THE LABOUR PARTY AND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

THE PHYSICAL BAN Of EDUCATION—BY M. D.

SOCIALISM FOR EMPLOYEES—II—BY R. M. That Europe was "rattling" (sabre-rattling, we understand) "into barbarism" by Sir Edward Grey's inexplicable endorsement of the proposal. We appreciate the subtle motives leading Tariff Reformers to prophesy cataclysms if their advice is not accepted; and we can understand, if we do not sympathise with the attitude of men like Mr. Lyttelton, who are in panic at the thought of a Day of Judgment for the nation. Nevertheless, considerable significance was attached to the departure of a most promising experiment of imperial defence as if we were already within sight of the coming Imperial Defence Conference, despite its imperial character, readily fell into the mood, and discussed the subject of Imperial Defence as if we were already within sight of Armageddon, and dubious of victory. The assembly took the character of the aged parent gathering his sons about him, confiding to them his dire state of weakness, and swearing them to support in the immediate hour of desperate need. It was, it must be confessed, something of an epic incident, but conducted in the minor poetic manner; with the result that England has again made herself a little the laughing-stock of the world. As Socialists, we appreciate the need of defence as much as anybody. England to our mind is engaged in one of the most promising experiments of the human race since Adam: and not even the agony of parting with our last shilling (we are a nation of shopkeepers) should prevent us from safeguarding the field in which the experiment is taking place. What is that experiment of our capitalists? It is the experiment of a nation to "turn upon itself and to transform its base for the erection of a new superstructure. Abroad it is the consolidation on the one hand of what is called the Empire, but is really a Commonwealth; and on the other hand, the knitting together of all nations by common intelligence, humanity and ideals.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Rosebery, with all his charm and drama, is still too minor a prophet to presage the downfall of an Empire. Cassandras, we imagine, was a vastly larger figure. Nevertheless, considerable significance was given to the departure of a most promising experiment of imperial defence as if we were already within sight of Armageddon, and dubious of victory. The assembly took the character of the aged parent gathering his sons about him, confiding to them his dire state of weakness, and swearing them to support in the immediate hour of desperate need. It was, it must be confessed, something of an epic incident, but conducted in the minor poetic manner; with the result that England has again made herself a little the laughing-stock of the world. As Socialists, we appreciate the need of defence as much as anybody. England to our mind is engaged in one of the most promising experiments of the human race since Adam: and not even the agony of parting with our last shilling (we are a nation of shopkeepers) should prevent us from safeguarding the field in which the experiment is taking place. What is that experiment of our capitalists? It is the experiment of a nation to "turn upon itself and to transform its base for the erection of a new superstructure. Abroad it is the consolidation on the one hand of what is called the Empire, but is really a Commonwealth; and on the other hand, the knitting together of all nations by common intelligence, humanity and ideals.

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That being our object and our means, we can afford to laugh a little at the somewhat ghostly counsels of the departing regime; and to face the question of national and imperial defence with lighter hearts than those of the Old Guard. We have indeed bread that they know not of. Lord Rosebery spoke rhetorically of the possibility of the working men rising to say: "Our swords bright and our powder dry. But with a little more clear vision amongst us, we Socialists shall be able to speak the words in sober fact and with all the authority of command. It is not that meantime we do not advise that all nations should keep their swords bright and their powder dry. We are not so incomparably foolish as to suppose that England or any other nation is prepared to emulate the example of Jesus of Nazareth, with the certainty of being crucified as He was. Our hope lies in our intention to prepare for peace while we are prepared for war: and it is precisely this preparation for peace that in the economy of national life Socialists must undertake. While, therefore, the issues of neither the Press Conference nor the coming Imperial Defence Conference leave us un-
moved, we prefer to go about our own business, which is pre-eminently that of ingenerating peace.

But if there is to be any genuine collusion of idea among nations, and particularly among the members of the Commonwealth, it is that of Socialism; that occasionally, at least, the means of communication in private and selfish hands. If every time a contact with the foot or hand were challenged and charged before it reached the brain, the brain would necessarily suffer from defect as the limit is that the truth. Yet virility is the preserve of the world at large is the property not of the world but of some few predatory bandits who hold all the passes and thereby control all the streams of intelligence. The first step to build up a mereled Empire—which has often been done before—but a Commonwealth of Nations, is that mutual knowledge and interchange of needs and ideas should be as free as art can make them. Absolutely nothing save the unconquerable flots of nature should impede the passage of intelligence between the four quarters of the world.

This, of course, is the final argument for the nationalisation of the cable and steamship services. Both these are indispensable together with the airships of the future, in the hands of the State. This may be, and undoubtedly is, Socialism; but only by these means can the Commonwealth be created. For this reason we regard that great deal more was not made of the discussion at the Press Conference, both of cables and of steamships. Of the latter not one word was said. On the former we were treated to a Polonius’ bouquet of platitudes, the only exception being the resolution moved by Mr. Ross, of Ottawa, in favour of State ownership. Mr. Austen Chamberlain beseeched the cable companies to wake up; an entirely unnecessary piece of advice, since they are very wide awake already, while the States which they plunder lie fast asleep. Mr. Buxton had only pious words to express—he being the State in this instance. He added, it is true, the suggestion that Press messages should be cheapened; but he might as well ask a dog to return butter. The cable companies have a monopole, and they can charge a rack rent: all the rest is sentiment.

Nothing could be worse than the speeches on the Press in its relation to the Empire: except the Press itself. It is all very well for Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Birrell to talk of the necessity for the publication of facts broadcast; but the truth is, this is never done, and never has been done, as long as a privileged class has a paramount interest in lies: nor, again, while moral shock is still supposed to be an argument, is it any use praising a Free Press. But that is what is the problem within or from without. Within it is largely created by men whose real opinions bear no relation to their written opinions; men, that is, who are journalists in the professional sense, men willing to write anything about anything. And, without, the pressure, or a stupid public and the ambitions of capitalist proprietors conspire with the acquired dishonesty of the journalist to render the Press as slave in soul as ostensibly is its subject in body. In England, it is plain enough in parts of the Empire, like Egypt or India. English journalists are sufficiently well drilled to be relied upon to produce the judicious lie on occasion; but in India, where Indian journalists are unfortunately not so well trained, the truth, the pressure, or censorship is maintained with the explicit support of ex-pro-consuls like Lord Cromer. The fact is that we do not believe in a free Press unless, in truth, the Press is free. Birds shall not be allowed to fly out of their cages until we are quite sure that they cannot fly. That, in effect, is Lord Cromer’s dictum regarding a free Press; and there was more support for it at the Conference than superficially appeared.

We are the last people to complain of being excluded from the Conference. What have we to do with Garden Parties and the like? Yet it was odd that from all the Empire not a Socialist paper could be found worthy to be represented. The New Age was not invited, but neither were the “Clarion” or the “Labour Leader” or “Justice.” Colonial Socialist papers, we should have thought, might be admitted on the ground that we “do but tend to damnify the local public.” But no, not a Socialist was present. So much for the freedom, liberality, toleration, etc., of the Press Conference itself: a replica in this of the Press of the world. The New Age might have complained on literary grounds if we had not found ourselves excluded in company with our peers. The “Athenaeum” and the “Academy” were likewise absent from the feast. Perhaps only journalists were invited.

Two other incidents of the Conference are worth notice. Not one of the host of speakers mentioned the defect which may well prove fatal to the Empire: poverty. Mr. Balfour did just refer to the statistics that show the decline in physique of Englishmen consequent on overcrowding and underfeeding, but only to express himself as “utterly sceptical” of their validity. Does Mr. Balfour, we wonder, ever use his eyes? Besides, surely the Army statistics are both reliable and conclusive. At least a dozen officers we know are seriously turning towards Socialism in the interests of the physique of their men alone. Is not that significant? Beyond this, beyond reference to Mr. Baunro’s ghost did not appear at the White City. What did appear, however, was a very slight attempt on the part of the Conscriptionists to commit all the Press of the Empire to the support of the compulsory training. The resolution had no right to be moved, and we are glad that Mr. Spender and Mr. MacDonald, of Toronto, had the courage to say so. Compulsory training may be inevitable; but there is no reason why it should be brought about by discreditable means. The “Spectator” is not free from the suspicion of slinness in this matter.

In his single-sentence summary of English foreign policy, Sir Edward Grey included the “upholding in the councils of the world in diplomacy those ideals in every part of the world by which we set so much store at home.” If this be indeed a part of English foreign policy, the coming visit of the Tsar to England is a gross violation of its spirit. We cannot conceive the attitude of Englishmen to whom the visit is welcome. The Tsar undoubtedly and admittedly stands as the black incarnation of the very opposite of all the ideals by which we set so much store at home.” Nobody in all history more vividly embodies the anti-English spirit than the present Tsar of Russia; and we can only suppose that some titanic diplomatic advantage is to be gained at the personal sacrifice of other and more virtuous enemies of the human race. What advantage may be we do not profess to know. Sir Edward Grey’s foreign policy has been so subtle in its success that but for the advertisement we should believe it the most complete failure. If Europe is ralling into barbarism who is to blame? If Germany is bristling with suspicion of England, who is to blame? Our allies in all Europe are a doubtful France and a monstrous Russia. To consolidate such a partner the Northern Beast he must be met by the King at Cowes. The price even of total defeat is sometimes too heavy.

The second reading of the Budget was passed on Monday by the substantial majority of 157. Mr. Balfour’s administrative reforms appears to be but little likely to cause serious opposition: guerilla warfare for practice in debate will doubtless be continued as long as the Government permits it; but the step that costs is taken. Mr. Balfour was very fair and honest in his speech. We 157. Monday. It was absolutely impossible, he said, not to be in favour of graduation in the higher incomes. The Budget did not throw a disproportionate burden on the rich, and Capital was not leaving the country faster than usual. He complained, and with reason, that a good deal of bad metaphysics was emitted during the debates; and we have the same complaint to make.
of the economics displayed. Of economics Mr. Balfour has a far surer grasp than most of his opponents and all his colleagues. His colleagues are committed to Tariff Reform, which is the merest assonomus of Economics; but his opponents are equally convinced of fallacy in their desperate attempts to separate land from capital in their taxation proposals. Not to so separate land and capital would, it is true, bring the whole question about their ears intellectually. We happen to separate them is merely folly. Between the Balfourian position, which frankly maintains that the advantages to civilisation of wealth vastly outweigh the disadvantages of poverty, and the Socialist contention that social progress long depends on equality, Mr. Lloyd George and his amphibious friends must continue to spend the lives of the hunted. Driven logically by Mr. Balfour to extreme Socialism and by Socialists politically to Conservatism, he and his colleagues turn and double with almost pitiable dexterity.

We imagined some weeks ago that Mr. Lloyd George knew what he was about, and understood the implications of his own Budget. It appears that he is as much in a state of mind as we. Not merely can he not convict him, but Mr. Cox is allowed to make merry with his state of mind. Mr. Cox, by the way, should be taken seriously in hand by the Labour Party; or, as is more seemly, since Mr. Cox also is a party of one, by the formula of one Mr. Cox is very simple: it is Smiles on the Mills. Mr. Cox has not an idea outside the pages of these writers; and of the two he inclines to Smiles. It is absurd that he should be allowed to pose as a critic that counts. Queen Anne is dead. What are we to say of this but that it is disgraceful even in a Commons provocation: "Social reform should be of such a character as to build up the character of the individual so as to enable him to add to the civilization and happiness of the nation?" The thought sprawls with the sentence; yet it is the essence of Mr. Cox.

However, we need not complain that Mr. Lloyd George does not understand a Socialist Budget, since many Socialists are in Cimmerian darkness with him. That, we suppose, is because the label is not on it. Mr. Bonar Law had the kindness to quote The New Age in the discussion on Wednesday; and, strange to say, to quote it correctly. We commend the "Leader in full company. We plead not guilty and unwilling to answer. If we ourselves have sinned, it has been under severe provocation and to spare. If we ourselves could have sinned, it has been under severe provocation and in full company. We plead not guilty and unwilling to do it again.

Habeas Corpus Act is universally valid. On the information of a corrupt police an Indian gentleman may be deported without trial and in ignorance of the charge against him. The proposition of Raffles in the triple entente may have led to our condoning this crime against England: evil ententes corrupt good nations. We hope that Mr. Mackarness's Bill will be discussed, even if it does not pass.

The decision of the High Court of Calcutta quashing the Midnapur sedition sentences has made the way less difficult for Lord Morley's favourable consideration. The revelations in the High Court of the duplicity of the police was, long depended on equally. We should have thought, for any Governor of Intelligence. In India it must be understood that no
The Labour Party and International Socialism.

"Secretary of State Baron Berlepsch, Member of the Privy Council, greeted the visitors warmly and proposed the health of the Kaiser and the King, which was heartily responded to, the band playing the National Anthem."—"The Morning Leader," June 8, 1909.

The farewell banquet to the British Labour Party was rendered memorable by the incident cited above. The apologist may impatiently exclaim that to drink the toast of the Kaiser and King is a small courtesy not to be pointedly excluded him from an official garden of their comrades roundly condemn them as sycophants. 'An arbiter, elegantiarum, and cannot undertake nounce on nice points of etiquette.' All we know is that months ago insulted one of its distinguished members by pointedly excluding him from an official garden party.

After this, will the Labour Party be surprised if some of their comrades roundly condemn them as sycophants and flunkeys? Personally, we do not think such an accusation would be true. The trouble lies deeper. They, who have been gallivanting round Germany under most questionable auspices, are not flunkeys. They would revolt from such a thought and indignantly protest against such a charge. Yet they have done this evil thing, and apparently see no virtue in it. Simply that they are utterly bereft of any social or political principle to guide them. Their visit to Germany was as well-intentioned as most journeys to Hell. They sought peace; they toasted the two men who personally the forces that create war. From the same chronicles we read that "the Colonial Secretary, Herr Dernburg, made his speech in admirable English, lightened with bright humour, which delighted the Labour delegates."'

"I met a rattle, tickled with a rattle!" Herr Dernburg!

Let us forget this exasperating episode in an impersonal consideration of the present position of international Socialism. The Labour Party is affiliated to the International Socialist organisation. It sends its delegates to the International Socialist Congress, which is represented on the International Bureau at Brussels by Mr. Keir Hardie. At Stuttgart, it was greatly favoured by the German Social Democratic delegation. It is the only delegate of protest in the international movement.

"The Labour Leader" proudly proclaimed (quite untruthfully) that the Bureau had endorsed the policy of the British Labour Party. Look at it how we may, the loyalty of the Labour Party to its international affiliations is a definite and grave responsibility. Yet it has flouted our German comrades and ignored its obvious obligations.

Now the most striking feature of the International Socialist Congress is the real sanction given to its findings in every country except our own. At Amsterdam, Jaurès and Guesde (Bebel intervening) fought out their differences in a dramatic debate for ever memorable in the history of the Congress. These differences were fundamental and infinitely more bitter than those which divide the I.L.P. from the S.D.P. Amsterdam called upon each national Socialist movement to unify its forces. Jaurès and Guesde obeyed, and were fought on by the delegates at Stuttgart. The English delegation ignored this resolution, with the result that today we are not only the despair of Continental Socialism, but the most ineffective movement in any of the great industrial countries, America excepted. Yet the responsibility of the Labour Party towards the international movement is as formal and binding as it is upon the French Socialist Party. But Jaurès or Guesde, Ferri or Labriola, Vandervelde or Van Koll would never dream of a mission to Germany save under the auspices of the German Social Democracy. If, for example, Jaurès were to be banqueted in Berlin as were the British Labour Party, it would almost surely be an international Socialist function.

The reason is not far to seek. In Europe, capitalism is palpably cosmopolitan. Bebel was as certainly fighting the same enemy as was Jaurès when together they saved France and Germany from war, they were sometimes quite united. The British Labour Party believes that capitalism in Great Britain differs in some subtle way from capitalism elsewhere. It is certainly high time that British Socialists, if not the Labour Party, should wake up to the predominant importance of close co-operation with the Socialists of other countries. For it is certain that Labour in all industrial countries suffers from precisely the same disease, even though it manifest itself in different forms. The English capitalist finds his exact counterpart in France, Germany, America, and elsewhere. Everywhere they defend the same citadel of exploitation, everywhere they exhibit the same disregard of human labour, human suffering, human misery. And everywhere, from London to Lima to Perú, from San Francisco to Nijni Novgorod, the international organisation of capitalism is complete. It is not, therefore, from any mere sentiment or remote ideal that the call comes to Socialists of all countries to unite; international Socialism is an imperative necessity to the social and economic salvation of the world.

We write advisedly of cosmopolitan capitalism and international Socialism. The money power is cosmopolitan; it knows neither kindred nor frontier; its only law is competition, its only rule the might of the stronger. An invoice or a bill of lading conveys precisely the same idea in any language, and gold is always God. But Socialism is necessarily national before it becomes international. No Socialist movement can survive unless it produce a literature and art of its own. It becomes international because we all obey the same laws of political economy. History, language, tradition, religion, art, literature—all play their part in each national movement. Socialists of all countries can enrich each other by exchanging knowledge of aesthetic and social experiences; but their bond of unity is their common necessity to escape from economic exploitation.

If, therefore, we condemn the extraordinary insularity of the British Labour Party, it is not because it fails to realise the importance of a national movement essentially racy of its own soil. No one who watches the world movement can fail to be impressed with the increasing coming together of small nationalities. A decade ago it was too readily assumed that just as the small enterprise was being swallowed by the trust in like manner the small nations would be absorbed by great empires. The prediction is being falsified in all parts of the world. It is true that military strength tends to be concentrated in a few Governments, but we cannot gauge the vitality of a nation only by its military and naval organisation. The ultimate test of national life is its genius as expressed in its art, literature, and science. And so each Socialist movement must take on the colour of its national genius and contribute its own distinctive knowledge and experience to the common fund of international Socialism. It is precisely here that the Labour Party in Great Britain appear to have failed. For is it conceivable that our Labour Party could have committed such a faux pas as the German visit had it been steeped in the real granite of national and Socialist literature and tradition? This is impossible, and if we are not watching and so each Socialist movement must take on the colour of its national genius and contribute its own distinctive knowledge and experience to the common fund of international Socialism. It is precisely here that the Labour Party in Great Britain appear to have failed. For is it conceivable that our Labour Party could have committed such a faux pas as the German visit had it been steeped in the real granite of national and Socialist literature and tradition? This is impossible, and if we are not watching and
The Physical Basis of Education.

A child of 12 years of age said: "I come to work at 6, sometimes at 4. I worked all night last night till 6 o'clock this morning. I have not been in bed since the night before last. There were eight or nine boys working all night." Another child of seven said he worked every day from six in the morning till nine at night. A Factory Inspector wrote: "The fact is young persons and children were worked all night or all day, or both ad libitum." Read the evidence of the Children's Employment Commission of the sixties and the Reports of the Factory Inspectors of those days from which I have just quoted, and you cannot believe that this was mid-Victorian England. It seems surprisingly unbelievable. Just as to the next generation will appear the reports of the doctors on the physical condition of the school children of to-day; with like incredulity will they read of our wrangles about feeding the sins of the fathers were being visited on the third and fourth generations. The nation realised for the first time not only the misery, the degradation, the poverty, the disease of its people but the inefficiency of its system, of its people, and of its system. Among my children this week at school do we see to it that it shall do any better? That we are reaping from the products of those days is to-day. We are reaping from the education of our decay. Without the Education Acts of 1870 you will find indications that the standard of health among the children was infinitely worse than it is to-day. We are reaping from the Factory Inspector's reports of the effects of the removal of children's health among the children was infinitely worse than it is to-day. We are reaping from the products of those days is to-day. We are reaping from the education of our decay. Without the Education Acts of 1870 you will find indications that the standard of health among the children was infinitely worse than it is to-day. 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Socialism for Employers.

II.

It being understood, then, that the Socialists’ quarrel is with the bad employer and not with the good employer, let us consider now how, in attempting to deal with the bad employer, the Socialist becomes accused of discouraging, by maligning, the good employer.

Bad employers, as we have seen, are men who, in the words of Sir Christopher Furness, are lacking in "the qualities of imagination, foresight, and administrative ability to employ and direct capital"—to which we will add labour. Such men exist in large numbers, and they are the curse of the society that breeds them. Stupid, mechanical, unimaginative, short-sighted, and incapable of inspiring or directing men, they invariably fall back upon the ancient alternative of intelligence, namely, force.

Possessing, as they do, one single power, the power to dismiss a man from his job, they hold that power as a rod to threaten and to smite every labourer who fails to toe the line. The relations between such men and their employees are the relations between an Esquimaux and his dogs, between a Boer and a team of oxen. Nay, they are worse a thousand times; they are the relations between a pirate captain and a crew of desperate but unarmed men. No words can exaggerate the horror such relations ought to awaken, and do awaken, in imaginative minds. Though the marks of the manacles and the strokes of the lash are invisible, both those on the men and the still deeper and more venomous stripes in the soul of the employer, are visible to the mind’s eye.

Now it would be an indictment of the universe to assert that men held together in such a relation could produce good work. They simply cannot by the very nature of things. The wares produced by a bad employer are necessarily bad wares. He himself is obliged in the end, even if he is not willing in the beginning, to be satisfied with less than the best work his men can do: his men in turn are nothing loth to do less than their best both by him and his goods. He becomes, in short, a corrupter of goods, as he is also a misuser of men.

These two charges are therefore brought against him (and remember he is in a majority at present): first, that he maltreats his men, and, second, that he mal-treats his goods. What else but the charge of the Socialist against the bad employer of this country, the charge, namely, that many, if not most, employers are unfit to be trusted either with the welfare of men or with the welfare of the goods committed by Society to their keeping? It would, indeed, have been a black lookout for England if, in the dark hour of the middle and late Victorian periods, when the abominable factory system arose to put a premium on the worst employers, there had not been men of the type of Shaftesbury and Owen, and, fortunately, thousands upon thousands of obscurer souls, to rise in revolt against the horrors doubly inflicted upon men. And it would have been no less shameful if there had not arisen among the workers themselves alliances and unions—even though of slaves—for the defence, and later for the deliverance, of themselves from the confederate incompetents among their employers.

For the confederates such employers became so soon as their men were united in revolt; confederates to maintain the bad conditions of labour, to preserve each other from the effects of their own incompetence and stupidity, and confederates in the ignoble task of supplying the market with shoddy, adulterated, dishonest, and useless wares.

Most unfortunate of all, such confederacies, tacit and subterranean almost at first, were joined later (later, be it noted) by the good employers, by employers with imagination, foresight, and administrative capacity; by employers who had never known what it was to have a strike; by employers with whom their men had no quarrel. These ranked themselves by the side of the dolts, the brutal, the incompetent, the wretches; if now in this year of grace Sir Christopher Furness can complain, and with reason complain, that the good employer is scarcely to be distinguished from the bad employer in public obloquy, the blame for the confusion, while, as we have admitted, resting partly on Socialists, rests also in part on those good employers themselves, who have not hesitated to identify their interests with the interests of the bad employers, their own and Society’s enemies.

So much for some of the causes of confusion. Now let us proceed to examine the second and, in some respects, the more profound cause.

Everybody knows that in these days of myriad joint-stock and limited liability companies, all employers are not their own capitalists. As a matter of fact, very few.

In the hands of a crowd of such bloodsuckers, it is plain that even a good employer may be driven to the bad means. Between his shareholders pushing him one way and his men pushing him the other, such an employer has a most unhappy time. But since, nominally at least, he is employed by his shareholders, it is the last people he will complain of. Hence when anything goes wrong, he necessarily blames his men, as Sir Christopher Furness does, calling them Socialists, wretches, we have seen, the worst enemy, we repeat, of the working, practical employer.

Now of course the right people to swear at in such circumstances are the shareholders, and not the men. Every penny of profit that is made by the firm is made by the men and the managing employer combined. All the shareholders together, with all their money, could not produce a nail or a boot without the help of workers and a director of workers. As we have seen, they are indeed mere drones in the hive.

But the irony of the situation is that the employer, their managing director, identifies his interests with theirs, and not with the men. He sides with his butter quite naturally, for is he not paid by his shareholders? And thus is every labour dispute he finds himself ranged against the very men on whose daily co-operation with himself he relies for any work at all.

The workers, however, cannot fight the shareholders directly, since a company has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. They must fight the shareholders indirectly over the body, as it were, of their actual employer.

Thus again we have the confusion between the real and the fictitious enemy of the worker. The fictitious enemy, we repeat, is the working, practical employer; the real enemy, however, both of him and of his employees, is the crowd of shareholders in the background. In other words, the real enemy of industry is the capitalist. We shall see in our next article how to get rid of him.

R. M.
Digestion and Angels.

Such an article as that recently appearing in *The New Age,* "Morality in Public Schools," sets me—Holbein Bagman, who bows to you, and hopes presently we may be able to do a little business together—thinking of what a lot we are upon the whole, we commercial travellers being understood to keep within the limits here of word and sentiment, and say nothing of personal habit. The smoking-room and the railway carriage are familiar with a particular kind of joke, one particular kind of joke of the frequentest occurrence, which cannot be with any of us counteracted together; and Holbein Bagman, whose comportment as a rule affords such a contemplation of delight to himself and others in its moral equilibrium, is in danger of falling between the two stools of self-respect and good fellowship. I never make an indelent jest for my own part, and I protest that I am incapable of thinking indecently about anything (for which thanks be to the gods), but between the two stools of self-respect and good fellowship, least inkling of the laughable. That I find, after reflexions of nausea often overwhelm me. The police and the social ostracism compel us to hold our tongues. Parents, sometimes the best of parents, never make an indecent jest for my own part, if I am to be eaten, as was said by Epictetus; after one or two scathing experiences I have lashed utter never to their children, but pray devoutly whereof Mrs. Grundy lends them an encouraging smile. A school-master whom I mention with mingled honour and astonishment gave some good advice to a boy. Decent-minded men (only we require something better than decency) are convicted of the spuriousness of silence; but Holbein Bagman for one, a believer in plainness of speech and in thunderstorms, would be infinitely grateful to any person who could furnish him with a vocabulary wherewith to converse in the open with wise men or foolish upon a subject which to the best of his intention and belief is none of the Devil's. The greatest help I have received in this direction has come from Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter. As for certain books I have chased with specific intention, the minimum of fact they contain, and the maximum of good-goody are of no service whatever. I was not in search of sermons—and very poor sermons moreover—and I carried them all (with misgivings of conscience) to the second-hand dealer.

Holbein Bagman would not have selected this topic for writing upon at the present moment had it not been for the very cordial congratulations he wishes to convey to H. L. in his most impressive manner and for a practical difficulty which now is confronting him face to face with a manner as impressive as his own. Holbein Bagman possesses a god-son, a younger of promise (the boy's as well as his god-father's), who will shortly be going to school. Now what is to be done? At present confined to the nursery in his outlook upon life, Holbein junior is still very much where he was when of five years of age, his sisters and he taking their bath together, another, he announced deliberately and with all the profundity of a philosopher, "There is more of me than there is of Nancy." Here is a bit of co-education which must commend itself to H. L. It sets in motion the most urgent tumult in the breast and brain of H. B. As a responsible godfather—a comparative old fogey beginning to realise the difficulties that lie in the pathway of paternalism—what can I do to protect the growth of impressions so naive and so serious? I am not concerned to defend the boy as time goes on from the knowledge of good and evil, but I would if I could arrange matters so that he did not lie altogether at the mercy of his nursemaids or his future schoolfellows in his coming education. His first instructors should be wiser than they, and able to discern within the mind of a child faculties and dispositions which might resent the giggle and the whisper better than he will be able to resent them if I allow him to be taken unawares. If there are not in the English language. My training in reverence will be put to the test when the boy is handed over to the training in reverence will be put to the test when the boy is handed over to the training in reverence of his mother-tongue.

Very well, my boy, go and get soiled, since it must be; but Holbein Bagman will stand by the side of you and see that you hear sense as well as nonsense; and the rest, as it has been with your godfather himself (now rising into fame as a purveyor of art-merchandise) is in your own hands.

I believe in the wisdom of H. L. and the importance which will be attached in the future to co-education; and I shall do as much as I can to enable Holbein junior to mix with both sexes of every age and degree. The boy shall learn some classics and many modern languages, and to get these latter he shall dwell in many parts. History, geography, etc., he shall read for himself. I do not think I shall entrust him to school. Later on I shall try to discover if he has any special talent. My aim is for him to be a man in love with the world, learns to employ himself at something useful as becomes a good citizen, develops into a good Socialist if he can manage it, and arrives at too deep an understanding of religion to be a scoffers on the one hand or the parsons on the other. In a word, by hook or by crook, the boy shall have "a good education," and the meaning of that formula I am inclined to insist is—Reverence. Holbein Bagman.
M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.

Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.

V.

"Parsifal" and la Societe des Grandes Auditions de France.

(From "Gil Blas," April 6, 1903.)

I am unlucky! . . . for this particular occasion, when I had hoped to have the pleasure of saying something to you about Wagner, the Societe des Grandes Auditions de France did not honour me with an invitation to attend the performance of "Parsifal," which was given recently at the Nouveau Theatre under the direction of M. Cortot. M. Cortot is the French orchestral conductor who has profited most by watching the habitual pantomimic gestures of the German orchestral conductors. He has a lock of hair after the manner of Nikisch (who, by the bye, is a Hungarian), and this lock is made extremely attractive by the impassioned way it responds to each and every shade of meaning in the music. It will droop so sad and tank during the subdued parts as to intercept all communication between M. Cortot and the orchestra, and then it will uplift itself proudly in the martial parts . . . at such a moment M. Cortot advances towards the players and points a threatening stick at them, for all the world like the "Banderilleros" when they are trying to baffle the bulls. "You have outvied worse things than that—they have the sangfroid of Greenlanders."

He leans affectionately over the violins, just as Weingartner does, and whispers profound secrets in their ears; then turns round to the trombones and addresses them with an eloquent gesture, the significance of which may be thus expressed: "Now my children! be strong and vigorous! try to be finer trombone players than ever," and the good trombone players still hold conscientiously on to their slides.

It is only fair to say that M. Cortot understands every detail of Wagner's music, and that he is a thorough musician. He is young, he has a disinterested love of music: sufficient reasons for overlooking the fact that his gestures are more ornamental than serviceable. But return to the Societe des Grandes Auditions—by omitting to send me an invitation did they perhaps wish to punish me for my Wagnerian iconoclasm? Did they fear a subversive attitude on my part or a bomb? . . . I know not, but I prefer to think that concerts of this description are intended for members of the aristocracy or persons belonging to the kind of smart society which confers upon them the right to assist at little entertainments under an air of elegance for what may be played. The certain renown of the name on the programme dispenses them from having any lights of their own on the subject, and leaves them free to listen attentively to the latest little-tattle or to watch the pretty rhythmic movement of the women's heads when they are not listening to the music. Nevertheless, the Societe des Grandes Auditions should be on their guard! They are turning Wagner concerts into Society functions. All things considered, it is provoking, this side of the Wagnerian formula. When Wagner was in a good humour he was fond of saying that nothing could be so well understood as in France. Did he mean by this that performances of his music should be organised solely for the aristocracy? I do not believe it . . . .

Louis II of Bavaria irritated him already sufficiently by his arbitrary standards of etiquette. His acute nervous anxiety to reiterate a Tristan's unhealthy passion, the rabid shrieks of an Isolde, or the grandiloquent commentary on Wotan's inhuman ways. There is nothing in all Wagner's music that approaches to a Tristan's unhealthy passion, the rabid shrieks of an Isolde, or the grandiloquent commentary on Wotan's inhuman ways. There is nothing in all Wagner's music that approaches the truth of the matter. Wagner's concerts into Society functions. All things considered, it is provoking, this side of the Wagnerian formula. When Wagner was in a good humour he was fond of saying that nothing could be so well understood as in France. Did he mean by this that performances of his music should be organised solely for the aristocracy? I do not believe it . . . .

This century, before whom one perfuces inclines one's head, had essayed in "Parsifal," his last effort, to be less didactic to music. In this opera it has, therefore, more freedom. One no longer notices that nervous anxiety to reiterate a Tristan's unhealthy passion, the rabid shrieks of an Isolde, or the grandiloquent commentary on Wotan's inhuman ways. There is nothing in all Wagner's music that approaches to a Tristan's unhealthy passion, the rabid shrieks of an Isolde, or the grandiloquent commentary on Wotan's inhuman ways. There is nothing in all Wagner's music that approaches the truth of the matter. Wagner's concerts into Society functions. All things considered, it is provoking, this side of the Wagnerian formula. When Wagner was in a good humour he was fond of saying that nothing could be so well understood as in France. Did he mean by this that performances of his music should be organised solely for the aristocracy? I do not believe it . . . .
It was two months ago in New Orleans.

A hot, steamy, dusty morning hung in greyish fog over the great goal that is situated in the centre of the town.

It was eleven of the clock; the narrow approaches to the big, remorseless building were most unusually crowded; men in the somewhat rough dress of an American provincial city gathered in small groups on the pavements or passed swiftly up the broad stone steps and disappeared into the cavernous entrance.

There was a stir—a hum—an atmosphere of happening; on the wooden balconies and the flat roofs many gathered, but they were principally negroes, and they wore a downcast look. They conversed in whispers, and when the white people laughed, which they did often because they seemed so cheerful, the black people shuddered.

Within the prison itself, in the wide halls, along the corridors, up the bare staircases, everywhere there were they wore a downcast look. They conversed in whispers, and when the white people laughed, which they did often because they seemed so cheerful, the black people shuddered.

Within the prison itself, in the wide halls, along the corridors, up the bare staircases, everywhere there were people; and from the Chief of Police downwards all smiled and appeared in high good humour.

Why this aspect of joyous expectancy? The question was easily answered. It was the occasion of the gallows-painted scaffolding, with its suggestive ropes, their voices rising and falling with quivering anticipation. They talked, they joked, they fanned themselves with their hats, and they pushed nearer, ever nearer, to the grim, slim stage.

The time passed; the heat was overpowering, the sun glared; first rays down from behind a bank of sultry clouds. The room in which we sat without a murmur, without a whisper, without a flaw in the undisturbed calm; as we have learned to expect on such occasions. The room in which we sat—given up to representative spectators—we looked largely down to where the gallows—painted a delicate pastel blue—stood, and beyond into a yard where an enormous crowd of white men gathered with never a black man amongst them; packed close, regardless of heat or any other discomfort, they stood with greedy eyes fixed on the empty scaffolding, with its suggestive ropes, their voices rising and falling with a quivering anticipation. They talked, they joked, they fanned themselves with their hats, and they pushed nearer, ever nearer, to the grim, slim stage.

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He was wonderfully eager and interested, this man. He addressed everyone in turn and collectively, while he was politely anxious to place one in a point of vantage. I've seen eighteen executions," he declared, "but I shall enjoy this more than any."

Puffing away at his pipe and bare-headed he craned his body half out of the high window. He made me feel chilly and old.

"There's Johnson, the hangman," he cried, as a burly figure mounted the scaffold and fingered the ropes with tender care.

"He's been stretching these 'ere strings for the last sixty days," he continued gleefully. "Everyone reached forward; the crowd below moved and murmured with a renewed interest. They had been gathered there since nine o'clock, and they were growing impatient for the curtain to rise.

There was a brief pause. Johnson retired evidently satisfied; while the spacious roofs of the adjoining buildings, that commanded a comprehensive view, grew black with figures—men, women, and children, many armed with cameras.

"Bet Johnson's got a quart o' brandy aboard," purred our instructor, throwing the words back to us over his shoulder. "He can never tackle one o' these jobs without."

"What's he get paid?" asked someone.

"Hundred dollars for the two," was the answer.

"Jolly good I call it."

Just then the Prison clock struck the hour of twelve in slow, heavy muffled tones. The atmosphere within and without began to bubble and churn, people shuffled, whispered, expectorated.

There was the dull bang of several iron clamped doors.

"Here they come, boys, here they come," shouted our friend, waving his handkerchief to the crowd in the yard, who responded by standing on tip toe and emitting a subdued roar.

It was revolting, but it was infectious. We all leaned well forward to watch the "Death March." Never, unfortunately, will one forget it. First came the two negroes, smoking cigarettes, walking with firm step and heads well erect. They were accompanied by several officials none of whom were in mourning, none of whom doffed their hats. There was a complete lack of ceremony or of reverence.

"Why should they remove their hats?" said our genial guide in reply to a mild protest. "They're only negroes. You see, you're only a Britisher, you don't understand," he added with kindly contempt.

Quickly the procession passed down the stone passage and reached the gallows. There for a second they paused, for in order to mount the stairs Edward Honoré, the older and smaller of the two, required some assistance. His feet faltered, his hand was turned, but the calm dignity of Jacques Pierre remained undisturbed.

When they reached the platform and stood side by side, their high white collars in such startling contrast to their black clothes and blacker faces, the crowd in the yard yelled with satisfaction... our companion clapped his hands.

"Bah! I've had enough of this," muttered a man just behind me, with a catch in his throat. He went away. He was the only one to do so.

 железны́й забор
The great man was busy tying their feet and hands, amid a throbbing, palpitating silence distinctly to be felt and heard. . . .

The negroes stood like statues—looking down with a certain wondering envy at the hundreds of street-like black caps, and the only gentlemen in that cruel assembly. The hangman proceeded to put on the voluminous black caps—like exaggerated railway carriage light shades in shape—and tied them hurriedly.

"I am innocent," cried Jacques Pierre before the day was over from him for ever. The people in the yard jeered as they swayed nearer the scaffold, hungry for every gruesome detail. The old father of the murdered man, by common consent, got closest of all. John adjusted the neck cords, twisting them well up under the felt ear.

"All was now ready. . . . For a moment we gazed with awe at the two shrouded men; then the hangman stepped abruptly back. We held our breath. The knife that they use in America to sever the ropes flashed! The crowd were silent. This awed even them.

"Five minutes passed. Still the man lived, still he fought—hideous . . . . hideous. . . ."

The men near me grew white and gripped their hands. . . . You could have heard a feather drop. . . . One took out his watch.

"Jesus Christ! it's thirteen minutes," he muttered thickly. . . . Two minutes more . . . three—four—would those struggles never cease? . . . Nearly five.

"Cut him down," whispered someone hoarsely—when suddenly the convulsive contortions grew feebler—the rope ceased to jerk, it began to swing with some rhythm—the body grew quieter, gentler, gentler—white foam covered it like snow—the coat was still, the man's agony was over.

"Johnson didn't calculate his weight, the drop was too short," our mentor explained, as he rose from his knees by the window and dusted his trousers. . . . Meanwhile the crowd in the yard had burst bounds, and were gathered in round the bodies. One bade for a piece of the rope for luck! another for a handkerchief.

There was a perfect turmoil of wild excitement . . . . We made our way hastily downstairs and out into the street, where black people gathered in lowering groups and eyed us all with dark disfavour. . . . Through dazed red mist we saw the undertaker's covered carts waiting—waiting. . . .

"Good thing it was only a nigger," I heard one man remark to another as I waited for a cab. "Yes," was the reply. "They don't feel." "Guess not," said the first speaker. . . .

Then they moved off. The fun was over. . . . There is a terrible race war brooding in the future.

What will be the outcome? M. CHAN-TOON.
been dovetailed very neatly together and varnished over and called "The Hempire."

The difficulty with this doll is that one isn't quite certain which of the four original voices it should speak in, and so one player chooses one and one player chooses another, and a third player jumps about from one to the other. Which is very perplexing, you see, and not artistic.

And then, neat as the dovetailing is, it shows up in one or two places, and the bit between the "Varied Interests" and the "State" seems to be coming undone. All the same, a large group of players have clubbed together for this dummy.

I think the three most popular dummies of the day are "The Hempire," "The Working Man," and "The Child." And the Hempire, though not as popular as it was in their day, is still the most classy of them all.

What has complicated matters very much of recent years is that some players have infringed the patents of others and tried to work several dummies at once, which is horribly difficult, as you're apt to get the strings mixed.

But the most surprising thing that has happened during the whole progress of the game (and it has been going on beyond the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant) has been the entry of some new players into the game. This was very horridly difficult, as you're apt to get the things coming undone. All the same, a large group of players are good at performing for the cry, and so they can do pretty well what you like with it. Very funny things it says indeed. It makes some of them to action, and then they will soon forget they were Working Men.

Anyhow, "The Hempire" and "The Child" are good value for money; for, as to the first, there really isn't any such thing, and so it can't possibly dispute what you say in it and it; and to the second, there's an iron rule against admitting the prototype of it into the game, and so you can do pretty well what you like with it. Very funny things it says indeed. It makes one's sides ache (no, not one's heart) to listen. Now it's "Bread, bread, bread, bread, bread, over and over again;" now it's "Secular Solution," now it's "Technical Education," now it's "Childishness," now it's "Military Straining"—all sorts of silly things it says; you would burst to hear it.

The W. M. players don't laugh though, and they profess to be very indignant over the things the "Child" dummy is made to say; and sometimes some of them show the players pictures with a thing in them they say is the "Child," but the players won't believe it, because the thing is skinny, dirty, and grey, and it is, and they don't dress in costume—or rather they dress too much in costume; but still the other fellows won't be beaten, and do their best to keep up the oldTraditions. Naturally the W. M. dummy is very difficult to handle, now that you've got men before you who profess to be the real thing you're juggling the painted image of; but it is hoped that in time they may be prevailed upon to adopt or manufacture dummies (in that, a tendency that way has already been detected), and then we shall have a business meeting or a debating society, and not a game at all. This rather spoils the fun of course, because they are so serious and solemn, and they don't dress in costume—or rather they dress too much in costume; but still the other fellows won't be beaten, and do their best to keep up the old Traditions.

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village. Six months after the marriage "the old insuperable feeling of monotony had returned."

She is partly roused from this by her initiation into astronomy by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong and her husband. Miriam commences to take a pleasure in things that are impersonal, her sympathy is awakened to her husband's skill. His extreme cleverness in fashioning things and his inattention to human affairs—"Mr. Farrow never understood any suffering unless it occurred in the "Revolution of Tanner's Lane," and in the "Autobiography." To our cry against this unjust God who frames such a world it is no answer to give us the union of Madge and Baruch. Mark Rutherford does not, in the approved theologian's style, put us off with the beauty of renunciation or of the bliss of a world to come. His Claras and his Miriams suffer horribly here—and hereafter, I opine.

In "Clara Hopgood," though the title heroine is hardly dealt with by fate, courage and sincerity bring her sister Madge to exultant happiness. Mark Rutherford boldy presents a sufficiently difficult and unusual problem. Clara Hopgood is engaged to a clever, handsome, quite indifferent woman, her young and virile passion. Madge's doubts and hesitancies are conveyed in one or two scenes that reveal the woman. These shadows often serve to make her but the more tender to her lover; moreover, "there is fire in her blood, and Frank's arm around her made the world well nigh disappear." The truth is revealed to her "suddenly, as if in a vision," she writes after the lover's embrace in a barn, where they have sheltered from a storm. "You believed you loved me, but I doubted my love, and I know now that no true love for you exists. We must part, and part for ever." She refuses to see or hear from Frank again. After the birth of the child she remains equally obdurate, and refuses all assistance from him, although she has, for her family, and for her mother and sister—are in much hardship. Only here does Madge jar upon me. Why shouldn't she accept money for the upbringing of their child? why impose such extreme anxiety upon her devoted sister? explained, the woman like Madge, with her gift of seeing into the reality of things, would have found nothing dishonourable in taking the money to provide for the mother and child with the necessaries of life. It is only a falsely genteel code of honour that refuses to part for ever. Clara goes forth to Italy and to death, but none was told of what had flashed before her. Mark Rutherford seems content in his grand Mittonian calm that such a tragedy as Clara's should remain a mystery. But for us who are ever seeking a clue it seems a wanton cruelty.  

Ex ist eine alte geschichte  
Woch bleibt sie tamer neu;  
Und wenn es jüngt passiert,  
Dem bricht das Herz entwe.  

This old and ever new story of love not meeting with its mate has never been more graphically, more poignantly told than by Mark Rutherford. It is the theme of "Clara Hopgood," of "Miriam's Schooling," it occurs in the "Revolution of Tanner's Lane," and in the "Autobiography." To our cry against this unjust God who frames such a world it is no answer to give us the union of Madge and Baruch. Mark Rutherford does not, in the approved theologian's style, put us off with the beauty of renunciation or of the bliss of a world to come. His Claras and his Miriams suffer horribly here—and hereafter, I opine.

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

The rattling hailstorm of appreciations of Swinburne is now over—at least one is glad to think so. And it would be no exaggeration to say that some of these appreciations—such as was the volume—may yet attain to the grandeur of hen's eggs. For example, that by Dr. Robertson Nicoll in the "Contemporary Review." Mr. Edmund Gosse reached an urbane and faultless mediocrity, and Professor Saintsbury gave some technical ideas about the pronunciation and intonation of Swinburne's metres which I, at any rate, was pleased to have. Incomparably the best criticism of Swinburne was Professor J. W. Mackail's lecture delivered before the University of Oxford on the last day of April. The Clarendon Press has had the wit to publish this lecture in an agreeable form at one shilling net, and it is a work which deserves to be bought. It is the work of a man who really does know what he is talking about—and who can talk. It is distinguished throughout by the finest sense of style and of values—not only in literature but in life.  

Professor Mackail deals with Swinburne the critic as well as with the poet. For the thorough and satisfactory finding him saying that Swinburne "was one of the most important prose works of the kind that Graves was the world to come. "

All which is in curious contrast with Dr. Robertson Nicoll's blunt Aberdonian remark in the "Contemporary Review": "It is obvious at first sight that he had no judicial faculty. This is good. It is one of those pearls that you keep in a casket and disclose only for the delight of a few genuine connoisseurs. But a few lines farther on there is something even finer: "His most important prose work is probably 'A Study of Shakspere,' and the severest critic cannot deny to that book many pieces of bright, penetrating, and original comment." It was worth Swinburne's death to hear that phrase, and especially the "bright." And yet, though I would not part with these pearls even for a complete set of "The British Weekly," I am soli-
hearted enough to regret that inept and perfunctory piece of hackwork to which Dr. Nicoll signed his name in the "Contemporary Review." I regret it because he ought to be clever enough to perceive that the spectacle of the editor of the "Expositor" chattering with an affectation of broad-mindedness in the "Contemporary Review" about such things as "Faustine," "Aneurora," and "Peloros" is a spectacle in the description of which words fail. But I suppose that no earthly or heavenly power could have persuaded the Doctor to refrain from a few remarks on these celebrated poems. They irresistibly fascinate a certain type of mind—the type of mind which would choose the subject chosen by the Doctor for his last solemn allocution to the students of Marischal College, Aberdeen.

We are still out in the rain of appreciations of Meredith. Dr. Nicoll has already written two articles on "Memories of Meredith." They are unpretentious in a vague pretentious way, and they lack definite statements as to dates and occasions. A very characteristic sentence from them runs thus: "Here there is no harm in mentioning that on one occasion when Swinburne was in an unusually expansive and communicative mood, I heard him speak freely of Meredith." The whole essence of the Doctor's secret attitude towards life and letters is implicit in the first eleven words of that sentence. Needless to enlarge! The Doctor has not been more perfectly himself since the Ruskin love-story was "divulged" in a recent volume of the Cooke-Wedderburn edition and he was able to disburden his mind apropos of that poor little feeble, sickly, negligible affair. Oh, I atmosphere of greenhouses!

For the third and last time I adjure the Doctor to set about doing what an all-wise Providence certainly created him to do—namely a history of Victorian journalism. He has had, in his graceful career, every kind of success except the appreciation of the real experts in literature. His indubitable and outstanding cleverness makes him a frequent subject of discussion among the aforesaid experts, who do not put themselves to the trouble of talking about the rest of tedious time-servers by whom he is surrounded. Is the appreciation of the experts nothing to him? If it is something, he might gain it by a few years' labour on a subject chosen by which he is a genuine master, and which he could treat in a suitable manner. This is a handsomely admission on my part. But I always make my admissions handsomely.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Edwin Pears, in the "Contemporary," writes hopefully about the position in Turkey. "The best men in the country, its leaders, both Moslem and Christian, have proved themselves loyal to the Constitution, and look to it as the only means of saving Turkey. The Chamber of Deputies is again working steadily, and sees the necessity of quickening its pace." With regard to dates and occasions.

Just Out.

Cupid & Commonsense

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

Crown 8vo, Canvas Gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Everyone knows that the English theatrical world is in a parlous condition. Everyone knows that, according to the point of view, the actor, or the author or the manager or the public is to blame. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in an engaging preface to his play "Cupid and Commonsense," dissect every issue of the question with great skill and insight.

"There is a great deal of well-drawn character in Mr. Bennett's play... We should like to see the play performed ideal and well; it has genuine life and freshness; there is not machine-made."—The Morning Leader.

"The book is no lamenting, no important as the play itself, the introduction by which Mr. Bennett protects his work & a discursive fill of polishing remarks about the present state of the drama, the bad business of which all theatrical managers complain, the inexpressible wants in the present generation of new expansions from the theatre, and the promise of the new spirit in play-writing. Mr. Bennett holds that the change in the flavour of the future will belong to those who follow in the wake of Mr. Bennett. His piece, accordingly, is a strongly constructed, well served, entertaining play, better written than the majority of plays written in present press, without any sort of smart dialogue or other theatrical ornaments, treated in style as that written night he expected to treat it were to last twenty and sixty terminal chad at his feet... The play reads well, and reads as if it would prove more effective and enjoyable when acted. The stage scenery would be heightened if such pieces were more cautiously to be given more than they are."—The Spectator.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, LIMITED,
13 RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.
To the "Buddhist Review" Mrs. Rhys David contributes an interesting article on "Psalms of the First Buddhists". Professor Rhys Davids sees the immortal mis-understanding that Buddhism preaches the annihilation of the soul.

The "British Health Review" (3d monthly) contains articles by Mr. Aston Jones, Dr. Haig, Col. Hodgkinson, Hon. Neville Lytton, etc.

DRAMA.

The Irish Theatre (Court).

One is tremendously glad that this movement has kept alive, and it is also pleasing to know that it is supported by the pit audience, not by a handful of intellectuas’s or cranks.

This Irish theatre is a world of its own. Most people, in writing about the plays and the players for others, take for granted that their readers already know all about them, so evading description. They are right, description is impossible. As one sits listening and watching, doubts crowd in about the genuineness of the thing. Isn’t this a beautifully falsified Irish world? The poet, farm scene, and pretty village folk are thrown out of the suspicion. It was given without hesitation, and only a tautenerous query on the subject of patriotism lay buried in my mind.

The "Playboy’s" is a wonderful world. It seems to lie along a curving road, and round each corner a treasure of intelligence and humour is to be discovered. One can imagine some quite stodgy individual listening to it and then letting go for the first time in years to a smile of delight, and good speaking has been done by men who drink no wine nor beer.

Smashed and pulverised in "The Woman Worker," Miss Eva Gore Booth the "Pamphlet Seragony in the "Paradise Lost" in defence of freedom for the florists’ assistants to work as long as it suits them. Miss Gore Booth and is glad of it, because he is convinced that if there is one class of man whose lot is hard and whose life is dreary, it is the small holder.

Mr. St. John Hankin’s "A Man of Impulse" is the only feature of any interest in "The English Review". Mr. Stephen Reynolds fills sixty pages with "The Holy Mountain," and we hope some one has had the courage to read it right through. It is surprising to find Mr. Belloc "On Licensing" continues to be dull, by reason of his company. It is surprising to find Mr. Belloc putting arguments into the mouths of his opponents that they have not used, and then proceeding to demolish them. No, the greatest fanaticism of all them has not suggested to his "Parnassus" would have been a slightly better poem if Milton had been a water drinker. But despite Mr. Belloc, we, who are not teetotallers, dare maintain plenty of proof-lighting, good writing, good building, and good speaking has been done by men who drink no wine nor beer.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton explains "How We Bribe" in defence of freedom for the florists’ assistants to work as long as it suits them to feed off the turtle soup and ortolans of the Mansion House.

We want no curtailment of the individual worker’s life. Ellinor C. L. Close, in "How Eva Gore Booth bobs up serenely in "On Licensing" and good speaking has been done by men who drink no wine nor beer.

Mr. Arthur Sinclair is an extraordinarily good actor. He can get drunk with any man, and his quiet, leisurely curses is the blind man in the "Well of the Saints"... It was a delight to the critical ear waiting the muddied torrent it has come to expect. Mr. Fred O’Donovan as the Playboy was very delightful. His personality and charm are so elusive, so fleet, that one would like to lavish on him the simile of April showers and bursts of sunshine had it not been arrogated by pretty women.

It is to be hoped that next year the Irish Theatre will pay a longer visit to London.

The Manchester Repertory Company (Coronet).

The Coronet audience exuded patronage as it settled into its favourite armchair and enjoyed the proceedings, the actors, the scenery, the costumes, and the light-hearted air that pervaded the room.

The play was "The Coronet," and it is one of the great successes of the season. The audience was thoroughly pleased, and the players were heartily congratulated on their fine work. The play was a great success, and the audience was thoroughly pleased with the actors' performances. The play was a great success, and the audience was thoroughly pleased with the actors' performances.

The play was "The Coronet," and it is one of the great successes of the season. The audience was thoroughly pleased, and the players were heartily congratulated on their fine work. The play was a great success, and the audience was thoroughly pleased with the actors' performances. The play was a great success, and the audience was thoroughly pleased with the actors' performances.
IMPORTANT TRIALS MADE ON NERVE SUFFERERS

AT THE IMPERIAL STATE HOSPITAL AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Scarcely two years have elapsed since widespread interest was aroused by the startling announcement of a wonderful discovery for the successful treatment of nervous disorders. As is usual in the case of all great scientific discoveries, the announcement was received sceptically by some people, but on the other hand the analysis of the new preparation attracted the attention of eminent physicians, and they, realising the enormous importance of the discovery, prescribed it immediately for their patients. Remarkably successful results were quickly obtained. Men, women, and even children who suffered for years with some form or other of nervous disease in a more or less complicated and aggravated degree, found after very slight treatment that their mental depression and gloom disappeared, and that a new lease of life and vigour took their place instead. Hope revived, the joys of existence returned, and altogether life assumed a new aspect. Among the most eminent physicians who made interesting trials with the new preparation was Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, Physician-in-Ordinary to his Holiness Pope Pius X., but important and remarkable as were his trials they almost equally (as required), the effect of its nerve-nourishing properties will be still more marked. The irritability of the nerves declines, and all bodily and mental exertions are more easily borne. The capacity for thought and activity of memory increase. The general bodily condition improves rapidly—so vital is mento-nervous health and vigour to the well-being of the whole system. Of the danger of Neurasthenia it is impossible to speak too plainly. It is a progressive and cumulative neurosis, and if neglected may even terminate in madness.

HOPELESSLY REGARDED CASES.

The first case in Dr. Lion's report is that of a student, 19 years of age. He suffered from Neurasthenia in a very acute form, and his case is of exceptional interest to the Medical Profession and public alike, because his symptoms were those which thousands of persons have experienced without actually being able to name their illnesses.

The student's symptoms were depressed mental condition, extreme irritability, violence, changeable and abrupt humour, inability to work consistently, weakness of memory, loss of appetite, tendency to constipation. This particular case was treated with "Antineurasthin," and after the incredibly short space of a fortnight's treatment, Dr. Lion reported as follows: "An increased appetite and sleep; in addition constipation had disappeared, and so bad his tendency to tire rapidly at his work, thus producing an increase in his working capacity. His temper had become more equable, calm, persistent, and generally his self-confidence has remarkably improved."

The second case was one of Hysteria. The sufferer, a young lady of 19, was continually in a state of nervousness and generally enlacedated, there was an absolute loss of appetite, with severe constipation. "Antineurasthin" was administered, three tablets a day for a fortnight, with excellent results. The patient is now well on the way to full health. The Hysteria has subsided, and there has returned a splendid appetite for food.

The third case was that of another young lady, who had been suffering for some considerable time from that most distressing nervous disorder—Epilepsy. The symptoms were Anaemia, general debility, constant headaches and constipation, and a tendency to lung weakness. The sufferer was given three "Antineurasthin" tablets a day for two weeks, with the result that the girl has now returned to health, her mind is rejuvenated, and from a weak morose being, she has turned to a cheerful, happy, healthy person.

The fourth person was of a similar nature, the patient particularly being very depressed. "Antineurasthin" was administered, and in three weeks' time a successful cure was established.

The fifth case, one of chronic dipsomania, was characterised by pronounced physical and mental exhaustion and severe digestive disorder. Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" was administered, and after three weeks a splendid improvement was noted. The patient is now mentally calm and the whole system has been brought back to health.

IN ONE HOUR

(This is the short time required for "Antineurasthin" to evidence its worth as a nerve-and-brain-food) you will feel a better man (or woman), both mentally and physically. You will feel (1) mentally more alert, capable of more prolonged intellectual effort, clearer, stronger, and more level-headed, and brain-free from all depression and melancholy. You will be and feel (2) stronger in body, more able to withstand the strains and stresses of modern life, possess a greater store of vigour and energy, and you will be more eager and fit for the day's work, and more able to fully enjoy all the rational pleasures of life.

By taking "Antineurasthin" regularly, or occasionally (as required), the effect of its nerve-nourishing properties will be still more marked. The irritability of the nerves declines, and all bodily and mental exertions are more easily borne. The capacity for thought and activity of memory increase. The general bodily condition improves rapidly—so vital is mento-nervous health and vigour to the well-being of the whole system.

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INSANITY OR PREMATURE DEATH.

We could fill columns of this paper with reprinting endorsements of ANTINEURASTHIN as a Nerve and Brain Food, and testify to its unparalleled success, by doctors and nerve specialists. So eminent a member of the profession as Dr. Lapponi (Physician to his Holiness Pope Pius X.) prescribed it.

From every direction we daily receive letters of gratitude testifying to the uselessness of drugs on the one hand, and to the triumphant success of Antineurasthin on the other; all of which can be seen by anyone calling at the address given below.

If to make a test involved an outlay of money then sufferers might hesitate to incur expense, but no outlay is necessary. The Antineurasthin Company, who supply Dr. Hartmann's preparation, have such a strong faith in its wonderful beneficial properties that they will send a free trial supply to any applicant who writes for it and encloses two penny stamps to cover the cost of postage. The address of the Company is 181, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C., and nerve sufferers who desire to be restored to full health should communicate with the Company without a moment's delay, and experience for themselves what a wonderful preparation "Antineurasthin" is.

Antineurasthin can be purchased from all leading chemists and stores at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per box.
itself on Tuesday night to witness a provincial effort. It must have felt a little foolish before the fall of the curtain—there is no awakened so rude as the discovery of one's own gratuitous condescension. There is quite a distinction between the two, though one's mind struggled to decide between the adjectives, raw and fresh. But, after all, one cannot dub actors such as Mr. Bibby and Mr. Lewis Casson raw, and for the others they were delightfully enthusiastic. Indeed, it was touching to see Mr. Basil Dean's appreciation of his part. Most actors play the county family ass as a tradition, but Mr. Dean treated him as a creation.

Mr. McEvoy has a remarkable versatility in his choice of stages for his dramas. "The Three Barrows" is as little like "David Ballard" as "When the Devil was ill." A young barrister of good family, Victor Meux, has become engaged to Clara, daughter of a retired manufacturer of fertilisers. He also cherishes a sentimental but platonic affection for a gipsy-blooded girl, Anna, who lives at the Three Barrows farm, not far from Clara's country home. When the curtain rises this young lady is in a state of fever. Geoffrey, the ass, has caught sight of Meux at the farmhouse, and has mentioned the fact to her. Meux, suspecting that he has been seen, sends a wire announcing his arrival for dinner. Cross-questioned by Clara, he pleads nervous breakdown as a reason for staying so close to her father's house: without letting the family know, and refuses to stay the night. His fiancée gives him a proprietary caress, "Victor, how good of you, my dear boy to have thought of us as a family and renounced his hostile attitude one expects to see the socialist, and the leaders who have the welfare of mankind at heart, this book is eminently practical. It provides the simplest methods of reform, of betterment, and of influence, useful, to the Christian "Missionary," the Socialist, and the leaders of political, social and industrial reform. It sets forth the principles of a collective state and polity, in contradiction to the aboriginal and feudalistic principles of individualism. The New Age of May 20 says: "... His [the author's] symmetrical interpretation of the facts in论述 of Evolution is startling... we consider "Progressive Creation" is a work of the greatest value both as an endeavour to terrace human mind from an utterly mischievous literal interpretation of the Bible in its true aspect as a book of poetry and religion, as an attempt to bring about an intellectual conception of the future of the world, and to supply humanity with a new poetical impulse, a new religious inspiration."

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New Novel by the Author of "Meag's the Seal." Resent June 25.

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GREAT PROCESSION on Saturday afternoon, July 10, in which all who sympathise with the objects of this Congress are earnestly invited to join. Assemble at 3 o'clock on the Embankment, March to Hyde Park, 200 Banners. Carriages, motor cars, and busses taking part.

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Elizabethan Stage Season.

Mr. WILLIAM POEL

will revive the play of MACBETH

at the FULHAM THEATRE for five matinees on JUNE 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27; and one evening June 25.

Mr. Hubert Garter as MACBETH; Miss Evelyn Weedon as LADY MACBETH on JUNE 24, 25 (evening) and 26.

Miss LILLAH McCARTHY as LADY MACBETH on JUNE 22, 23, 24, and 25 (afternoon).

Box Office now open.

Telephone 376 Kensington,
work on—for she is strong enough to ignore feeble language—and it was rather astonishing to remember at the end of the play that one had seen an Aubrey Beardsley woman campaigning in Iceland. She was insufferably monotonous through the first two acts; one had the feeling that she was living for the two big scenes at the end. And then her extraordinary power of passionate expression came into its own. Miss Limerick has a beautiful voice, but she uses it shamefully. She does not seem in the least to realise what a treasure she possesses, and hacks it like any coster-girl.

Altogether one feels convinced that Manchester owes a great debt to Miss Macnaghten and Mr. Iden Payne. Their plays and her actors are a great deal more interesting than most of those we see in London.

At the Stage Society.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe’s “Modern Aspasia” is the play of a very clever journalist—bright, amusing, and topical. He must have originally intended it for a serious problem-prober; perhaps he does still, but it has taken on a garb of flippant light-heartedness.

A Bishop of Patagonia is taken by the hand and piloted through his nephew’s settlement of affairs between himself, a mistress, and a wife. The Bishop’s wits and morals become thoroughly fuddled at the spectacle of an irregular person who is the devoted mother of both his children and a respectable woman who refuses to incur the usual consequences of marriage. The culmination of the joke is reached when the unfortunate old gentlemanblunders into advocating free love. The mistress objects to a legal union because she would lose most of his income in the event of his death. Her extraordinary power of toleration lay in her sympathy, all of which should have been carried off by the little mother, of whom Miss Lucy Wilson was so good that she annexed some of the interest and flair by the little mother, of whom Miss Lucy Wilson was so good that she annexed some of the interest and flair. Miss Nancy Price, as the wife, was excellent—indeed, the Bishop’s retired dis-comfort to Patagonia.

Up to now dramatists who have been outspoken on the sex question, and ended their plays irregardless, have walked on tiptoe, perceiving that their only hope of toleration lay in a serious attitude. But Mr. Fyfe has been quick enough to recognise the moment when the Stage Society, at least, would permit a combination of flippancy with outspokenness.

Mr. Dennis Eadie played the hero’s part. He was competent as usual, but not particularly distinguished. Indeed, he would do well to stick to character parts. Miss Nancy Price, as the wife, was excellent—indeed, so good that she annexed some of the interest and sympathy, all of which should have been carried off easily by the little mother, of whom Miss Lucy Wilson gave an intelligent though rather weak presentation. Mr. Whitby, who played the Bishop, made all his points, though I should not wonder if Mr. Fyfe were to blame him for doing things rather too well.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor at 40, MARCHMONT STREET, LONDON W.C. For Specials, correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

WORKERS’ EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

In no wise have I impugned that grand faith of those members of the executive who addressed you a joint letter on this subject. Indeed, I was unaware that some of them were members of the executive, since their names do not appear in the last published report; some of the members are my friends, and others are unknown to me.

We differ on a question of policy. The W. E. A. essays to procure educational facilities of an improved Toynbee Hall and University Extension Lecture type for the

CHURCH SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

(LONDON BRANCH.)

THE LATEST CHAPTER OF THE CHURCH PAGEANT.

Will be written at THE CHURCH HOUSE, GREAT SMITH STREET, WESTMINSTER (nearest station Westminster Bridge),

On Thursday, June 17, at 5 p.m.,

When Christian people will assemble to demand THE RIGHT TO LIVE for our poorer brethren.

The Proposals of the Minority Report will be explained by Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, Mr. GEORGE LANGBURY (Royal Commissioner), Miss MARY MACARTHUR, and Father HEALY.

Chairman: Rev. ARNOLD PINDICHER (Chairman of the League), Seats, 3s., 6d., 1s., and 6d. Tickets to be obtained from the Secretary, 26, Berwick Avenue, N.3. Some free.

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Principal, Miss CLARK.

Fits Fits Fits.

Fits Fits Fits.

ALL PERSONS SUFFERING from KLEPHNY or HYSTORIA should name and address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, particulars with Testimonial card, on receipt of 4d. for postage, full-size FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, of the most successful remedy ever discovered for these disagreeable ailments. Sent to all parts of the world.

Clifford’s Inn School of Journalism.

Correspondence Lessons if desired.

Send for prospectus to Principal,

Miss L. M. MAYHEW,
10, Clifford’s Inn, E.C.
and civilised natives' franchise rights in three ways: 

pean descent
restricting membership of Parliament to citizens
use their influence in the direction of securing equal fran-

of whatever race or colour. The situation at present is

Work Bill.

elsewhere, according to his or her particular needs.

benefit the whole of the working classes, and will give every

interests of the working classes, but I will say that it is

W. E. A.

mends that the committee organising working class educa-

Lord Curzon's proposals. But it cannot escape respon-

W. E.

ever, of the

of Labour and Socialist organisations, the Fabian and

respective societies. I do not know whether the others offi-

officially represent their different organisations.

My statement that the report on "Oxford and Working-

rival scheme which

E.

A.

says that the W. E. A. is responsible for

excludes coloured people, as

Charming House

THE DRAFT CONSTITUTION FOR SOUTH

THE NEW AGE JUNE 17, 1909

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working classes, whilst I consider that the workers of the
country, now organised as a strong and independent politi-
cal force, have outgrown this kind of thing; I believe the workers should be entitled to nothing less than the most

the principles of self-

coloured labour are being asked for—only the protection of

country have laid down a definite programme on education

remain controverted. It is no answer to

say that it was put before some other societies.

To put it before the trade unionists means committing it to

the general body of the trade unionists, and not to any

section. I have not challenged the method by which the

W. E. A. elects its executive, nor its composition. How-

ever, one must recognise the thing for which it stands.

The W. E. A. sets up a claim to control in part the

educational policy of the workers; for instance, it recom-

mends that the white population which has forced the colour-line

behind the Imperial veto. Why, then, should not the civilised

Churches here have petitioned the Convention to this effect,

and many of the Dutch ministers are also opposed to the

Constitution. We therefore appeal to all friends of justice, of

whatever party, in the British Parliament to try to secure the

removal of this colour disability by the deletion of sub-

sections 25 (d) and 44 (c) from the Draft Constitution, the

sub-sections, that is, which impose a (European) racial discrim-

ination in Parliament, these

are to be a "blot on the con-

stitution. To those who would object that this appeal to the

Imperial Parliament is an interference with the principles of self-
government, I may say that the Constitution itself explicitly

recognises the supremacy and protective powers of the

Imperial Government, as several important clauses in the Con-

stitution embracing what we ask for are to be placed behind the Imperial veto.Why, then, should not the civilised

natives and coloured people's franchise rights, including the

right to represent their fellow citizens. Person of colour

right to be protected? Those who make this objection can hardly

realised the full meaning of the word "Imperial," either in its ancient or modern sense. Person of colour

word, but one must recognise the thing for which it stands. If native troubles occur the Imperial Parliament will cer-

tainly be called upon to pay the paper. Self-government

surely applies only to those who are granted the rights of

several important clauses in the Constitution, the coloured people and civilised natives are
denied these full citizen rights. To whom, then, must they

appeal if not to the Imperial Parliament?

I may say, in conclusion, that no new or extended franchise

rights are being asked for—only the protection of
existing rights—the right of all civilised men, of whatever race or colour, to full citizenship, including, of course, the right of representation of their fellow citizens in Parliament. It is, therefore, with full confidence that I appeal to you and to your readers.

Cape Town. R. BALMFORTH.

ANTHER "GREAT CABLE SCANDAL."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In THE NEW AGE of June 3rd, you published an article by Mr. C. H. Norman, entitled "The Great Cable Scandal." In "Reynolds' Newspaper" of June 13th there appears an article by Mr. Morrison Davidson, entitled, "Empire Press." No reference is made to THE NEW AGE article in Mr. Norman's article, but the source of Mr. Morrison Davidson's inspiration will be seen by your readers from the following comparison:

REYNOLDS' NEWSPAPER.

(My version.)

Who can forget how shamefully the British people were deliberately lied into the late South African carriage by every imposant form of device, from concocted letters emaning from the "Times" office to doctored despatches sent across the cables by Lord Milner. The terrible cost of cabling was, of course, the one obstacle to a rapid correction of the many false documents and statements transmitted across the wires. Honest working journalists are hopelessly at its mercy, excepting always in such a rare city of refugees "Reynolds's" newspaper, on which its blighting influence has never been shed for well over a century. How...

It is assuredly a grave public scandal that the Postmaster-General does not control the cables starting from England and going to all parts of the world. A small corporation of Directors of the African Trans-Continental Telegraph Co. are head of the cable communications. It is not reassuring to learn that the Postmaster-General does not control the cables starting from England and going to all parts of the world. It is a lesson in the art of fun-making to see how cleverly Mr. Norman makes Mr. Wells appear a person with a mania for the wholesale and indiscriminate production of babies; and how, rising to the comic, Mr. Norman pretends that birth is not the cardinal thing in life, but the smuggling of false documents and state-ments transmitted across the wires.

An examination of their boards of Directors points to the existence in our midst of a Trust in interchange of thought. As Mr. Henninger Heaton has put it, "Electricity has been appropriated by a long-headed 'trust,' etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

MR. WELLS'S POLITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with the attention it deserves Mr. C. H. Norman's article in this week's NEW AGE. It is always pleasant to turn from the more serious columns to the lighter side of things, and Mr. Norman's humorous sketch served admir-ably as a foil to the sober realities contained in your other contributors' pages. It is a capital idea of yours, Sir, to further be with the means of laughter as well as the means of thought.

Naturally, I saw at once that Mr. Norman's object was to make us sit up and laugh, this is either malignity or humor, I said to myself. Of course, it is not criticism. Can it be malignity? And then I conned in my mind Mr. Norman's previous articles in THE NEW AGE. I recalled the flights of playful fancy, the lively sallies, the warm and kindly geniality, the mirth that was almost tender—in short, I remembered the prevailing characteristics of Mr. Norman's former writings in your columns. My reflection decided me. "My dear," I said to the lady who shares my breakfast table, "there's a humorous sketch in THE NEW AGE by Mr. Norman again. Look it up in your copy." And a rapid flash of imagination showed me Mr. Norman sitting one fine afternoon in his garden at a table set among the flowers, in the bright sunshine. Someone asks him to play tennis. "No," he replies, "you have to write 232 humorous articles for " with conscious pride) "THE NEW AGE!"

Now you know the recipe for comedy. You take something serious and invert it. It is an old method; but it works very well. Mr. Norman has taken Mr. Wells's "Man-kind in the Making," and has reversed the main thesis of the book. He has done his work so well that anyone with a gleam of sense who by chance happened not to have read "Man-kind in the Making," but who did so after reading Mr. Norman's article, would stare in amazement to see Mr. Norman's laughable boulevirement of Mr. Wells's main position. It is a lesson in the art of making comedy. You take something serious and invert it. It is an old method; but it works very well. Mr. Norman has taken Mr. Wells's "Man-kind in the Making," and has reversed the main thesis of the book. He has done his work so well that anyone with a gleam of sense who by chance happened not to have read "Man-kind in the Making," but who did so after reading Mr. Norman's article, would stare in amazement to see Mr. Norman's laughable boulevirement of Mr. Wells's main position. It is a lesson in the art of making comedy.

So Mr. Norman makes his way to a farcical climax in presenting Mr. Wells as having "constructed a new Doll's House which would ensnare women more than that house from which Nora fled." This of H. G. Wells! Oh, it's too funny. Laughter comes at last to drown the whole caricature. There is, no doubt about it. Mr. Norman is a humorous artist with a speciality of his own. Let us have more of his delicious drollery—soon, soon!

ERIC DEXTER.

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