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 ninetenths 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.

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 at the Budget and mutters Revolution. It is all very melodramatic; but will nobody lay the ghost?
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 Scourum-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 song-sters. 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 start with 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 the Tsar and his subjects is something which may be expected to shock and our character 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 that the possibilities of almost tragic occurrences. Mrs. Pankhurst cannot afford to lead a fascio: 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.

25 June, 1909.

EDWIN PUGH.
"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 enchain¬ed them for several decades. It may be well to examine the public career of Lords Rothschild and Rosebery, for the maritall 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 £50,000,000, not on £45,500,000. One year's figures will show how this usury worked out in practice. The Egyptian revenue for 1877 was £50,543,000. Of this no less than £7,173,000 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 the home 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 for many years in such a state as 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. No wonder they erged on Lord Rosebery to hamper his nominal leader, Sir Henry "C.-B.," when 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 1890 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 Englisher. Everything was carefully prepared. Lord Rosebery, in his smaller capacity as a private member, had done much towards the Anerican 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 hagiant 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, 1 to 1 1/2 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 midway 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, 1 1/2 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 hundred plants, 25 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, contend- ing 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; or
(2) Individual with germ cells all of the short kind; or
(3) Individual with some germ cells of the tall kind and some of the short kind.

This 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:

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 the shortsightedness 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 experiment in recent years, the 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 theory which may not 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 lead to 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 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 hold here. 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 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 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 environment interfere so substan- tially with them." Mr. Punnett seconds this: "Hygiene and education are fleeting palliatives at best." . . . "Permanent progress is a question of breeding rather than of pedagogies."

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.

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* Mendel's Principles of Heredity." By W. Bateson. (Cambridge University Press. 14s.)

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 serious trouble with Mr. Rhodes.

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). The inference, and the inference seems inevitable, that the variety was directly induced by the change of conditions to which the germ cells were exposed at a critical time.

The South African Intrigues,

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the New Age of June 26th, 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 responsibility in the Jameson Raid; (2) 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 argument.

CHARGE I.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes arrived in Kimberley two or three days before the Boers were invaded by the British forces. The "Times" History of the South African War says: "From the first day that the Boers cut the line, Rhodes was a broken man, for relief..." On October 26th 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 30th Mr. Rhodes telegraphed 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 horrors of the enemy, to preserve the lives of the inhabitants, and to avert "terrible disaster."

Mr. Rhodes' position was that he had the full power to arrest any individual, no matter how high his position, who acted in a manner prejudicial to the national interests. On this evidence Lord Roberts asked: "Q. Mr. Rhodes is not alluded to here; it says 'leading civilians.'" A. "That is Mr. Rhodes; the leading civilians were in the South African War matter." Sir George Goldie: "You do not suggest that Mr. Rhodes ever wished to surrender?" A. "No, I do not—not to surrender." These facts are not disputed; but it is quite plain that if he did wish to surrender, 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 false statement. 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 under the possibility of his being taken as a prisoner of war. I ask you to see from this evidence 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 his 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 his colleagues were arrested, Mr. Cecil Rhodes never came forward. Assuming at the trial of Dr. Jameson and his officers, Mr. Cecil Rhodes 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 and main author of the Jameson Raid. Mr. Labouchère asked Mr. Rhodes this question at the Raid enquiry: "Q. You did not make any statement in the interest of Dr. Jameson?" A. "Mr. Rhodes answered 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 the dog." That 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 with the Report of the Committee: "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 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 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 guilty of a most flagrant breach of public duty, and not of the lesser, and perhaps, more easily excusable breach of private duty.

CHARGE 2.—It may be true that Mr. Rhodes did not actually order the Raid, but he was guilty of allowing it 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 Report of the Committee:

"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 1st 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 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 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. £15,000 which I was considering most adv. for J. Chamberlain.' £200,000 which I could only secure English position.' Miss Shaw, now Lady Lugard, begins cabling on 10th December: 'Can you advise when will you come to London? No one, who has an opportunity sealed instructions representative of the London
Times' European capital; it is most important to maintain their influence in your favour," 12th December: "Delay dangerous, sympathy now complete, but will depend very much upon action before European Powers give time enter a protocol. Held an interview with Secretary Transvaal, left here on Saturday for Hague, Berlin, Paris, fear in negotiation with these parties. Chamberlain sounds to de-escalate European Powers, but hard 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 Pretorians 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 they belong to me."

Mr. Rhodes followed up this demand: "Unless you can make Chamberlain instruct the High Commissioner to proceed at once,揭露 the whole truth about the whole plot. In my opinion, the Commission 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' was submitted not the Secretary of State for the Colonies at his request in July, 1896; that Mr. Hawksley was in waiting, as telegrams were, the suppressed. telegrams were damning."

Mr. Chamberlain spoke against Mr. Stanhope's motion. In the course of his speech he argued: "I understood 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? (Q). "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 a certain object which he was avowing himself "to avert" that object which could only be attained by the provision of such arms.

CHARGE 1.—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 Wear-dale, moved the following resolution in the House of Commons: "That this House denounces the inconsiderate action and report of the Select Committee on British South Africa, and especially the failure of the Committee to recommend special regard to Mr. Chamberlain and to immediately report to this House the refusal of Mr. Hawsley 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 was in waiting, as telegrams were, the suppressed. telegrams were damning."

Mr. Chamberlain argued that he should be removed. Mr. Hawsley, of Messrs. Hollams, Son, Coward and Hawsley, was in attendance at the House, with the mysterious letters and papers which Mr. Chamberlain endeavoured to produce them which Mr. Rhodes was attacked in any way by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Hawsley advocated the defence of "Governmental knowledge" and Mr. Rhodes decided it was driven to the opposite course in his own defence, to keep Mr. Chamberlain's name out. The telegrams already produced had shown 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 it. Suppose I had the way to persuade the public that there was no "great secret" in the telegrams to produce them in all their virgin Innocence. But Mr. Chamberlain had not been told, contrary as the produced telegrams were, the suppressed telegrams were damning. Mr. Hawsley 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 the public. That is perfectly true. I am that is part of the original offence . . . Therefore, as far as I am concerned, in considering the position of Mr. Rhodes, I dismiss all 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 Chamberlain's secret instructions, as arranged between Rhodes and Chamberlain, was removed, with momentous conse-quences.

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' criticism 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 most important in them have recently assumed an untoward air of respectability which will become its past conduct. Having nearly wrecked the Empire once, they are appealing to the electorate to be given a chance with suspicion. Is that your point? (Q) "(A) Well, you know the suspicion with which I was treated; the papers told you that I had better, unless under Cecil with Cecile. Had I merged Cecile 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 landed in his resignation, and the late Sir Frederick Hawsley had the way to persuade the public that there was no "great secret" in the telegrams to produce them in all their virgin Innocence. But Mr. Chamberlain had not been told, contrary as the produced telegrams were, the suppressed telegrams were damning. Mr. Hawsley 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 the public. That is perfectly true. I am that is part of the original offence . . . Therefore, as far as I am concerned, in considering the position of Mr. Rhodes, I dismiss all 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
The Natural History of Conscience.

I have written little effect if you have not perceived already in Holbein Bagman, "commercial traveller," purveyor of artistic commonplacecs and atrocities to the British multitude, a delicacy of conscience which, in spite of the baseness of his occupation, keeps him unsighted 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 sentimentailities 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 and Luther beggar, or 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-dis approval, nor that it is possible for us to live entirely without seasons of self-examination. But the evil which I would not that any of our senses of sin if we are to be aware of any 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 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 here now and more from us as we go on—control of temper, consideration for others, willingness for renunciation. 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.

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 things of which we 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 man (in its unique and solitary way), 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 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 complaint, de-, despairing, self-accusing thing. The great Conscience, which only disinterested actions 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.
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 heard already from an English member in the United States that democracy was a fallacy. It 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 these 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 parlor 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 elite. 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 at no Fabian or a Prussian State, not at the soulless 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 object of as bitter and universal hatred among our workers, clerks, and the lower professional class.

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's soul craves. 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 to punish or starve. It is unseemly, absurd, impossible to influence and hold together a body of several million people, that the average reader needs, demands, and obtains his daily news, his daily life, his daily business from the Yellow Press, 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.
into their hands, they are spread over ever-changing important type of woman or man it boldly competes
ing, fighting, luxury, scandal, and adventure in love.

of real life are not too strong, nor headlines three from the temptation of drink the most stirring stories

ation, 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 pas-

prejudice leaves a single important chord of human appeal to the deepest and strongest of all men's pas-
sions, sympathies, antipathies, and desires. The

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accounts pernicious in themselves. To maintain the most of the millionaire woman's expenditure

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by showing at the same time and in detail what a reasonable competency brings and the absurdity of

rationed only by showing at the same time and in detail what a reasonable competency brings and the absurdity of

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

regular scientific study of the new danger that threat-

cannot afford to tolerate, since it “misrepresents truth,
destroying perspective, and gives fiction under the guise

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HOW THE CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE WILL BE EDUCATED

By MARGARET MCMILLAN.
21 pp., 9/8vo, with Cover Design

J. P. STEELE, Shelton, Stoke-upon-Trent.
The New Philosophy.*

Tuis 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 line of thought. Several years ago Mr. F. C. S. Schiller has impressed 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—there is nothing to be known, 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 it not, but Bergson.

In Chapter V James describes in detail the problem of 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, memorandum, and discussions with himself over the difficulty. The struggle was in vain; I found myself involved in the very problem I set out to solve. 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 in lyrical expression 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 tells of reality itself, instead of merely reproducing the mental games of the philosophers, who surround it—reality is non-rational in its constitution and memory. This is the "immédiament donnée." And yet we apply to the disinterested knowledge of the sensible reality the methods which lie his extreme originality. The antithesis of the Platonic metaphysics, 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 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, unalterable flux of life. The task of science 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, un influenced 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. Logician has use in human life, but it is not the function 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 "thick" or "thin" of reality. The difficulty any intellectualist system has in finding a unity. But there is an absolute perception, unaffected by the superimposed "cadres" of intellect and memory. This is the "immédiament donnée." This is the only absolute with which philosophy can legitimately deal.

"Philosopher consiste à inverter le direction habituelle du travail de la pensée." Our intelligence must follow the inverse method. It can install 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 "immédiament donné" 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,

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* L'Évolution Créatrice. By Henri Bergson.

* The New Age July 1, 1909
The Finger-post.

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 stretches away until it is broken to the very edge of the world? There your eyes ahead over the sand—there was no end to it, sand, sand, sand went on for ever.

I had left myself utterly—for hours I had wandered blindly. I was choked (eyes, ears, and throat) with the sand 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 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 (eyes, ears, and throat) what 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 stand 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 things 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 present-day demand of the two new regular theatres, of which 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 and transcendental 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 I 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 same-what 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 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 by sixty-two organs of public opinion. This 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.

But of course the phenomenon of phenomena is the list of birthday honours, and the astonishing promi- nence 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 evidence 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. Justice Darling's choice of title was for many years Sir Francis Burnden'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 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 Mr. Ebsmith to pull the Bible out of the fire into which he 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 better, in my view, and hence for the 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 scarcely left any time for thought. 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 270 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 the following:

"The case above referred to of a village where policemen had been set up as shopkeepers for the sale of foreign knowledge 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 meetings and the boycott of English goods 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 us." 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 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 5,880 posts worth between 75 and 200 rupees a month, 4,699 went to Hindooos and about 1,000 to Europeans; on the other hand, out of 707 posts worth over 200 rupees a month, the Hindooos obtained 16 and the Euro-

* "India." By J. Keir Hardie, M.P. (Independent Labour Party, 23, Bride Lane, E.C. 15 cent.)
We read Mr. Staupool'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 genius of reader who, having forgotten or never known R. L. Stevenson's majestic Pacific, unwittingly followed the Lagoon tourist's description; 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 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. Staupool. 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 the "Pools of Silence" devoted to the cruelty bearable by the author, which one can imagine. It is probably the most monstrous of the two, and a fitting theme for such a book. For high comedy of the kind that Mr. Keir Hardie's book, except as a larger work, he will adjust his proposals, too, are cast in the moderate mould. No one has quite gauged the tragic possibilities of his proposals; but they are a tragic possibilities of his proposals; but they are

W. L. GEORGE.

REVIEWS.

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

"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 has, happily, solved the 'hygienic' problem by committing suicide, as the author himself, if he need justification, when dealing with London examinations, where 300 millions of men and women only yield five millions of schoolchildren.

The Last of the De Mullins.

Bernard Shaw's Tribute: "St. John Hankin was a most gifted writer of high comedy of the kind that is a salve to the heart and a cure for the malaise of the world. His last work, "The Last of the De Mullins," he touched a point in delicacy and subtlety of style, especially in the second act, which was not appreciated. He suffered a great evil, as we all have to suffer, from stupid and ignorant criticism, but even the critics who were not so indignant with his style, which was thought thin, because it was not their style. As a matter of fact, its thinness was a quality, not a defect."

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Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, author of "Turkey in Revolution," is contributing to the July INTERNATIONAL an article on "Turkey After the Crisis," dealing with the latest developments of affairs. The Editor's article in this number is on "The Female Suffrage Movement." The Abbe Paul Naudet gives a Liberal Catholic view of the Miracles of Lourdes, and the "New Education" in France is described by Monsieur Ferdinand Buisson. Mr. Laurence P. Byrne writes on "Agricultural Co-operation in Ireland," and Mr. James Hutchinson (Melbourne) on "The Graduated Land Tax in Australia." Dr. Heinrich Reicher, of Vienna, gives an account of "The German Poor Law System," and Mr. Hjalmar Ekhholm (Helsingfors) of "Social Reforms in Finland."

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might satisfy even a Nero. Mr. Stacpoole would have us believe Berosus 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 kindly corrects our feeling 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, whereas he turns into the gentlest man ever born—and dies. The pitiful love story which introduces Berosus' supernatural death hints at a luxuriously.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.

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On the faith of an old campaigner we implore all would-be Pyreneists not to put their faith in Mr. Belloc's chapters on the political characters of the Congonates 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...
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.

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

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patrician capital." This is demanding a universal conversion to the ideal of Christianity—the Communist 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 defly 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, and of the chief incident, the pursuit, capture, and loss of Peggy by II's Grace of Waterbridge, is thin, the dialogue is thin and unnecessarily antiquated. But the excellent Gainsborough and Cruckshank illustrations please us mighty.

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.

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

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 generalize from the hardy Bulgarian to the enervated Britisher. We remember with apprehension that science has an unhappy knack of discarding its own generalisations. Thus it once advised the removal of the offending appendix, and advises its retention now that we most of us have not one to reta'n. 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.

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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 impressions one as an entirely capricious enchantress. There is no light of the brain to guide 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.

SPERLING NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Margins should not exceed their length.

ENGLAND, AMERICA AND MR. JEREMIAH GRIESEN.

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 bentwood 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 out and silence into nothing."

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 of Park Land and Johannesburg, Tariff Reformer and all the Russian Prime Minister's remark on Nicholas I: "You are moving in a dream," and "it is just these who maintain the rule of degradation. It is just these who maintain the rule of decadence."

Another curious point is that Mr. Grierson seems to think that if a nation's mind is sufficiently set on a certain purpose, 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.

SCHWEINHARDSTEIN ON COMPROMISE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I am obliged to your correspondent "Avonmore" for his specifying comprehension of "Whited Sepulchres," and 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 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 patriotic 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 foot 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. —The New Age.
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 probing about the hearts of virgins and the sensations of motherhood, but outwardly, to protect themselves, they cannot yet afford to tell the truth: so all their demeanour is fitted down to the rôle men have cast for them. While they have 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 blunders in 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 care for 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 woman, or other relation, someone actually experienced, and yet not so old as to seem strangers to the fierce shyness of virginity.

* * *

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 symbolism of 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 Maeterlinckian 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 dash the players into a conspiracy of undertones, with an occasional motif quotation from Shake Believe the epileptics of Mr. Hubert Carter were contrasted with the thin method of Miss Lilah 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 succeeded in using the fact 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 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 the elements of what Mr. Yeats did—collect the raw material, ignorant of any tradition whatsoever, and train it.

When I heard from you that a letter attacking me was to appear 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 greedy friend from Jerusalem, famous as the Father of the New Age, or the Fulham State, or 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 New Age," 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 puerility. In conclusion, I, a lifelong Socialist, will tell him, a recent convert, for his slow enlightenment, that I (to parody his own phrase) have disregarded at least twenty branches with my presence.

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

* * *

THE BLUE BIRD.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Jacob Tonson or your composer misquotes the stage instructions in "The Blue Bird." It is Light's "moon coloured," not "mouse coloured." dress that is "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 the elements of what Mr. Yeats did—collect the raw material, ignorant of any tradition whatsoever, and train it.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS IN DEVILRY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I rubbed my eyes to-day at sight of the fine old stunted phrase, "experiments in devilry" applied to an important branch of scientific research better known as vivisection. This is not worthy of The New Age or your trenchant paragraphe. Leave that nonsense to the old ladies, and acquaint yourself with the facts.

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