NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In answer to numerous enquiries, the Secretary begs to inform readers that there are still some unissued & Preference Shares in the above Company. All enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London.

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ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Manager, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London.

All EDITORIAL matter should reach the Editor by Saturday at latest for the following week’s issue, and should be addressed to the Leicester Chamber of Commerce Mr. Winston Churchill thought “anything in the nature of State interference in fixing wages or, indeed, of compulsory arbitration, would be injurious in all or any of the main trades of the country, but there was no reason why we should not treat these peculiar sweating sores which will not heal, which cannot heal themselves, with a judicious dab of caustic.” It will be evidently a very mitigated lunar caustic, for after its application, when “it is all over, you will find that England will still remain the best country in the world for rich men, the land where property is the most secure, and contracts most strictly respected.” We never really doubted it; the Liberal Government will see to it that all the reforms upon which it professes to be intent will cost its patrons, the wealthy, nothing at all. It is to-day as when Emerson wrote: “There is no country in the world in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth.”

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All remittances should be made payable to The New Age Press, Ltd. and sent to 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London.

The Committee deals inadequately with proposals for the extension of the voluntary principle. The following measures are recommended for compulsory guardianship or for committal to a retreat. For this there must be (1) a petition by a relative or friend; (2) one medical certificate if possible; (3) visit by a judicial authority who shall have the power, after seeing the inebriate, to make the required order. It is evident that here great caution is required. Persons who take too much intoxicants are still perfectly able to look after themselves, and are not dangerous to their families, yet the authorities might readily be invoked by some relative desiring of being rid of this person. We have known too many homes wrecked by inebriety not to feel the need for some such provision as the Committee advocates, but the petition to take away a person’s liberty must be hedged with every safeguard. The Committee gives no estimate of the proportion of cures that may be expected from the retreats; the general view is that nearly
all remembrance drinking on the day of their discharge. The Committee recommends that it should no longer be left to philanthropic enterprise, but that the State should provide for the accommodation and maintenance in retreats of those who cannot afford to pay.

Several resolutions on education are to be moved at the Portsmouth Labour Party Conference; they are intended to secure here the Trade Union system with 3,000 against it. It would seem of primary importance to press for legislation in accord with it. It cannot be because these thoroughly Socialist demands are tabooed by the influential minority of Socialists elected by the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society.

To puzzle us still more completely comes the result of the Labour Party’s ‘sweater and open air’ ballot on altering the half-time system by giving the children another 12 months of respite, with some 7,000 in favour of the present system with 3,000 against it. It would seem of little avail for a Trade Union Congress to pass resolutions in favour of raising the school age when the majority of the members of one of the wealthiest Unions still wish to exploit their children. The iniquities and cruelties practised upon these children are only too familiar to readers. Here, of course, the nation must take the onus into its own hands; parental responsibility is destroying and feeding upon its own offspring; the nation that desires to see the growth of a healthy generation cannot admit the claims of the parents to torture their children and to rob the nation of its citizens. So long as the 14-hour day is the rule, no amount of prohibition will serve its purpose. The Labour Party, when the Trade Unions are in a majority, takes no steps to press for legislation in accordance with it. It cannot be because these thoroughly Socialist demands are tabooed by the influential minority of Socialists elected by the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society.

Robert Blatchford’s pronouncement upon the necessity of a Socialist Party is final and convincing. There is nothing to add to his article in this week’s “Clarion.” With ourselves he endorses the value of a Labour Party. If any person supposes that the ‘Clarion’ is hostile to the Labour Party they are in error. We wish the Labour Party well; we recognise the value of a Labour Party. But I believe in a Socialist Party as well. I believe we must have a Socialist party, if we are to have Socialism. We especially commend to enthusiastic comrades Blatchford’s reminder “that personal differences are only personal, and do not pledge us to a state of vendetta.” We may also remind our opponents that splits amongst the leaders as to when the next forward movement shall be taken does not render Socialism invalid. Just as Rugby remains safe and sound, despite the split between the English and Scottish Unions.

According to the “British Journal of Nursing” it is calculated that no less than four to five hundred pounds a week is earned by the nursing staff at the London Hospital. This lady (a nurse trained at that Hospital) expresses the opinion that in losing the huge profits made through the nursing school under the present financial arrangements at the London, which inspired much of the keen opposition to registration at that institution. If it is true that the London Hospital makes a profit out of its nursing staff, we have another instance of how the wealthy enjoy being charitable at other people’s expense. Hospital nursing is one of the most sweated trades in this country; the hours are terrible and dull; both the children and the parents are miserable. The pay is infinitesimal; the Trade Union Act system prevalent leads to shanty abuses in many of the leading hospitals. We have had testimony from present and past nurses that in some of these hospitals the food is often quite unfit to eat, there is a dread monotony about the diet, the time allowed for meals does not meet physiological requirements, and some of the meals have to be taken in the unhealthy atmosphere of the wards. So arduous is the work and so great the anxiety of the nurse, that many of these probationers break down before their training is complete; one-third, we have seen it somewhere stated, is not surprising that under these conditions the patient does not always find the nurse a ministering angel. No angel could remain an angel with the conditions under which she works and suffers the long hours of tending sick and naturally grimy individuals. State Registration of Nurses is a necessary step forward towards a nurse’s combination that shall ensure a betterment in their conditions. The Public Control of Hospitals is wanted no less in the interest of the nurses and doctors, we may add, than in that of the patients. The Women’s Labour League is demanding the Nationalisation of Hospitals at the Portsmouth Labour Conference; we hope the speakers will remember the nurses.

One of our foremost authorities on education found, on visiting the special London County Council schools for the mentally defective, that many of these unfortunate children had a quite pronounced bent for art. In one school four children were seen who were really gifted. They get no special art training, although it is extremely probable that were their special talents encouraged they might be opening up a whole world to these children. A letter was sent by the Committee for the Physical Welfare of School Children to the Education Department of the L.C.C., suggesting that these children, who at least seem capable of profiting by art training should be included in the classes of the teachers who give instruction. The Education Department’s reply is that the Special Schools Sub-Committee of the Council have decided not to take any action in the matter. We wonder what objection the members can have to this simple experiment which may be fraught with so much meaning to these unhappy ones, and may incidentally remove the burden of their future maintenance from the ratepayer.

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By the way, the Committee for the Physical Welfare of School Children has started an experimental Clinic in Poplar, with the sanction of the L.C.C., for the treatment of sane school children’s ailments. Anyone wishing to visit the Clinic, which is hung up through lack of funds to start a special department. We reiterate our dislike of charity and our want of logic.

"A statement of fact in the 'Times' is as reliable as a citation from 'Hansard,'" says the author of English
The New Age is a weekly journal, and, like the "Clarion," independent. It aims higher than any of the others, has adopted the appearance and arrangement of the "Spectator," and publishes a literary supplement. It seems to have made a very rapid advance in public favour within the last few months—so rapid as to need some special explanation. It was founded in 1894, in January, 1896, it had a circulation of 4,000; in October that had become 16,000, and in November 22,000. In the recent Hardie-Gladstone quarrel it is really between two parties of Socialists, the "New Age" took a decided line against the Hardie side. In view of the intellectual standing of the paper this is significant. It seems that the casuistry and compromise of the Parliamentary leaders are causing general dissatisfaction in the ranks, and that the spur is to be applied.

When it was first proposed to throw open the British Museum to the public dire were the consequences that were prophesied. It would be visited by people in liquor and others in order to assert their liberty and side with them and promote mischiefs. To maintain order if public days should be allowed, then it will be necessary for the trustees to have the presence of a committee of themselves attending, with at least two justices of the peace and ten constables of the division of Bloomsbury, and besides this, civil officers should be supported by a guard, such an one as usually attends at the play-house; and, even after all this, many accidents must and will happen. It would certainly be awe-inspiring to gaze at the head of Thothmes III surrounded by a Committee of the Trustees with at least two Justices of the Peace and ten constables of the Division of Bloomsbury, or to pass between the bull from the palace of Ashur-nasirpal with constables of the Division of Bloomsbury, and besides this, civil officers should be supported by a guard, such an one as usually attends at the play-house; and, even after all this, many accidents must and will happen.

It seems to be that the feeding of children will always seem a piece of casuistry and disaster to the feeding of the future. The Prince of Denmark had "method in his madness." So the "New Age." The Labour Party will look back on the early period of socialism as a golden age, on the socialists of to-day as a second-rate people. How many trusty and able officers of the Social Democrats have been influenced by dwelling amid the sculptures from the Parthenon, and to find out if they take wine from a caontaras or a kylix. However, we have come to respect liberty so decidedly in this country that no one has ever seen a Committee of the Trustees or Justices of the Peace at the Museum. To our grandchildren many of our fears will appear equally ridiculous; the notion of bringing up the police to prevent women entering Parliament will cause laughter among the future. Of course it has nothing to do with the feeding of children will always seem a piece of satire to a future that will not comprehend how people could be hungry in a land filled with plenty.

The "Matin" is well content with its agitation for the revival of the death penalty in France. That country now falls into line with lands where Christianity is the State religion. The headsman has been cheered by the mob, photographs of the decapitated heads have appeared in the newspapers, and their circulation has been enormous. We know not to whom the palm should be awarded; to the perpetrators of the original murders, to the newspapers that have sought to profit by them, to those who have sanctioned the guillotine deserve their commendation, or to the mob that has gloated over the blood that has been shed. Alone M. Jaurès and the Socialists retain a sense of proportion amid these gruesome terrors.

Sprats to Catch Mackerels.
Or, Planting for Posternity.

We are a delightfully naive and innocent race. We are also generous—and sagacious. Nothing can disturb our finely-poised serenity. Agitators may wax and make much ado—such is the case with their followers, and their circulation has been enormous. We know not to whom the palm should be awarded; to the perpetrators of the original murders, to the newspapers that have sought to profit by them, to those who have sanctioned the guillotine deserve their commendation, or to the mob that has gloated over the blood that has been shed. Alone M. Jaurès and the Socialists retain a sense of proportion amid these gruesome terrors.

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Indian Notes.

By an Indian Nationalist.

Last week I began to explain my statement that the Summary Procedure Bill lately passed by the Government was a boon to us. The importance of it cannot be over-emphasised—from our point of view. So far we have made no secret either of our ideals or our propaganda. We proclaimed our aim publicly, and we have made no secret either of our ideals or our beliefs in absolute honesty. Our political leaders have carried on our work publicly. We belong to a race that goes underground. And I have been long enough in the West and laden with Western culture to get over my Eastern "scruples," and believe that the best way for us is to carry on our work secretly. We have no excuse now—the Government has forced us to do it.

Some time last week Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, who was at one time the editor of the "Statesman" in Calcutta and was compelled to leave on account of his unfortunate pro-Indian views, wrote a letter to some of the London dailies about the recent deportations in Bengal. He, of course, condemns the deportations and supports his case by the following quotation from the "Pioneer," which is the semi-official paper of the Indian Government: "It is no sort of secret that educated Indian opinion in the country believes that a mistake was committed in the case of Lala Lajpat Rai. [Lord Morley's enigmatic language on the subject of his release, and the studious mystery that has been preserved, even in official circles, have only heightened the impression."

The same letter appeared both in the "Chronicle" and the "Daily News," but in the "Daily News" the sentence that I have put in brackets was not to be found. That evidently is the strongest sentence in the "Pioneer's" article. It is an indictment of Lord Morley and the delightfully vague language he often indulges in. The strength of the indictment lies in the fact that it comes, not from any Indian paper, nor from a non-official Anglo-Indian, but from one that is recognised to be the mouthpiece of the officials. Now, was that sentence invented by the "Chronicle" editor or deliberately omitted by the "News"? I hold that it was deliberately left out by the "News" because it is a strong indictment of Lord Morley, and the "News," in spite of its "sympathy" for India, cannot afford to offend Lord Morley.

This, by the way, reminds me that the Liberals are never weary of saying that they have done a lot for India. But I am afraid that the facts would be very unsympathetic to such a statement. The worst two Secretaries of State we have had are Sir Henry Fowler and Lord Morley—both Liberals. When in 1875 Mr. Hyndman, in his article called "The Bankruptcy of India," pointed out the evils of the Indian Government, the reply to that, quite unconvincing though it was, came from a Liberal—Mr. John Morley—who, as a matter of fact, signed his name to an article written by Sir John Strachey. When Lord Cranbrook was the Indian Secretary and Mr. Edward Stanhope the Under-Secretary the Tory Government had then taken up the position that British rule in India was not beneficial. One finds in the "Hansard" of that period that they brought in a series of reforms, with a view to reconstitute Indian rule in India. They swept away some of the worst features of the Indian law, and in 1880, under Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone, they swept away every one of those forms, starting with the P.W.D. again under English control.

The English Press has made capital out of the Hindu-Mahomedan riots. The Hindu and Mahomedan, it is declared, would fly at each other's throats if we were not there to protect them. Supposing I admit for the sake of argument that it would be so; what then? I have heard English people relate a story as showing the characteristic of the English nation. Once a boy was going into a tunnel when he suddenly started. An official pulled him back, fearing he would be run over. The boy turned round and slapped him in the face saying, "If I am run over, what is it that makes you matter to you?" The English people relate this story with great national pride. May we not likewise say, "If we fly at each other's throats, what does it matter to you?" But, of course, as Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked, "England always acts on moral grounds."

The Journalism of the Monkey House.

"'AVE had ma satisfaction, am full to repelition," said the old Scotch lady, anxious to do herself justice in a "gentle" society when asked to have some more tea. These are my feelings to a nicety, the English people relate a story as showing the characteristic of the English nation. Once a boy was going into a tunnel when he suddenly started. An official pulled him back, fearing he would be run over. The boy turned round and slapped him in the face saying, "If I am run over, what is it that makes you matter to you?" The English people relate this story with great national pride. May we not likewise say, "If we fly at each other's throats, what does it matter to you?" But, of course, as Mr. Bernard Shaw remarked, "England always acts on moral grounds."

This is their world, and it is the world our young lady has conquered for nine days at least. To be just to the monkeys, theirs is a superior world in this, at all events, that the monkeys do not write about it. But it is the same world of monkey interests that has filled our...
newspapers of late. If you could conceive of the monkeys losing their last shreds of self-respect and producing a daily paper, it would be modelled on our Yellow Press. The items of interest on which it would rely in calculating its credit would be largely the same. The monkey bickerings, the supply and quality of the nuts, the peculiarly fine crop of parasites on the blue-faced baboon—all these would figure under their appropriate headings of Police Intelligence, Stock Exchange, Divorce Court, Amazing Mystery. It is under the last heading that our young lady would come in, though we doubt if any monkey house would stand five columns.

No, we are not here concerned with sensational lying in the press, which, however morally reprehensible, is sometimes really exciting, like a work of fiction; we are merely drawing attention to the columns and columns overflowing with details in themselves as ordinary and uninteresting as the monotonous animal incidents of the monkey house, and of which the reproduced baptismal certificate is at once the war and dreary sign of the monkey-like supply and the monkey-like demand.

JOHN A. GRANT.

The Negotiations Between Turkey and Bulgaria.

By H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S.

Late Grenadier Guards.

ALTHOUGH for the last few weeks the attention of all those who are interested in Near Eastern politics has been chiefly fixed on the relationship which exists between Servia and Montenegro on the one hand, and Austria on the other, there are other negotiations of the utmost importance which must be satisfactorily settled in order to secure real and permanent peace in the Balkan Peninsula. I refer to the negotiations between Turkey and Bulgaria. While in Sofia during the closing days of December I had the opportunity of discussing these matters with MM. Dimitroff (Bulgarian Minister of Commerce), Dimitroff, and other well-informed gentlemen.

Bulgaria wishes the Young Turkish movement every possible success. The Bulgarian Government is perfectly willing to compensate the Turks for all material losses which they have sustained by the Bulgarian independence, but she refuses to pay anything for the damage which she considers Turkey has not suffered. The events which have occurred since the Bulgarian Declaration of Independence on October 5 are too well known to require comment here. After some delay, a Bulgarian official, M. Dimitroff, proceeded from Sofia to Constantinople to find out whether the Turks were willing to entertain an offer of reasonable terms to ensure peace. The Bulgarian Government has at present no intention of ceding by a foreign company. The Bulgarian Government has always had the right to construct a parallel line through Eastern Roumelia, which would have starred the Oriental line. When the construction of this opposition line was threatened, the Bulgarian Government offered to sell their line for a sum vastly less than that which Bulgaria offers to-day.

The Bulgarians are certainly to be highly commended for their calm behaviour throughout the crisis. In October it would have been easy for the army of the new kingdom to capture Adrianople, and probably to reach Constantinople. The Government, however, determined to attempt to settle the matter peacefully. The Bulgarians have at present actually offered about £3,700,000 sterling to recompense Turkey. This sum, as they have shown, practically compensates Turkey for all the loss which she has sustained. It is, however, possible this sum should be slightly increased, and doubtless the Bulgarians will be open to further negotiations. It will, nevertheless, be unnecessary for the Bulgarian Government to have the line by a foreign company. The Bulgarian Government has always had the right to construct a parallel line through Eastern Roumelia, which would have starred the Oriental line. When the construction of this opposition line was threatened, the Bulgarian Government offered to sell their line for a sum vastly less than that which Bulgaria offers to-day.

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The Disorganisation in the I.L.P.

By I. Russell Smart.

For some time there has been a simmer of dissatisfaction in the I.L.P., which occasionally manifests itself in violent attacks upon the Labour Party, the honesty of the leaders, the integrity of their independence, and the wisdom of their policy. In many cases the dissentients have resigned from the party; in others, rebellious branches have passed pious resolutions of disapproval or indignation which have had about as much effect at headquarters as similar resolutions have had upon a Government. It may be possible for the leaders of the party to justify their action upon any particular occasion, yet they will not be able to ignore much longer the underlying reasons of the prevailing discontent. For it is not the inactivity of the Labour Party nor the question of the wisdom of the policy pursued at Dundee and Newcastle, nor even the discreditable Colne Valley episode that is the cause of trouble; it is, rather, the feeling of impotence in the mind of the members that opposed or indignation which have had about as much effect at headquarters as similar resolutions have had about so much as rapidly tending to the best, let us adopt it, place the reins in the hands of the coachmen, and let them drive us to the destination they desire by the road they think the best. But if we do adopt such policy, then it is good-by to any intellectual life and free expression of opinion.

The I.L.P. will become a mere machine for registering the decrees of a few able men, the battle-ground for the contests of ambitious personalities eager for fame and power, but there will be no room in it for the earnest Democrat. A mere enumeration of the few episodes that have occurred since the General Election will show how real is the danger. At the Colne Valley election a deliberate attempt was made by the N.A.C. to prevent Victor Grayson being chosen by the local labour party, and to force some nominee of their own upon it. When that failed, they neglected or refused (possibly with some technical justification) to submit his name to the Labour party for endorsement, and consequently deprived him of the support to which he should have been entitled. Mr. Grayson's subsequent action has been (I hold) injudicious and disruptive, but it has been thrust upon him by the diabolical intrigues of those who should have come to his assistance. Had it not been for these tactics, Victor Grayson would now be a member of the Labour Party, and be using his great gifts of initiative, oratory, and enthusiasm to the advancement of the cause of Socialism and Labour, instead of speeding them up the blind alley into which he has been driven and from which it will be difficult for him to return.

But, really, I am too sweeping in my assertions, for the N.A.C. has recently consulted the party. At the last Conference a surprise was sprung upon the officials; and the delegates, who on the matters of organisation are wiser than the leaders, instructed them to increase the number of divisional representatives from seven to thirteen. It was evident this caused some consternation in the N.A.C. ranks, for it is by way of divisional representation that the escape from oligarchy may be found. Home rule means democratic rule. For a whole year they have let this instruction lie dormant. At last they have prepared a scheme in accordance with the resolution, but instead of putting it into effect, as they would have done had they been in its favour, they have used the party press and spent the party money in circularising the branches, asking them to vote against the scheme and nullify the decision of their own Conference. I would they were equally democratic on other occasions in which their views are not the party's views.

The whole of this manipulation of the party is being effected for the single purpose that a few ambitious personalities may be able to control the Parliamentary situation. The political parties are in a state of unstable equilibrium, a new formation at every moment, and in the welter there are all sorts of possibilities that may arise. It is essential, therefore, that the party shall now assert the principle that those members for whom it is responsible shall be under the control of the party and not of the leaders' view, which is liable to be distorted by personal ambition or Parliamentary intrigue, shall be the one that shall prevail. Already we see how far this method of operation has carried us in connection with the Licensing Bill. They have displayed an enthusiasm in favour of the measure which it is difficult to understand.
The Bill was unpopular, but that was a small matter, for the I.L.P. has never hesitated to adopt an unpopular cause it has believed in in principle, but this is a matter outside the scope of our immediate object. Its advocacy has blurred the sharp line of demarcation between ourselves and Liberalism. It may, and probably will involve the party several years after the next General Election. It should therefore not have been adopted unless the party had been consulted and had approved.

Neither have we any guarantees for the future. What is to be our attitude over the Liberal agitation against the House of Lords? We shall never have an opportunity of knowing until we find Snowden or MacDonald has made a speech which practically pledges the party. In the overtures that are being made for a Radical-Socialist understanding we shall know nothing until we are faced with the fact accompli.

In all these questions, therefore, in the control of policy, in the endorsement of candidates, in the control of finance, the rights of constituencies to run candidates, there is a steady increase in the power of the inner circle of the N.A.C., a growing tendency to ignore the party, and to regard it as a mere machine for carrying into effect their own views of public policy, even by methods of which the party disapproves.

The effect of all this is to cause a stagnation of political thought in the movement. If our thinking and discussion of public questions have no effect upon our leaders, then we cease to think at all, and our activities take the form of quarrelling, our enthusiasm is damped down, and we become a lifeless organisation, instead of a living social force.

But, it may be argued, the party does control its policy by means of the Annual Conference. Unfortunately it is not so. To anyone who has attended half a dozen Conferences in an experience few outside the official ring have enjoyed—the proceedings are a sorry farce. Conference consists of a body of delegates, few of whom have ever met before and who, consequently, have no unity of action, even when in agreement. Its final decision is made, for the whole week, in three days, and it becomes the mouthpiece of the party. Instead of which it is merely the exponent of officialism, not of I.L.P.ism, when the two are in conflict. The articles of association give power to the N.A.C. to appoint four of the seven directors in order to secure that the paper shall always represent the I.L.P. point of view. Immediately they seize this opportunity, and though overburdened with work and offices, they add yet more to their labour by electing four of their members to the directorate, one of whom is appointed editor.

This oligarchic control has grown to such an extent that its members are able to control the whole organisation. They appeal for "loyalty" to their decrees. They speak of "insubordination," of individuals, "rebellious branches," and, in fact, use the methods of enforcing party discipline that have achieved such dishonourable success in Liberal and Tory circles alike.

To regain control of our political life we shall have to adopt a course that has been found necessary in every public body, that executive officers must be excluded from the deliberative assembly. The N.A.C. is not, as I have indicated, an executive, but is and should be the mouthpiece of the party. The M.P.'s are the individuals that have to carry policy into effective action. For them to sit upon the N.A.C. gives them the power to interpret policy according to their own views, and carry it into effect. It makes them, in fact, the masters instead of the servants of the party. It is, therefore, necessary the democratic control of the party is to obtain, that no M.P. should sit upon the N.A.C. I hold this to be absolutely vital to the future of the movement. The N.A.C. and the M.P.'s (all of them) should consult together on all questions of national policy. If any irreconcilable difference of opinion should arise between the two—which is hardly probable—then there should be a referendum to the party, which would be final.

The N.A.C. should also control the platform appearance of the M.P.'s, for it has been in this matter that the chief objection in their attitude towards the Licensing Bill has been found.

It would also be wise to limit the period of membership on the N.A.C. to three successive years, so that long continuance of office is neither good for the party nor the men. Generally a man's initiative is exhausted in three years, and he becomes "official." It must be considered influence upon its decisions. Such a body is always tying itself into knots, which it should be the duty of the Chairman to disentangle, and the knots give him the opportunity of manipulating the Conference to arrive at a decision he desires, or, more often, not to arrive at a decision he dislikes.

This policy has been pursued steadily and deliberately for several years until all the wires are in the hands of three or four men. We fondly hoped we had obtained a free and independent organ of democratic thought when we secured the "Labour Leader" for the party. Instead of which it is merely the exponent of officialism, not of I.L.P.ism, when the two are in conflict. The articles of association give power to the N.A.C. to appoint four of the seven directors in order to secure that the paper shall always represent the I.L.P. point of view. Immediately they seize this opportunity, and though overburdened with work and offices, they add yet more to their labour by electing four of their members to the directorate, one of whom is appointed editor.

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remembered that the business has to be left very largely to the paid staff, and the N.A.C. merely superintends and deals with questions of party organisation and policy. On these questions fresh points of view are always desirable. With a limitation of office to three years, we should have our best men occupying the chief positions in turn, bringing their local knowledge to the service of the party, and returning to their branches with a broadened outlook on all national questions.

I sum up these suggestions, which have already received the approval of many branches.

(1) Members of Parliament not to be eligible for election to the N.A.C.
(2) No member of the N.A.C. to be eligible as Chairman of the Annual Conference.
(3) Membership of the N.A.C. to be limited to three years in succession.
(4) The N.A.C. to control the platform appearances of the Members of Parliament and paid organisers of the party, and to confer with the Members of Parliament from time to time on questions of public policy, the N.A.C. to exercise a determining voice subject to an appeal by referendum to the party.
(5) The four I.L.P. directors of the “Labour Leader” to be selected by the Annual Conference, and neither they nor the editor to be members of the N.A.C.

These and other resolutions will probably appear on the next Conference agenda. They would, I believe, amend the machinery of the organisation so as to give the democratic spirit of the party fair and free play, if that spirit exists, as I believe it does. It is, however, impossible to discuss them adequately on the Monday and Tuesday of Easter without crowding out other equally important matters. I suggest, therefore, that a special Conference be summoned for Easter Sunday, as last year, to deal with these constitutional matters.

Unedited Opinions.

III.—On Education.

Has it ever occurred to you why the nation spends millions a year in education and nothing in feeding?

Oh, because feeding can be left to parents, but not education.

Not at all. Feeding is no better performed by parents than teaching. Most children were as well or ill taught as they are well or ill fed.

Then, why; since you have the answer ready? Because adults gain more advantage by teaching children than by feeding them.

How so?

All teaching is with the idea of making useless things useful. A dog is comparatively useless to man until it is trained. So is a child. I will add, however, the idea of making dangerous things harmless and wild things tame.

To which category do children belong?

Some to one, some to another. Some need only to be taught; others need to be broken in first.

Both processes are part of the art of education, for which adults are willing to pay.

But surely it is good for children that they should be taught to be useful—and to be civilised?

For children, I am not sure; for adults, I am certain.

Consider what is gained by adults as a result of having their children educated. The children are mostly taken out of the house. They are taught to accept instead of to think; to be silent until they are spoken to, to acquire habits, to make themselves useful, to be able to amuse themselves. With things they don’t like, be polite to disagreeable people, and, finally, to acquire the art of making their own living. In short, they are by education transformed from children into adults.

And a very good thing, too!

Once more I say: Certainly—for the adults. As adults, they become comprehensible, reliable, fixed, and definite: their character is formed and their habits settled. They are known quantities of a predictable nature, instead of, as before, unknown quantities of mysterious potentiality. Ever the adult’s horror and dread of the unknown lurk among the causes of his adoration of education. Confronted by these mysterious beings, children to wit, he is nonplussed by their unceasing variability, their capriciousness, and their unfathomable innumerable potentialities. 

How much does a child lose by being educated?

Oh, yes, I would, root and branch. Technical instruction in arts and crafts there should be for those who are anxious to learn; but not a hint of compulsion, not a hint of education. The adult who talked of training a child’s mind should be prosecuted for murder. He who carried out his threat should be condemned to confinement amongst adults for the rest of his days.

I can foresee a complicated time for adults.

Troublesome, yes; but the trouble would be worth while. Have you thought why man has made such progress since the days of Adam? Simply because all our potential material of variation and invention is destroyed before it has time to reveal itself. Every child carries a demigod’s casuistic in his mind. There is no telling what may happen. The world might not have enjoyed had each rising generation been allowed to experiment on its own account, instead of being driven to follow the mistakes of its variegated predecessors. I don’t know that a Cabinet of children would not do as well even now as a Cabinet of Liberals or Tories. And I’m certain that a Cabinet of uneducated children would do infinitely better. There is one enfant gâté in Parliament at this moment, and he is the most brilliant member. Spoiled children almost invariably make superior adults.

It’s possible that things would be better, but when will a generation of adults arise wise enough to forgo their instincts of education?

Why Christianity?

Because no other religion believes in the divinity of the child.

A. R. Orage.
Lamb, Johnson, Nietzsche and Mr. Kennedy.

An extraordinary signed review in the January 7 issue of The New Age has set my blood tingling. The inconclusiveness of literary judgments in general has so long been apparent to me that I have nearly ceased to take interest in literary criticism at all—that is, criticism which is based upon a formula of some sort or another, but the review in question is such a perfect example of its kind that I have not sufficient will to let it pass unchallenged.

First, let me say I am no worshipper of Charles Lamb. No tears have flowed from my eyes to the "gentle" Elia. Neither do I burn incense to Nietzsche. The "poetic-tyrant" holds me not in thrall. You see, therefore, I take up an unattached position between Zarathustra the megalomaniac, and Elia the "gentle" dipsomaniac. (The Lombrosian method of classification as a counter-irritant!) Now, says my critic by formula, just let the critic take certain literary reputations, and I will place them in upper, middle, and lower divisions just as easily as a child will pick out the kings, queens, and knaves in a pack of cards. Here let us review Lamb. Yes, quite simple: he is placed in the middle division, somewhere near the ground floor; not a queen of hearts exactly, but a queen of spades. Who said Johnson? Ah, he's a different sort of fellow. He carried a thick stick, and wrote a valiant letter to Lord Chesterfield. There's "will to power" for you! Put him in the upper division. Then Addison, Congreve, Fielding, Swift, and Steele, they were men if you like—no "nauseating twaddle" about them. They shall all stand round in a ring and watch Sam Johnson the heavy-weight champion of the eighteenth century knock strength, the ancient British virtue, into Charlie Lamb, the light-weight of the nineteenth! (How beautiful is the comparative method!)

May I ask the reviewer his own question: has he himself read the complete works of Samuel Johnson? I wager a suit of clothes to a trouser button he has not. Nobody has—not even Samuel Johnson. But if he has indeed read the better-known works (leaving out the Dictionary), I forgive him much. A course in the Johnsonian school of criticism, together with Nietzsche's method of valuation, is sufficient to unbalance the strongest judgment. But is there really a less Dionysian figure in English literature than Samuel Johnson? I think not. Those characteristics which we admire so much in him are those English traditional prejudices, the counterparts of which in the German people irritated Nietzsche so much—whims, short views, and local follies just as easily as a child will pick out the kings, queens, and knaves in a pack of cards. Here let us review Samuel Johnson. Yes, quite simple: he is placed in the middle division, somewhere near the ground floor; not a queen of hearts exactly, but a queen of spades. Who said Johnson? I, your fancy man. I'm going roving, catch who can, Round the world for ever.

Lamb and Samuel Johnson is equal to Samuel Johnson. Those who have affinity with the first will love his memory and appreciate his works; those who adore the second will do just the same until someone with a bigger stick and a more furious manner makes a literary reputation. By the way, did he ever hit anyone with that stick? Charles Lamb had no patron to bully, but he made one of those pathetic sacrifices which are characteristic of certain weak natures—that is, natures which the modern Pistols would gladly see perish.

Finally, has Nietzschean criticism produced any strong sanguinary writers in this country? Dr. Oscar Levy? Dr. Stephen Reynolds? The qualities which make "A Poor Man's House" a remarkable book are individual and akin to the qualities which made Lamb the writer he was. Will Mr. Kennedy now place Hilaire Belloc for our entertainment?

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

Buccaneer Ballads.

By E. H. Viasik.

A LOATH TO DEPART.

Farewell my heart! for we must part, You and I, your fancy man, I'm going roving, catch who can, Round the world for ever.

There's gold to get, there's blades to wet; Spanish cities to be sacked, Spanish mazars to be cracked Round the world for ever.

And Davy Jones is wanting bones Seamen, gurgling on the wave, Sing with him a merry slave Round the world for ever.

Farewell, my heart! I'm loath to part; They wait for me, my merry crew, Wait to drink the Devil's brew Round the world for ever.

CAPTAIN BLAZE.

Captain Blaze was a jolly dog Ch'i (Give a sea-dog a bad name—1); His bark was worse than his bite, poor chap! But they hanged him all the same.

Captain Blaze sailed under a cloud; But no one aboard could aim: The cloud was nothing but stench and smoke— But they hanged him all the same.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

And so, Sir 'Enry Morgan, I 'angs to-morrow morn; I slips my bloomin' cable and saile away at dawn! Well, thank'e, Cap'n, thank'e! 'tis like old times a' most: But then 'tvere give the Spokane, and now 'tis give the ghost! Well, when I crosses yonder, and sees my old bold mates As is a rendezvous afar the city gates, How long will you be comin'? What is it I'm to tell? I warrant 'twill he jolly when we marches against 'Ell!

EPITAPH ON A BUCCANEER.

Here lies Buccaee Bill, Who drank his last, and drank his fill. The Dagoes met Bill off Peru; They broach'd a dozen barrelled brew. It was a roaring, roaring drink! Bill, he rolls beneath the bench . . . They brought Bill home to Lima Town; They raised Bill high o'er clod and cloven: All in an iron gallows, he Weighed and sailed lor Phantas Sea.
The Dramatic Censorship.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

THE NEW AGE has seemed to me that eminently desirable thing, a weekly review which will do for Socialism what "The Spectator," the "Saturday Review," and "The Times" do for Liberalism, the "Spectator" for Individualism, the "Saturday Review" for Conservatism. I used to think that it had some slight sense of responsibility as a critic—that, if I may whisper the suggestion, it took some trouble to discover what it was writing about. Hence the following arraignment of inconsequent irrelevancy which I will ask to leave to reproduce from your issue of December 31:

This is the season for variant resolutions. The Government, indeed, as far as you can see them, is in the present undeveloped state of human nature an absolute necessity. Trust the people—just as far as you can see them, is the new version of Liberal democracy. Why should the "Daily News" gravely tell us: "No sane person of maturity can doubt that a certain span of theatrical performances, from a moral standpoint, is in the present undeveloped state of human nature an absolute necessity." Trust the people as far as you can see them, is the standard of THE NEW AGE, that it will sever its connection with the writer of the paragraph on the censorship.

I will ask you to be good enough to find space for this letter, and, if there is still any dispute between us, to allow it to be referred to a single arbiter who is at once, from my point of view, a dramatist and, from yours, a Socialist and profound despiser of the Liberal Government. Mr. Bernard Shaw, I think, will do. Your obedient servant, ROBERT HARCOURT.

A letter appeared in "London Opinion" on January 4th on the above subject, by Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness, who styles himself an Englishman—although the name suggests an admixture of Scotch and Irish, a bad blend, I am told—and a gentleman (?)—the question mark is his ("save the mark")—also his—has set himself up as the censor of English morals—on American lines.

This white gentleman—I will not say "persons," as I should dislike to be accused of rudeness to such a superior gentleman—advises that "much greater restraint should be put by the people of this country upon their social relations with the people of the East." Dear, dear! What a sad state of things! Eastern gentlemen—I beg pardon! "coloured men." This must on no account be over-looked, for Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness has said it.

"It may be said that some of these men are far better educated than many white folk"—can this be true? And I answer there lies the danger. It is because these people go to our Universities, are treated there as gentlemen"—beware, O University Dons, not to mention Undergraduates, and other "varsity" white folk. Beware, I say! Mend your evil ways, and from this moment refrain from treating "coloured pers..."
of Buddha, and the treatment white women receive at
folk who have been East " and are asked to " bear out
of Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness and of " the white
slaves," and that "our missionaries must know full
caste, mix with them." To whom does Mr. Hamilton
his remarks."

Or is it because of their inability "to mix with the white
women in the East-by which I mean India, that
interests of the native, however well educated-it seems
fact, inasmuch as the Japanese arc mainly followers
mixing with the coloured people, and yet none seem
not apply to Mahommedans of any country, whether of
India or any part of the East, except in the imagination
of Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness and of "the white
gi who have been East " and are asked to " bear out
his remarks."

In the case of the Japanese, the above statement of
Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness bears no foundation in
fact, inasmuch as the Japanese are mainly followers of
Buddha, and the treatment white women receive at
the hands of Japanese husbands might be profitably
emitted by many white men.

Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness further informs us that
white women in the East "are stranded miserable
slaves," and that "our missionaries must know full
well the grave danger that is run by our womenfolk in
mixing with the coloured people, and yet none seem
to have the courage to come forward and state boldly
the facts. With their experience and knowledge of
the life likely to be led in an Eastern country by a
white woman with a native husband, they might do
much good." If the white women in the East are "stranded, miser-
able slaves," this condition of affairs obtains in the
brothels of the Eastern seaport towns conducted by
"white folk " for gain, rather than in the households
of the coloured persons " with white wives; and this is
where "the great evil at present exists " in the East,
and the missionary should make it his duty not only
to "come forward and boldly state the facts," but
assist in stamping out the evil.

In the case, however, of the serfdom of the white
women in the East-by which I mean India, that
country, being a British possession, with British-made
laws, which are not always administered in the in-
terests of the native, however well educated—it seems
rather strange that white women should be so
shamefully treated by their native husbands without
having the merest vestige of a legal British remedy.
Or is it because of their inability "to mix with the white
folk " of their country that a legal remedy is denied
them?

"What I have written may appear strong, but after
sitting, as I once did, and hearing half a dozen of these
Asiatics (four of whom had been to Cambridge) dis-
cussing our English women, no language could be too
strong to condemn or to protest against these heathen
being allowed the freedom they have in this country."

Does Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness mean to infer
that the opinions "of half a dozen Asiatics " must of
necessity be the representative opinion of all the edu-
cated East? We might just as well take the opinions
of, say, half a dozen University young men (as I presume
Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness's Asiatics to be young)
on any given subject, to represent the thought of the
"white folk " of the world on that particular subject.

Now, as to the words "once been, civilised,"
which this gentleman has liberally be-
strawed his article, what can he possibly mean by these
terms? Evidently his knowledge of history is some-
what faulty. All that is known in the West, whether
in religion, politics, or art, had its birth in the East.
The first civilised nations of the West obtained their
knowledge and civilising influences from Egypt. The
monuments and temples of the East attest by their an-
tiquity a civilisation that obtained among the "coloured
persons " which we call "white folk."

The Spaniard found in "the white folk " of his con-
tinent a higher form of civilisation than Cortez had left in
Castile. I would advise Mr. C. Hamilton-McGuinness to look up his history books before calling "coloured persons " of the East
"heathen."

Japan is at present an ally of Great Britain: is it
judicious on the part of this gentleman to include that
nation in his venomous morial (?) disquisition?

One word more and I have done. I once knew an
English barrister who held a judicial appointment in the
British West Indies. He told me that while there
he grew fond of a coloured sugar planter's daughter who
had received all that Britain could do for her in the
way of education and culture. He approached the parent
of this "coloured person " with a view to asking her
hand and fortune. Being a candid man, he informed
the parent that he was not certain that his relatives in
England would receive the coloured woman on terms of
equality. The sugar planter, who had expected the
honour he did him, but declined to allow his daugh-
ter to marry a white man whose relatives could not
receive her on terms of absolute equality—the negotia-
tions were brought to an end. Has not the white woman
the same remedy when her hand is asked by a mere
"coloured person "?

George Moore on Music.*

* "Evelyn Innes." By George Moore. (T. Fisher Un-
win. 3d. ed. net.)

First of all, I wish to say that there is really no truth
in the suggestion that the author of " Evelyn Innes"
* wrote Moore's Melodies. Mr. George Moore himself
repudiates it privately. As a matter of historical fact,
Thomas Moore died many years ago, and although
Mr. George Moore now lives quite close to where Tom
was born, there is really no other reason for supposing
that George and Tom are one and the same person.
Certainty music has impressed them both very sugges-
tively. Tom wrote very hearty lines about the Harp
that Once ; also he wept melodiously about the last
decadent rose of summer—probably left blooming in
celllate loneliness in the gardens of Holland Park. Mr.
George Moore never thinks in precisely the same way.
He has thought about the loneliness of celibates, but
not quite in this dead-summer fashion, and I am sure he
would "blush like an egg " if it were suggested that he
was responsible for such a patriotic blast as the Minstrel
Boy. His opinions about music frequently suggest
Tolstoy and his denunciation of the Kreutzer Sonata.
Mr. Moore, of course, deny this with an aphoris-

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tic wave of the hand, or it insisted upon, affirm it with contrary unctiousness. However, we are not here particularly concerned with the effect of certain art-music upon certain neurotic temperaments, but with Mr. Moore’s confessed opinions upon music itself.

In the pale eyes of George Moore there are some little repudiations, but no rebellion; he writes about passionate women, but he dare not be passionate about art. In music he appreciations never almost any sort of thing, good, bad, and popular. He writes too much about the music that to many of us is like nothing more than an overdose of shandy-gaff, the Swan Song being peculiarly symbolical of a sucked lemon. No, we won’t have "Lohengrin," and we are particularly tired of hearing the prelude called mysterious and spiritual. It is nothing of the kind, except in the sense that Maskelyne and Devant’s performances are mysterious and spiritual. Wagner employed a very cheap and obvious method of being remote and atropheric when he harmonized his tune on the E string of the violins. Precisely the same mysterious effect can be produced by playing "Annie Laurie" in the same position. In again talking about the music to "Tannhauser," however, he gives himself away when he refers to it as "perhaps the sincerest Wagner ever wrote." On this opinion down to the lengthy newspaper criticism quoted in the story, an opinion we must accept as George Moore’s. He becomes riotously sentimental in enlarging on Elizabeth’s music—music even more inscrutable and immoral than the music to "Parsifal":—

Then he heard the high note on which the song begins, a G repeated three times, and it seemed to him as if she wished to throw herself upon that reiterated note, as if she would reach God’s ear with it and force Him to listen to her. In the religious, almost Gregorian, strain, her voice was pure as a little child, but when she spoke of her renunciation, she was passionate, her hair was dishevelled and filled with colour—her sex appeared in it; and when her voice returned to the peace of the religious strain, her voice seemed blanched and faint like a nun’s voice. Henceforth her life will be lived beyond this world, and as she walked up the stage the flutes and clarinets seemed to lead her straight to God; they seemed to depict a narrow shining path, shining and ascending till it disappeared amid the light of the stars.

It is difficult to accept this except as part of the novelist’s game. To us the only sincere thing in the opera is the Venusberg music. Wagner, always a voluptuary, simply wallowed in the sincerity of that music. Many stories are told of how Wagner wrote it. It is all very nice to talk about the "Ring" as the greatest musical work ever written. Mr. Moore says that he accepts it; and indeed, musical work simply because it is the most elaborate, the most colossal, or because it deals with large epic themes treated in Wagner’s very grandest manner. Let us call it the largest musical work ever written, and then we can come to terms. It cannot be contended that it is a high dramatic achievement, and it can be contended that it is dull; there are pages, there are hours of utter boredom. I prefer to think of it as a great musical panorama of slow-moving pictures with a very tedious and very learned professor trying to explain the psychology of the various situations.

No one section of the "Ring" can make such emotional appeal as "Tristan"; and no one, accepting fully the novel conception, can believe in Wagnerian dramatic. Brahms excepted, Wagner was the most abject slave of form who ever wrote a line of music and "Tristan" is filled with anti-climaxes. The continual war between the voice and the large orchestra, between words and music, and the plotting of dramatic situations because of the necessity to work out the musical ideas in so many bars has delayed the consummation of Music Drama as a legitimate and seriously considered art. It was intended by Bayliss and Gounod to call Wagnerian as a serious and legitimate art, but no one can, or does, take it seriously—except the academic Wagnerian, who is never heard of nowadays. There was no pretence of the kind with Mozart; his "Figaro" is a jolly, rakish story, well told, with many appropriate lapses into ordinary speech where the music would have been burdensome. Decent people go to the Opera on Wagner nights because they enjoy the music, not because they are thrilled with the drama. The greatest works of Wagner ever made were by the "Meistersinger," and the street scene in that opera, conceived in a spirit of light comedy and good humour, is the most highly dramatic and effective scene in the whole of Wagner’s works. It is not a pseudo-intellectual sanctity; it is smart, funny, and German fun at that.

Mr. Moore is probably the last novelist who will talk about the "Ring"; the modern Frenchmen will supply inspiration and copy for future writers, for they, at least, are bringing real drama, subtle drama, eye, and melodic drama, into music with a success that has never been dreamed of in Germany. They understand what Wagner tried to understand—the just relation between music and words. The words, as words, matter little in "Meistersinger," where the words are just so much the music-reformer is always clear enough, and could be done quite well to any Lewis Carrol nonsense. Therefore his words are all right—I mean, they are not all wrong. In such a story as Pelleas and Melisande, however, he would have played the devil with Maeterlinck’s verse. He would have ridden over it with all the fatuity of Beckmesser.

I should like to have it out with George Moore, for he says some quarrelsome things about music. But I find much to agree with; for instance, his calling "Parsifal" a religiosity:

Now, if we ask ourselves what Siegfried did, the answer is that he forgot to get a swan, and killed the dragon Brunhilde. But if, in like manner, we ask ourselves what Parsifal did, is not the answer, that he killed a swan, and refused to be kissed, but that he was on being a great dramatist; but he wasn’t in one this book:.

The whole thing, from end to end, is antagonistic to his temperament, for he was a pagan. . . . I thought once I could read all my feelings about that woman hesitating between good and evil into Kundry, but the part is all in pieces: Kundry is everything, and she was to be the redeemer who only succeeded in killing a swan; true, he refused to be kissed, but that isn’t very natural in a man. This is trenchant, but it is fair.

Evelyn’s father is a sympathetic character in the story much obsessed by the necessity for a revival of old music—Orlando di Lasso, Josquin de Prés, Lulli, Palestrina, and many less familiar composers.

Nothing succeeds with him. The Jews would not listen; some had listened, but the majority had sided with Father Gordon, who did not believe that the sixteenth century composers would find favour in Southwark. How often had he heard that prelate ask with the supercilious, shallow, authoritative air which was so annoying, if anybody could say he really believed that the poor, uneducated working folk could find an interest in erudite pattern music. What was wanted was emotional music, something that would lift them. . . . Very likely Father Gordon was right, the poor folk would not care for Palestrina, and very likely the erotics of M. Gounod and his suite, and the jovialities of Rossini, whose "Stabat Mater" still deserved Good Friday, were more to their taste; but he never had he heard that prelate ask with the supercilious, shallow, authoritative air which was so annoying, if anybody could say he really believed that the poor, uneducated working folk could find an interest in erudite pattern music. What was wanted was emotional music, something that would lift them. . . . Very likely Father Gordon was right, the poor folk would not care for Palestrina, and very likely the erotics of M. Gounod and his suite, and the jovialities of Rossini, whose "Stabat Mater" still deserved Good Friday, were more to their taste; but he never had he heard that prelate ask with the supercilious, shallow, authoritative air which was so annoying, if anybody could say he really believed that the poor, uneducated working folk could find an interest in erudite pattern music. What was wanted was emotional music, something that would lift them. . . . Very likely Father Gordon was right, the poor folk would not care for Palestrina, and very likely the erotics of M. Gounod and his suite, and the jovialities of Rossini, whose "Stabat Mater" still deserved Good Friday, were more to their taste; but he never had he heard that prelate ask with the supercilious, shallow, authoritative air which was so annoying, if anybody could say he really believed that the poor, uneducated working folk could find an interest in erudite pattern music.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

ALTHOUGH we know in our hearts that the French Academy is a foolish institution, designed and kept up for the encouragement of mediocrity, correct syntax, and the status quo, we still, also in our hearts, admire it and watch its mutations with the respect which we always give to foreign phenomena and usually withhold from phenomena British. The last-elected member is M. Francis Charmes. His sole title to be an Academician is that he directs “La Revue des deux Mondes,” which pays good prices to Academicians as contributors. And this is, of course, a very good title. Even his official “welcome,” M. Henry Houssaye, did not assert that M. Charmes had ever written anything more important or less mortal than leaders and paragraphs in the “Journal des Débats.” M. Henry Houssaye was himself once a journalist. But he thought better of that, and became a historian. He has written one or two volumes which, without being unreadable, have achieved immense popularity. Stevenson used to delve in them for material suitable to his romances. The French Academy now contains pretty nearly everything except first-class literary artists. Anatole France is a first-class literary artist and an Academician; but he makes a point of never going near the Academy. Perhaps the best write, and deserve to be Academicians is Maurice Barrès. Unhappily his comic opera politics prove that in attempting Parnassus he mistook his mountain. Primrose Hill would have been more in his line. Still, he wrote “Le Jardin de Bérénice”: a novel which I am afraid to read again lest I should fail to recapture the first fine careless rapture it gave me. * * *

Personally, I think our British Academy is a far more brilliant affair than the French. There is no nonsense about it. At least very little, except Mr. Balfour. I believe, from inductive processes of thought, that when Mr. Balfour gets into his room of a night he locks the door—and smiles. Not the urbane smile that fascinates and undoes even Radical journalists—quite another smile. Never could this private smile have been more subtle than on the night of the day when he permitted himself to be elected a member of the British Academy. Further, let it be noted that our Academy excites no jealousy and undoes even Radical journalists—quite another smile. Never could this private smile have been more subtle than on the night of the day when he permitted himself to be elected a member of the British Academy.

Speaking of journalism, a new daily has been started in Paris, “Les Nouvelles.” Paris has about a hundred and fifty daily papers, and not one morning paper of the first or second rate. Its “largest circulations” are more vile and far more venal than our own; they are also worse written. This last statement may cause surprise, but I stick to it, though I recall that not long since the “Daily Mail,” in attempting to convey that a Swiss health-resort wanted more snow, described snow as the “coveted precipitate.” There are a few fairly sound morning papers in Paris; but they are not newspapers; they cannot afford to collect news, and they largely live on the contents of the previous evening’s “Temps,” “Le Temps,” which appears about 4.30 p.m., is the sole daily paper in Paris which deserves to be called first-class. But it costs nearly a halfpenny a page, and its opinions date from the Second Crusade or thereabouts. The “Journal des Débats,” like the “Figaro,” has no longer the financial resources necessary to cut a decent figure in the world of cablegrams and specials.

“Les Nouvelles” is apparently meant to remove this slur from Paris. It appears thrice a day: in the morning on eight pages and at noon and at 5 p.m. on two pages. Its price is a halfpenny. The morning edition has about five pages of news, including two pages of financial news—which is simply astounding for a French
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An attempt to secure young minds for the play of instincts and impulses, and to provide a series of purposes by the performance of which ideas may grow into clearness and freedom.
Principal, Miss Clark.
leod, whose writings were to me the most beautiful efflorescence of the Celtic Renaissance. I remember asking him point-blank if he knew who Fiona Macleod was. He answered in the affirmative. He spoke about a pilgrimage, too, that she had made to George Meredith, and how in her was wedded beauty and intellect. This inspired me to speak of my wife, who had died a few years anterior to this, and I promised to send him a little book of her poems.

This is the strange reply I received from Mr. Yeats:

Mrs. Yeats,—I am grateful for your letter. It has been the happiest response, though the fault is not wholly mine, for the address to which you wrote is an old one, and the letter had to be forwarded to my London agent and typist, and thence to me.

March 25th, 1890.

My dear Sir,—I must ask you to excuse my delay in response, though the fault is not wholly mine, for the address to which you wrote is an old one, and the letter had to be forwarded to my London agent and typist, and thence to me.

I am grateful for your letter. It has been the happiest thing connected with my work, that I have been able to appeal strongly to certain nature, particularly to those who have loved deeply and deeply suffered. You say you have read "The Washer of the Ford," and you may have noted that the story called "Muime Chriosd" is inscribed to "a beautiful memory."

The Mrs. Alden was a stranger, an American, of singular beauty of character and life (wife of the editor of "Harper's Magazine"), but she was of those who feel as you are, generous enough to tell me you feel; and when she was dying she put away all else from her, and asked her husband to read certain things of mine, and died with the flowers in the other. These are to me the unforgetable things, and your letter is of them, and I thank you.

W. B. YEATS.

Whether or no Mr. Yeats ever knew the truth, and felt obliged to sustain the fiction invented by the author himself I cannot say. There is, nevertheless, a distinct feminine Macleod in Fiona Macleod's writings, as though they were the work of some dual personality—

with one exception—the story of the slaughter of the men with the "Winged Hats," which could only have been written by masculine hands.

Mr. Yeats' letter led me to write direct to Fiona Macleod, through Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Co., the publishers of her books, "The Washer of the Ford" and "The Sin Eater." These are the replies I received to my letters:

Both of (from "The Dominion of Dreams") can appeal only to a few—and perhaps only to those whose imaginative insight is clarified by suffering.

The "Epilogue" has reached some, as well as yourself. I am glad.

I hope you will have in every way a pleasant and encouraging time in Wales.

Sincerely yours,

FIONA MACLEOD.

Perhaps something of what you want from me as a writer will be found in the book of miscellaneous prose, "The Reddening of the West," to be published probably in November.

I may say that I was not actuated by mere literary curiosity in writing to Fiona Macleod; but by a genuine desire to find out more of the philosophic and religious underlying the spiritual romances which emanated from that wonderful pen.

F. E. GREEN.

REVIEWS.

The Grammar of Life. By G. T. Wrench. (Heine mann.)

"From a study of gregarious animals, and especially of gregarious insects," the author sees "no reason to consider that misery, poverty, vice, and the unhappiness of sexual profligacy are essentials to life." We are glad indeed to know this from a writer who seems on the whole to be a kindly disposed, amiable sort of person with a sinful tendency towards writing pretentious nonsense, and to the slinging together of scientific platitudes which have long seen their best days.

The first sentence tells us: "Man's knowledge of the universe is founded on the perception of the senses." The author is so pleased with this discovery that he repeats this four times in the first two pages, and then proceeds to give an illustration on page three, repeating the formula on page four. That the formula happens to be a truism is not indicative of a failure of the ability to express. The author has no conscious wish for this. The formula is a truism. Whether or no Mr. Wrench ever knew the truth, and felt obliged to sustain the fiction invented by the author himself I cannot say. There is, nevertheless, a distinct feminine Macleod in Fiona Macleod's writings, as though they were the work of some dual personality—

with one exception—the story of the slaughter of the men with the "Winged Hats," which could only have been written by masculine hands.

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F. E. GREEN.

MIND CURE.

INSTEAD OF DRUGS.


DIET CURE.

FOOD REMEDIES.


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cannot explain them it is illegitimate for anyone to seek a radical explanation.

Needless to say, we poor wretches will still go on seeking an explanation of the universe even though we incur Professor Wrench's wrath and Mr. Wrench's repulsations. After all, how does Mr. Wrench come to know that "Relativity is the key to the understanding of life," or that the universe is dependent on man's perception thereof? If he admits these are merely dogmas, we can in our turn fashion other dogmas more to the liking of the gentry of mankind; we can point to the universal belief of the reality of things, more to the liking of the generality of mankind; we can, in our turn fashion other dogmas and wherefores of his existence in terms of eternity and perception thereof? If he admits these are merely dogmas, we can, in our turn fashion other dogmas.

"There is no purpose in the universe," says Mr. Wrench. "It is no more use for him to ask the whys and wherefores of his existence in terms of eternity than it would be for the ephemeral butterfly to live in a dream of eternal purpose. There are no such whys and wherefores. But if there be no purpose, there can be no question of less or more use in anything that is woven by his senses, is sufficient refutation of this nonsense about the descriptions of science being all-sufficient; it betrays also that these scientists set up a non-human man, a figure of putty and glass eyes for their entertainment.

Mr. Wrench reduces the complexities of man's activities to three laws: (1) The self-preservative; (2) the reproductive; (3) the gregarious. It is this absurd juggling with matters of some importance that makes one ask of such a man as Mr. Wrench whether he is not rather a shadowy, world-worn being scientific. Love, for instance, could not, in the case of man, be described by his laws, nor could the instinct of play, nor religion. We know, of course, quite well how the reductive process can be done; by omitting everything that is distinctive of love between man and woman it is quite easy to make it fit into one of the laws or to be parts of all three. But that kind of thimble-rigging gets us not one inch further. Girls, says Mr. Wrench, "through their play (with dolly) develop the maternal sub-instinct of the reproductive instinct, and gain pleasure thereby." Mr. Wrench has never been a girl, and what is worse, he has never seen one, we believe. The fact is he goes about with his three paper formulae, and knows nothing of men and women, girls and boys—or, if he does, he keeps his observations in a quite brain-unconscious which equips "Human life has an unmeasured capacity of adaptation"—but not to this kind of stuff, and 6s. net for 237 pages of it. Some people have a ——.

The World that Never Was. By A. St. John Adcock. Illustrated by Tom Browne. (Griffiths. 6s. net.)

A little girl of thirteen pronounced this book very nice, and added, "the plot is good." So it is, very good. Mr. Adcock has made a fantasy of the familiar position waltz. They come to life, it seems, at twelve midnight and entertain the two small persons of the story, and, as we may hope, thousands of the story's readers. We suggest no more than this, that the Quaker Oats gentleman finally marries the stout lady in Edwards Dessicated Soup. Could fitness be more perfect? The story is excellent fun, even, or especially, for grown-up children.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
successor, and in which Catherine shall show Henry of Navarre, shows instead the face of Henry of Anjou, the King's brother and fellow-conspirator; the other where the King's officers searching Marguerite's rooms for the Duc de Guise, find in his place her husband. But melodrama, if it is to succeed, ought to move swiftly from incident to incident, and "Henry of Navarre" is heavily padded.

I am not disposed to complain, in a play of this type, of superficial improbabilities. I will not even ask how it comes about that everybody (including the Huguenot captain, de Mouhy) seems to have free access to Marguerite's "apartment" in the middle of the night. Such an arrangement might, perhaps, suit the real Marguerite de Valois well enough, but it hardly suits the Marguerite "with the heart of gold" of Mr. Devereux's imagination. But for that sort of objection I care little. I do not mind Henry having a ring that turns green in the presence of poison as I mind his for a religion which he only took up because (as Mr. Belloc says of Clement Marot) "it was chic to have to do with these new things," and which he abandoned the moment its profession became politically inconvenient.

The play, in spite of a spirited passage or two, is ill-constructed and ill-written. The dialogue suffers from an attempt to combine conventional with colloquial speech. One style or the other should have been adopted and preserved; as it is, most of the speeches belong in the "hush hush" and end in the style of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The climax was reached when somebody (I think it was Henry) informed Margot that "her shadow was more to him than the persons of other women."

Mr. Fred Terry gave a spirited rendering of Henry of Navarre (as seen by Mr. Devereux), though his laugh seemed to me at times to be a little too "frequent and painful and free." Miss Neilson, as Marguerite, exhibited the same faults which deformed her Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" some years back, but she looked very beautiful, and her dresses were beyond praise. The real histrionic triumph of the evening, however, was that of Mr. Cherry, who made Charles IX., Intended, I should imagine, for a purely subordinate character, immeasurably the most vivid human being on the stage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does no 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 are omitted on account of their length.

SOCIALISM AND DOCTORS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

May I point out that the statement, "It is well known to medical men, that there is to-day no provision for the children's ills," is hardly in accordance with facts. There are many thoroughly well-equipped hospitals devoted entirely to the treatment of children in London and other large towns; while general hospitals have children's wards and children's out-patient departments. It is misleading and unfair—to say nothing of its being a waste of time—to say that "the general practitioner is inept to handle them (sick children)." There are many general practitioners who have served as resident medical officers at children's hospitals, where they have had ample opportunities of studying children and childhood ailments. There are many more general practitioners who have attended lectures and clinical courses, either at special children's hospitals or at the children's departments of general hospitals, where there is no reason to believe that they have emerged from these special studies incompetent as regards the subject which they have been studying. General practitioners, as a class, are not incompetent, but they are forced to work under almost overwhelming difficulties. Most of us can tell what is the matter with a sick child if he is presented to us; as a rule, we can lay down a reasonable and proper course of treatment; but we are powerless to ensure that the child gets the treatment. Children and their parents are so often too poor to obtain it.

Science in Modern Life

Prepared under the Editorship of J. R. Ainsworth Davis, M.A., with the co-operation of the following eleven eminent Specialists:

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H. J. Fleure, D.Sc., Lecturer in Geology and Geography in University College, Aberystwyth.
H. Spencer Harrison, D.Sc., formerly Lecturer in Zoology in University College, Cardiff.
J. M. Drummond, M.A., Lecturer in Botany in the Armidale College, New South Wales.
James Wilson, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Agriculture in the Royal College of Science, Dublin.
Benjamin Moore, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Bio-Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.
W. J. French, B.Sc., Editor of "Modern Power-Generators," etc.

The Scope of the Book.

The work sums up in an accurate and yet a readable fashion the present state of knowledge in Astronomy, Geography, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Biology, Physiology, Medicine and Surgery, Anthropology, and Ethnology.

Briefly, the objects of SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE is to give a connected account of present-day science, with special reference to its influence on modern life. Man and his environment, "his needs and wants," and ends, according to the will of the Marguerite de Valois, seem to have free access to her Beatrice in the presence of poison as I mind his for a religion which he only took up because (as Mr. Belloc says of Clement Marot) "it was chic to have to do with these new things," and which he abandoned the moment its profession became politically inconvenient.

Mr. Fred Terry gave a spirited rendering of Henry of Navarre (as seen by Mr. Devereux), though his laugh seemed to me at times to be a little too "frequent and painful and free." Miss Neilson, as Marguerite, exhibited the same faults which deformed her Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" some years back, but she looked very beautiful, and her dresses were beyond praise. The real histrionic triumph of the evening, however, was that of Mr. Cherry, who made Charles IX., intended, I should imagine, for a purely subordinate character, immeasurably the most vivid human being on the stage.

Cecil Chesterton.
any of the things ordered by the doctor; and thus the doctor's work is rendered useless; but the blame for the present state of things must lie at the proper shoulders—upon the environment of the children, not upon the doctors. It is a waste of time and a waste of strength belittle the work that the doctor undertakes, for it is an obvious condition of the doctor is needed. They are specialists in every department of the body. Every doctor practising in a working-class district will find up against him one class or other of problems of poverty nearly every day of his life—and getting help. General practitioners whose work takes them into the homes of the poor are, in the main, unskilled people; and they will continue to be perplexed until such time as a thoroughly well-organized Public Medical Service is established so as to enable doctors to do their work with some prospect of success; a service which shall make medical attendance, and all it implies, as free as possible to those who need it.

The Hume and Huxley view is simply that the faster any asserted fact departs from the known order of Nature the fuller the evidence be, and the more rigorously must it be examined before it is accepted. Those who take this view disbelieve in the miracles recorded in the Bible, for instance, not because they are "contrary to the law", and proceed to argue the evidence for them is insufficient. Superficially, this position may seem to be the same as Mr. Chesterton’s; the only difference being one of emphasis. The evidence is there, but there is really a much more profound difference. The fundamental belief of the scientific man is that all occurrences can be brought by sufficient investigation under a generalisation or general law, and if a fact is not found to fit in with the general law it is disqualified "law," and is satisfied from ample evidence that it is a fact, he concludes that the law must be inaccurate stated at present, it is a fact, he concludes that the law must be inaccurately stated, and proceeds to find out how to state it more accurately. No man of science would deny the possibility that the law of gravitation may some day have to be restated in a less simple form than that with which we are familiar; but he believes that there is a law of gravitation which is of general truth, and is not something that can be "overcome " by will.

It may be true that the advance of science has made biblical miracles less credible. They never were impossible in the view of Huxley, as he over and over again asserted. The point is that the evidence that they did happen is as weak as ever.

A. MORLEY DAVIES.

THE SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF MIRACLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have no desire to interfere in the triangular duel of Bax, Shaw, and Chesterton, but as Mr. Chesterton writes of "the old Hume and Huxley view of miracles " as something left behind by the progress of modern science, I cannot refrain from protest.

The Hume and Huxley view of miracles is that the farther any asserted fact departs from the known order of Nature the fuller the evidence be, and the more rigorously must it be examined before it is accepted. Those who take this view disbelieve in the miracles recorded in the Bible, for instance, not because they are "contrary to the law", and proceed to argue the evidence for them is insufficient. Superficially, this position may seem to be the same as Mr. Chesterton’s; the only difference being one of emphasis. The evidence is there, but there is really a much more profound difference. The fundamental belief of the scientific man is that all occurrences can be brought by sufficient investigation under a generalisation or general law, and if a fact is not found to fit in with the general law it is disqualified "law," and is satisfied from ample evidence that it is a fact, he concludes that the law must be inaccurately stated, and proceeds to find out how to state it more accurately. No man of science would deny the possibility that the law of gravitation may some day have to be restated in a less simple form than that with which we are familiar; but he believes that there is a law of gravitation which is of general truth, and is not something that can be "overcome " by will.

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SOCIALIST BUSINESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Why are the managers and employees of Socialist organisations so lamentably unbusinesslike? Perhaps you will deny that they are. Listen, then, to this tale of woe.

Less than two years ago I joined the Fabian Society. Already the "Fabian News" has twice failed to reach me. Possibly the fault of the postal authorities; probably not. When the Members’ Bookshelf was formed I wrote to the secretary asking for one of three books. I was told that the first published I paid in advance a six months’ subscription. Among those on whom these implications are not lost, may I protest against the impression your review leaves upon the mind? Mr. Gray was no philanthropist, no Socialism, charity, or philosophy. The mere suggestion raises a smile in the mind? Mr. Gray was no philanderer with Socialism, charity, or philosophy. The mere suggestion raises a smile. The attention of the C.O.S. is to be found neither in the State nor philanthropy, but in the individual to be helped, and consists in setting him free to help himself, etc. I confess I do not understand the claim of opinion as to what is valid evidence. But there is really a much more profound difference. The fundamental belief of the scientific man is that all occurrences can be brought by sufficient investigation under a generalisation or general law, and if a fact is not found to fit in with the general law it is disqualified "law," and is satisfied from ample evidence that it is a fact, he concludes that the law must be inaccurately stated, and proceeds to find out how to state it more accurately. No man of science would deny the possibility that the law of gravitation may some day have to be restated in a less simple form than that with which we are familiar; but he believes that there is a law of gravitation which is of general truth, and is not something that can be "overcome " by will.

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A. MORLEY DAVIES.
A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It is a well known fact that the author of "Letters of John Chinaman" is an Englishman who lied about his nationality which is quite beyond the limits of literary criticism to style the author of the "Origin and Nature of Love" the genuine man with the Chinese name." - Ed.

We think, however, that you will agree with us that it is quite beyond the limits of literary criticism to style the author of the "Origin and Nature of Love" the genuine man with the Chinese name." - Ed.

Mr. Chesterton is not sympathetic enough to be told things beforehand exactly. Witness his "catalogue of small injuries." Tragic for some of us. He must wait until he sees them happen. Women are quite ready to fight for their own ideal now. Their paradise won't consist of men amusing themselves with "man-made law."

We think, however, that you will agree with us that it is quite beyond the limits of literary criticism to style the author of the "Origin and Nature of Love" the genuine man with the Chinese name." - Ed.

Perhaps, if he ponders a little while over those words "social" reform. He must wait until he sees them happen. Women are quite ready to fight for their own ideal now. Their paradise won't consist of men amusing themselves with "man-made law."

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