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SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Editorial and Printing Offices of THE NEW AGE have now been changed. All communications for the Editor should be sent to 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE Mr. Balfour represents Socialism so admirably there is no immediate and imperative necessity for a Socialist Party in Parliament. As Mr. Macdonald observed in his brilliant speech—the best he has ever made in the House—the Socialism of the Labour Party is milk by the side of the strong meat of Mr. Balfour's Socialism. All value, he declares, is without exception social in its origin: not only the increment value of land but the bare bones of value itself. Gloria in excelsis to society.

* * *

Of course Mr. Balfour intended this to be a reductio ad absurdam. But it was really nothing of the kind: it was simply a reduction of economics to metaphysics. These generalisations are fatally easy to make, but they are never dangerous. As against the Budgetary proposals the most extreme theory of social value is no objection; or, if an objection, then critical of the undue moderation of the Budget. We do not know whether Mr. Balfour would be better pleased if his logic were accepted and all value were appropriated, or whether he is not quite content with Mr. Lloyd George's inconsistency. In either case he can defend himself either by theory or on grounds of expediency. If Mr. Lloyd George were a Socialist he would know that his Budget is only a beginning: as a statesman he must explain that it is rather a continuation.

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Mr. Asquith took something of this line in his reply to Lord Rosebery's black-edged message to the nation. Lord Rosebery had declared that the Budget was not a Budget but a revolution: a revolution in which the dear people had no part. Mr. Asquith maintained that nine-tenths of the Budget consisted merely of old taxes under new names. The remaining one-tenth was only new in practice; in theory it had been discussed for at least fifteen years and solemnly voted on in Parliament on at least four occasions. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, took pains to repudiate the Socialism of the Budget. It would take a thousand Budgets like the present to complete Socialism, he said; and those who understood Socialism knew this. True enough, we know it; but we have no intention of waiting a thousand Budgets, nor has the country at large. We prophesy, indeed, that each succeeding Budget will accumulate Socialist finance; until in, say, half a century a Budget after Mr. Balfour's heart will be brought in. Long before then Mr. Lloyd George will be a political old fogey.

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About Mr. Lloyd George's references to Lord Rothschild there can be no doubt whatever; they were in excellent bad taste. If such a satire on Lord Rothschild had appeared in THE NEW AGE we should have received protests by the score; but coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and countenanced by the Premier, we may hope the satire will be appreciated as well as effective. Certainly Lord Rothschild does loom too large in British politics. On every great occasion he is consulted as if he were an Oracle at Delphi; with, unfortunately, this difference: that his oracles are not only lucid but always reactionary. It is impossible to misunderstand him and impossible for a Liberal to agree with him. He is the chief asset of the commercial politicians, and will be maintained as sacred as the Ark of the Covenant. Hence the courage of Mr. Lloyd George's attack.

* * *

But why, we wonder, does not someone dispose of Lord Rosebery in the same way? Lord Rosebery also has the ghoulish habit of appearing on every morbid occasion when men's flesh is most easily made to creep. Last week he flapped his tinsel wings and croaked Germany: this week he points a gaunt finger at the Budget and mutters Revolution. It is all very melodramatic; but will nobody lay the ghost? We shall attempt the task by publishing next week a pungent and brilliant article on "Modern Political Leaders" from the pen of Mr. Francis Grierson. May it

companion Mr. Lloyd George's quietus to the Rothschild bugbear!

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At the "great spontaneous meeting" of English and London citizens (consisting of a thousand stockbrokers and addressed by three Jews and a Scotch Stock Exchange magnate), Sir Alexander Henderson constructed a syllogism: the Budget was an attempt to penalise the rich; to penalise was to punish for wrongdoing: hence the acquisition of wealth was regarded as a crime. A thousand stockbrokers laughed, but what is there to laugh at in so obvious a truism? Property *is* robbery: wealth *is* a crime. There may be extenuating circumstances, but the fact remains that every wealthy man is a Upas tree in whose neighbourhood many of his brethren must be poor. Should somebody discover a means of appropriating most of the available air, thereby entailing disease on his fellows, would he not be guilty of a social crime? And money is not a whit less needed than air. If the rich had sold all they had and given to the poor they would never have been subjected to a Supertax.

* * *

We hope Mr. Lloyd George will not make too many concessions. The bisection of the land taxes and the gift of half to the municipalities may be expedient for to-day, but what will happen to-morrow? We are by no means opposed to the growth of municipalities either in power or autonomy. One of these days the tide of attention may reach the Parish Councils, where, in truth, England's greatness may alone be renewed. But it is still a far cry from the intelligence of England at large to the intelligence of Slocum-in-the-Hole. Many municipal duties are even now so badly performed that we sometimes wonder whether they would not be better not performed at all. And the only control exercisable by public opinion is through grants in aid and the like, which can be withheld when they are not earned. We were sorry to hear Mr. Lloyd George pooh-poohing grants in aid, and even more sorry to see him squandering them for nothing out of his Budget. Mr. Burns would probably like a few to use.

* * *

The other concession was perhaps a little less, except in principle. Why, we ask, should agricultural land be treated preferentially in the matter of taxing its increment value? If it is sentiment, it is pestiferous sentiment. The rural Bull whom people imagine will profit by such a concession scarcely exists any longer; he was always rare outside the pages of novelists and songsters. At present agriculture means one thing, and one thing only: landlords. To exempt agricultural land is, therefore, to put money into the pockets of the enemies of society.

* * *

The opposition to the Budget has grown sufficient, however, to justify the formation of a special Budget Defence League. With Mr. Churchill as its chairman and Sir Henry Norman as its secretary, the League may be expected to be active. We note that Mr. Keir Hardie associated himself and his party with the defence: and we quite approve of his doing so. It is no compromise with Socialism to strike for Socialistic measures when they are in peril. On the supposition that the presence of the Labour Party has forced the Budget on to its present lines it would be treachery if the party did not now support Mr. Lloyd George. On the other hand, it must be distinctly understood that Mr. Lloyd George is not a Socialist nor his Budget complete. It is not wanting in defects of commission as well as of omission. Outspoken criticism of these defects will not be inconsistent with political support of the Budget as a whole: and we trust that the Labour Party will as strenuously oppose the one as they will endeavour to expand the other.

* * *

How hard it is for a Cabinet to be progressive and enlightened all round. For its work in South Africa, for several measures at home, for the Budget, and, as Mr. Asquith announced last week, for the proposed enquiry at long last into the nature of the Dramatic Censorship, we have to thank the present Government for something approaching the conceptions and associations of Liberalism. Under the influence, indeed, of measures such as these Liberalism has wakened from its long sleep and is now in a fair way to recovery from the illness that threatened only a few years ago to be fatal. But there are symptoms of disease still left. We discussed last week the reactionary character of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's administration of the Home Office: there is Lord Morley's deplorable resolution to maintain the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in India. Finally, we are threatened with a visit from the Tsar, and, what is all of a piece with it, Mr. Asquith has refused to meet the deputation of women led by Mrs. Pankhurst that will wait on him on the 29th.

* * *

Of the Tsar's visit we cannot possibly say more than our Socialist contemporaries have already said; and we are not inclined to say less. The relation between our national entertainment of the Tsar of the Black Hundreds and our own domestic legislation may not seem very intimate; but we are convinced that the two are closely related in spirit and in fact. Foreign policy is not a question of mathematics or abstract science without concern with our everyday lives. On the contrary, it is merely the nation writ large in action. Whatever, therefore, our character and mood in the one may be expected to show as our character and mood in the other. The visit of the Tsar will infallibly be followed by an impetus to reaction no less here than in his own unhappy country. While there is yet time we urge our readers to protest against the visit with all their force.

* * *

It is in our view a huge blunder for Mr. Asquith to refuse to meet the Suffragettes on this occasion. Writing as we are some days before the event, we foresee the possibilities of almost tragic occurrences. Mrs. Pankhurst cannot afford to lead a fiasco: and we may be pretty sure that something more serious than comedy will take place. Mr. Asquith may argue that he has said all he has to say: his promise, whatever its meaning and value, has been given, and now the women must wait. But if women will not wait there is no excuse for not receiving them again, if only to repeat the original assurance. It is, in any event, stupid to magnify a deputation by refusing to meet it: and before other deputations Mr. Asquith is courageous enough. What will he gain by his present attitude, or lose by abandoning it? The Cabinet's treatment of women is a big blot on its record.

* * *

We are glad that Mr. Harcourt has at length extracted a Government promise to appoint a Committee of both Houses to enquire into the Dramatic Censorship. The censoring of another play by Mr. Bernard Shaw comes opportunely to give point to the demand that the absurd office should be abolished.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

NOT here and now, but when my last defeat
Takes not the guise of man but Christ-like shape,
I shall rise and scorch with burning feet
These barren vineyards of the withered grape.
And when I tread the vinepress that they trod,
And grope my backward way to Hell again,
I shall not fear my self-created God,
But offer him my sacrifice of pain.

EDWIN PUGH.

25 June, 1909.

"Thirty Pieces of Silver."

AFTER many years' domination, Lord Rothschild must be shocked to find that the Liberal Party is determined to strike off the golden fetters with which he has enchained them for several decades. It may be well to examine the public career of Lords Rothschild and Rosebery, for the marital alliance of the two families was a political and financial alliance, in order to test their claim to dictate to the British democracy.

The first matter in which Lord Rothschild exercised a malign influence over the Liberal Party arose out of the Egyptian loans during 1864-1876. The loans totalled a face value of close on £90,000,000. The actual cash received by the Egyptian borrowers was £45,500,000. Interest was charged at rates varying from 12 to 26 per cent. on £90,000,000, not on £45,500,000. One year's figures will show how this usury worked out in practice. The Egyptian revenue for 1877 was £9,543,000. Of this no less than £7,473,000 was paid away in interest to the bondholders. Lord Rothschild floated many of these loans, and the profits that he and his partners made were enormous. The general public paid their money on the quoted price of the loans in cash, but the Rothschilds provided themselves with some stock unrepresented by any cash payment, upon which they received 12 to 26 per cent. interest. Can one wonder at the fabulous wealth of the Rothschilds? No country could possibly exist under such a drain as this, certainly not Egypt, which was a poor and overtaxed country in those days. Discontent reared its head; the populace stirred, and the Arabi movement began. The rebellion looked so much like succeeding that Lord Rothschild and Mr. Goschen (of Goschen and Frühlings) combined in urging British intervention. After a time they persuaded Mr. Gladstone to intervene. Alexandria was bombarded and Arabi crushed. Thus the somewhat precarious security for their loans was transformed into the solid security of British intervention.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt appealed to Lord Rosebery to stand up for the Egyptians and their liberties. As recorded in the "Secret History of the British Occupation of Egypt," Lord Rosebery replied that the only views he had on questions affecting Egypt were those of the Bondholders. Lord Rosebery on March 20th, 1878, had married the daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

The Rothschilds were bitterly opposed to Sir William Harcourt in consequence of his enactment of the Death Duties. Lord Rothschild failed to prevent their passing; but he bided his time. The influence of Lord Rothschild and the dislike of the Whigs to Sir William Harcourt were instrumental in intriguing Sir William out of the Premiership, which was his succession by right on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. The action of Lord Rothschild and Lord Rosebery at this time was such as to ruin the morale of the Liberal Party; hence the rout in 1895. It was a discreditable episode, the facts of which it may one day be necessary to publish.

In 1905 the tide of opinion was running strongly against the Tory Party, and it was certain that the Liberals would be returned by a large majority. Again the Rosebery-Rothschild alliance began its underground workings to oust Sir Henry "C.-B" from his leadership of the party on the pretence that he was a Home Ruler and Little Englander. Everything was carefully prepared; but Lord Rosebery miscalculated on this occasion. His speech, "I will not serve under that flag," which was an attack on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, rallied the Liberals, not to Rosebery, but to Bannerman. The Liberals had not forgotten Sir William Harcourt's fate; they were not to be caught twice by the clever Lord Rosebery and the astute Lord Rothschild.

The next scandalous move against democracy by Lord Rothschild was the secret aid he gave to the London Municipal Alliance in its campaign against the Progressive Party. After the Moderates, or Municipal Reformers, were returned, a new London County Council loan was floated. Lord Rothschild's firm were the underwriters, receiving for some incomprehensible reason a special fee of £60,000. It would be interesting to know whether this sum of £60,000 had any relation to the support Lord Rothschild gave the Municipal Alliance. There is an analogy which might be mentioned. The African houses engaged in financing the Jameson Raid expended about £120,000. They recouped themselves very soon after the Raid by floating a company, which produced £300,000; so that a very handsome profit was made.

It will not be forgotten that Lords Rosebery and Rothschild were the joint signatories of the letter protesting against any effective administration of the School Feeding of Children Act. The Rothschilds drain every country with their rapacious finance; but they cannot consent to pay a halfpenny rate towards feeding starving children!

The rapprochement between England and Russia has been largely engineered by the Rothschilds, as the Russian loans, from the financier's point of view, are most profitable. The Jews may be massacred by the Russian Government; but the underwriting commissions attached to the Russian loans are an adequate compensation to the Rothschilds, who have betrayed their race for money.

The Rothschilds received vast sums during the South African War for their "services" in negotiating the loans. No wonder they egged on Lord Rosebery to hamper his nominal leader, Sir Henry "C.-B.," when that humane man was endeavouring to stop the war. The Venezuela blockade was a Rothschild blockade, and was a gross instance of extortionate interest.

The announcement has just been published that Mr. Herbert Samuel has been appointed to Cabinet office. He is the first Jewish Cabinet Minister, and we congratulate his race on having such a distinguished representative. But this appointment must raise grave reflections in one's mind. It is to the Liberal Party that the English Jews owe their position in English society. The house of Rothschild is under a direct debt of gratitude to the Liberal Party. How has that debt been repaid? By the most unpardonable and persistent treachery. True, Lord Rothschild has remained a Liberal, but he is a Liberal only in name. He is a traitor in the camp. His Liberalism has been a weapon to check the forward movement. His reactionary tendencies are the more dangerous because they are cloaked in the raiment of Liberalism. He has used his allegiance to the Liberal cause to intrigue against those men who had a thorough and honest belief in Liberalism. He wrecked Sir William Harcourt's career for the most sordid motives. His contemptible influence has warped Lord Rosebery. One cannot discuss Lord Rosebery without feeling what a terrible mistake he committed in becoming the political mouthpiece of the Rothschilds. Look where one will, the hand of Rothschild is the hand of evil. For Lord Rosebery we have some sympathy; he has been strangled, like many others, in the coils of this financial serpent.

We are told that Lord Rothschild is a "national institution." So is Dartmoor; but surely all honourable and right-thinking men will agree that such "national institutions" should be abolished as soon as possible.

May we venture a word of warning to the English Jews? There are signs of a determined onslaught on the great financiers. England has not forgotten the part the German Jewish financiers played in the Transvaal War. It would be deplorable if anti-Semitism were revived in England; but so alarming is the combination of the Jewish international financiers against Democracy and Socialism that some such movement may be initiated. As Christians who are not anti-Semitic in the remotest degree, we urge the English Jews to deal with Lord Rothschild themselves for his perpetual bickering at the party which has given the English Jews their freedom.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

The New Biology.*

THE recent stress and storm in biological circles is horribly disconcerting to heaps of quite nice people who want to believe that the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection settled the question of the origin of species for all time. The Cambridge Centenary celebration need deceive none; it no more implies that the biologists regard this as a Darwinian world than does the Church Pageant prove this to be Christian country. For years and decades all our biologists will render homage to Darwin whilst they will continue to undermine his work by their investigations and discoveries. Among the most interesting of these discoveries is Mendelism, which Professor Poulton regards as quite injurious to biological science, inasmuch as it will cause "a widespread belief amongst the ill-informed that the teachings of the founders of modern biology are abandoned." He apparently objects to the ill-informed knowing more than the well-informed.

The Mendelian theory of Heredity rests, in part, upon the solid basis of experiment. The simplest way to understand it is to get a thorough hold of one of Mendel's own experiments, like the following: Mendel took two varieties of peas: the one tall, 6 to 7 feet in height; the other short, ¾ to 1½ feet high. He crossed these two varieties, and the resulting first generation of plants was all tall; there was not a short one amongst them, nor was there a blend; they did not, as might be expected, grow up to a height mid-way that of the parents. Mendel next crossed this first generation within itself, and he found that in this second generation one quarter of the plants were short, ¾ to 1½ feet high, like one of the grandparents, and the rest were tall, 6 to 7 feet high. Clearly that tall first generation contained the possibility of shortness to a certain extent. When these short plants of the second generation were mated among themselves the products remained short. Not so with the others. Here, out of every 100 plants, 75 remained tall and 25 were short.

For the explanation of these experiments, which have been repeated over and over again, we must remind ourselves that each individual, male or female, contains a large number of germ cells. If we assume that each germ cell can have only one of two, as it were, contending characters, tallness or shortness in this instance, the individual, so far as this character is concerned, can be one of three kinds:—

(1) Individual with germ cells all of the tall kind;
(2) Individual with germ cells all of the short kind;
(3) Individual with some germ cells of the tall kind and some of the short kind.

The last individual looks exactly like the first, and this is the kind that gives those descendants of both characters (75 per cent. tall and 25 per cent. short). The act of fertilisation consists in the union of a male and female. If we inter-crossed the individuals of the first kind, the progeny would all be tall, if the second kind, it would all be short, but with the third kind the following possibilities occur, supposing the individuals to contain equal numbers of short and tall germ cells:

	Progeny.
A. A tall germ cell could meet another tall germ cell	Tall
B. A short germ cell could meet another short germ cell	Short
C. A tall germ cell could meet a short germ cell	Tall
D. A short germ cell could meet a tall germ cell	Tall

The progeny of A and B would be respectively tall and short, but the progeny of C and D would appear tall, like A; the result being three tall plants to one short.

The special feature in this Mendelian view of heredity is that each germ cell is unique in regard to a large number of characters, called a unit character, and these unit characters are transmitted intact to the next generation. Tall and short do not give rise to an average kind of family; the children are exactly like one parent or the other in this respect. Complications ensue when a large number of characters are considered, for the child may be exactly like one parent in one unit character, say size, and exactly like the other parent in another unit character, say form.

Mendelism has been experimentally found to be true in regard to a large number of characters in plants and animals, mice, guinea-pigs, horses, cattle, etc. So far as man is concerned, eye-colour has been found to be transmitted this way, and no doubt other characters will sooner or later be found to follow these lines; a large number of peculiarities and defects have been ascertained to be Mendelian (I gave an account of night blindness and of eye colour inheritance last year in this review).

But now we must put up a warning signal. Three factors have been ascertained to play their share in the process of evolution—Natural Selection, Mendelism, and Mutationism; there are gaps all along the line, and the three factors are far from describing evolution as a whole. But taking no heed of their past errors and mishaps, biologists are still rushing to conclusions, as if they knew everything where man is concerned.

Professor Bateson sees clearly enough the short-sightedness of other professors. Professor Karl Pearson, who in his day has prostituted the name of science to serve his own fancies more than any man, is very properly castigated: "Of the so-called investigations of heredity pursued by extensions of Galton's non-analytical method, and promoted by Professor Pearson and the English biometrical school, it is now scarcely necessary to speak. That such work may ultimately contribute to the development of statistical theory cannot be denied, but as applied to the problems of heredity the effort has resulted only in the concealment of that order which it was ostensibly undertaken to reveal. A preliminary acquaintance with the natural history of heredity and variation was sufficient to throw doubt on the foundations of these elaborate researches. To those who hereafter may study this episode in the history of biological science, it will appear inexplicable that work so unsound in construction should have been respectfully received by the scientific world."

It should never be forgotten that Professor Pearson had the cheek (I know no other word) to claim the control of human lives and of our legislature by virtue of that "work so unsound in construction." And it would seem that the Mendelians are now putting forth the like claims.

Professor Bateson admits that there are many "disturbing effects of other factors or of conditions, but that detection of such unknown factors must be a long and perhaps impossible task." He admits that "of Mendelian inheritance of normal characteristics in man there is as yet but little evidence." No attempt has been made to describe the inheritance of mental traits; indeed, there is no critical analysis of them as yet (Professor Pearson's is, of course, a mere travesty), and from what is known as multiple personality it would not seem likely that Mendelism will here serve. With these admissions and total gaps, with his knowledge of the past failures on the part of biologists, Professor Bateson yet becomes dogmatic enough where sociological deductions are concerned. "Some of the forces of vice and criminality could be eradicated (by breeding methods) if society so determined." But what "forces of vice and criminality" have been shown to be "Mendelian units"? Elsewhere he claims that the questions of environment and of opportunity for development must stand aside until he and other biologists have ascertained more about the biological factors. "These," he writes, "are the fundamental elements, and the consequences of environmental interferences are subordinate to them." Mr. Punnett seconds this: "Hygiene and education are fleeting palliatives at best." . . . . "Permanent progress is a question of breeding rather than of pedagogics."

That is, we are to stop our campaign against consumption, against malaria, against insanitary dwellings, against decent feeding for our children, against open-air schools, school baths, smaller classes, against poor law reform, until Professor Bateson and Mr. Punnett and Mr. Mudge have gone on experimenting with mice

* "Mendel's Principles of Hereditary." By W. Bateson. (Cambridge University Press. 14s.)
"Mendelism." By R. C. Punnett. American Edition, with Preface by Gaylord Wilshire.

and guinea-pigs, Andalusian ducks, butterflies and sweet peas for a few decades, whilst in the meantime some other professors will arise and show us that some very essential factors have been omitted in "a wonderful and epoch-making work." And then we shall make a fresh start. We happen to be human beings with a long tradition of ascertained things; we do know that the physique of children is not helped by starvation, we do know how to stop malaria, and we do know nothing at all about heredity in man. Let us keep to the path of certain knowledge and read the professors' books from time to time so that we may know whose was the last mistake. Curiously enough, Mr. Punnett himself brings forward a very striking instance of the effects of environment. The potato bug of North America is known to present certain well-marked variations in nature. He quotes Mr. Tower's experiments, who took a pure strain of one variety "and subjected it to abnormal conditions of heat and moisture at the time when the germ cells of the little beetle were maturing." The majority of the offspring were of another variety (pallida). "Tower infers, and the inference seems inevitable, that the variation was directly induced by the change of conditions to which the germ cells were exposed at a critical time." We are told that what holds good for the potato bug holds good for man. If heat and moisture so affect germ cells of the former, will not good food, good air, want of anxiety—that is, environment—affect the germ cells of the human mother at a critical time? At all events, it is scientific to experiment on these lines, and in a couple of generations we shall have the answer. M. D. EDER.

The South African Intrigues.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In THE NEW AGE of June 10th, Mr. Frederick Rhodes has a letter couched in somewhat strong language, charging me with slandering the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes as to (1) his personal courage; (2) his complicity in the Jameson Raid; (3) his responsibility for the South African war.

These are serious issues which require a detailed reply, and I must ask your readers to be patient in following me through a complicated but, I venture to think, overwhelming justification for my comments.

CHARGE 1.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes arrived in Kimberley two or three days before the town was invested by the Boer forces. The "Times" History of the South African War says: "From the first day that the Boers cut the line, Rhodes began to call impatiently for relief. On October 10th he sent a telegram to Sir Alfred Milner urging that the military authorities should strain a point to send relief, because if Kimberley falls everything goes. On the 17th Rhodes sent a message to the Chartered Co. to cable to Lord Rothschild to see the Cabinet and press for immediate relief. . . . On the 1st and 4th November renewed appeals for relief were sent, and on the 5th a whole batch of hysterical telegrams was despatched from Rhodes" and other persons, "urging that instant relief was necessary to save Kimberley 'from the hordes of the enemy,' to preserve the lives of the inhabitants, and to avert 'terrible disaster.' . . . Methuen sent messages to Kekewich telling him not to let Rhodes interfere, and intimating that Rhodes would be among the first to be deported. . . . Lord Roberts authorised Kekewich to arrest Rhodes."

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his book, "The Great Boer War," summarises the position in these words: "It is a fact that the town would have been more united, and therefore stronger, without Mr. Rhodes' presence. Colonel Kekewich and his chief staff officer were as much plagued by intrigue within as by the Boers without." There was some excuse for Mr. Rhodes' panic, because the Boers had threatened him with the direst penalties in the event of their capturing him. There were threats of death, as Sir Conan Doyle remarks, "the threat of the enemy that in the case of his capture they would carry him in a cage to Pretoria." Undoubtedly, the enormous strategical error the Boers committed in besieging Kimberley was due to the probable political advantages which they would have gained by seizing Cecil Rhodes.

Let me now turn to the evidence given before the War Commission. Col. Kekewich swore: "I can only say I had very serious trouble with Mr. Rhodes. . . . I must add that throughout Mr. Rhodes was clamouring for the early relief of Kimberley." Lord Roberts testified: "Kekewich informed me of the trouble he was having with the leading civilians, who threatened to surrender unless they could be assured that they would be speedily relieved. . . . I added that he had full power to arrest any individual, no matter how high his position, who acted in a manner prejudicial to national interests." On this evidence of Lord Roberts, Col. Kekewich was asked: (Q.) "Mr. Rhodes is not alluded to here; it says 'leading civilians.'" (A.) "That is Mr. Rhodes; the leading civilians were really nobody in the matter." Sir George Goldie: "You do not suggest that Mr. Rhodes ever wished to surrender?" (A.) "No, I do not—not to surrender." There is an implied limitation in this answer; it is plain that Mr. Rhodes could not surrender without falling into the hands of his greatest enemies. Sir Henry Norman: "Sir Redvers Buller said that there was a great risk (of surrender)." (A.) "That was a very early period that Sir Redvers Buller must have referred to, when he was in command. . . . You see, anything that took place between Mr. Rhodes, who, of course, knew everything that was going on in Cape Colony, and others, in the early part of the war, was done behind my back." The fair interpretation of this evidence, I suggest, is that Mr. Rhodes was so alarmed at the possibility of his being taken prisoner that he was menacing the military authorities and the Home Government with surrender of Kimberley unless everything was subordinated to its relief.

Take, again, Mr. Cecil Rhodes' conduct in regard to Dr. Jameson and his subordinates. Dr. Jameson was acting as agent for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was Prime Minister of Cape Colony. When the Raid failed and Jameson and his colleagues were arrested, Mr. Cecil Rhodes never came forward. Assuming at the trial at Bar of Dr. Jameson and his officers Cecil Rhodes had given evidence, and admitted his practical responsibility, it is probable that they would never have been convicted; but Mr. Cecil Rhodes would have been arrested and tried as the principal criminal. Mr. Labouchere asked Mr. Rhodes this question at the Raid enquiry: (Q.) "You did not make any statement in the interest of Dr. Jameson?" Mr. Rhodes returned this amazing reply: "(A) You must weigh the surrounding circumstances." When President Kruger heard the result of the Jameson trial, he bitingly observed: "It is not the dog which should be beaten, but the man who set it on to me." That "man" was Cecil Rhodes, who consistently allowed persons whom he employed, or corrupted, to bear the brunt of the actions into which he had led them. Take this paragraph from the Committee's Report: "The Committee must, however, express a strong opinion upon the conduct of Sir Graham Bower, who was guilty of a grave dereliction of duty in not communicating to the High Commissioner the information which had come to his knowledge. Mr. Newton failed in his duty in a like manner." Both these men were tricked by Rhodes into thinking that he had the support of the British Government, and deserted by him when exposure was threatened.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes also refused to appear before the Cape Committee, though invited to do so; he gave evidence before the House of Commons Committee only when it was clear that the Raid was to be hushed up. All these facts prove that Mr. Cecil Rhodes was a person destitute of moral courage, and not highly endowed with physical courage.

CHARGE 2.—It may be true that Mr. Rhodes did not actually order the Raid; but he was actively conspiring to carry out some hostile attack on the Transvaal Republic. Mr. Frederick Rhodes alleges his late uncle did his best "to avert" the Raid. The falsity of this defence can be demonstrated by one quotation from the Raid Committee's Report: "So far from co-operating in order to counteract the invasion of Dr. Jameson, Mr. Rhodes telegraphed messages to Miss Shaw in London on 30th December and 31st December, whilst Dr. Jameson was on the march, with the object of inducing the Secretary of the Colonies to support his action." It is my painful duty to set out the telegrams which record the steps which ended in the Raid. On 2nd November, 1895, Dr. Rutherford Harris cabled to Mr. Rhodes: "If you cannot carry out the plan of Dr. Jameson, have every reason to believe J. Chamberlain intends active policy Imperial with intention to federation and he will expect you to adopt his views." 4th Nov.: "You have not chosen the best man to arrange with J. Chamberlain. I have already sent Flora to convince J. Chamberlain support 'Times' newspaper, and if you can telegraph course you wish 'Times' to adopt now with regard to Transvaal, Flora will act." Mr. Rhodes cabled on 6th November: "As to English flag they must very much misunderstand me at home. I of course would not risk everything as I am doing except for British flag." On 26th Nov. there is this singular cable to Mr. Rhodes from Dr. Harris: "I will try make best possible terms J. Chamberlain for £200,000 which I was compelled abandon, thus could only secure English position." Miss Flora Shaw, now Lady Lugard, begins cabling on 10th December: "Can you advise when will you commence the plans, we wish to send at earliest opportunity sealed instructions representative of the London

'Times' European capitals; it is most important using their influence in your favour." 12th December: "Delay dangerous, sympathy now complete, but will depend very much upon action before European Powers given time enter a protest." December 17th: "Held an interview with Secretary Transvaal, left here on Saturday for Hague, Berlin, Paris, fear in negotiation with these parties. Chamberlain sound in case of interference European Powers, but have special reason to believe wishes you must do it immediately." Dr. Harris wired to Miss Shaw on 20th Dec.: "Thanks. Are doing our best, but these things take time. Do not alarm Pretoria from London." Rhodes wired to Miss Shaw on 30th Dec.: "Inform Chamberlain that I shall get through all right if he supports me. To-day the crux is, I will win and South Africa will belong to England." On the 31st Rhodes followed up this demand: "Unless you can make Chamberlain instruct the High Commissioner to proceed at once to Johannesburg the whole position is lost. High Commissioner would receive splendid reception and still turn position to England advantage, but must be instructed by cable immediately. The instructions must be specific as he is weak and will take no responsibility." Mr. Rhodes admitted before the Raid Committee that he had expended £61,000 upon arms for arming a body of men to move against the Republic. (Q.) "Do I understand you yourself actually paid it, or that you paid it in conjunction with one or two others?" (A.) "No; I paid it myself." (Q) "There is no idea of it being repaid in any sort of way?" (A.) "No." It would be an idle waste of time further to convict Mr. Rhodes of being a party to the Raid. Nobody would employ £61,000 in providing arms for a certain object if he was devoting himself "to avert" that object which could only be attained by the provision of such arms.

CHARGE 3.—This is, in some senses, the gravest charge, because it is necessary for me to deal with certain points which have never been analysed publicly hitherto, in the course of which I shall have to make serious reflections on some prominent Englishmen. After the Report of the Raid Committee Mr. Philip Stanhope, now Lord Weardale, moved the following resolution in the House of Commons: "That this House regrets the inconclusive action and report of the Select Committee on British South Africa, and especially the failure of the Committee to recommend specific steps with regard to Mr. Rhodes, and to immediately report to this House the refusal of Mr. Hawksley to obey the order of the Committee to produce copies of certain telegrams which he admitted were in his possession, and had already submitted to the Secretary of State for the Colonies at his request in July, 1896; that Mr. Hawksley be ordered to attend at the Bar of the House," etc. At this time Mr. Rhodes was a member of the Privy Council, and Mr. Stanhope argued that he should be removed. Mr. Hawksley, of Messrs. Hollams, Son, Coward and Hawksley, was in attendance at the House, with the mysterious letters and telegrams, under instructions to produce them if Mr. Rhodes was attacked in any way by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Hawksley advocated the defence of "Governmental knowledge," but Mr. Rhodes decided it was better, unless he was driven to the opposite course in his own defence, to keep Mr. Chamberlain's name out. The telegrams already produced had shewn the public that there was ample ground for suspecting Mr. Chamberlain of a guilty pre-knowledge of the Raid. Mr. Chamberlain spoke against Mr. Stanhope's motion. In the course of his speech he argued: "What nonsense this attempt is to persuade the public that there is some great secret in them! The majority of these telegrams have been produced. What were the telegrams which were produced? They were compromising telegrams; there is no doubt about that." Surely, the best way to persuade the public that there was no "great secret" in the telegrams was to produce them in all their virgin innocence. But Mr. Chamberlain well knew, compromising as the produced telegrams were, the suppressed telegrams were damning. Mr. Hawksley was in waiting, so Mr. Chamberlain went on: "But, as to one thing I am perfectly convinced . . . . there has been nothing proved—and in my opinion there exists nothing—which affects Mr. Rhodes' personal position as a man of honour. It is said by some members that he deceived this and that person. That is perfectly true; but that is part of the original offence. . . . Therefore, as far as I am concerned, in considering the position of Mr. Rhodes, I dismiss absolutely these charges which affect his personal honour, and I find myself face to face with a statesman who has done the greatest service to the British Empire." Yet Mr. Chamberlain had joined in a Report which contained this paragraph: "Your Committee desire to put on record an absolute and unqualified condemnation of the Raid, and of the plans which made it possible. The result caused for the time grave injury to British influence in South Africa." Such are the shifts of politicians when faced with an exposure of their misdeeds. After this handsome testimonial, the telegrams were never produced, and have not yet seen the light of day.

The relations were strained between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, since the former had called the latter "a traitor" in the presence of Lord Salisbury, owing to Rhodes having given Chamberlain away in Cape Town. However, the leaders of both parties were of opinion that the public interest would best be served by hushing up the whole of these intrigues. Everything blew over in due course.

Now comes the most scandalous part of the story, as it is the link between the Jameson Raid and the South African war. Correspondence took place between Rhodes and Chamberlain before and after the Raid with reference to the future of South Africa. Lord Rosmead, who was an honourable man, was so disgusted with the course of events that he retired from the post of High Commissioner in 1896. Sir Alfred Milner was appointed in his place.

He received two sets of instructions, only one of which had been seen by the Cabinet. The other set of instructions was settled between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain, and embodied the policy which was intended to provoke war as soon as the respective peoples at the Cape and at home could be prepared for it. Lord Salisbury and the other members of the Cabinet, excepting Mr. Chamberlain, were unaware of the existence of this second set of instructions.

In 1898 the intervention of one of the few honest men in this sordid history postponed matters a little and hampered the conspirators. That man was Sir William Butler. It is hardly known that a second Raid was engineered by Sir A. Milner, but was nipped in the bud by Sir William Butler. This is the evidence of Sir William Butler given before the War Commission:—Sir William Goldie: "You were to read a protest against the Tuli Raid?" (A.) "I thought it was to be a raid again. My position was this: 'Let my chief at the War Office tell me what I am to do and I will do it, but I cannot be dragged in by syndicates in South Africa, and I will not obey them; they are not my chiefs. They brought us into terrible trouble in 1895, and then left us in the lurch.' I refused to have anything to say or do with them, and they turned on me the Press which they commanded." The "they" referred to were Chamberlain, Rhodes, and Milner—a pretty triumvirate! Sir William Butler was holding office under the Crown, and had no means of refuting the slanderous accusations circulated against him. [See correspondence between Sir William Butler and the War Office.] "(Q.) Again you talk of a Third Party, the Third Party being persons who were Englishmen?" "(A.) The Third Party openly was Mr. Rhodes and those who acted under him." "(Q.) And your point is that they were egging on a war?" "(A.) I did my best to keep Cæsar separate from Cecil." "(Q.) Is it for that reason that when you came home you were treated with suspicion? Is that your point?" "(A.) Well, you know the suspicion with which I was treated; the papers told you that. I believe it arose because I failed to confuse Cecil with Cæsar. Had I merged Cæsar into Cecil I should have been a very different man to-day. When I came back to the War Office I was told 'You are the best abused man in London." I knew nothing about it, but I found I was. I went to Sir Alfred Milner and said: 'Have I been a hindrance to you, sir, in the prosecution of your designs or your plans?' He said frankly that I had, and he named three occasions upon which I had been a hindrance to him. One was in not taking up the proposed Tuli Raid," and so forth. Upon this Sir William Butler handed in his resignation, and the last obstacle to the fulfilment of Sir Alfred Milner's secret instructions, as arranged between Rhodes and Chamberlain, was removed, with momentous consequences to the Empire.

I have confined myself to refuting Mr. Frederick Rhodes' suggestions concerning the truth of my allegations against the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, but I must add that Mr. Frederick Rhodes' criticisms cannot have been founded upon honest mistakes of fact. However, I am glad to have had this opportunity of re-stating many of these incidents, and adding new ones, as some of the persons engaged in them have recently assumed an unctuous air of respectability which ill becomes their past conduct. Having nearly wrecked the Empire once, they are appealing to the electorate to be given a second chance, when no doubt they will complete their interrupted and self-imposed task. The electorate, I trust, has too much commonsense to hearken to their blandishments, but will retain its faith in the Government which was elected in 1906 rather than place its confidence in the rascals whose misdeeds I have had to dwell upon at such length.

C. H. NORMAN.

The Natural History of Conscience.

I HAVE written to little effect if you have not perceived already in Holbein Bagman, "commercial traveller," purveyor of artistic commonplaces and atrocities to the British multitude, a delicacy of conscience which, in spite of the baseness of his occupation, keeps him unspotted from the world. Believe me, gentle reader, I know perfectly well who I am ; I am not in the least deceived by appearances. The fashionable promenader of Westbourne Grove, meeting me upon one of my beats (I have helped to decorate with sentimentalities half the reception-rooms in adjoining aristocratic gardens) may set me down in his thoughts—if this is not saying too much for him—as an agent in that perpetual motion of industry "which has made Great Britain what she has become." But I know better. I know that in truth my occupation is no occupation at all, and I see not a straw to choose between Holbein Bagman, getting his own livelihood, and the same fashionable loiterer accepting the livelihood which others get for him. We are both of us creatures repulsive to my moral sense. When the day arrives for both of us to be done away with I shall bear perhaps my dismissal with the better grace. This is all the difference to which in honesty I can lay claim.

Now there is something in the situation of Holbein Bagman, allowed by conscience to attain to self-knowledge, yet afforded by society around him, no slenderest opportunity of amending his ways, which will remind the reader of the predicament of Socrates, in whom also conscience worked its perfect work. It was Socrates' privilege, under guidance of the oracle, to learn that he was ignorant, and so to become the wisest man in Greece. It is Holbein Bagman's privilege to learn that he is an impostor, and so to take the first step in a world of impostors towards rendering himself an honest man. Holbein Bagman is a humbug and knows it ; other men are humbugs and do not know it. The discoveries of conscience accessible to a Holbein Bagman (as formerly to a Socrates) have carried us this considerable step further (thanks to civilisation) upon the pathway to complete enlightenment.

There is this difference between Socrates and myself, however—painful as it is to me to point out any superior advantage I may possess over my great forerunner —that whereas Socrates was entirely singular in his own generation, I am by no means unique or companionless in my own. The army of the enlightened are indeed a numerous army, and every day growing more numerous ; so that the symbol of the Red Flag which we have agreed to wave together seems to promise that the heretofore inevitable divergence between enlightenment itself and the works of the enlightened one day must come to an end. When we have Socialism in the midst of us, hastening on towards Communism, it is confidently anticipated that the mournful litany of "the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do" will cease to be heard so frequently, as there is every reason for its being heard at the present day, among all classes of men.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Having borne in mind this maxim from a boyhood of extraordinary propensity for mischief into the maturity when the social promoter of mischievousness is no longer looked upon as a nuisance, I am in an excellent situation for writing a Natural History of Conscience—a treatise which for vagary and fantasy would rival many a more trivial work of fiction.

I think that I should be bound to say, somewhere about vol. ii, chap. xxi, that there is both an over-conscientiousness and an under-conscientiousness which are neither of them Conscience. For an illustration of over-conscientiousness I should refer you to my chapter upon the monk, who retired to a desert or to a cell to think over his sins and make his life a long act of penance for them. Martin Luther began as a monk, and tried by monkish practices to make his soul free from sin, but he was soon overcome by despair. For the more he looked for faults in himself the more he found, and the harder he tried to wash his hands clean, as he said, the fouler they became. Martin Luther gave up the attempt to become perfect and spotless—helped in so doing by a curious freak of theology—as an attempt foredoomed to failure. The world, too, has given up the monkish kind of conscientiousness, or at least the habit of going to live in monasteries ; but we still find the monkish mind surviving in people who are taught to encourage in themselves what is called the sense of sin. Is this the right kind of conscientiousness? I don't think so : it fastens our thoughts too much upon ourselves. Not that a right-minded man is ignorant altogether of self-shame and self-disapproval, nor that it is possible for us to live entirely without seasons of self-examination. But our sense of sin if we are to be aware of such a thing should be a real sense of sorrow for wrong-doing, and not a habit that we have cultivated.

As for under-conscientiousness, that is the condition of the mind of a man who is too little careful about his own faults and shortcomings and the pains and anxieties he may inflict upon other people. We ought certainly to feel also that much is required from us that we do not render. Every relation of life demands more and more from us as we go on living—control of temper, consideration for others, willingness, imagination, sympathy. If we have no idea that we fall short in duty, in effort, in courtesy and grace of intercourse with our fellows, our eyes have yet to be opened. But the knowledge of these things is a call upon us for amendment rather than for bewailing ourselves and bowing our heads as a bulrush.

I should have to say something also of the clashes of conscience between conscientious men, the orthodox persecuting the heretic, and the heretic denouncing the orthodox, until philosophers have begun to suppose that there is no difference between right and wrong save only in opinion. I should contend, nevertheless, for the existence of Conscience, and a triumphant argument upon this disputed point would bring my magnum opus to a conclusion. Nothing is lost to the believer in the good and right—it is thus I should begin my peroration—by the acknowledgment that there are many kinds of consciences all no doubt fallible, and yet all no doubt related to the infallible Conscience which resides within the heart and mind and will of humanity. For my own part, I believe in a will in the human race which in the long run governs the will of every individual (and in the short run, too, in many noticeable ways), and is always wisely directed. Our individual consciences, mistaken, but partially enlightened as they may be, are witnesses and reflections—imperfect reflections—of the Conscience of the race, which Conscience it is guides the turning of mankind from epoch to epoch, and shapes the course of human destiny. By exceptional men the deeper Conscience or Will or Reason which belongs to the race is more certainly felt, more intelligently apprehended, than by ordinary men, of whom, nevertheless, it has been said that wherever two or three of these are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them.

The problem for us is to know how to live near to the right kind of conscience, and we can only solve the problem by coming to think of Conscience as what it is, a social thing, rather than a private, individual possession. The man who is over-anxious for his own soul has yet much to learn of Conscience, which is no formidable phantom, no shape of terror to make cowards of us. Conscience—the Love, Will, Hope, Effort, Purpose of humanity— is no complaining, despairing, self-accusing thing. The great Conscience, to which only disinterested aims and generous affections can lead us, has its gaze fastened upon the future and not the past, takes account of the good and not the evil, and speaks of promises and not of punishments.

HOLBEIN BAGMAN.

The Yellow Press.

A COMMITTEE of the Fabian Society was deciding the future of the greater London. After the question of the day had been all but disposed of, the visitor, an American member, was called on for his opinion. He could not repress his astonishment at the cynical contempt of democracy that had underlain the discussion. He had already heard from an English member in the United States that democracy was a fallacy the Fabians had long ago exploded, but he was inclined to consider this view as the aberration of an individual. Here he heard the same supercilious opinion from the leading lights of the now famous organisation.

The American visitor did not have to wait long for the expected answer. The High Priest called out from the other end of the room: "Why; yes, we have discarded these democratic ideas; and it is just the lesson that we have learned from your country that is our strongest argument. We have learned something from the failure of democracy in the United States."

The American replied that no Socialist in America, no Radical, and even no Liberal could agree with Mr. Shaw's cynicism. We had been the first to point out our failures, but we had no more attributed them to democracy than to reading and writing, electricity or steam.

It is the reactionaries of America, Harvard and Yale professors, sanctimonious bourgeois reformers, "modern" litterateurs, and parlour Socialists that agree with Shaw. For them also "democracy is on trial." All of its expressions, whether in the Labour movement, the Socialist Party, or the popular Press, are measured from the lofty heights of this intellectual élite. But the democracy of America, like that of Russia, France, and several other countries, does not happen to consider itself on trial. On the contrary, it is trying not only the old governing class, but the old bourgeois culture, from Spencer and Comte and Hegel to Nietzsche and Wells and Shaw.

In countries like these, where the democratic has finally replaced the aristocratic habit of mind, there is growing up a Socialist revolutionary spirit; not a whining, begging Socialism like that of the Trade Unions, nor the loud barking and snarling kind like that of the German Marxists, but an aggressive and winning Socialism that bases everything on a democratic confidence in the masses of men, and aims not at a Fabian or a Prussian State, not at the soulless overman of Nietzsche, nor at the bourgeois aristocracy of Shaw, but at a political, economic, and social revolution. The best expression of this revolutionary democracy in America is in the popular or "Yellow" Press, the object of as bitter and universal hatred among our business men, Society women, and universities as the most aggressive of the Labour Unions or the Socialist Party itself. For the party is new, and, whatever may be its educational value, has a doubtful political future under our rigid two-party system, and the Labour Unionists can never hold the centre of the stage in a half agricultural country while the Yellow Press is able to influence and hold together a body of several million readers that it has successfully detached from all reverence or respect for the institutions and traditions that support the bourgeois society and bourgeois culture.

President Roosevelt, hoping to follow his favourite hero, Cromwell, and by despotic measures to save bourgeois institutions at the same time from monarchy and the levellers, from plutocracy and the "mob," finds in the Yellow Press his dearest enemy, and denounces it for corrupting and degrading the masses of the people and leading them to revolt. The Secretary of State, urged by the President, takes part in a political campaign against all the precedents of his office to accuse the cartoons of the *New York Journal* for having brought on the assassination of President McKinley. "Respectable" newspapers lead a ceaseless agitation, university professors fulminate from their chairs and sanctimonious preachers from their pulpits, and when the chief owner of yellow journals is a candidate for Mayor of New York the silk-stocking or Fabian reformers unite with the world-famed Tammany Hall against the genuine if crude democracy of the yellow journals, whose success means their common ruin. The papers are boycotted by clubs and libraries and all the cultivated and business class until their combined circulation among the people, workers, clerks, farmers, servants, and the lower professional class, runs up to several million copies a day.

What are the yellow journals? They are not ordinary newspapers, they are not political organs; they are the newly-organised culture of our modern democracy, the crude but strong and unmistakable expression of the real life of our time on the streets, in the office, shop, factory, home, and school. The principle of the yellow journal is that the average reader is, on the whole, wiser, stronger, and better than the editor, that the common man is now of age and should be given—what he wants. All elements of paternalism are lacking. By the variations in the circulation of the paper, by the hundreds of letters he receives every day, the editor knows when he is giving his readers what they want. At the same time he must lead them, he must get their attention from his rivals, and tries always to build up new ideas and new interests on the basis of their old interests and tastes.

The principle of the yellow journal is that of the highest and most inspired conception of the psychology of man—we mean that of the great educators. Pestalozzi and Herbart are one in this, that the child's character and mind must be built up on what the child needs and wants, not what we think he ought to have. We must give people, first of all, what their bodies and souls crave; with these materials alone can they build up a stronger and larger life. We must not forbid or punish or starve. It is unseemly, absurd, impossible for a popular journal either to lecture its readers from some undemocratic standpoint or itself censor the news.

The common man's journal does not spare the lives of the ruling class. It aims to bring before him not only all the preat public events of the world, but also what goes on behind the scenes. By its "shameless" personalities it succeeds more and more in making all intrigue impossible, whether it be that of William's, of Edward's, of John Burns, or of officers of Railway Unions or the Executive of the Fabian Society. It does not see the necessity of preserving privacy in the lives of public characters, because it knows that no man is able to divide life into two distinct parts and to separate his public from his private interests. It does not feel that a public man has a right to a single secret in his life. He may have his rest, his amusements, his friends, but why should he have his secrets? It is precisely by a certain mystified and distant respect for its rulers and their secrets that the British masses are kept in servility, while amiable and crafty intrigue governs the land.

The Yellow Press aims to inform its readers about everything in education, literature, science and art; but all without any mystical feeling of the sacredness of the individuals who have done these things. It is not that the handling of individuals is merely destructive. The average reader needs, demands, and obtains his heroes, new ones indeed every day, but the searchlight of modern popular journalism is deadly to the hero cult. If new idols must be put up, the old, especially the living, must be pulled down. Admiration, respect, and love are kept always living, like a sacred flame, but instead of embodying themselves in a few individuals, and so inevitably delivering the people sooner or later

into their hands, they are spread over ever-changing and ever more numerous personalities till they almost embrace the race.

The yellow journal appeals to men as they are. In bidding for the undivided attention of every numerically important type of woman or man it boldly competes even with the world-old instincts for gambling, drinking, fighting, luxury, scandal, and adventure in love. Only in proportion as it can supply an interest so strong and so varied as to be able to direct men's attention, conversation, and activities, in large part at least, to other things than these does it conquer a leading place in their lives. This place can be won only by an appeal to the deepest and strongest of all men's passions, sympathies, antipathies, and desires. The yellow journal that from any imaginary principle or prejudice leaves a single important chord of human nature untouched is doomed. To keep a man home from the temptation of drink the most stirring stories of real life are not too strong, nor headlines three inches long or the most harrowing details of human suffering and heroism too stimulating. To replace to some degree the gambling instinct nothing is more effective than the long-continued story of great trials where human lives are at stake. Nor are these accounts pernicious in themselves. To maintain the interest in these trials harrowing or scandalous details are altogether insufficient; clever and thoughtful writers must ever bring the reader's attention to new phases and to new questions connected indirectly with the case. The love of luxury can be rationalised only by showing at the same time and in detail what a reasonable competency brings and the absurdity of most of the millionaire woman's expenditure; the dramatic instinct must be fed, as it is among all classes and in all literatures, by scandal, when other equally interesting and edifying stories are not to be had; the fighting instinct can be utilised only by turning to political issues in the most lively and militant spirit, restrained only by the sportsman's honour—the love of fair play and the respect for the beaten foe.

By addressing men as they are and giving them what they want the yellow journals have become the world's first intellectual expression of democracy, the one link that binds the masses together as a single whole, and by far the greatest menace that has ever confronted the governing, propertied, and falsely cultivated class.

The yellow journals are throwing the ranks of the American plutocracy and their aid, that part of the middle-class that still hopes for unearned wealth, into terror and confusion. Recently, for instance, our most progressive and radical magazine has published a regular scientific study of the new danger that threatens civilisation and society. To this writer, a well-known Professor, the yellow journal succeeds and threatens civilisation, not because its readers are by its means becoming educated and independent of the traditions, culture, and institutions of the governing class, as we have claimed, but because we have all still in us the savage or the child. Professor Thomas, like most educated Americans, finds the yellow journal an immorality, along with "cannibalism, poisoning, and murder," a product of anti-social feeling and "the hate-instinct in man"—a noxious influence civilisation cannot afford to tolerate, since it "misrepresents truth, destroys perspective, and gives fiction under the guise of fact." The Professor has inverted the life principle of the Yellow Press. It abounds with fact in the form of fiction, it does not as a rule misrepresent the truth. The professor's dry and so-called scientific fact it doubtless sometimes perverts, but with its new and more human "perspective" it gives, better than they have ever been given before in history, other new, living, and more human truths, that are at the same time more within its own and its readers' ken, and much more likely to influence human destiny.

The Socialists who have started the yellow *Daily Socialist* in Chicago, the Labour leader who has undertaken to edit a page for workingmen readers in the *New York Journal*, and the brilliant $50,000 a year editor of that organ are one in thinking that dry and scientific truths also should, and will some day, be made human enough to reach the average reader. In the meanwhile, they look at the average reader not as a savage and a child, but as an altogether too busy and too overworked individual who is doing all that could be expected under our present industrial system, and they throw half of the blame on the crudity of that science that first makes itself absurd by studying the average citizen as a savage or a child, and then makes itself ridiculous by actually addressing him in the same vein.

For yellow journalism is indeed destroying Professor Thomas's and Mr. Shaw's civilisation, which always either looks at man as a savage or child, to be benevolently raised to civilised manhood, or else proposes to treat him still as an inferior being that will only much later become in the full sense a man. Yellow journalism is inspired, on the contrary, with the religion of democracy, the belief in the common man, the confidence that it is good for him to have what he wants, and the insistence that to give him what he wants is the sole end of society; it is also inspired by the faith of true Socialism that the vulgar many should be given the control over the superhuman few, in the certainty that, far from suppressing the personality or limiting the development of those who think they have the mission to lead, the great majority of men will insist only that the élite of the future shall prove its devotion to the common good.

The people's newspapers do not merely demand democracy or Socialism, they are already its living embodiment in the world of ideas. The human affairs daily chronicled in their pages are those that interest the many and not the few, whom the many propose to disinherit and banish from the high places; the opinions expressed are almost without exception those suited to offend rather than to please the ruling class. It is, then, little matter for wonder that the Yellow Press in America has aroused within a single decade an intensity of class-hatred against it as great as that felt by the old feudal aristocracy of Prussia for the Socialists that for more than a generation have been digging away at the foundations of their power. Compared to the American contempt for the Government, the Prussian class-feeling, nourished in large part by the military evil, is antiquated indeed. For the Prussian workingmen are afraid of the thing they hate, while the Americans—black as the storms that are visibly brewing—have been taught by a free press both to understand, to appreciate at its true value, and to despise and laugh at our governing class and the spirit in which it undertakes its doubtful Fabian reforms, its tricky conciliation of labour disputes and efforts to convince the people by oft repeated assertion that it is democracy and not capitalism that is on trial.

The American democracy, led and marshalled by the Yellow Press, laughs because, having placed the ruling classes on trial, it is confident that it is already convincing the neutral classes of the impudent falsehood of all undemocratic persons and things, and when the hour has struck that it will be able to annihilate utterly the last vestiges of a social system that has never sunk its roots very deeply in our soil.

The American democracy is jubilant also because it feels that its hopes are based not on a mere opinion but on a social faith, and that the same principle that frees us will also free our blood brothers—for we are actually related to all mankind—in every part of the world. And that principle comes to its clearest and strongest expression in the people's—the Yellow—Press.

WM. ENGLISH WALLING.

The New Philosophy.*

THIS last book of Mr. James's is in one way the most important that has yet appeared in the much-advertised English pragmatic movement; not, however, for the definite constructive philosophy it contains, but for a confession of great significance. It marks the end of a little comedy. For several years Mr. F. C. S. Schiller has implored Mr. James to write the complete metaphysic of pragmatism, "he alone could do it." Mr. James has returned the compliment. At last, however, he has discovered what some of us knew already —that the thing had already been done, and in a way which required no re-doing. He has discovered Bergson. The twenty years required for an idea to cross the Channel are fulfilled, and now we shall hear of nothing but Bergson.

In Chapter V James describes in detail the problem which he himself originated in his "Principles of Psychology"—the difficulty of explaining on an intellectualist basis the compounding of different states of consciousness. In a personal way which is very engaging, he tells how he struggled with the problem for years, covering hundreds of sheets of paper with notes, memoranda, and discussions with himself over the difficulty. "The struggle was in vain; I found myself in an impasse. I have now to confess that I should not have been emancipated, should not have thrown logic out of the deeper regions of philosophy, to take its rightful place in simple human practice, if I had not been influenced by Bergson."

He becomes almost lyrical in expressing his relief at the defeat of the old intellectualist philosophy, which only marked time, perpetually bringing the same objections and urging the same answers. "Open Bergson and new horizons loom on every page you read. It is like the breath of the morning and the song of birds. It tells of reality itself, instead of merely reiterating what dusty-minded professors have written about what previous professors have thought."

No admission could be more thorough—one half of the book is devoted to its justification—yet such is the peculiar quality of English critics that in none of the reviews I have yet read is Bergson even mentioned.

Bergson gives a complete system to justify the vague anti-intellectualist sentiment that James has always felt. Others have attacked rationalism, but his is the only radical attack, the only attack which concedes nothing; Rationalism here being taken to mean the abuse of the power of translating the flux of immediate experience into a conceptual order. The anthithesis here understood I always image roughly for myself in humble metaphors. On the one hand the complicated, intertwined, inextricable flux of reality, on the other the constructions of the logical intellect, having all the clearness and "thinness" of a geometrical diagram. To use another metaphor, on the one hand a kind of chaotic cinder heap, on the other a chess-board. In the latter, movement is from one square to another, always definite, always just so; in the other it is indefinite. The first is an analogy for the world of sensation—the many; the other for the constructs of the intellect. I always figure the main Bergsonian position in this way: conceiving the constructs of logic as geometrical wire models and the flux of reality as a turbulent river such that it is impossible with any combination of these wire models, however elaborate, to make a model of the moving stream; not emphasising here the fact of change in the stream, but the impossibility of seizing it fully in the spare framework of intellectual formula. You cannot hold water in a wire cage, however minute the mesh.

The intellectualist asserts that the apparently rough contradictory constituents of the flux are in reality of the nature of logical concepts. In Socrates and Plato this took the form of an assertion that reality consisted of essences or "ideas," which could be discovered by definition. This is the beginning of intellectualism in the vicious sense of the term. It survives at the present time in science, where the "ideas" have become relations or laws. Kant slightly curtailed its pretensions to define reality "an sich," but only partly. The first radical attack came from Nietzsche. (The metaphysical part of Nietzsche, generally neglected, is really the root of all his views.) But what he felt too deeply to express, except in a rhapsodical way, Bergson says with extraordinary clearness. There is, however, here no question of influence, I only draw a parallel. It would seem more in the Nietzschean spirit, and it happens also to be true, that the effective way of getting an insight into the obscurer part of his work is not to compare him with the philosophers who came before, like Schopenhauer, but to Bergson, who came after. (I commend this to young Italians who give dull lectures on Nietzsche, seizing all points but the essential).

To state that in Bergson we have a revival of Nominalism and a reaction against the abuse of Conceptualism is to put the matter too generally; it does not state the particular method of this reaction, in which lies his extreme originality. The antithesis between the flux of sensation and the stable order of concepts is older than Plato, but Bergson further analyses and defines each term of the antithesis until a new philosophy arises. On the other hand he gives a genetic account of the intellect, asserting that in evolution it grew up as an annex to action, destined specially to deal with matter. Hence the geometrical character of logic; our concepts are formed in the image of solids, stable things, and so are unable to deal with life. The way in which the intellect represents the flux, the "devenir," may be compared to the way in which a cinematograph represents movement. A series of static sections are taken, none of which expresses movement; as a science develops, the sections will get closer together, the imitation will be better, but it will never represent the simple motion itself. By a series of models the intellect itself endeavours to copy the intertwined, unseizable flux. But to understand the flux by concepts is to arrest its movement. There is more in movement than in the successive positions traversed. This is very near to Nietzsche's statement: "What can be conceived is necessarily a fiction." "La connaissance et le devenir s'excluent."

The exact nature of the other term of the antithesis, the flux which constitutes reality, is analysed by Bergson in an account of the nature of perception. Ordinary perception is in a great part intellectualised. We break the flux of sensible reality into "things." Here arises the difficulty any intellectualist system has in finding a unity. But there is an absolute perception, uninfluenced by the superimposed "cadres" of intellect and memory. This is the "immédiament donnée." This is the only absolute with which philosophy can legitimately deal.

Most of the antinomies of metaphysics come from the fact that we apply to the disinterested knowledge of the real the processes which we use for practical ends. Logic has use in human life, but it has not that of making us theoretically acquainted with the essential nature of reality. Reality, immediacy, exceed our logic, overflow and surround it—reality is non-rational in its constitution. Thought only deals with surfaces, it cannot imitate the "thickness" of experience. Reality has a fulness of content that no conceptual description can equal. What method, then, is philosophy to adopt? Here comes the positive constructive part of Bergson, as distinguished from the destructive criticism of intellectualism.

"Philosopher consiste á invertir le direction habituelle du travail de la pensée." Our intelligence must follow the inverse method. It can instal itself in the flux of reality by means of that intellectual sympathy that one calls intuition. One must dive back into the flux of the "immédiatement donnée" if one wishes to know reality. What exactly this means can only be seen in the working out of the method in his three books. (Perhaps the most brilliant example of its success is his restatement of the case for free-will.) It is obvious that this is the exact antithesis of the Platonic metaphysics,

* "A Pluralistic Universe." By William James.
"L'Evolution Créatrice." By Henri Bergson.

where the changing flux is dismissed as appearance and reality is found in the stable concepts of the intellect.

"Bergson and Plato are the extreme terms of a philosophic evolution, of which Kant was a transition. The stable has become appearance, mobile has become reality."

I can only state very shortly a few applications of the Bergsonian method. The first one was that of the distorting effect produced by the intellectualised idea of time as even-flowing. Zeno's Paradox is shown to be due to a confusion between conceptual and real time—"durée réel." More generally he analyses Laplace's boast, that the world could be completely stated in a series of differential equations. It is here perhaps that Bergson, in a reaction from his mathematical training, first took up his characteristic position. "When a mathematician calculates the state of a system, at the end of time *t*, nothing need prevent him from supposing that between whiles the universe vanishes—it is only the *t*th moment that counts; that which flows throughout the interval—real time—plays no part in his calculations." We get here a conception of "durée réel," which is his central discovery, round which the others are grouped. A time which exists and is not merely a fourth kind of space, a time in which there is continuous creation, in which Laplace's boast could never become true.

The dream of a "mathématique universel," a survival of Platonism, is shattered. Starting from this conception of "durée réel," he re-states the problem of determinism in a very seductive chapter, which always arouses my enthusiasm. In his last book he applies his method to biology, giving a philosophy of evolution. It is impossible to give any idea of it here, except to say that it attacks both mechanism and finalism, and substitutes as the principle of life a kind of "élan vital."

T. E. HULME.

The Fingerpost.

WANDERING once in a desert, I came upon a signpost. There was no track in the sand in which it stood, there was no footprint near it but my own. There was no word of the inscriptions left upon its two long black arms with their pointing forefingers; the wind and the sand had rubbed them clean away.

If there ever had been inscriptions!

If, indeed! For did not one know that the desert stretched away unbroken to the very edge of the world? Throw your eyes ahead over the sand—there was no end to it, sand, sand, sand went on for ever.

I had lost myself utterly—for hours I had wandered blindly. I was choked (eyes, ears, and throat) with the sand. I was beaten and broken. I could hardly keep upright. Something that was not I held me struggling, though the body cried out to have done with it and rest.

Then I saw that tiny thin thing on the horizon. God knows how I stumbled and ran for it.

. . . . . .

Was it set there by some devil in grim sport to mock at us poor wanderers with its foolish arms?

. . . . . .

The wood was black, worm-eaten, and covered with scabs. The hands of the arms were battered and broken, and only stumps of the pointing forefingers remained. On one of the arms I thought I could trace part of a letter. . . . Here at some time terribly remote ways had met in the desert. . . . I thought I could see the socket where a third arm had been. . . . The remoteness of it terrified me, the inhumanity of this skeleton that had once been of man disgusted me. I turned away to face the desert rather than this death.

. . . . . .

Since then I have often seen the finger-post in my dreams. Sometimes it is morning, and standing on the rim of things it looks like a great black bird with wings outspread.

Sometimes it looks like a gallows.

Sometimes it is night, and then it is terrible. It towers high above me, and seems as if it were just going to bend down and take me in its arms. There would be no mercy in those long black arms.

More often—and this is the worst of all—it is only a dead finger-post, with its blank boards pointing blindly towards nothing.

. . . . . .

In the middle of the waste, where no paths go, stands this useless thing.

It offends my soul that it should stay there so long after it has outlived its meaning.

It is a mockery of the desert. Here stretches immensity, terrible as death, and, in the midst, this clown of a corpse points into the void with its foolish arms.

I am oppressed by the foolishness of it. Night and day now, wherever I go, there come moments when things round me are blotted out, and I see only this stupid blind finger-post stuck in the curve of the infinite. . . .

I wish that I had the courage to go back into the desert with an axe and hew the thing down and break it to pieces and burn it to ashes and cast the ashes to the winds.

W. R. TITTERTON.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I WAS discussing last week the insufficiency of the supply of intelligent playwrights to the presumable demand of the two new repertory theatres; and, almost as I wrote the words, St. John Hankin drowned himself. The loss is sensible. I do not consider St. John Hankin to have been a great dramatist; I should scarcely care to say that he was a distinguished dramatist, though, of course, the least of his works is infinitely more important in the development of the English theatre than the biggest of the creaking contrivances for which Arthur Wing Pinero has recently received the honour of knighthood from a grateful and cultured Government. But he was a curious, honest, and original dramatist, with a considerable equipment of wit and of skill. The unconsciously grotesque condescension which he received in the criticisms of Mr. William Archer, and the mere insolence which he had to tolerate in the criticisms of Mr. A. B. Walkley, were demonstrations of the fact that he was a genuine force. What he lacked was creative energy. He could interest but he could not powerfully grip you. His most precious quality—particularly precious in England—was his calm intellectual curiosity, his perfect absence of fear at the logical consequences of an argument. He would follow an argument anywhere. He was not one of those wretched poltroons who say: "But if I admit *x* to be true, I am doing away with the incentive to righteousness. *Therefore* I shall not admit *x* to be true." There are thousands of these highly educated poltroons between St. Stephen's Westminster and Aberystwith University, and St. John Hankin was their foe.

* * *

The last time I conversed with him was at the dress rehearsal of a comedy. Between the sloppy sounds of charwomen washing the floor of the pit and the feverish cries of photographers taking photographs on the stage, we discussed the plays of Tchekhoff and other things. He was one of the few men in England who had ever heard of Tchekhoff's plays. When I asked him in what edition he had obtained them, he replied that he had read them in manuscript. I have little doubt that one day these plays will be performed in England. St. John Hankin was an exceedingly good talker, rather elaborate in the construction of his phrases, and occasionally dandiacal in his choice of words. One does not arrive at his skill in conversation without taking thought, and he must have devoted a lot of thought to the art of talking. Hence he talked

self-consciously, fully aware all the time that talking was an art and himself an artist. Beneath the somewhat finicking manner there was visible the intelligence that cared neither for conventions nor traditions, nor possible inconvenient results, but solely for intellectual honesty amid conditions of intellectual freedom.

* * *

There are at the moment so many bookish phenomena demanding comment that I am at a loss to choose between them. The publishers have been meeting again, and again deciding that books are too cheap, and that in their own interests the firms engaged in producing these too cheap books ought to be prevented from so doing. Only one individual can positively prove the publishers to be right; namely, the Registrar in Bankruptcy. And there is only one course for the publishers to pursue; namely, to wait and see. Then the annual dinner of the Associated Booksellers has occurred; a festivity graced by authors, publishers. politicians, publishers, judges, publishers, journalists, and—I believe—a few booksellers. Mr. Justice Darling made an after-dinner joke, and Mr. John Murray made another (but this was before Mr. Murray had heard that Mr. Longman was to receive a baronetcy). To decide which was the more exquisitely feeble would be difficult. Probably Mr. Murray's. I may confess, however, that ever since the historic day on which Mr. Justice Darling used the title of a work of mine as a foundation for one of his witticisms, I have had a strong prejudice in his favour. When I emit a work I usually get about fifty references to it in the Press. That witticism was reported in sixty-two organs of public opinion. Which shows how powerful justice still is in England, and what may be its influence for good when the ornaments of the bench are true scholars with a poetical bent. If I have not reviewed Mr. Justice Darling's recent volume of verse in this column, the omission must be set down to my delicate sense of honour.

* * *

But of course the phenomenon of phenomena is the list of birthday honours, and the astonishing prominence of literature therein. Mr. Longman a baronet! (Let us hope that next year Mr. John Long will be made a viscount.) Mr. H. W. Lucy a knight! Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero eke a knight! These elevations, taken in connection with that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, are surely sufficient proof that in literature, at any rate, the old country is waking up. What would English literature have been without the house of Longman? Is it not notorious that the houses of Longman, Murray, and Macmillan practically *are* English literature? It is true that Mr. Lucy's chief title to fame is that he was for many years Sir Francis Burnand's dog Toby. But only those behind the scenes are aware of his services to the cause of good feeling in letters and can truly appreciate his lifelong warfare against the envy, the malice, and the backbiting to which authors are notoriously so prone. He has never written a novel, but he has written his autobiography. And Mr. Pinero! Mr. Pinero has rendered himself immortal by two acts. He forced Mrs. Ebbsmith to pull the Bible out of the fire into which she had plunged it; and he provided an incomparable libretto to the music of Mr. George Alexander's dress-suit. He will go down to posterity as the saviour of religion and as the humble instrument of the sublimity of Mr. George Alexander. He well deserved a title. (Mr. George Alexander of course is above titles, like Gladstone.) The Government might have knighted Mark Rutherford, Joseph Conrad, and Robert Bridges. But then every reader of the *Daily Mail* would have exclaimed last Friday morning: "Who the devil are Mark Rutherford, Joseph Conrad, and Robert Bridges?" Which would have been bad for the Government, and hence for the true welfare of letters. The more I reflect upon the Government's literary roll of honour this year, the more I admire it. Yet I regret, I frankly regret, the Government's carelessness in omitting to make a baronet of Mr. Humphry Ward, whose modest but untiring services to English literature have been too long ignored.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Hardie on India.*

I HAD heard so much of Mr. Keir Hardie's visit to India, so many of my bourgeois friends have dubbed him a traitor, that, before opening the book, I felt it was likely to be a good one, for Mr. Keir Hardie is one of those men whose value is measured by the character of his opponents.

"India," in spite of its all-embracing title, is not a large book, but it contains a mint of information, which is good, set out in simple English, which is better. Mr. Keir Hardie is no stylist, but he feels, and a pleasant vein of Keltic sympathy runs through his work. Thus we are able to read him, and that is perhaps why his book is important. He cannot, being merely a globe-trotter, aspire to give us as much information as Mr. J. D. Rees, but we can read him without skipping. Neither Mr. J. D. Rees nor Mr. C. J. O'Donnell (let alone Sir Henry Craik, who is a globe-trotter, too) finds it possible to repress a passion for figures; they overwhelm us with details, so much so that we are discouraged at the outset. I can pay Mr. Keir Hardie no higher compliment than to place his work immediately after Sir Henry Cotton's "New India."

It is difficult to quote from Mr. Keir Hardie's book: its scope is too large. Indeed I cannot help thinking that he would do well to amplify it considerably, should he have time to re-write it. Within these 126 pages he tells us practically what every man should know of the government of India, of the system of taxation, of the Swadeshi and seditionist movements, of poverty, plague, and official persecution. Whatever he touches he deals with lightly and lucidly. His chapter on the boycott of English goods is excellent, and abounds in remarkable revelations such as this:

> The case above referred to of a village where policemen had been set up as shopkeepers for the sale of foreign goods is one of these. The Barisal magistrate denied all knowledge of the police being employed as shopkeepers. But on my way down the river, after leaving Barisal, the steamer stopped at the village in the early morning. I went ashore . . . . and found the facts to be substantially as set out above. The land on which the shop stands is public land, and the lease is held by two local constables, who are still on duty. The shop, however, is nominally kept by the uncle-at-law of one of the two.

It is quite clear from this that the methods of the Indian Government are, to say the least of it, ingenious.

Mr. Keir Hardie is particularly eloquent when dealing with the suppression of "seditious" meetings connected with Swadeshi. He quotes case after case of deportation, fining, and imprisonment; he shows us everywhere miscarriage of justice, favouritism, and brutality. When he refers to the "colour line," which we in England hardly understand, Mr. Hardie moves us with personal experiences such as this:

> When I entered the train at Madras there were two Indian gentlemen in the compartment. One of them rose as I entered, and said, "Shall we move to another compartment, sir?" I stared at the man, and asked whether he had paid his fare. "Oh, yes," he replied, "but English gentlemen don't, as a rule, like to travel with natives."

I remember (in "New India," I believe) reading of a case where two British officers compelled an educated Hindoo, who had entered their compartment, to take off their boots and shampoo their legs, as they had just come to the end of a long ride. This would be funny if it did not reveal the amazing mentality of those who hold this jewel of the British Crown.

Mr. Keir Hardie has given some considerable space to Hindoo grievances, and has elicited some new facts. As regards administrative posts, for instance, he has a significant table which shows that highly paid posts are the white man's monopoly. In one branch alone, out of 5,080 posts worth between 75 and 200 rupees a month, 4,699 went to Hindoos and 381 to Europeans; on the other hand, out of 707 posts worth over 1,000 rupees a month, the Hindoos obtained 16 and the Euro-

* "India." By J. Keir Hardie, M.P. (Independent Labour Party, 23, Bride Lane, E.C. 1s. net.)

peans 691. This is an intolerable state of things: India is ruled by aliens, and in such a manner as aliens rule. Mr. Keir Hardie puts forward a plea for Indian Civil Service examinations *in India*, to be held simultaneously with London examinations; he also asks for promotion for Hindoos from the provincial to the Imperial services. This is common justice, and that is, no doubt, why it cannot be obtained from the heirs of John Company. Over fifty years ago Queen Victoria's manifesto promised racial equality: yet we still find that a Hindoo who wishes to enter the Imperial Civil Service must incur the heavy expense of coming to London on the chance of succeeding at the examination.

Of education we need say nothing; we know too well the incredible illiteracy which prevails in India, where some 95 per cent. of the people have not received even elementary teaching, where 300 millions of men and women only yield five millions of schoolchildren. "After bread," said Danton, "education is the primary need of the people." True, but education breeds discontent; hence it is not in favour. It is true also that the ryot lacks not only education but bread. Mr. Keir Hardie paints a terrible picture of Indian famine. He also shows relentlessly how famine is brought about by official exaction in the face of failing crops. Whether we have to deal with zemindari (landlord) estates or with Government lands, the story is the same: an income tax of 55 to 75 per cent. Need I add another word?

Thus Mr. Keir Hardie leads us by the hand through the desolate land that once was fabulous Ind. He justifies himself, if he need justification, when dealing with his own speeches, every word of which will be endorsed by those who have hearts to feel. There have been in India "Armenian" atrocities, and our methods of government do recall these "Russian" systems at which we rail every day.

I find no fault in Mr. Keir Hardie's book, except perhaps in so far as he does not give sufficient details when relating specific cases of oppression; his proposals for reform, too, are cast in the moderate mould. No doubt, if he is planning a larger work, he will adjust this. Meanwhile, this small book should be in the hands of every honest Imperialist.

W. L. GEORGE.

REVIEWS.

The Pools of Silence. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin. 6s.)

We read Mr. Stacpoole's "Blue Lagoon" many weeks after everyone else, and too late to make a criticism of any moment. The reading left us with the hygienic problem of this author's literary abolition. He has, happily, solved the problem by committing suicide in his "Pools of Silence." There is nothing here to attract his former public. The genus of reader who, having forgotten or never known R. L. Stevenson's majestic Pacific, unwittingly followed the Lagoon tourist's descriptions; who, unable to detect the cheap dramatic devices, skipped along to the sexual business in that very blue lagoon story, will find no such compensation in the Congo book. It is merely one long revel in bloodshedding so badly dramatised as soon to arouse unbelief, and finally to leave a feeling of dull indifference—a deplorable effect considering the theme. We did not expect much in the way of psychology from Mr. Stacpoole. His incapacity to show us the development of the little Lagoon castaways during the most delicate years of adolescence—twelve to sixteen—forced him to skip those years entirely and hurry on to what young ladies sometimes style the Great Awakening! What we did expect from the decadence exhibited in the nuptial scenes of the "Blue Lagoon," where the male is aroused by a hit in the face and the female by a smack on the back, was more decadence. We have it. The "Pools of Silence" is devoted to the cruelty lust—so far as the author can imagine it. Berselius, that monster of ferocity, selects a human victim for beating to death. Is this victim a powerful chief, a beautiful maiden, a stalwart youth, whose agony conceivably

might satisfy even a Nero? Mr. Stacpoole would have us believe Berselius was content with a decrepit old grandmother. It simply reads untrue. Mr. Stacpoole writes sapiently on page 248: "It is strange enough to look upon the body of a man you have killed." He knows as correctly perhaps about this feeling as about any other. It is on a par with his effete Hero's other pusillanimities that the monster's brain is accidentally hurt, whereafter he turns into the gentlest man ever born—and dies. The piffling love story which introduces Berselius' superlative daughter hints at a luxurious tendency already displayed in the "Blue Lagoon" to associate pink with stink.

The really serious crime in the production of this book is the recital of the solemn woes of the Congo natives in a manner which is open to ridicule. Suffering has sometimes been made irremediable by quack treatment. Mr. Stacpoole's little trip to the Congo should not have been recorded in novel form.

The Pyrenees. By H. Belloc. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

You will not expect an ordinary guide book from Mr. Belloc, nor do you get it; but he provides an extraordinary guide. He tells the traveller exactly those things which everyone would like to know when traversing a new country, and which no book ever mentions. Mr. Belloc describes quite minutely the Road system of the Pyrenees, tells you the maps to get and where to buy them, informs you as to the kind of clothing and apparatus you will require, and the provisions that may be regarded as essential. To drink wine out of a goat skin's gourd is to make a muck of yourself to God and man, but you will come nearest to success by following the careful injunctions of the author. He thus explains the subtle advantages of this wine carrier (on our last travels it was water-filled, but that was in no Christian land): "It is designed by Heaven to prevent any man abusing God's great gift of wine; for the goat's hair inside gives to wine so appalling a taste that a man will only take of it exactly what is necessary for his needs. This defect or virtue cannot be wholly avoided, but there is a trick for making it less violent." Learn from Mr. Belloc what that trick may be. You will resort to that wine more often than God has intended if you follow Mr. Belloc in the matter of provision. "Bread and saucisson (Spanish salpichon) are the essentials of provision, but one other provision hardly less essential should be added to them, and the first of these is 'Maggi.'"

On the faith of an old campaigner we implore all would-be Pyreneeists not to put their faith in Mr. Belloc herein. Maggi is a kind of soup sold in gelatine capsules; do you wish for a raging, tearing thirst take this Maggi soup, and follow it up by sausage. In defence of Mr. Belloc we have only this to say, that no one will eat sausage three days running, and so your meals will be soup and Maggi. Mr. Belloc's combination reminds us of an inland voyage of several days, when our food consisted wholly of sardines and ice, with a few biscuits. What should you take instead of Maggi? It is not our part to sell this advice, but there are good English soups. And we further recommend, not as a substitute but as an extra, Tea—the best stimulant known to our time and race. If you are not bound for the Pyrenees these matters will not touch you, but dead or living, drunk or dry, you must read Mr. Belloc's chapters on the political characters of the Pyrenees and on its inns. If you are bound to loiter at Bagneres-de-Bigorre, "The Hotel de Paris is the best, but it is very expensive. . . . The rule holds here as elsewhere, that where rich people, especially cosmopolitans, colonials, nomads, and the rest, come into a little place they destroy most things except the things that they themselves desire. And the things that they themselves desire are execrable to the rest of mankind." By great good luck the rich have not yet come into all the little places, and with Mr. Belloc's aid you may find them. At Tardets there "is one of the most delightful inns in all the mountains, remarkable among other things for having various names, like a Greek goddess. There you may dine in a sort of glass room or terrace overlooking the terrace, and

everyone will treat you well." At Elizondo you are recommended to the new hotel. "This new hotel is kept by one Jaregui, and in the chief feature of all good hotels (I mean the courtesy and zeal of the management) it is far the best, not only in Elizondo, but in the whole valley." As to wines, always ask for the best, "for even their best is but sixpence a bottle, and their worst is not so good." In some stray bits of philosophy that Mr. Belloc lets fall by the way we could find much matter for debate and argument; we opine that many of these reflections came after a swill at the gourd, but in the matter of pathways and inns we shall follow Mr. Belloc with open eyes.

A Key to Life's Mystery. By W. B. Morris. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is the revised and enlarged edition of a book praiseworthy both for its matter and form. It interprets Destiny in the modern sense. Man, it would seem to say, is at the mercy of a law that operates according to his selfish or unselfish acts. His destiny is in his own hands according to his consciousness of this law. The author has adopted the best method of securing a favourable verdict for his theory. He delivers judgment and produces a big jury of the highest experts in support of it. He would do well, however, to revise some of his chapter headings. For instance, "Shows the impossibility of either proving or disproving Religion" should include, "other than to one's self." Also, to quote Bishop Butler in connection with the chapter on Good and Evil; Paley and Descartes in connection with that on design; Burton in connection with that on melancholy.

The Veil. By E. S. Stephens. (Mills and Boon. 6s. net.)

In this notable novel we follow with interest the erratic careers of a revolutionary marabout, and a sketchy Frenchified woman. The latter starts out by killing, robbing, and spitting on one man, and ends by keeping another alive after prevailing upon him to betray his own principles. The story is concerned incidentally with the recent Tunisian revolution; it forecasts the coming of the New East, and begs tolerance for the Oriental view of existence and woman as one of those things deserving to be understood before it is condemned. The book, aided by capital coloured illustrations, lifts the veil on the mystery, imagination, and emotion of Arab institutions and ways of life. It is well worth reading.

Which Is? Or the Unknown God. By an Unknown Man. (Simpkin. 5s. net.)

In the present volume we have Newton's discredited generalisation exalted as the key to the mystery of mysteries. Linked with religion it reappears as "gravitational Christology," a term which, reduced to possible language, implies that we all gravitate towards a spiritual principle, whether we want to or not. On the whole, the chapters are full of bold and arresting matter, if we except that on the "Higher Socialism," wherein the author falls to hero-worshipping General Booth and displays a knowledge of Socialism which would disgrace even a Tory politician.

Club Bridge. By Archibald Dunn. (Mills and Boon. 5s. net.)

Mr. Dunn's book—which no Bridge player should be without—is one of the best of its kind. It is rather for the expert than the beginner, yet it is written so simply and with such a complete knowledge of its subject that it may be placed in the hands of either. We find that two points in particular are given unusual prominence, that pitfall, Declaration (with its adjuncts of the Double and the Re-Double), and the drawing of Inference.

Life of Mother Ste. Marie. Translated from the French by W. A. Phillipson. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)

The spiritual aristocracy which Mother Ste. Marie represents no doubt carries on a tradition of high ideals, but after all the requirements of a modern society demand a social service which does not necessitate the practice of retiring from the world. To-day the aristocracy of the Church tends towards a democratic basis, and to unite, not sever, the spiritual from the temporal. Still, this book has many good things to say of the life of a noble woman. All who wish to know how such a life is expressed in the founding of a French religious society and its Orphanage at Norwood should read it.

The Town Councillor's Handbook. By Sydney Jones. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

Every man in the army has a book of instructions, and every Councillor should have one also. We are

quite sure that the majority of Town Councils are composed of worthy gentlemen whose skill and organising power are quite remarkable—outside the Council, but the reverse within it—and this doubtless because they are unacquainted with the rules of the game. Therefore they are quite unable to apply them. To remedy this defect Mr. Jones has written this handy manual wherein the Councillor may seek and find every detail of constitution and procedure.

The Fantasy of Peer Gynt. Interpreted by I. M. Pagan. (Theosophical Publishing Company.)

If Peer Gynt can possibly receive an adequate stage representation we should say the acting version before us would best enable it to be done. But we do not hold the opinion that this spiritual drama was written for the theatre any more than the plays of Shakespeare were. That is, it was not conditioned by the theatre, but by the strength of the author's brain, and the quality of his imagination, and written in the full flow of his inspiration. It is the creation of a spiritual mood, and every word in it belongs to that mood. Therefore, to cut "one whole act (IV) and several scenes" is to rob it of much of that mystic, aspiring element of which it is the expression, and which the translator desires to preserve. Those who understand Ibsen will continue to read him in the study, while those who do not—well, not even the delightful music of Grieg will appeal to them.

Studies in Wives. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

We are quite unable to "enthuse" over this book of six analytical studies. Its author has a fair faculty of literary expression, but an uncertain insight into character and no science. So when, in "According to Meredith," she attempts to apply Meredith's silly season thesis of a ten years' marriage contract, we gain but little real knowledge of how such a contract would work out. All we see is a monomaniac being set free by his partner at the end of the term shooting the man who is to replace him, and cutting his own throat. We refuse to accept such a situation as real. We can only murmur with Brack in Ibsen's play, "Heaven help us—people don't *do* such things.

The Splendour of God. Wisdom of the East Series. (Murray. 2s. net.)

One day, a few years ago, a saintly youth presented himself to the Persians. "I am the Bab," he said. "Behold I bring you the newest yet the oldest of religions—the religion of toleration and spiritual unity." His mission was misunderstood. He was cursed as an infidel, spat upon, stabbed to death. A second Bab arose; a third. From the latter has proceeded the most wonderful religious philosophy the East has ever known. Its name is Bahaism. "The Splendour of God" tells the story of the rise of Bahaism, and sets forth its principles in language full of the real lyric feeling of the East.

Our Coming Kings. By Vox. (Francis Griffiths. 2s. 6d. net.)

Though "Vox's" conviction that there is something outrageously rotten in the state of St. Stephen's may be accepted, his policy of reconstruction is open to serious criticism. He starts off by reasonably assuming that man has natural rights, and needs a will to assert them. He follows this by wanting the will applied to the service of, among other things, "enterprising patriotic capital." This is demanding a universal conversion to the ideal of Christianity—the Communistic principle of pooling all money for the common good. To ask this much of humanity is, frankly, to ask for the moon. While there's capital there's little hope of true Christianity, or of arriving at that true human equation upon which to found a lasting regenerated State. If the author does not want a regenerated State then he may deify capital; if he does want a regenerated State then he must either adopt Solon's plan of making money too cumbersome to accumulate, or do away with money altogether.

Peggy Gainsborough. By Emily Baker. (Francis Griffiths. 5s.)

Gainsborough's faithful portraits of his unmarried daughter neither reveal the "stuff" of which great biographies are made, nor promise even interesting material. The features are those of a fool whose surroundings, but for the accident of birth, would be intolerable. We did not, therefore, anticipate much joy from this book, and we find we are not disappointed. The "portrait," despite its false air of romance, is thin, the chief incident, the pursuit, capture, and loss of Peggy by His Grace of Waterbridge, is thin, the dialogue is thin and unnecessarily antiquated. But the excellent Gainsborough and Cruickshank illustrations please us mightily.

No English Need Apply. By Basil Stewart. (Routledge. 1s.)

This sweeping indictment of our immigration system throws a curious light on the evils of indiscriminate immigration, as well as on the dealings of the Dominion of Canada with British immigrants. But the author fails to point out that in one particular Canada is more sinned against than sinning. Its Government has insufficient capital to develop its vast territories, and is therefore unable to make the country an El Dorado for white settlers. There is a great deal in the book that is of use to speakers.

The Golden Town. By L. D. Barnett. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Golden Town," one of the excellent "Romance of the East" series, introduces us to the India of Soma-deva—the India of romance and imagination, of colour and song. The extracts from the great poem, "Katha-Sarit-Sagara," are well chosen, full of the play of fancy, always graceful, sometimes recondite. The book is a choice blossom from the exquisite tree of Eastern prose-poetry.

120 Years of Life. By Charles Reinhardt. (The London Publicity Co. 1s.)

Dr. Reinhardt is a strong believer in the virtue of sour milk as a means of prolonging life. We are not sure that he is wise to generalise from the hardy Bulgarian to the enervated Britisher. We remember with apprehension that science has an unhappy knack of discrediting its own generalisations. Thus it once advised the removal of the unoffending appendix, and advises its retention now that we most of us have not one to retain. However, Dr. Reinhardt writes sanely from Metchnikoff's point on the use of Lactic Ferments, and for this reason we unhesitatingly commend his little treatise alike to layman, practitioner, and old-age pensioner.

DRAMA.

L'Assommoir (Adelphi Theatre).

IT seems extraordinary that anyone should wish to see Zola's works dramatised—the long, wandering plots and roving psychology immediately make a play incoherent. MM. Busnach and Gastineau tried to maintain the leisurely method of development, and allowed suggestions and side issues to appear and relapse, having achieved no proper resolutions. That is not play-writing. A drama that is put on the stage, if it has a plot, must be perfectly clear-cut. Each new thread of thought or action which is woven into its pattern must be followed up and satisfactorily accounted for. Otherwise the attention of the audience will wander, and the dissipated energy of their minds will easily degrade itself to an eager clutch of the senses at emotional debauchery such as the scene of delirium tremens in "L'Assommoir."

Guitry is entrancing in his vigour. Until the very last scene he fulfilled the part with titanic ease and grace. The rough sympathy and humour of the beginning, which might have been intensely wearisome, were so simple and direct in his hands that his audience reluctantly shook itself out of the lugubrious attitude adopted for the lugubrious play. His paternal graciousness in dealing with his recalcitrant infant of five, "Mademoiselle qui ne veut pas manger sa soupe," warmed our spirits. His fight against the eau de vie temptation in the last act was magnificent, seeming to shake the floor and strike echoes from the bare ceiling and walls of the miserable garret.

In the final storm of his wretched drink-sodden body and brain—the delirium scene—however, Guitry failed. One side, the soul's desperate groping through the thick fog of spirit-fumes and disease, he gave us perfectly; but for the rest, it missed. There should have been the scent of obscenity about it, not only the brutal tragedy. Even though Coupeau had originally a clean mind, his poisoned condition would twist it. If he was capable of conceiving in his own brain the vision of rats biting his wife's hair, his horror would stink in one's nostrils, not merely move one to pity.

Mlle. Dux as Gervaise was very wonderful. She gave the impression of a rather flat, put-upon woman without becoming tedious—a difficult accomplishment except as comedy.

Mlle. Laparcerie solved the difficulty of a convincing presentment of Virginie's crude personality by a crude execution—an unsatisfactory method. The stage composition and management of the crowds were a very interesting study.

Macbeth (Fulham Theatre).

One must confess to the expectation of rather a dull pantomime, and yet it proved to be quite a funny one. The witches were positively glorious. They wore dear little scarlet cloaks and the high Welsh hats preciously associated with fairy tale witches.

A strange medley—Mr. Hubert Carter's clearly defined penny plain and twopence coloured method, Miss Lillah McCarthy's modern treatment, admirably assimilated at the Court Theatre, our fairy witches, the classic scenery, the woman pages in tights—and Shakespeare. All these elements seethed in their admired disorder before the reverent eyes of half a dozen girls' schools and the rest of us.

When the lack of metre and rhythm did not harass, Miss McCarthy's performance was extremely telling. She gave the lines simply and straightforwardly with charitable restraint from gesture, and so the beauties were not hidden, even if not produced with very accomplished art. Her sleep-walking scene came as irresistibly natural, but not to Lady Macbeth—the turned stomach of a born intriguer and traitress would be a less nice affair than this pathetic shrinking.

The other actors and actresses were all rather amazing, but they were received very encouragingly—one gathered the impression that the audience would have good-naturedly liked to join in and play too.

Yvette Guilbert (Bechstein Hall).

On Friday afternoon we had the delightful chance of hearing Madame Yvette Guilbert at a special recital. Unfortunately the matter of the programme, with one or two exceptions, was rather poor, and there was a tedious plan of having the "spirit of the songs" explained in English beforehand. But it would take a great deal to mar the pleasure of watching and listening to this genius. "Jean Penaud" was given with an inimitable breadth and force of expression; she put a rarity of atmosphere into "Notres petites compagnes," a poem of Laforgue's on the Eternal Woman.

At this recital the artist manifested a new side of genius, a glorious gift for teaching. Her pupil, Mona Gondré, a small person with plastic face and moveable limbs, has been turned into a fascinating little singer and raconteuse. It is all a very wonderful imitation of the teacher, and yet the child has been left unfettered,

and her imagination, stimulated rather than clipped, added many naive touches for our delight.

There is to be another recital, this time of English and French ballads, on Friday, July 2nd. Madame impresses one as an entirely capricious enchantress. There is a feeling that at any moment she might glide away, disdaining to bestow more treasures. Let the responsive public make hay while the sun shines.

N. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

ENGLAND, AMERICA, AND MR. JEREMIAH GRIERSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Grierson has succeeded in doing something which I am sure he did not set out to do. He has rewritten the Book of Lamentations in modern terms.

His articles are brilliant struggles for mastery between Fatalism, Mysticism, and hard-headed politics. He wrote them in a Chinese opium den seated on an Austrian bent-wood chair at an American roll-top desk, with a crystal globe in his left hand. Hence such sentences as: "Things are moving in a dream," and "if you sit perfectly still in a room in some isolated palace, you feel the present gradually fade into oblivion, and out of the strange silence visions of coming events will mingle in a sort of whispering gallery of portents and impressions, until it seems possible to sense the destiny of Empires." Read also the crystal-gazing account of England under a German blockade, and his experiences on the Honolulu-bound steamer.

Visions of international politics are at a discount. Indeed, Mr. Grierson discounts them himself. If there is no hope for England, what is the use of seeking an alliance with America? Why try to save ourselves at all if we are bound to go? It is a sort of anti-climax to recommend an alliance with America as a remedy for our decadence.

Another curious point is that Mr. Grierson seems to think that if a nation's mind is sufficiently set on a certain purpose or object, it necessarily follows that the object will be attained. His crystal again leads him astray; fortunately he refutes the idea on the same page (137) in his record of the Russian Prime Minister's remark on Nicholas I: "He set his mind on Constantinople." There is also the Franco-German war: the French army was in Berlin for some weeks before war broke out—in theory. All their terrible determination and talk and singing landed them into Sedan.

With regard to Germany and Austria holding Constantinople: an alliance between these bundles of nations would partake of the nature of an alliance between a boa-constrictor and a rabbit. Mr. Grierson has overlooked the probable effect of the death of Francis Joseph, which cannot long be delayed. He has also calmly obliterated the Turk, which I think is a big mistake. The only tie between the Turk and the Orient soon will be the fact that the Turk sits cross-legged on the floor; and as he seems to be a fine soldier, it would be better to count him in the game.

May I, by way of apology for venturing a very inadequate criticism of Mr. Francis Grierson, plead that my interest in international affairs led me to discuss in THE NEW AGE, long before they happened, the victory of Japan in the Russo-Japan war, and the grabbing by the U.S. Government of the Panama

J. CHAPPELL.

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SCHWEINHARDSTEIN ON COMPROMISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

(In the "Christian Commonwealth" of June 23, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., well-known as a member of the I.L.P., expounds and defends the duty of compromise, in business and elsewhere. Sir Sigismund Schweinhardstein, of Park Land and Johannesburg, Tariff Reformer and British Patriot, is overcome with admiration, as the following letter shows.)

My dear Mr. Gemble,—

You vill bardon a sdrancher addressing dese remarks to you, bot vhen I read your sermon on de Etiquette—vot you call de Ethics—of Gombromise, I feels dot I most exbress my gratitude for your so überaus encouraging bronouncement. If dis is Christianity, den I says, "Oalmost bersuadest dou me to pe a Christian." Dis is vot I galls a relitchon; it is de Gospel op-to-date, mit modern imbroofments; inshted of oal de onpractigal idealism vhich mate dot yong garbender so chustly onbopular mit his gifted race, it faces de facts and utters de great gommand: "Do, lest you pe done." Dot is gommonzense; dot is vot I haf bractised inshtinctifly; dese are de high-doned maxims vhich haf mate me vot I am.

How great is de need of dis nation to pe delifered from vot mein frent Rhodes galled its unctuous rectitude! Often haf I viped mein eye vhen I tink of de vant of enderbrise in our kondry, de ridiculous scroobles, de bernicious influence of de pulpit in imbosing its shtupit resdraints upon push und hustle; I haf sighed for a profit to arise, and pehold, de Profit has arisen, and it is you! I dakes off my hat to you; I go furder, and say, you are my natural affinity—ve vere mate for one anoder. I gan onderstand now vhy you sed de oder day dot you could see no obsheckshon to a Christian lady pegoming a Chewess. Obsheckshon, inteet: vhy, you are dere mit bote feet!

You say, "You buy as cheaply as you can, and sell at trade prices, or as much under as you can afford, in order to keep a customer or build up a business." I tinks at first you vas going to plame de poor feller for dese sensible methods, but nod you; nod YOU! You chust dell him dot he must—he gan't help himself if he vants to make a living und get on. You say, "You are all the time waging a sort of merciless warfare against each other, and you know that there can be no cessation, for the moment you slacken your predatory efforts, away goes trade, and with it your children's bread." (Dot vos a goot idea to pring in de shildren's bread—like de delegram apout de vomen and shildren in de gold-reef city!) Do you rebroof dose "bredatory efforts"? Nod you; I rebead, nod YOU! You say it is your duty; you haf no choice; you chust haf to. Mien Gott, vot a chenius you are; as von of your own boets has said, "A Daniel gom to chudgment."

But vhen I read dose noble vorts, "Your duty to your own home and to those dependent upon you, compels you. You cannot afford to be too sensitive about the remuneration of those who make your wares, or the margin of profit you disburse to those who help to sell them for you"—mein heart giffs ein great shump; I feels de millennium is at hand, and you are its Messiah. Vhy, you hit der nail on der hett firsd dime, und no misdak. Here am I, Chairman und Manaching Direktor of de Conglomerated Swartskop Mining Syndigate; vot am I to do? Let oal de embloyees haf a finger in der pie und share de prcfits? Gott soll hüten! Am I meshugge? I haf my duty to mein own home und dose debendent on me—I tank, dee, Christian, for deaching me dot vort. My ideals are A—von, and no flies on dem; bot I haf my duty—to meinzelf und to mein class; und as for my ideals, I must gombromise mit them, und do so mitout a blush.

Vhen I tink of de vide abbligability of your pusinesslike principles—of oal de liddle manœuvres dot gan chustify demselfs by your sermon—I feel vot a penefactor you are, und foresee a great future for dis grand old kondry; chust let a man or a voman dell demselfs, "I haf to," und oal de high-faluting talk of oal de moralists is plown avay, und dey gan do vot dey plooming well like. Vhy nod? Gabidalism, milidarism, individualism—oal dese blessings are safe vhile you gondinue to advocate your "ethics of gombromise." Und der most admirable part of it aol is dot you do so as an avowed Socialist: dot, inteet, is der pest part of der choke.

My gomblimends to you; you haf furnished der vorld mit a gomblede guide, "from Petticoat Lane to Park Lane."

Yours, to der divid-end of the vorld,

SIGISMUND SCHWEINHARDSTEIN.

P.S.—Vhy do you dell der Tsar he ought to sagrifice himself und pe prebared to die in sdoppnig de hangings und floggings? He has his duty toward his own home like der rest of us. Excuse my boinding out dis drifling ingonsistency.

* * *

"WHITED SEPULCHRES."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am obliged to your correspondent "Avonmore" for his gratifying comprehension of "Whited Sepulchres." I can assure him he is in an enlightened minority. There seem to be many persons who think such a story should not have been written at all. Others object to the way it is told—because it shocks! It may be true that evil should be ignored and left to perish for want of a name: that is, indeed, most ancient magic; but if an ugly thing be mentioned, I think it should be mentioned in a manner to effect disgust.

I wrote this story because it burned within me to be written: because, but for my personal possession of revolutionary courage I might have been a Mrs. Tom Heck. Such "innocents" are reared to be the slave or the toy of a husband, and become the fool of the first outsider who flatters them. In sheer self-defence these very victims of our social system usually become the most bigoted opponents of any reform which threatens to expose their degradation. It is just these who maintain the rule of silence on sex matters. Undoubtedly they believe their

daughters' value in the eyes of possible husbands to be increased by so-called "innocence" about the facts of marriage and maternity. The books men write on the subject feed the idea. Women may jeer in private at the spectacle of a man discoursing about the hearts of virgins and the sensations of motherhood, but outwardly, to men themselves, they cannot yet afford to tell the truth: so all their demeanour is fitted down to the rôle men have cast for them. When ridicule has made it impossible for men-authors to make a living by describing women's feelings, and women take possession of their own field, we may hear of fewer blind and unhappy marriages.

Meanwhile, I confess I know of no solution to "Avonmore's" problem. It may never come to have a universal solution. The confidence that, whatever may happen, their parents will protect them, is the best hope for young girls and boys; but the world outside is often far more merciful and sympathetic than parents.

There seems no practicable rule to go by in the matter of imparting sex information. One girl of eighteen may be still divinely virgin, and another at eight may be capable of corrupting a whole school. To the former who would dare speak of the coarser side of sex? It must remain for this generation an individual problem. Perhaps the best possible teacher of these matters at present would be a young married sister, or other relation; someone actually experienced, and yet not so old as to seem strangers to the fierce shyness of virginity. BEATRICE TINA.

* * *

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Let us confess that we went to see Mr. Poel's experiment on Tuesday with great expectations. We were curious to see an authentic Elizabethan setting, and we were even extravagant enough to believe that there might be a future in this for the presentation of modern verse-drama. We foresaw the beginning of a new theatre where modern verse of an English character, as distinct from the symbolic poetry of Mr. Yeats and his Irish theatre, would be declaimed—a theatre which might form the basis of a new convention. But we were grievously disappointed. The carpentry was right, but nothing else. Two things seemed to us to spoil the experiment. On the one hand we had the misty darkness usually associated with Maeterlinckean dramas, and on the other the grotesque Shakespearian elocution, of which one of your contributors spoke last week. Our ideal was a well-lighted and—we must use the word—cheerful performance, where the verse would always be spoken as verse, clearly, and with some sense of its poetic value. But the darkened stage of the Fulham Theatre seemed very often to hush the players into a conspiracy of undertones, with an occasional muttered quotation from Shakespeare. The epileptics of Mr. Hubert Carter were contrasted with the thin method of Miss Lillah McCarthy as Lady Macbeth; neither was suited to the environment in which they played. One is compelled to say that Mr. Carter's elocution in certain emotional passages resembled nothing more than the noise produced by steam escaping from a boiler. (He also seemed to think that four syllables formed the correct length of his lines.)

In considering the acting thus we are bearing in mind one thing only—its suitability to a special representation of this kind. We'll never get the theatre we want until we do what Mr. Yeats did—collect the raw material, ignorant of any tradition whatsoever, and train it.

The usual reproach against the Elizabethan setting of Shakespeare is that one loses the beautiful stage pictures seen in the best commercial theatres. Curiously enough, however, at the Fulham Theatre we still had the pictures. One remembers momentary groupings and postures of extraordinary beauty; a striking reminiscence of Franz Hals in the grouping of heads round the banquet table in the ghost scene, and another of Macbeth appearing through the curtains. The actual absence of framework and the usual extraneous aids to prettiness, such as intricate modern lighting apparatus, elaborate scenery, and so forth, accentuated the effect of these scenes. It seemed as if the lack of these secondary pleasures forced one to see and feel, in a way one usually doesn't, the primary beauties of arrangement and form. For this, at least, we are very grateful to Mr. Poel. H. AND H.

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MR. PUGH AND HIS CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am told by my friends that I ought to reply to this unfriendly attack from a friend, otherwise I would disregard it.

When I heard from you that a letter attacking me was to appear (subject to my consent) in THE NEW AGE, I expected it would be something of importance, and was surprised to find it was only a letter from Anton Obermayer, our dear little fat and rather greasy friend from Jerusalem, famous as the father of a parrot and a cat.

Referring to the first line of his letter, it will always take Mr. Obermayer months to solve anything, and this not solely because he is in the photographic trade, where (I understand) time is money.

My first article pleased him. I saw him the day it appeared, and he said so. But when I wrote of snobs he was annoyed.

On another count I think, Sir, you know that money is no bait to me. And even if Mr. Obermayer never read my article, "The Labourer's Hire," he is self-convicted from letters he has written to me of being a common liar.

Mr. Obermayer was my friend and toady until I wrote about snobs; since then he has discovered many objectionable traits in me, among which he does not mention my habit of speaking the truth.

To be plain, I always shrank, in my impulsive Celtic way, from his foreign fondling, handling tricks. And I was often silent in his company, not because I object to hearty Rabelaisian wit, but because I revolt from mere pruriency.

In conclusion, I, a lifelong Socialist, will tell him, a recent convert, for his slow enlightenment, that I (to parody his own phrase) have disgraced at least twenty branches with my presence.

And the next time he tackles a swordsman he should look to his weapons. EDWIN PUGH.

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THE BLUE BIRD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Jacob Tonson or your compositor misquotes the stage instructions in "The Blue Bird." It is Light's "moon-coloured," not "mouse-coloured" dress that is of "pale gold shot with silver." I should also like to point out to the subtle intellect of Mr. Tonson that a choice of the Neo-Grecian or the Anglo-Grecian, or the Empire style does not constitute a combination of all three.

ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

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EXPERIMENTS IN DEVILRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I rubbed my eyes to-day at sight of the fine old crusted phrase, "experiments in devilry" applied to an important branch of scientific reseach better known as vivisection. This is not worthy of THE NEW AGE or your trenchant paragraphist. Leave that nonsense to the old ladies, and acquaint yourself with the facts. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(Vice-President Research Defence Society).

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