country to refuse to evacuate Egypt if

should be made a profitable State industry. We note in the collected essays of the late William Clarke, one of the writers are Dr. Rodolph Broda, the accomplished editor, and Dr. Saleeby. Dr. Broda concludes, "from a close con-

sideration of the whole matter, it is a development that cannot in the end serve British purposes. The prospect of a London sky docked with airships dropping bombs is made to appear remote... The Mosul was attributed the policy which produced the appa-

rance of King Edward's power, neither the Cabinet nor King Edward took any pains to soothe the troubled German breasts. The Russian visit was not publicly explained; and the circumstance which we deplored so much at the time, of the non-attendance of any Minister, gave colour to the German misconception and almost justified it. The article concludes with the hope that friendlier relations may prevail in future. "The Belgian Parliament and the Congo" contains the judgment of Mr. Morel, of the Congo Reform Association, on the recent revolution in Congo Free State from King Leopold to Belgium. Mr. Morel sees no immediate guarantee of any improvement in the condi-

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and will give us." And M. Berrillon: "The liberty of marriage is . . . of inestimable importance." Dr. Saleebey discusses Infant Mortality. Altogether the current "International" is a valuable contribution to the question of the age.

Mr. Th. Rothstein has a well-informed article in the "Social Democrat" on Colonial Civilisation. His main contention is that colonisation has for its necessary basis the exploitation of native labour. His illustration is taken from the British East Africa Protectorate, where, he affirms, conditions of native labour are almost as bad as those in the Congo. Unfortunately, Mr. Rothstein suggests no alternative to colonisation. Mr. N. S. Headingly reprint his letter on the Wells-Irving incident. We quote one remark: "Mr. H. Wells states that it is the highest possible honour for our comrades to have scored so few votes." So that really Mr. Wells contributed to the honour.

The "Mask" is the most beautiful magazine published. The September number contains a full-page drawing of Isadora Duncan. We have received the following: "Hindustan Review," "Indian World," "Indian Review," and "Modern Review," all good solid reading with plenty of promise for the Young India Party; also the "American Journal of Eugenics." The latter advertises itself thus: "Do you believe we humans are as important as pigs, potatoes, and pugs, or do you send, etc. . . .?" The American compliment is paid: "The New Age" of "clipping" one of our articles (that by Dr. Saleebey), whole.

DRAMA

Barrie and Hilda Trevelyan

Barrie has produced a subtle, an appalling disbelonishment, comedy. If—and I pause to call on the name of man's champion, Mr. Belfort Bax—everyone knows what Hilda Trevelyan Maggie Wylie knows, then the game is up. Useless will it be for us, never so frantically, to try and convince women of the importance of the vote by opposing them; useless will it be to hypnotise them into seeing its importance by seriously agreeing with them; they will take the vote in their stride and pass on into the baftal radiant of the knowledge that makes us subject. Barrie (maler of Trojan horses) even this audacity to say the least of it. Wylie (née Wylie—is this a sinister pun?) does not take the trouble to attend; she sends her husband there; she knows.

I tremble for the results of this knowledge. Our chivalry is overthrown; nay, more; it is defeated, reversed, and women sit in the seat of chivalry, not we. Barrie (discoverer and displacer of Achilles heels) has laid bare man's weak spot. The question remains, does every woman know?

The danger is accentuated by the fact that this dark plot is served up with wit and volvers around the central figure of a wonderful actress, Hilda Trevelyan. The darkness of the design is lighted, too, by fantasy. The first act is a fairy story whereby our attention is carried to the tune of \£300, in return for an undertaking to marry Maggie in five years' time; these things are reversed, and women sit in the seat of chivalry, not we. "The Solar plexus is perhaps a better judge of what we believe than the cortex cerebri."

The second act also gives Hilda Trevelyan a fine opportunity for being hoisted on to the shoulders of a cheering election crowd, and getting some real inspiration and election fever into them, by addressing them a speech of two words, "My constituents."

In Act Three John and Maggie are married, the Barrie-panta-Trojan horse, disguised as Lady Sybil Lazenny, stalks the truth that "every woman knows." Here, too, it is the Suffragettes appear—discreetly in the back half of the Shand's drawing-room, cut off when required by folding doors. There is the talk of high politics, the visit of Mr. Venables, the Cabinet Minister, the revelation of Maggie's predominating important share in the speeches and career of John, and the philandering of John with Lady Sybil.

It is this which becomes sinister. Maggie does not rage and tear her hair. There was earlier a compact made, that if John shall ever fall in love, Maggie will act differently from other women. And she does. She will not even be angry with John. "He is," she tells the Comtesse, "just my little boy." And she sends John and Lady Sybil to stay with the Comtesse's house-party for a fortnight together.

Mr. Venables is of the party, and Shand is to write his speech for a great occasion when the Government
I bought two of Mr. Arnold Bennett's books this year, "The Ghost" and "The Man from the North." I put them first as I wish to assure Mr. Arnold Bennett of my bovine esteem; but to be honest I must confess to motives not wholly pure. It is respectable, but the books were uncommonly cheap. But for this I should probably have made another selection, as I don't think "The Ghost" fairly represents Mr. Bennett's work. It is light and amusing, but it is, as he calls it himself, a fantasia, and to represent the author of "Cupid and Commonsense" (when will this be published, by the way?), I should have preferred something more lasting. Then I have bought Hauptmann's plays, all that I can find translated. I cannot understand why so many are left inaccessible to the Englishman who can't or won't learn German. I think somebody would start bombarding him in this country; perhaps he might even pay. I have repaired a gap: "Thus Spake Zarathustra" should have been mine two years ago; I have now had to buy the reprint. The game for Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh"; Conrad's "Secret Agent" I bought cheap: alas that I was able to! The "Set of Six" will cost me a full 4s. 6d. Shaw's last volume of plays, and "The Sanity of Art" were bought when they came out, eagerness to possess overcoming my natural prudence. Of Socialistic literature: "Piers Ploughman," "New Worlds for Old," and some Fabian Tracts. Of antidotes: "Beowulf," "Volunga Saga"—fine tonic to our mild measured age—and some fairy tales, Grimm's, "Red Riding Hood" and "Geppetto and his Son." Of professional literature: some books of the Russian-Japanese War, and "Stonewall Jackson"—useful lessons in this latter: a citizen army with elected officers not altogether a success at Bull Run. There are some others, but I have forgotten them.

On looking back I see I have not been, as I hoped, much of a supporter of the moderns. I read, as it were, the classics, we are generally rather insular and prejudiced in our habits; but we do buy books, and it is in these we esteem; but to be honest I must confess to motives not wholly pure.

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women catch rather more than a glimpse of three men—Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Mr. Arnold Crossley and Mr. Keir Hardie—diverting themselves with their impressions about maternity:

Personally shall never forget a sight I witnessed in Ireland quay, and despite the explanation offered by the non-com., the men meant by putting their rifles in a heap on the quay, and despite the explanation offered by the non-com., the men meant by putting their rifles in a heap on the quay, could have done the job in half the time at the most. An intelligent policeman would say, "What he saw to an obviously unfit or delicate girl I beheld would say, "Nothing kills quicker than worry." Women artists' reluctance to deal with this subject is due to their inability to express it. Mr. Gibson might take a hint.

Then one is compelled to handle for the briefest minute, happily, the "Compleat Baby Book"—women! To any woman, not aware that there are, here and there, women whose maternity is mercifully brute-like in its rapidity, the book will read like a parcel of lies. What can one hurl at the man author who writes: "The perineum may be torn, but this is a slight matter"? A little laceration more or less is "a slight matter"—where a woman is concerned. How the man will out-last the grocer-subaltern was an exceedingly good soldier and grocer for a father. The fact, as I happened to know, that Scotch soldiers was disembarked one raw morning towards 5.30 in the morning, and was over at 10 a.m.

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SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I read with much interest Dr. Haden Guest's last article about the "Experiment Theatre." The Hungarians and Germans, folks and customs differ, a good deal could be learnt from the Hungarians and Germans. Hungary possesses two theatres of the kind—such is also the "Deutsche Theater" in Berlin, which had to fight its own way, but it is to day, in my opinion, the first theatre in the world, though there are none (other than the English sense) every one of the actors and actresses is an artist of the first rank, yet none is complete without the others; they are an unbroken chain. If the scenery will not always be well adapted; the dresses not always the best—art and artistry is not always the best; the acting the worst imaginable; the scenery well, in my opinion, there is no atmosphere in the house.

It is the atmosphere the theatre "breathes" that makes it a theatre. I have seen acting in Hungary in a shed, and what acting! It makes no difference where the theatre will be situated—one goes a long way for fresh air. Wherever it will stand, it will lead in spare playhouses in London, where one will see "life," and not "high life," as in the others.

The only thing I want to remind—perhaps unnecessarily—Mr. Haden Guest is that he shall take care of the "atmosphere"—if he once get hold of it, he will never lose it. I shall be glad to work for this cause in any respect. Anyhow, the theatre, should it come about, I soon change its name: "Experimental Theatre"—as the word "Experi." will become superfluous.

* * *

L. SARKADJ-SCHILLER.

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Is there not good ground for Anthony Oldpate's contention that art is the keynote of the measurable, of impressions, and equally good ground therefore for that of his opponents that art and philosophy are six of one and half a dozen of the other? To effect a reconciliation, let us recall the superlative impertinence of Ann, St. Anthony's Ann, in the twentieth century edition of the Divina Commedia—"Never mind her, dear. Go on talking." "TALKING!" (Universal laughter)

FREDERICK HARRISON.

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H. E. A. COTTON.

"SOCIALISM AND SUBURBIA."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Edgar Jeppon raities me on my suburbs, and wonders where I get them from. I will answer him in two words—Tufnell Park—where I lived (if you could call it a life) for ten years.

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EDWIN PONS.

THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I read with much interest Dr. Haden Guest's last article about the "Experiment Theatre." The Hungarians and Germans, folks and customs differ, a good deal could be learnt from the Hungarians and Germans. Hungary possesses two theatres of the kind—such is also the "Deutsche Theater" in Berlin, which had to fight its own way, but it is to day, in my opinion, the first theatre in the world, though there are none (other than the English sense) every one of the actors and actresses is an artist of the first rank, yet none is complete without the others; they are an unbroken chain. If the scenery will not always be well adapted; the dresses not always the best—art and artistry is not always the best; the acting the worst imaginable; the scenery well, in my opinion, there is no atmosphere in the house.

It is the atmosphere the theatre "breathes" that makes it a theatre. I have seen acting in Hungary in a shed, and
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