

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

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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 somewhat 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 Strassburg. 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 exalted, 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 cooing 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 calling 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 firmest 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 Kuropatkin'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.

TYPE.	G. B.	U.S.A.	F.	G.	J.
Battleships...	57	25	21	22	11
Armoured Cruisers.	34	13	19	8	11
Destroyers...	142	20	48	61	54
Torpedo Boats	13	—	—	10	—

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 newspapers of the past week have been particularly full of such evidence. Telegrams from Peking 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 showing herself a master of all the arts of domestic statesmanship. The programme of financial retrenchment put forward by the new Ministry is one for which Gladstone might have been proud to stand sponsor. Indeed, in every sphere of national activity Japan seems to have advanced so far that with any further progress she will be leading, and not following, Europe. China is, of course, a very long way behind, and will clearly be 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 know the slender proportions of 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 gone for ever.

* * *

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, will 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 sympathetic strike over the registration question. As for the Mohammedan population of India they are naturally looking rather to the Near East, where they see on the one hand the Persian Parliamentarians holding their own at Tabriz and elsewhere, and on the other the Young Turks triumphant. At a large meeting of Moslems in Bombay last week it was decided to telegraph congratulations to the Sultan on the introduction of the Constitution. Indeed, India is between not two, but half a dozen fires of liberty, and the so-called sedition is scarcely likely to subside. We hope Lord

Morley is bestirring himself to cast off the bureaucratic traditions of Anglo-India and meet the new situation with new and sufficiently respectful measures. For, as Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe remarks in the "Nation," "the uprising of the Islamic world portends a crisis which may prove to be the ultimate test of British Imperial rule."

* * *

In spite of the tempestuous passage through Committee which the Licensing Bill is assured, we venture to predict that this measure will not be the chief political topic during the coming Session. Both inside and outside the House of Commons the question of the unemployed is likely to be facile princeps. We are bound to say that the President of the Local Government Board will have a very difficult part to play. He has on several occasions publicly foresworn all palliatives, and practically pledges himself to find a cure. Should he, as we sincerely hope, succeed in finding his cure, either in the pages of the two conflicting reports of the Poor Law Commission or amongst the treasures of his own wide experience, we may be certain that it will give little immediate relief. If, on 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 unthinkable as long as he is John Burns; and so we may look forward with confidence to another series of 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 School Medical Service becoming more and more important—and, let us add, expensive—as time goes on. The office of 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 whole question of school hygiene a dignity and importance which cannot but produce a considerable effect upon the minds of teachers, parents, and children alike." Such a task requires imagination, and we shall be disappointed if the new officers do not rise to the occasion. The question of School Clinics is also discussed, the circular disallowing them for the time being. We hope they will never be permitted, except in country districts, where public hospitals and dispensaries are inaccessible. In cities, at any rate, there is no need to multiply clinical institutions under different authorities. With a little pressure, public opinion will be ready to municipalise hospitals, and the School Medical Officers should exert that pressure.

* * *

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 unmasks" the real effect of State Medical Inspection, namely, the substitution of the State for the home. But the thin end of that 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 silly as the "Spectator"; but its spirit is to postpone the State service as long as possible, by the adoption of petty devices for employing voluntary agencies, by granting doles to dispensaries, and, first and foremost, by bullying parents. About the moral effect of free and

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 confident leviathans in the equally abstruse 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 direction 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. There certainly 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 stimulated by fear to be visible; and it is the detestable 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 in the interests of international peace to Berlin is finding no support in the German Social Democratic Press. On the contrary, the "Vorwärts," in commenting upon Bebel's letter to 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. The journal heartily supports the proposal, 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 400 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 seems to have 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 continued decline. An Imperial 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 the several 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 Bülow is said to be endeavouring to get the Conservative-Liberal Bloc to agree to some new 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 composition 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 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 the Kaiser. The only qualification of this statement that can be put forward is the poor one that Bebel on one occasion, when taunted with being on the side of every country but his own, stated that he would be 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 have proceeded in their own way to make war on militarism and its evils. In France the anti-Socialist politician points to the German Socialist as an example of patriotism which should be followed by the Socialist at home on the other hand, while the Kaiser has been known to deplore the fact that the Socialists of Germany—fatherlandless 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 has it helped to discipline the German worker and make him an effective soldier in the cause of international amity 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 action of the French in 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 "Banque d'Etat du Maroc" and the obtaining of a virtual control of the custom-houses in the coast towns by 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 of Oran, and of the international financiers who are anxious to float Moorish mining, 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 Marakshesh. 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, and last but not least, they are already in possession of the territory of the Beni-Snassen, and of the province of Chaonia behind Casa Blanca. In addition to this, they and the Spaniards have established the new police in all 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 country round the ports far beyond the ten kilometres stipulated by the Algeciras Act! As to the rival Sultans, of course they would much have preferred the puppet Abdul-Aziz to this more energetic and much more wily and talented diplomat, Moulay 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, on consideration of the progress the French have made, that they will throw up the sponge at a mere diplomatic representation from Germany? I do not think it possible; the existence of the present French Ministry is bound up with the success of the Moorish expedition, and it will use every means, fair or foul, to secure a vote of confidence in the Chambers.

England's hands are tied. She in a moment of aberration gave France a free hand in Morocco in order to get her own way in Egypt, just as some years ago she gave Italy a free hand in Abyssinia, which ended for Italy in the crushing defeat of Adowa under General Barratieri, and put an end to her dreams of colonial expansion. This was a small matter compared to the blind policy of giving the key of the Mediterranean, of Malta, Egypt, India, and the Far East into the hands of the French! It never seems to have occurred to our intelligent gentlemen who direct our foreign affairs that the Moorish coast is the real key to the Mediterranean, and "pace" the agreement made between England and France that no fortifications are to be erected on the Moorish side of the Straits, that in case of a quarrel with France, were she in possession of Morocco, she could place heavy batteries out of her warships opposite Tarifa Point, or on the Anghera Hills at the point of Tangier Bay, which would effectively hinder any British warship entering or leaving the Mediter-

anean, and Gibraltar would be absolutely powerless to render any assistance, as it is too far round the corner on the opposite coast.

It is very well to speak of treaties, but when nations are fighting for supremacy or for their existence, paper compacts are not worth much. Look at our seizure of the Suez Canal in the Arabi Pasha business. I believe every Englishman who is not blind to the interests of his country, and who wishes to retain free access to the most valuable portions of the British Empire, should feel grateful at the action of the German Government in trying to stay France's hand in an enterprise which if allowed to continue will not only prove successful in the long run, and which, in Mr. Stead's words, will not only "make Morocco into France's back garden," but will make the Mediterranean into a French lake, with Toulon, Corsica, Biserta, Algiers, Mers-el-Kebir, and Tangiers to guard it! "PESQUIZADOR."

Liberalism and Socialism.

By Sir Francis Vane, Bart.

It was my good fortune to re-read the other day an article by Mr. St. John Brodrick (now Lord Midleton) called "Democracy and Socialism," published in the "Nineteenth Century" in April, 1884. I remember, when a youngster at Toynbee Hall, I had been somewhat impressed by the views expressed in this paper, without, of course, knowing much of the intentions of the Socialists of that day.

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 Socialistic 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 asserts all are. Therefore 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 than in this exclusive institution in St. James' Street—much more intellectual, and much more serious.

The fact, of course, is that now the leisured 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 Socialistic principle.

Now this 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 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 from the State 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 fiction of personal equality has done much to stimulate the Socialistic 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. See the Broadbent case. 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 under which every year are sacrificed many children, many women, and not a few men who, in ability, are often equal to the gentlemen on the Treasury Benches.

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, be it remembered, but always 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 wrong in itself, an evil principle, then we must oppose it. But is it wrong? I post my Socialistic letters and bank my Socialistic savings in the G.P.O. I travel by Socialistic tramways; in Germany, by Socialistic trains; and in Italy I smoke Socialistic cigars and eat Socialistic salt. Old men and women are supported in England by a Socialistic Poor Law, and children are educated in Socialistic schools.

If the principle be wrong in itself, then all these things are wrong. If not wrong, why should we who are Whigs refuse to fall into line with the people by going the whole Socialistic hog, as our ancestors did before us go the whole Reform one?

After all, the watchwords of all Liberalism are "Sympathy with the Distressed and Governance of the People by the People," and we know up to now these have not only been right, but they have proved successful. Why not adventure the further step forward?

Motorphobia.

By O. W. Dyce.

II.

It will not be denied that there is in progress at the present time a sort of a war against the motor-car. It will also not be denied that some of the organised forces of Socialism are being recruited to the anti-motorist side. In view, however, of the fact that we are approaching the period when vehicles will be almost ex-

clusively driven by mechanical, and not by animal, power, the purpose of this article is to maintain that it is not the business of Socialists to oppose the inevitable.

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 dull season, that similar denunciations befel the first railways and are awaiting the aeroplanes, that 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 benefiting the scorcher 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 deploring 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-car. When bicycles were expensive in 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 "two-seater" car to a democratic level, there 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 motor to business daily.

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 callous brutes who have passed on, leaving writhing victims behind them on the road. These are, however, a mere handful out of the tens of thousands of drivers; they are blackguards of a type represented in every section of the community. Clap them in gaol, and let us get back to the genuine consideration of the "motor peril." Investigation will show that the ordinary motorist devotes himself assiduously to the task of avoiding accidents. He is always on the alert, with his eyes about him and his hands and feet directed to steering-wheel, brakes, and pedals, intent on not colliding with the ubiquitous idiots who pay no heed to their own safety. Thanks to his watchfulness, motoring has not added to, but subtracted from, the dangers of the road.

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 moods 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 to-day, 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 alarmist 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, 27 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 method of taxation. If each class of society paid for its own wants or repaid 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 every year. Complaint is made of smell and oil droppings, but the roads will not be losers by a bargain 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.

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.

An Efficient and Honourable Army.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

I.

It is perfectly clear that no more costly, stupid, and base military system or systems—for we have had brand-new organisations every few years—than those in vogue since the accession of Victoria could be conceived. Therefore, one thing can be said for our general scheme, or any Citizen Army scheme, that by no conceivable mistakes or misapprehensions, either in regard to matters of principle or of detail, can it be worse than its predecessors, and it will probably be cheaper, more popular, and less corrupt. No War Ministers can possibly be worse than the members of

the Tory and Whig Cabinets 1870-1908. No form of Army Directorate can be more odious or more stupid than the Army Council; no system of military education more futile, irritating and abominable to all concerned than that now in vogue. No methods of preparation for war, and this is the only object for which an army exists in times of peace, could be more crude, costly, and utterly unreliable than the methods prevailing under the partisan self-seekers, title hunters, and vote catchers and champions of inexactitude who, under the hateful names of Whig and Tory, beguiled and betrayed our civil population and their military champions in 1854, 1874, 1899, and 1907. No Military Code was ever before, in any country except this, based in every paragraph on the supposition that every soldier is either a fool or a knave, and that therefore he is to be robbed and befooled by insolent and ignorant martinet mandarins; yet this is the spirit and letter of the Mutiny Act, now under the name of the Army Act renewed every year by closing Chadbands amidst the scorn of mankind.

Therefore, let us lay down the foundations of the future magnificent and contented army of the very élite of our nation deep in the soil of manhood, honour, energy and capacity. Let us not be hasty, like Haldane, and pull down the edifice of centuries, albeit patched and mutilated by modern trickery, and by the folly and knavery of upstart nobility and plutocratic snobbery. Our new model must last, and we will stand upon the old paths and reconnoitre before venturing upon new paths.

We will therefore preserve our Regular Army at a strength sufficient for all over-sea purposes, but the Military Code, which gives soldiers no civil rights, must go at once. Every court-martial must have a legal civil member, or a jury in important cases, and no soldier is to be imprisoned or detained in cells, or publicly degraded; no pack drills or similar fooleries, are to be tolerated. If a soldier is unfit for his work let him be discharged. No boys are to be enlisted under nineteen years of age except for musical bands, or similar purposes. In every respect we adopt the Army League principle, that all soldiers are to be as well treated as any workman, and all officers at least as well as official barristers and first class Civil Servants. The pay is to be up to the standard of the best type of workmen of the various ranks. It is to be distinctly understood that the basest kind of conscription is soldiering merely because a man can get nothing better to do than risk his health, limbs, and life for lazy grouse-shooting and Maud-Allan-worshipping capitalists and the worthless Yahoos of Lords cricket ground and Ascot enclosure and Derby Races and Fulham matches. The majority of our regular soldiers are not voluntarily enlisted; they are poverty enlisted. They are not military workmen; they are lads whose friends despair of them, they are waifs and strays of humanity. Every man who wears the national uniform must be at least as worthy a man as the average Borough Council or store or factory employee, and we may have military trade unions as there are unions of London County Council workmen. Why not? No more military pariahs for us! Any lady may be proud to marry one of the sergeants of our future Army. Our non-commissioned officer will be provided for as well as the best German non-commissioned officer in his old age. Our private soldiers will be at least as respectable and as well paid and decently dressed as clerks or shopmen or decent artisans. Why not? We want soldiers with souls and bodies worthy of an Imperial race, and we can get them; so could the War Office if it were not so largely composed of fantastic snobs.

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 battues? Are not bombardiers and rough-riding corporals worthy of as good pay as huntsmen and whippers-in of the packs of fools 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 Cæsar and Gustavus Adolphus and Cromwell and Napier and Baron Suymatsu 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 has 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 Butler and Roberts and Kitson. Every British officer will be at least as well educated before joining as is 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 favour 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 utilities, 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 1793 to 1815 and as it has been in America. As for the shoddy thing of mushroom growth called Aristocracy in England, half the creations being not a hundred years old, and 50 per cent. of these for base and ignominious services, we will refuse no healthy man, and give the utmost fair play to every man, but not one man of title will get any preference whatever; in fact, we will expect higher qualities, if anything, from a man with all the privileges of wealth and titles than from a poor man's son; but whether in a Regular Army or a Citizen Army, or both, there will be no favour whatever, and every promotion must be after due tests and with the approval of fellow officers as well as of the higher authorities.

At present, and for the past century, there can be no doubt that our officers, whatever may have been their faults, conferred favours on the community by serving. In many corps no one but a rich man could live as a major, let alone as a lieutenant. Guards officers, cavalry officers, and Rifle Brigade officers actually put their hands in their pockets and gave enormous sums for the honour and comfort of their corps. The very bands were supported by officers. All this fooling must cease. Lawyers are not such fools. If they work, they are paid; their work is in most cases futile and often villainous, yet they are paid. Judges and Cabinet Ministers get £13 a day for playing golf for months at a time. Why should any man pay for being an officer? We must pay them properly and honour them more than successful lawyers are honoured and provide for their old age. But we will ask no questions about descent or schools or parental allowances. "Are you fit, physically, mentally, morally?" are the only questions. "Then compete, and get a commission if you can, and we will treat you fairly. No Army Council caprice will

worry you and no confidential reports will degrade you. Democrats of a true type may have faults, but they are not sneaks and snobs."

Every private will have a fair chance of becoming an officer. Our officers will be expected to be at least as efficient, man for man and rank for rank, as any possible rivals in the field. Our military schools and colleges and instructors will be at least as efficient as those of any other country in the world. Society influence will be eliminated, and the cult of games and, above all, the frenzy and foolery of sport will receive no favour. In times of leisure all soldiers can do as they please, like engine-drivers or architects or sea captains, or any other man, but our soldiers are to be paid for soldiering and not for wasting working hours at social festivities or for tossing balls or butchering poor dumb creatures of the flood and field.

Soldiers may say, "We don't take more leave, or play the fool more than lawyers or schoolmasters or University dons!"

Quite true, and the worst officers and the Army at its worst are infinitely superior, morally and as a national asset, to the infamous monstrosity of our legal system, which is rank and cries to heaven, and to our rich scholastic anachronisms.

So much for the principles on which our Over-Sea Army, or Regular Army, designed for service abroad, will be founded and manned. As to the organisation and support of this establishment, we will go into more details again, and point out how the expenses of this army are to be met, and how easily it can be worked for the sums thrown away on the disorganisation and degradation of our military forces by party sophists.

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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 on this side of Suez, possibly on account of the cold, more likely because the public conscience would never tolerate the trade, were it once to learn all that a trip on an open-deck ship entails.

The deck passenger merely supplements the ordinary cargo of the ship: he does not take up space where cargo might otherwise have been stowed; consequently he represents so much clear profit to the owner. He has no accommodation of any sort, beyond the bare planks, no protection from sun or rain, or even from the seas which come aboard in solid green lumps during heavy weather. On boats of the class engaged in this traffic, old creaks with open decks and low freeboard, maritime curiosities which decent lines have sold out as unfit for further service, the little stretch of upper deck is sacred to the officers, while the fo'ks'le is already crammed to overflowing with the Lascar crew. The spaces beside the engine-room, where the air is heavy with coal dust and the reek of hot oil, furnish the only possible shelter; and in them there may be room for three-score unfortunate emigrants out of three hundred.

Although one occasionally finds a handful of Chinese or Arabs, or even Swahelis from the Zanzibar coast, the ordinary deck passenger is an Indian coolie, a humble and a pathetic fatalist, who comes aboard followed by his wife and family, takes the first vacant space he sees, and squats down to endure ten days, a fortnight, three weeks even, of unrelieved wretchedness. There is no respect for religious prejudices or social customs, no attempt at separation of the sexes, no common decency. Men, women, and children are herded together promiscuously, sharing everything in common. They pay to travel on the deck, and they are allowed to do so; but with that the ship's responsibility ceases. They receive far less attention than would a cargo of cattle; for whether they arrive in good condition, whether they even arrive at all, is of no interest to the owner. He has been paid in advance.

There are cooking places aft, and, if the coolie is not too sick to fight for a position, and the sea has not put out the fire, he may be able to prepare his handful of curry and rice; but it is entirely his own look-out whether he has food or no, unless he has arranged to pay extra for it; and, even in that case, he must bribe the Goanese steward before the bargain will be carried out. A rupee and a half a day is the usual charge made for three scanty meals of curried goat and rice; but, though the amount may sound small, it is far more than the average emigrant can afford, so he risks feeding himself, which means, as a rule, that he starves.

Generally speaking, the coolie-carrying ships are loaded right down to their Plimsoll marks, with decks but a few feet above the level of the water. Rust-streaked and square-nosed, there is little about them to suggest that they are even distantly akin to the passenger liner, with her towering sides and immaculate paintwork. They do not cleave the water; they wallow through it; and in heavy weather they take aboard a green sea each time they roll. It is then that the coolie reaches the very nadir of human misery. He cannot escape the water, even when he has abandoned all his property, his little bundles of food and clothing, the much-prized brass pots and mahogany boxes. So long as his strength holds out he may be able to cling to a stanchion or ring-bolt; but once he leaves go he will be swept off his feet. A big wave leaps the port rail and dashes him against the winch; before he can recover, the vessel has taken another sea on the starboard bow, and as she rises he is carried aft and deposited, bruised and bleeding, amongst a heap of others in front of the deck-house.

Perhaps his own child is in that human tangle; but

though, ordinarily, he is the best father in the world, he does nothing to help it. He is so utterly exhausted from sea-sickness and cold and the buffeting of the waves 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 robbed him of the wish to live. He is ready to meet Fate halfway. As for the women and children, a man can only guess vaguely at what they must feel. It is terrible enough for the husbands, but it must be hell itself for the wives and little ones.

Sometimes in its terror the mob tries to rush the upper deck, only to be beaten back with whatever weapons come handy to the officers, pitched headlong down the companion ladders, knocked senseless with the butt-end of revolvers. It sounds brutal, but the men who do it have got to save the ship. If that frenzied crowd once got control, it would be in the chart-room, in the wheel-house, on the bridge itself; and the white men would find themselves helpless, fortunate if they were not trampled underfoot or thrown overboard as a sacrifice to the demon of the storm.

A dozen 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 these days a sailorman dare not indulge in opinions. 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 done a two thousand mile journey on the deck at little over six knots an hour, travelling as one amongst some two hundred and fifty returning labourers on a deeply-laden sugar ship; and during that trip I learned many things.

Why does the coolie go? Because there is perennial starvation in his own country, and he will risk anything, suffer anything, to earn a few rupees in the sugar plantations of Mauritius or the rubber plantations of Penang. It is the tragedy of a poverty so awful that the European cannot understand it, and consequently assumes that because the coolie will travel on the deck 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 one hears amongst the shivering groups on the hatches or round the engine-room casings; but the authorities hear nothing, or, at any rate, heed nothing. The skipper's mouth is sealed—he must be a poor man, or he would not be commanding one of those old creaks—and 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 big shipping companies which carry it on. The coolie emigrant is an insignificant person, whilst the British India Steamship Company is one of the great powers of the East.

Apologists for the trade point to the fact that the ships are always full, and that emigrants have been known to make a second, or even a third, voyage. True; but then there is always famine in one district or another of Southern India, and even a trip on a coolie-carrying vessel is preferable to death from starvation. That is the most one can say.

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 injured must be 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, Sperrits—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—is 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 Tweedledum and anti-Copernicanism Tweedledee. 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; there will be no wild stir in the night; chant your tracts and mutter the bead-roll of your terrible statistics in perfect peace, the Kingdom of God is not coming this fall.

"Gracious! we hope not," twitter the comrades, much perturbed.

Belief is a plunge into the dark. There is never really any satisfactory proof of the truth of a fact or a theory; you always have to take the last step for granted and jump. We cannot take that jump. There is no spring in us, no recklessness, no youth.

Yes, alas, it is youth that we lack, and what shall a man take in exchange for his youth?

Look at the men in any average crowd! There is no go in them, no reserve power, no menace. And I pray you do not confuse "go" with "hustle." Most of them can rush along mightily in a straight line. Few of them can take that jump; few of them have the lithe brain that can clear a hiatus—the hunter's brain that can start and capture a new idea. They have lost their youth.

(Hustle, indeed, is the middle-aged man's substitute for energy. The youthful man is not afraid to laze.)

Look at our journalism! "Written by office-boys for office-boys," runs the saying, with a sort of sideways truth that goes to prove my case for me (for what is less youthful than an office-boy?) Does this mean there is youth in our journalism? Quite the contrary. It is just because the office-boy editors are not youthful, it is because they are safe, it is because these young men of twenty-one can mimic so perfectly the tricks of a doddard of sixty that they have gone so far. If there is any youth about you hide it deep in the caverns of your heart, young man, or you will not get a job as a journalist; you are marked as one not to be depended upon. Some day or other you would be saying something (the deadly sin) . . . And so there is no alertness in journalism, only foolish hustle. A new idea is greeted with a stupid stare, an idiotic peal of laughter, or a criminal silence.

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 be acting on the strength of it. It is an absolute faith in the unachieved, an understanding of the truth that only the things that have never yet been done are possible; that the past is mummy, and us. It is the quality that will make a race walk always with its life in its hand ready for barter. (If you are not willing to give up life at a moment's notice for something you think better, life is not yours, you are life's.)

And we hide our talent in the earth. It seems safer there.

* * *

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 takes 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 whizzing globe and one on empty space building the future out of—out of anything, out of sunbeams, cobwebs, statistics, cosmic dust. A horrid sight 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 prim, clean-shaven gentleman with a grim, kindly mouth, iron-grey air and a tottering walk. Somewhat blind, too, I think, but this one can never be sure of. Like a nightmare on our chest he sits and utters Blue Books.

Everywhere one preaches this gospel of Disbelief, of Safety, of Middle-age (even in the Socialist Party). Youth is starved, spat on, reviled. They pay it miserable wages, they give it the most mechanical work to do; they give it nothing to do. Through the holes in its shoes come the rain and the snow. It huddles

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 on his staff, good God! And we lick 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 anæmic 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 recognise that our one valuable asset is youth, and pay for it accordingly. Let us give to youth the highest posts where initiative, imagination, audacity, humanness, energy are wanted; to age the lower posts, where caution, accuracy, experience, industry are required. Let your young man of twenty-one start as Prime Minister, Managing Director, Captain, Editor, 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 down.

As for children up to the working age, I believe we are agreed that it is the duty of the State—i.e., to its interest—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. When they can earn a living without injury to themselves? Yes, that is the point; we must look to it that youth may be able to earn a living without injury to itself.

State pensions for the young, that is what we want. Once grant youth its economic independence and you will see how long he will deign to lick your stamps for you.

Instead of doing that, it will start off on its true business—the business of producing ideas and children for us. I do not know which is more important, that our ideas or our children should be the offspring of belief.

But the old men have the vote, alas! How shall we get them to vote their own destruction? And what is the good of trying to convert them? They have not the power to believe. And daily, hourly they go on 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 resolutions,

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.

W. R. TITTERTON.

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 there 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!

But, gentlemen all, the tale isn't true.

"Dear Mercy Ann, the lovely elf,
Was another night-bird, like myself.
Look in the woods by the Manor gate:
You'll find a cot in a ruinous state.

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. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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 I 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,
Makes dark the sunlight, sobs in every wind! . . .
Would you have loved me better had I sinned?

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 passably 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 this: "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 send them both to my friends in the hope of converting them. I like to laugh in company; not to keep a good thing to myself. At a couple of strokes Mr. Morley surpasses all Mr. Arnold Bennett's elaborate catalogue. A quarter of a thousand books in two gulps! It is prodigious. And Mr. Morley is prodigious. I thank him.

* * *

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 pigs and princesses, and in response to your appeal I will tell you of my actual purchases of books this year. They are as follows:—

"From the Green Book of the Bards," by Bliss Carman.

"The 'Daily Mail' Year-Book."

Butler's "Erewhon."

Meredith's Poems. Vol. 2.

"Farmer and Stockbreeder Year-Book."

"Farming," by Prof. Tod.

"American Wives and English Husbands"; and a copy of my own book, "How I Work my Small Farm."

This completes the list, my dear sir, except—must I confess it?—a seedy-looking tout took me unawares with the hoe the other day and—in spite of my name being omitted from the list of contributors—persuaded me to sub-

scribe to an Agricultural Encyclopædia—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, and persons of that type. 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 enquiry, I beg to say that I have bought a book. In fact, I have bought several books, as I will show you.

Let me first say that I am a wage-worker, earning £2 a week by my pen; consequently my purchases have to be carefully spread over the twelvemonth.

The following is a list of the books I have bought during the past two years; the first twelve as gifts for friends, the remaining nine for myself:—

Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean."

"Walter Pater," by A. C. Benson.

Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," "The Soul of Man under Socialism," and "De Profundis."

Cunninghame Graham's "Success."

Joseph Conrad's "Youth."

Ffrangcon Davies on "Singing."

Mrs. Newmarch's book on "Henry J. Wood" ("Masters of Music" Series).

Heine's "Poems."

Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power."

"The G.B.S. Calendar."

Montgomery Carmichael's "Life of J. W. Walshe."

Orage's "Nietzsche" and "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" and "The Reasonable Life."

In addition, I spend 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—or I myself—shall have "Beasties 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.

Mrs. Tynan's Poems (Dun Emer Press).

William Law, "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 Defoe," and I think it was published in 1900. I am much obliged to all my correspondents.

JACOB TONSON.

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 without a catalogue of its gifts, you discover that the 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 poetry 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 unacquainted 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 educated and refined negro in the United States belongs to the Dionysians; for him life is a battle; for he wages ceaseless war against the petty conceits, the commonplace observations, the unchanging, unchangeable ignorance of the millions of Menckens that represent the white mind of the United States.

Zarathustra is a real and inspiring music for youth, when one has the profound belief in oneself with a very proper ignorance of the others. Giants exist but that we may prove our metal and our skill in battle; only later do we succumb to hesitations and doubts, and wonder why the poor giants have such a bad time of it in the world—and then stay our hand on reflecting that really the giants did not make themselves, and they're not half bad sorts of fellows when you come to know them. And here lay Nietzsche's power as an artist and his weakness as a philosopher. Starting with a simple creed that the battle must be with the valiant man, conscious of his own strength and value, guided by his reason, scorning all sympathy with the suffering and the lusty, Nietzsche, holding himself aloof from real intercourse with his fellow-men, was ignorant of the complex and devious springs that guide or lead men and women, the twists and turns, the half-realised hopes and fears that beset the fleet but blind being who journeys through the world. Nietzsche dealt with Man, whilst we know only men. Oddly enough, Mr. Mencken, who insists that all knowledge is empirical, a doctrine as fallacious as its converse, never discovers that Nietzsche deals with naught but abstractions, that his philosophy is based upon no concrete human example. But we must not expect too much illumination from Mr. Mencken, who is still under the

delusion that "The nineteenth century witnessed greater human progress than all the centuries before it saw or imagined." Mr. Mencken, who states dogmatically that the law of natural selection is unassailable, seems not only ill-acquainted with post-Darwinian theory, but with even the Darwinian version, or he could not write this nonsense: "But all the while the half, or third, or whatever the percentage may be, which actually do survive become more and more fit."

Mr. Mencken would be well advised to withdraw the footnote on page 265 about Blake, which is too grotesque to reprint here. I shall voice the final counsel that occurs to me about Mr. Mencken's book by a quotation from a very anti-Nietzschean author: "It is all very well that remarkable persons should occupy themselves with exalted subjects which are out of the road which humanity treads; but we who are not remarkable make a very great mistake if we have anything to do with them." M. D. EDER.

REVIEWS.

The Programme of Modernism. (Fisher Unwin.)

The paper cover of the "Programme," by way of advertisement, informs us that its readers are assigned to the eternal consequences of mortal sin. Mr. A. L. Lilley, a sympathetic Anglican, contributes an introduction explaining the general position of the "Modernists," if we must call them so. The latter part of the book consists of the Encyclical Letter ("Pascendi Gregis") against which the "Programme" is directed. "Protest" would have better described the Modernist 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 "agin the Pope"; just as all Catholic Irishmen are frankly "agin 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 apologetic," they say. At the same time they are quite sure that the mediæval synthesis is wrong. They speak 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 mediæval 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 quote 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 mediæval doctrine? They complain that the Encyclical stupidly attributes

* "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche." By Henry L. Mencken. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

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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 her synthesis—at 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 hurried and tired journalist. Rightly or wrongly—almost always stupidly—she claims to be an Eternalist.

The Enchantress. By Edwin Pugh. (Milne. 6s.)

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 eloquent portraits. The story is one of revenge. The Enchantress is trained by her mother to ensnare Sir Moses Parradine, a baronet of threescore years and ten, whose heir is the son of the man who deserted the mother many years before. The enchanting of the baronet, and indeed of everybody else, by the dancing of the heroine; his capture and death within a year after his marriage; Lady Parradine's adventures in love both before and after her 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 dullness.

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 belonged, as this book shows so well, to the period before the first Reform Bill. Perhaps it was an unconscious appreciation of so splendid a survival that made his colleagues call him Mr. Gladstone—never Gladstone—in astonishing defiance of the traditions of the college. Quotation is difficult when there is so much to tempt. A few sentences taken at random may serve to indicate the impression he produced. "The impression left was not of a monologue at all; rather we felt that we had a conversation led and dominated by a master of the art of dialogue." "Gladstone has a strong Lancashire accent; calls 'prefer' 'prefuw' Occasionally, as old people will, he slides an h; 'erb, 'armony came as a surprise to-night." Of Homer there is naturally much talk. "He thought that Homer had intended to write, or rather sing, two more poems on the wanderings of Menelaus and on the last days and death of Odysseus." Of politics we naturally learn little; we learn, however, that "For me Socialism has no attractions; nothing but disappointment awaits the working classes if they yield to the exaggerated anticipations which are held out to them by the Labour Party."

One fault we have to find with the book. The persons with whom Mr. Gladstone talked are referred to by their initials only on the ground that "it does not concern" the outside world to know who they were. Surely it

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does. These were the men with whom Mr. Gladstone chose to spend a week. Some of them—Sir William Anson, T. H. Warren, C. W. Ornan, Montague Burrows, D. G. Hogarth, and even C. R. L. F. himself—are not unknown to readers, though their initials may not be recognised. Others, such as the Bishop of Stepney and Sir Arthur Hardinge, have attained fame in non-academic spheres. All took real parts in the talk, and are not mere puppets. The use of mere initials deprives their remarks of life. And it is quite cruel not to be told the name of the contemporary "B." who "always used to say of his Eton days, 'Yes, Gladstone was a horrid boy, horrid boy; asked me to belong to a debating society once!'" There is one slip in the book. In modern Greek Mr. Gladstone's name is not Γλαδστών, but Γλαυτστών. Also, it is interesting to learn that the quaint taste of 1890 considered Pelham one of the handsomest men in Oxford.

It might be worth while to collect all the stories current to-day in Oxford about Mr. Gladstone's visit as a supplement to C. R. L. F.'s little book. Here is one. Lord Hugh Cecil, then an undergraduate, was invited to meet the old man. He, at least, resisted the spell of which C. R. L. F. writes. Asked his impressions, he replied: "Well, he's very blind and he's very deaf, but that's not enough. I want him to die!"

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. In the polite old days it was a compliment to say of a writer that he adorned every subject he touched; nowadays we do not pay compliments of this kind, and even if we did, we should have to hunt about for another word than adorn, which has long since joined the limbo of effeminacy. Not that Mr. Bennett lacks an unmistakeable 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 most certain and most obvious 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 twenty odd volumes. They have trade finish; there is nothing of the amateur about them; one could never mistake them for the work of anyone but a man who knew absolutely what he was doing and how to do it. They are as well executed as any books of their kind or within their limits could be. And if we look at the list facing the title-page of his latest book and read the names of the books "By the same Author," we shall see that his cleverness has already expressed itself in five different forms (or six, if we include "In Collaboration with Eden Phillpotts"); these are Novels, Fantasies, Short Stories, Belles-Lettres, and Drama—a fairly wide range. His most recent book, "Buried Alive: A Tale of These Days," belongs to the fantasies, a kind of story which among living writers Mr. Bennett has made peculiarly his own. It is a little brother of that excellent book, "The Grand Babylon Hotel." We say little advisedly, not because it is probably smaller in size, but because it is smaller in scope and execution, but not by any means less in interest. In most of the books of this class Mr. Bennett has taken some familiar modern phenomenon, like the proprietor of a monster hotel, a big general store, or a white city, and by a fantastic heightening of the man and his environment woven into a more or less mysterious story, he succeeds in throwing light upon some modern tendencies and incidents. "Buried Alive" thus exploits the modern love of sensation, as exemplified in the now departed Druce case. It is the story of a great artist whose preternatural shyness (this must be irony!) leads him to profit by the death of an

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 fantasia is sustained with the aforementioned incomparable skill of which Mr. Arnold Bennett is a master.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE Editor of the "Socialist Review" regrets to find Mr. Blatchford using the 'Clarion' as the scare supplement of the 'Daily Mail.' If he had said of the "National Review," the phrase would have been more accurate. The "Socialist Review" looks to the leaders of the Labour Party in both England and Germany to make war impossible. Mrs. Bruce Glasier has a fierce attack on those "few reckless Socialists" who advocate State maintenance of mothers. She declares the idea is "clean ridiculous." So it is, in the form Mrs. Glasier conceives it; but every constructive idea that is a little strange appears ridiculous at first. Mrs. Glasier must get used to it. She contends 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 philippics. Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman are now all that Mr. Maxse can wish them to be. We note, however, that 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. L. Garvin 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 Peer" 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

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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 the September "National Review" quite conspicuous.

Both the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Fortnightly Review" devote many pages to the subject of Turkey. The opening paragraphs of Mr. Edward Dicey's "A Novel Phase of the Eastern Question" come as a pleasant douche after the rather feverish article by A. de Billinski. The latter gives a very admirable and, of course, well-informed account of the Turkish Revolution, but he takes it too much for granted that there will be no reaction in 1908 as there was in 1876. He is plainly puzzled to account for the miraculous submission of the Sultan-Caliph, "the crowned Machiavelli of modern times." We cannot so easily believe that the worst monarch Turkey ever had is now destined to become the best. On the subject of Egypt Rustem Bey has a long but significant sentence which we will quote: "Having to admit, as all Englishmen must, that the United Kingdom cannot, by reason of what it owes to itself, oppose, in any case, the efforts of Turkey to establish order, security and justice in her midst, Englishmen will also have to look squarely in the face the consequences of this attitude, namely, the transformation of the Ottoman Empire at no remote period into a Power so formidable as to make it impossible for this country to refuse to evacuate Egypt if that Power insists upon it. So that Egypt will have to go, because inevitably Turkey will demand it."

Mr. Dicey, as we say, takes a more sober view. It is clear that the Turkish Revolution was unexpected by the Young Turks themselves. The accident of a mutiny in Macedonia afforded these Fabians the opportunity of transfusing their propaganda with soldiery; and in face of the danger the Sultan decided on a coup d'état. But whether that coup d'état is anything more than a device for disarming the mutiny is doubtful. Mr. Dicey has "the gravest doubts as to the good faith of the reigning Sultan." But the point of Mr. Dicey's article is Egypt not Turkey. As a "life-long advocate of the British occupation," Mr. Dicey has now come to think that the time is ripe for the extension to the Egyptians of some measure of Home Rule. Apparently his idea is the suggestion contained in Lord Dufferin's famous Report: a native State (or municipalities in the case of Egypt) administered by native officials and supervised by a British Resident. That, at least, is the goal towards which his proposals for municipal self-government in Egypt might lead. We commend this article to the earnest attention of politicians interested in Egyptian nationalism. Sir Godfrey Lagden has a warning against the proposal made by Mr. Churchill, among others, of settling Asiatics in East Africa. His horrible example, is, of course, Natal. But we wish Sir Godfrey Lagden had indicated the source of his quotations. We have sought in vain for the origin of his long extracts from Sir William Arbuckle.

The "Fortnightly Review" has no less than three articles on Turkey. Angus Hamilton transcribes the text of the 1876 Constitution and adds considerably to our knowledge of the present programme of the Young Turkey Party. "Viator" opens badly. Who, he asks, that has read descriptions of the Turkish revelry "has not been reminded of the wonderful passages at the end of the third act of 'Prometheus Unbound'?" We humbly reply on behalf of 39,999,999 of the inhabitants of these islands: Please, sir, we have not! The article improves considerably however; and is really a contribution to the subject if only for the delightful passage quoted from Sir Charles Eliot's "Turkey in Europe." "H." answers his own question: "Why not an Anglo-German Entente?" with a repetition of the Why Not. He contends that the two nations have more in common than France and Britain, and that they are together most fitted to advance "the orderly, competent, administration of the world."

But the German question is best treated by "A Loyal Subject" in the "Contemporary." We have no hesitation in declaring this article to be by far the most important in the September Reviews. While giving even lavish praise to the King, the writer warns his readers against the "anonymous servility" which by exaggeration of the King's power produces abroad a totally wrong and most pernicious

impression. In Germany, for example, "Onkel Edouard" is a kind of bugaboo. To his personal difference with the Kaiser was attributed the policy which produced the apparent isolation of Germany. Of course, that policy was the work of the Cabinet in general and of Sir Edward Grey in particular. The King's unfriendliness with the Emperor had nothing to do with it. Yet as "A Loyal Subject" observes, if the Cabinet could laugh at Germany's misconception of King Edward's power, neither the Cabinet nor King Edward took any pains to soothe the troubled German breasts. The Reval visit was neither announced nor 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 transfer of the Congo Free State from King Leopold to Belgium. Mr. Morel sees no immediate guarantee of any improvement in the condition of the natives in the new administration. Yet we gather that he is hopeful. "The Belgian solution, he concludes, is perhaps [why perhaps?] the best solution . . . but a sham Belgian solution is the worst of all." Has he reckoned without his Vandervelde?—"Our Timber Supply" is the subject of an excellent article by Mr. A. D. Webster. It supports the view that afforestation in Britain can and should be made a profitable State industry.—We note in the Literary Supplement of the "Contemporary" a review of the collected essays of the late William Clarke, one of the Fabian essayists, in which Clarke is described as a "Radical journalist." The deliberate suppression of the fact that the writer was a Socialist is in bad taste, to say the least.

Referring to the German Peril, we have often asked:—What British Colonies could Germany hope to acquire? The current "Quarterly" replies to this effect: "But the best hopes were, and are, fixed upon the future of South 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 mass will continue to settle in Canada and the United States. The coming unification will practically create a single Africander State protected by the British fleet during a development that cannot in the end serve British purposes. When Holland is incorporated with the German Zollverein there will be no further difficulty; and South Africa, like the Dutch East Indies, will belong to the new world-empire of the future again. No reasonable man can say that the realisation of the dream is altogether impracticable." No ignorant reasonable man perhaps; but nobody who knows South Africa would stop to discuss such an absurd assumption. The whole article is depreciated by such a piece of nonsense.

In the September "School" the illustrated School of the Month is Brighton College. Mr. J. C. Medd also gives a glowing account of the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario. Nearly 40,000 Canadian farmers visit this institution every year for technical instruction.

Two articles of general interest appear in the "United Service Magazine" (the editor of which is Lieut.-Col. Alsager Pollock). Major Bannerman-Phillips discusses the utility of the dirigible balloon in warfare. He concludes that its use will be mainly protective rather than aggressive. The prospect of a London sky dotted with airships dropping bombs is made to appear remote. Captain Norman has a eulogy of the Turkish Army of To-day. "When well led, the Turkish soldier is second to none."

The September "International" has five articles bearing on the question of Marriage and Children. Among the writers are Dr. Rodolph Broda, the accomplished editor, and Dr. Saleeby. Dr. Broda concludes, "from a close consideration of the whole problem . . . that there is every reason to anticipate in the next few decades a decided tendency towards the evolution of more and more unfettered forms of marriage." Will it be Free-Love? Dr. Broda replies: Marriage in the future will certainly belong fully and entirely to "free-love." M. Marguerite writes to the same effect: "Divorce in its most liberal form is an integral component of that mass of liberties which the future must

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and will give us." And M. Bertillon: "The liberty of marriage is . . . of inestimable importance." Dr. Saleeby 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 reprints his letter on the Wells-Irving incident. We quote one remark: "Mr. H. G. Wells should see that it is the highest possible honour for our comrade Irving 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-plate 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 pups. . . . Then send, etc. . . ." The American compliment is paid THE NEW AGE of "clipping" one of our articles (that by Dr. Saleeby), whole.

DRAMA

Barrie and Hilda Trevelyan

BARRIE has produced a subtle, an appalling diabolonian comedy. If—and I pause to call on the name of man's champion, Mr. Belfort Bax—every woman 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 even 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 baleful radiance of the knowledge that makes us subject. Barrie (maker of Trojan horses) even has the audacity to say this in the play. There is a suffrage meeting in the hero's (John Shand, M.P.'s.) drawing-room, and Hilda Trevelyan Maggie Shand (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 overturned; nay, more; it is defeated, reversed, and women sit in the seat of chivalry, not we. Barrie (discoverer and displayer 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 revolvers 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 distracted from its homely and crushing reality. The poor student, John Shand, acting as a railway porter in his vacation, who burgles the house of the Wylies to study the books they never use; his capture, and the compact made with him to finance his studies, to the tune of £300, in return for an undertaking to marry Maggie in five years' time; these things are pure fantasy, or they appear so; yet when the dreadful truth is contemplated seriously it is indisputable that the fantasy is reality, and, horror upon horror, reality illumined by wit.

Whether Scotsmen are capable of overcoming their legalistic prejudices so rapidly, and in face of a novel situation converting a captured burglar into a prospective brother-in-law, I decline to have the presumption to judge. These be high matters, and it is better they are called Scotch than Shavian. But whether these Scotchies be pranksome or whether (like life) they are real and earnest, there is no doubt they are alive and human. The lowering glance with which John Shand allows himself to be decoyed from exit by the window to that by the door, after the compact is made, was in itself a certificate of actuality, and, incidentally,

a triumph for Mr. Gerald du Maurier. The obstinacy of Maggie Wylie recalled all the Scotch cousins I have ever known—a trait quite charming, of course.

The reality of the political scene in Act II. (Shand's Committee Rooms, Glasgow, six years later) was, perhaps, somewhat less genuine than the fantasy of the burglar scene. Also, with the best will in the world towards John Shand, six years is rather a short period for a man to get his university training, get high up in a business in "iron-cementing," be invited to contest an important bye-election, and go up to London, as metropolitan manager of the business, at £800 a year. Personally, I am much obliged to Mr. Barrie for attending to all these economic details with such scrupulosity; but if the first act airy fantasy is solidly real, this second act reality is a little bit too thick. I am crushed by Shand's efficiency, but regretfully protest that I do not believe in it. However, this act bridges the gap in Shand's story. It also illuminates the life of Maggie Wylie, who knows, and in it she is humiliated by the Comtesse de la Briere, and by Lady Sybil Lazenby.

Why is it humiliation makes such a painful appeal to one's solar plexus? There is perhaps nothing so immediately arresting except the imminence of death—as in the hanging scene of the "Devil's Disciple." To be humiliated and to be about to die, these things are more human than to be successful and to be about to enter on a new period of vigorous life and "live happily ever after." 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 Barriepantta-Trojan horse, disguised as Lady Sybil Lazenby, 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

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will try him at Leeds. He hopes by this speech to create a position for himself which even an elopement with Lady Sybil cannot shake. And he is to write the speech under the inspiration of Lady Sybil's presence and her "charm." Of course, he does not. The speech is a failure, and Mr. Venables regretfully puts him off the list—until Maggie appears with the second speech with the added "Shandisms," and captures the Minister's heart. John realises, and Lady Sybil realises, that their philandering is nauseating to them both. They give it up, and John is faced with the revelation of the knowledge that it is his wife's "Shandisms" that gave him his chance. The humiliation is too much for him until Maggie, by inventing a glaringly ridiculous lie, which she says is "what every woman knows," makes him laugh. And laughing, he embraces her and is reconciled. He laughs, he fights no more; he throws up his hands, he is overwhelmed—and the secret every woman knows.

Fortunately, another play, "Idols," provides me with some hope of respite. It is a little difficult to remember what it is about, as I saw it three days ago, and have only the programme to remind me. But in that play no one knows anything. It is a kind of combination of a Pinero domestic play with an old style melodrama. And there are Jews and Jewesses in it—wicked Jewy ones—the sort that will scrunch your bones to make their bread. And there is also a noble lady, oh! a lady all too noble, and done by Evelyn Millard. And what does it matter if the incidents are possible and one or two probable, if the people are made of layer on layer of play-palimpsest papier mache moulded on rusty springs.

L. 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.

WHO BUY BOOKS?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In a recent issue of THE NEW AGE Mr. Jacob Tonson asked, Who buy Books? I think he would be interested to hear how a wealthy acquaintance of mine supplied his shooting-lodge with reading matter. He measured the bookshelves and wrote to a bookseller for "10 yards of new novels."

P.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Authors don't live by buying each other's books, any more than the poor by taking in each other's washing: it is the common herd Mr. Jacob Tonson wants to hear about. I feel sure it is modesty that is keeping them back: the others, the authors, must speak first; but we, the common herd, do the real buying, and though we don't often boast, we rather fancy ourselves on the subject. The writers are the vegetables of creation, they can take their nutriment direct from the soil and the air, raw minerals and gases; we, the animals of creation, have more delicate digestion, we like our food ready prepared for us, worked up in a pleasant and artistic form. The more highly refined discard even the vegetables: their food must be twice digested before they can absorb it; they like it meaty and highly spiced; they like books about books, or better still, newspaper articles about books, gossip about books, something that will tell them what they ought to know without the drudgery of reading, thought-economising stuff.

But it is of the middle, the bovine class, Mr. Tonson wants to hear; they are the real book-buyers, the supporters of authors. Our lists are not so varied nor so fanciful as Mr. Arnold Bennett's; we go in more for the solid English classics, we are generally rather insular and prejudiced in our habits; but we do buy books, and it is in these we exercise the nicest discrimination. For myself a new book is an extravagance, and I spend several days or weeks after its first appearance before thinking of buying; they are so expensive, these new books, and so horribly uncertain—we know much more about the dead men, and second-hand books are cheap.

I generally try to justify my extravagances by assuring myself that they are potential classics; how far I am right I must leave the readers of THE NEW AGE to judge.

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 regrettable, 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 Hauptman'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 wish somebody would start booming 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 same 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," "Volsunga Saga"—fine tonic to our mild mannered age—and some fairy tales, Grimm's, "Reynard the Fox," and "Gesta Romanorum." 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 to the moderns. Is it Butler who praises old wine, old friends, and old books?

O. X.

* * *

THE ARMY OFFICER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been frequently, and I may say very forcibly, reminded of Dr. Maguire's intense displeasure at my letter which appeared in your issue of August 29th. Every post brings in some fresh communication, each more violent than the last.

From an almost indecipherable mass of powerful invective I have succeeded in arriving at the following requests, nay, demands.

Firstly, will I disclose my name in this letter; secondly,

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will I apologise and withdraw the term "crammer" as applying to Dr. Maguire, and thirdly, will I publish his letters on the subject to me.

Bravely disregarding the prospects of a renewed outburst, I must make the following replies:—

Firstly, No. I dislike cheap notoriety, and Dr. Maguire, the only person interested, knows my name and all about me. Secondly, I will certainly apologise if in my last letters I cast any opprobrium on Dr. Maguire's system of instruction, which I know to be most admirable, though I cannot withdraw the term "crammer," seeing that according to the popular definition, a "crammer" is an independent tutor or "coach," who undertakes to prepare young men for particular examinations (e.g., Woolwich or Sandhurst). This Dr. Maguire does, though for aught I know, his institution may be absolutely beyond reproach. In describing "crammers" as I did, I was, of course, generalising.

Thirdly and lastly, emphatically No. In their entirety his letters would fill half an issue of your review, and far be it from me to discriminate between Dr. Maguire's multi-fold allusions to Mr. Haldane, Dr. Warre, and myself. Besides, they were not complimentary. Had Dr. Maguire only treated my letter as I now treat his, merely as the humorous production of a fertile Irish intellect, much warmth of expression might have been levelled at the head of some more deserving individual—Keir Hardie for choice. Howsoever, raise thy glass, thou son of Erin, give the toast, and I'll gladly join thee in drinking to the confusion of any man or body of men thou mayest choose to honour, since I know full well that we shall do no greater damage in this manner than by our explosive anathemas. B. K.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My experience of the British officer has been very much like that of "Democrat." I am not an officer myself, but the circumstances of my life have thrown me into the society of a general who obtained a V.C. for an act of silly bravery which would in a sensible community have entitled him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead; three colonels, two Indian Army, one Home; one major, and several subalterns. It will thus be seen that my experience of officers has been diversified, and is not confined to lads newly passed out of Sandhurst or Woolwich (some of them with considerable difficulty).

I do not assume that all British officers are intellectually incompetent, but I do believe that the great majority of them are totally unfit to exercise any responsible command. I personally shall never forget a sight I witnessed in Ireland at the beginning of the Boer War, when a regiment of Scotch soldiers was disembarked one raw morning towards the end of that horrible year. The commanding officer was not visible; the second in command instructed a non-com. to make each man as he left the boat deposit his rifle on a heap on the quay; the second in command then disappeared; a subaltern appeared and demanded what the blazes the men meant by putting their rifles in a heap on the quay, and despite the explanation offered by the non-com., commanded them to take the rifles out of the heap and carry them in the usual manner; the second in command then re-appeared, and could hardly be restrained from shooting the non-com. dead on the spot, because of the reversal of order; the non-com. cursed inwardly, and there was the most disgraceful confusion I have ever witnessed. The disembarking of the regiment began at 5.30 in the morning, and was over at 10 a.m. An intelligent policeman could have done the job in half the time at the most.

There are many causes of this inability to perform the function of a British officer. The chief is that men become officers not for business reasons, nor because they are peculiarly fitted for that profession; but solely because an officer is supposed to be a gentleman and runs the risk of being presented to the King. The amount of snobbery among officers is almost incredible: I have personally heard a subaltern lament because he had to associate with a subaltern who had committed the heinous crime of having a grocer for a father. The fact, as I happened to know, that the grocer-subaltern was an exceedingly good soldier and my friend an exceedingly bad one, did not matter. The Army must be officered by gentlemen, and a grocer's son is not a gentleman but a "bally counter-jumper."

ST. JOHN.

THREE MEN AND A WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In this clinical issue (August 29th) of THE NEW AGE, women catch rather more than a glimpse of three men diverting themselves with their impressions about maternity: Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Mr. Arnold Crossley, and Mr. G. B. Shaw. Mr. Gibson has gossiped a good deal, one

would say. His terms "brought to bed," "my time came," "breast," "breast," "breast"—ad nauseam, are indubitably the terms of midwifery. Mr. Gibson supposes, no doubt, that 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." Compleat—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 mean lies. But what can one hurl at the man author who writes: "The perinaeum 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!

As for the advice (sic)—the man evidently has consulted his "Baby" and "Home Chat." One gathers what to eat (supposing every one to be built on identical atoms) and how to bath the baby.

Lastly, we have the amazing eulogy of this literature by Mr. G. B. Shaw. The insincerity of Mr. Shaw's desire to teach school-girls first aid in midwifery—O, women, imagine!—is belittled by its appalling cruelty. Would Mr. Shaw have chosen to have been forced to have his little stomach nauseated by the crude illustrations in this impudent book? Fancy, along with one's "Treasure Island" and "Crusoe" the "Compleat"—faugh!

I would certainly hand Mr. Crossley's reminiscences of what he saw to an obviously unfit or delicate girl I beheld intent on marriage. I can imagine no more powerful deterrent to any girl.

BEATRICE TINA.

BRONTERRE O'BRIEN AND ROBESPIERRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have happened upon a stained and frayed, but perfect, copy of "An Elegy on the Death of Robespierre," by James Bronterre O'Brien, a twopenny pamphlet (undated) published by G. J. Holyoake and Co., Fleet Street, and E. Truelove,

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240, Strand. It consists of about 11 pages of rhymed verse; and a "Sketch of Robespierre" (about 2 pp.) follows. Is anything known of this? Truelove was in business at 240, Strand in 1855; the date is therefore approximately fixed.
G. STANDRING.

* * *
"THE CONVICTION OF MR. TILAK."
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Absence abroad has prevented me from seeing until to-day (Sept. 5) the extraordinary effusion from Mr. Reginald Wade which you print in your issue of August 29. The greater part of the letter is unworthy of reply: but there is just one word I desire to say with regard to the third paragraph. Mr. Wade appears to imagine that by the mere revelation of his identity, he establishes a claim to be heard as the solitary and infallible authority upon this matter of the trial and conviction of Mr. Tilak. After the ignorance and recklessness of statement which marked his first letter, he would find it difficult to carry conviction upon this point in any sort of public discussion. Nor does he improve his position at the second attempt.

If Mr. Reginald Wade knew more about his subject and were less of a Pharisee, he would not make the offensive suggestion that I base my "case" upon the "corruptness" of a "British Court of Justice." Very different in character is the principal complaint to which I gave expression, in company with Indians of every shade of political opinion, from the philo-bureaucratic Mr. Malabari of Bombay to the opposite extreme. Mr. Wade himself admits that in this case of Mr. Tilak it was "absolutely essential that strict justice should be done." Why does he not add—in view of his blatant assumption of the rôle of the man "able to look fairly at both sides of the question"—that if the trial had taken place at Poona—where the offending articles were written, printed, and published—the proceedings would have been conducted in Marathi—the language of the District Judge's Court as well as of the articles—the majority of the jurors would of necessity have been Marathi-knowing and Marathi-speaking men, and there would have been, in case of conviction, a right of appeal to the High Court? The action of the Crown prosecutor in changing, firstly, the venue to the criminal sessions of the High Court, and in demanding, secondly, a trial by special jury, deprived Mr. Tilak of every one of these "essentials" to the doing of "strict justice." No "conclusions" or "inferences" are necessary to appreciate the plain meaning of these plain facts.

I do not intend to waste any further time over Mr. Reginald Wade. I showed in my original reply to what he calls his "note" that he did not make one single important statement that was accurate. He retorts by throwing vitriol: and I am not sorry. For he helps stay-at-home Englishmen to understand how the gulf between rulers and ruled in India is deliberately being kept open. India is full of Mr. Reginald Wades, and they are a source of real danger to the British Raj. For what do they preach? Men may err in other quarters of the globe: but the Anglo-Indian administrator stands upon a special pedestal of perfection. He is apparently a short of Shavian Super-man, and all adverse criticism is ipso facto "ridiculous" and "warped"!
H. E. A. COTTON.

* * *
"SOCIALISM AND SUBURBIA."
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Edgar Jepson rallies 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.
EDWIN PUGH.

* * *
THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with much interest Dr. Haden Guest's last article about the "Experimental Theatre." Though countries and 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 "Deutsches Theater" in Berlin, which had to fight its own way, but is to-day, in my opinion, the first theatre in the world, though there are no stars (not in 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 possible; the acting not always the best imaginable—what does it matter? I have seen a good many performances in London Theatres, where there is plenty of everything, and in spite of it the dresses were not always the best; the acting the worst imaginable; the scenery—well, in my opinion, there is no atmosphere in them at all.

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 spirit; it will be the first play-house in London, where one will see "life," and not "high life," as in the others.

The only thing I want to remind—perhaps unnecessarily—Dr. 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 into existence, will soon change its name: "Experimental Theatre"—as the word "Experi" will become superfluous.

LEO SARKADI-SCHULLER.

* * *
PROPAGANDA BY ART.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Is there not good ground for Anthony Oldpate's contention that art is solely a record 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.)

EDWARD HARRISON.

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