THE NEW AGE, THURSDAY JULY, 15, 1909.

IS ENGLAND PLAYED OUT?

THE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE star of the Suffragettes is again in the ascendant. Three months ago the movement had reached its lowest ebb, but to-day the tide is flowing with them. Nobody can doubt that the incidents of the last few weeks have uniformly turned out successful: the recommendation to appeal against the decision of the magistrate at Bow Street on Friday marks the beginning of the legal phase of the question. A movement must be not only serious but on the eve of success before lawyers will touch it. The appeal to the King was also a good stroke. Rather than have the King bothered public opinion will abolish the Censorship and give votes to women. Miss Wallace-Dunlop's 91 hours' fast resulting in her discharge from prison was a masterpiece of ingenuity and tenacity: the public understands hunger. Mr. Herbert Gladstone was driven to prophesying a speedy and a happy issue out of all his afflictions: and Mr. Herbert Samuel has been driven to romance.

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For romance it certainly was on Mr. Samuel's part to attribute the decline in his majority in the Cleveland division to everything but the efforts of the Suffragettes. As a matter of fact, there was only one other subject of discussion in the constituency besides the Budget, and that was Woman's Suffrage. Are we to suppose that Mr. Samuel devoted several of his addresses to a question that finally had no influence whatever on the poll? Samuel, Samuel, where art thou in thy calculations?

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Mr. Asquith continues to maintain the stiff upper lip that makes an English statesman: he still refuses to receive any deputation of women. In his view "no public interest would be served" by any such thing. But would not the saving of £20,000 on special police duty—the sum just charged to the London County Council—be to "the public interest"? Is not the abolition of the periodical scenes outside (and inside) Westminster to the public interest? Thirteen times have the women endeavoured to interview Mr. Asquith, and not once since he has been Premier has he met them. Is it to the public interest that a Premier should set an example of boorishness?

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The week's discussions of the Budget in Parliament and out have fallen in interest somewhat. The most startling announcement was Mr. Lloyd George's that "he had budgetted for a surplus and a very substantial surplus." Startling, that is, to the opponents of the Budget who thought that no Budget should look more than a year ahead. As we see it, the Cabinet will find itself in an enviable position by next summer, when probably it will go to the country. With a well-filled cupboard at its disposal, all the hungry interests among the electorate may be trusted to vote Liberal; on the maxim that a surplus in hand is worth two in the Tariff Reform bush. It is for a share in the spending of that surplus that we shall need Socialists in Parliament. Liberals can save like tradesmen, but they cannot spend like statesmen.

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Mr. Ramsay Macdonald did not fail this week to wring another compliment from Mr. Balfour: though in our opinion it was scarcely deserved. Arguing from the sound Socialist maxim that the Socialist State will be concerned with the administration of things and not with the government of persons, Mr. Macdonald tried to read into the Budget some such ideas, though in solution. He argued that a land tax was not an income tax, being a tax on a thing and not on a person; and Mr. Balfour assured him that his case was put with "unanswerable lucidity." We question the substantive as well as the adjective. All taxes fall directly or indirectly on persons, and there is no need to obscure this issue. By and by, Mr. Balfour will be expecting Mr. Macdonald to support the tax on tobacco as a tax on a thing not on a person.

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Parliament got itself into an even worse muddle over the distinction between agricultural and non-agricultural land. At best the members are not trained economists, and at worst they fall below a saloon debating society. Unfortunately they refused the light which Mr. Chiozza Money offered them. Mr. Money suggested that instead of endeavouring to hedge the cuckoo by defining non-agricultural land, they should simply exempt from the tax all land of less value than £100 per acre. Though Mr. Lloyd George was twice appealed to for his opinion on the matter he remained dumb. Does he love the intricate for its own sake?

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As the Budgetary host advances in triumph the Tories are being driven to their second line of defence,

which is the House of Lords. While there was hope in the Commons the Lords were of no importance: so little as to betray the "Times" into a position from which nothing can now save it. Weeks ago the "Times" brusquely chided its halfpenny edition for advising the Lords to prepare to throw out the Budget: the "Daily Mail" was told not to talk nonsense. Now, we imagine, the "Times" would, if it dared, join the "Daily Mail" in beseeching the Lords to "save the country from Socialism." The "Observer" is more than usually feverish. Its appeal to the Lords is headed "Impotence or Resolution," and they are warned that submission to the Budget will mean their political extinction: "in the eyes of Democracy they will be finished."

* * *

Well, but, it is certain that the Lords will be "finished" in any event. If to submit is extinction, to resist is suicide. Genuine Liberals, of whom there are at least a handful, would like nothing better than a fight to a finish with the Lords on the question of land. Could anything conceivably be more to the taste of the Radicals than such a combat on such a battle-ground? Cromwell could not have been happier when he "sang the Hundred-and-Seventeenth Psalm till our horse could gather for the chase" at Dunbar. What kind of temper the Lords are in may possibly be gathered from the cryptic message of Lord Churchill to one of its Unionist whips: "I think you may depend that the House of Lords will do its duty when the Budget comes before it. It is, however, impossible to foretell what our action may be until the Bill is sent up to us by the House of Commons." In other words, the issue is wropt in mystery even from the Lords themselves. Perhaps a few by-elections will clear their minds.

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We can forgive Mr. Asquith's absence from most of the Budget debates, but his absence from the debate on Distress in Glasgow was unpardonable, more especially as the Lord Advocate, who was left in charge, had responsibility without power. All the Glasgow members supported Mr. Barnes's case that distress in Glasgow was worse than anywhere else in the whole country. There is twice the amount of unemployment elsewhere, and of 30,000 trade unionists in the city no fewer than 6,000 are out of work. The local distress committees, with the punctuality of almanacs, closed down relief works in May, on the assumption that distress could not possibly continue after spring. Moreover, of the total amount granted by the Exchequer, £18,000 has been returned unspent. The city council appealed to the Government to authorise expenditure on distress throughout the summer; but with Mr. Asquith away eating and drinking his dinner, there was nobody to reply. The Lord Advocate went as far as he dared, but that was not far enough to satisfy the Glasgow members. We sincerely hope the question will, if possible, be raised again. The only alternative is to resume rioting in the city.

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Mr. Schreiner's mission to England on behalf of the natives whose political future is imperilled by their exclusion from the franchise under the Draft Act of Union of South Africa is, we fear, destined to no tangible result. The present Government's record in the matter of natives everywhere is too black to encourage the hope of justice to Kaffirs. Nothing short of assassination avails even to raise the educated Indian above the line below which for the Cabinet natives and animals are indistinguishably disfranchised from ethical as well as political rights. In Egypt, the New Hebrides, and the Gilbert and Ellice Islands the Government maintain conditions which have yet to be introduced into South Africa. Why, therefore, should native South Africa expect anything but something worse still? Sir Henry de Villiers has assured us in terms which anybody who understands Mr. Asquith's famous promise to the Suffragettes will readily understand, that "the status of natives as a whole will be immeasurably improved by the Union." True, he says, "outside Cape Colony they will not have a vote; in Natal there are such restrictions that very few natives can get a vote; but I repeat, as a whole, the position has improved." In what respect, we should like to ask, has the position improved? The 20,000 native voters in Cape Colony were absolutely ignored in calculating the proportion of members due from that province: they were, that is, reckoned as politically non-existent. And elsewhere as political entities, either now or for ever, natives are to have no political existence either de jure or de facto. An "immeasurable" improvement truly!

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It must be admitted that Dhingra's defence of himself is logical to the point of fanaticism. He shot Sir Curzon Wyllie with as little compunction and on exactly the same grounds that any Englishman in the event of the German conquest of England would shoot, if he could, an influential German officer. There is absolutely nothing to be done with a man who welcomes death on behalf of his country: against the spirit of Dhingra even the Anglo-Indians will fight in vain.

* * *

All the more certainly will they fight in vain if they adopt the panic-stricken advice of Mrs Flora Annie Steele, whose shocking letter the "Times" should have had sense enough to refuse to print. Mrs. Steele begs the Government to take a leaf out of the book of the illiterate peasants of India. "No line of demarcation," she says, "is drawn by the natives between the 'unrest' which produces a crop of disloyal questions in Parliament or edits a paper like 'India' and the anarchy which wantonly murders a friend simply because he is an Englishman." And since the Indian "ploughman at his plough" draws no distinction, "why," Mrs. Steele asks, "should we?" Fortunately we have not all the intelligence of Indian ryots.

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Russia, it appears, cannot possibly do wrong. Her most sinister acts are rendered benevolent by the fact that she is allied with England. Several times this week various members have endeavoured to draw attention to Russia's approaching occupation of Northern Persia; but each time they have been put off with diplomatic language by Sir Edward Grey. Our own policy in Persia has been "to interfere as little as possible with the internal affairs." As in Russia, reformers in Persia may be driven revolutionist by oppression without drawing a finger of support from England. But Russia has no such scruples against acting the Bad Samaritan. At present it is plainly her intention to march on Teheran on the smallest excuse, and create disorder enough to colour her stopping there as we stopped in Egypt with reasons of necessity. Already the surface of the road thither is Russian property, though Sir Edward Grey repeats that the road itself is still Persian. There will be no dispute about the matter soon.

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The International Anti-Vivisection Congress has been meeting this week, and we are glad to see that the President, Sir George Kekewich, paid a tribute to the humanity of the Labour Party. "A new party," he said, "the Labour Party, had arisen in Parliament, and every member of that party was on their side." That is true, and every Socialist whose faith is pinned on workmen and women is proud of the fact: it speaks well for democracy that from the outset its mission is humane as well as human. No language we can use against the practice of vivisection is half so strong as the language used at the Congress by medical scientists of at least equal authority with vivisectionists. "Colossal imposture" was a mild phrase to describe the rites of the new devil worship; there were infinitely worse phrases than that. Mr. Stephen Paget, hon. secretary of the Vivisection Defence League, complained that anti-vivisectionists have given up appealing to the "educated" classes. And about time. The "educated" classes of this country have all the vices of savages, with none of their virtues. Their supersession is part of the task of reformers.

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NEXT WEEK.—"George Bernard Shaw," by Francis Grierson.

Is England Dead?

LORD CURZON has at once replied to our challenge. He comes out on the side of the optimists—"he ventured to say there was too much of the spirit of decrying ourselves abroad in the land at this moment." He looked to Parliament, to our Universities, and to our great public schools, and found therein the evidences of a most wonderful country. We confess that had we drawn from these three cases we should have been on the other side—among our leaders in politics, war, and poetry who regard England as moribund. Not that these institutions are worse than in our fathers' days, but they are not altered. And this is death. Life is ceaseless change, eternal ferment, movement with a frolic joy in the adventure, and not too fearsome meditation upon the days that shall succeed the future.

When we look at our governing classes we find indeed signs of death. Moral poltroons we have long rated them, but nowadays they have not sufficient self-respect to conceal the signs of physical cowardice. The dramatic critics have unanimously judged Mr. Shaw's General Mitchener a merely fantastic, farcical, burlesque character. On the very day that "Press Cuttings" is produced, Sir C. A. Elliott proves the critics wrong, and shows that Mr. Shaw has taken his character from life. Sir C. A. Elliott writes to the "Times": "What security have we that those whom we admit among our wives and families are not imbued with the same anarchical sentiments and involved in the same conspiracy as the murderer Dhingra?"

This dread fear, a little better disguised, is at the bottom of England's policy these many years. Society, which in private still regards the Australians as social bounders, the sons and grandsons of the convicts transported a generation or two ago because of their poaching and other low manners, has taken to gushing in public over these sons of the bulldog breed. It's their blood that is wanted. The froth of Empire talk, the flattery of Canada and Australasia mean simply that in the opinion of our upper classes England is played out, and they must look elsewhere for the men to support them in their idle possessions. Without such help our Rothschilds and our Roseberys feel shaky in their Buckingham Parks and Neapolitan villas. The Imperial Press Conference voiced this fear in a series of eloquent speeches from Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Asquith. On every occasion it was the same cry; Germany is great and rich and powerful, we are but a few in these islands; we want your help to get us out of trouble; send but your ships oversea to us, and do your business with the old firm. We have served you well in the past, don't send your orders to that upstart.

If Lamb will not allow that a bully is always a coward, our recent experience teaches us that a coward is always a bully. Sir Edward Grey showed it in Egypt, Lord Elgin in Natal, Lord Morley in India, and the Cabinet everywhere. Mr. Asquith boasts of having given to the Transvaal and the Free State a constitutional Government in accord with the old Liberal principles of self-government; whilst in the same breath he deprecates any questioning of the Government's suppression in India of the most elementary principles of liberty. No Indian may say or infer a word of which the Government disapproves, no Indian may be seen in conversation with another if the Government dislikes it; police spies are the order of the day. We discovered that we could dragoon India, but that it was a difficult task to conquer South Africa. No one pretends that the Hindu is a less civilised man than the Boer, but in India we have for the present succeeded in accentuating the differences between the peoples, in separating Mahomedan from Brahmin, by playing upon their religious prejudices.

The Boer war, one of whose ostensible purposes was to save the negro from Boer oppression, has led to greater enslavement of the blacks. Afraid of Natal, the Imperial Government acquiesced in the raids and murders of the Zulus upon merest subterfuges; here again we followed the Imperial maxim of setting one's enemies by the ears. The Blue-books on Natal showed the former Governor-General engaged in holding up rival claimants to Dinuzulu so as to weaken the chieftain's power; and of the shabby part that Natal and the Government played in his trial there is no need to speak again.

The South African Union practically abandons any Imperial concern for the black races of South Africa; the safeguards amount to nothing; we deny all responsibility for their affairs. This is the policy of a Government that stands for freedom, irrespective of race, colour, or creed. We believe that many of our politicians have acquiesced in these humiliating surrenders to Colonial threats—veiled and open—because they have never counted the sources of England's strength. Our Secretary for the Colonies (what is his name?) parades General Botha when any question of the South African native crops up, because he fears there would be no backing were he to stand out against the filching of their land or the slaughter and demoralisation of the black people in mine and service.

This profound scepticism as to England's future has these latter years directed our whole foreign as well as our Colonial policy. Treaties with Japan, with France, with Russia, have all but one meaning—we have learnt what is the price we pay for the uncertain neutrality of Russia. Sir Edward Grey resorts to the most palpable falsehoods to cover these intrigues. He has connived at the Russian control of Persia, at the Tsar's direction of Persia's destiny whilst assuring the Commons to the contrary. We are convinced that in private life Sir Edward Grey would not be guilty of such shuffling, but he regards England's downfall as so imminent that the betrayal of Persia concerns him not at all. The King's official visit to Reval, the Tsar's return visit to this country, making us a party to the governing of Russia by the prison, torture, and murder, on the wholesale scale, is another result of this Unholy Alliance. Now we tremble in our shoes when we hear that the Tsar has said Good Morning to the Kaiser. Our Imperialist Press can find nothing but good to say of the august hangman. Even the "Morning Post" is swept by this wave of pessimism into expressions of goodwill to the Tsar. The Corporation of London, in grateful anticipation of favours to come, is to present an address of welcome. The moneylenders of the City of London are on the look out for the Russian loan. The word has gone forth from the Government that loans and orders will be floated at a most excellent profit. What shall these moneylenders know of honour? what care have they lest England's name be besmirched by this fulsome adulation? England is dead. Like shipwrecked sailors, let us broach the barrels and drink ourselves into annihilation.

England is not dead.

The Roseberys, the Balfours, the Rothschilds, the Greys, the Asquiths do not stand for England. Nor do their organs—the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Chronicle," and the "Spectator."

There are signs of life even in the Cabinet, and you'll find it not among the old nobility but in a Welsh solicitor, the son of a petty tradesman. He had the courage to say what many of the politicians have been long thinking: "We are having too much Lord Rothschild."

Outside the Cabinet, go where you will among the people, you will find that old vitality, that old belief in England's future—not as a race of slaves, but as a free people welcoming freedom in other lands.

Are you sickened at the physical cowardice displayed by Sir C. A. Elliott and his class? Turn in the same issue to the account of the inquest on the Newport disaster, with its tributes to the heroism of the navvies. "He had heard of heroic actions, but had never seen anything to equal what he had witnessed on this occasion," said one expert witness. The Coroner said the whole country should be proud of their navvies and their heroism was most pronounced. Splendid tributes —that is why we feed them like pigs, house them not at all, send them tramping the country for work, wreck their health, and shoot them finally into the Workhouse.

Do you seek instances of a courage of another sort? Then regard the zeal and energy with which Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Lansbury, and others have set about to abolish the Poor Law system and to stem unemployment. They believe in England's future, they believe the bad can be made good and the good better. This splendid optimism is a possession, and almost exclusively a possession, of the Socialists and their close allies in the Labour Party. The Socialists' spirits do not rise and fall with every chance sway in the monthly trade returns. They can look forward with unswerving hope to the future, foreseeing nothing but a renewal of the glories of England, when every man shall have full opportunity in a free country and all shall be linked by the common bonds of human comradeship.

The people of this land are not consumed with dread by those threats of German invasion which emanate from the English upper classes. Nor are they yet conquered by Prussia like the upper classes. Prussian conscription and Prussian tariffs suit the plutocracy and aristocracy who care only to adopt that which may ensure their continued ease. The democracy will retain those liberties which it has won.

England is not dead. The King and his sycophants, Sir Edward Grey and the Corporation of London, may embrace the Czar. But the people stands aloof; the people is not already so conquered by Prussia that it fears to raise its voice against this visit. The protest of the Labour Party has been welcomed by the people throughout the country; the meeting at Trafalgar Square will be representative of every section of the people, who are not afraid to carry on the traditions of Milton. They remember that "the fidelity of enemies and allies is frail and perishing unless it be cemented by the principles of justice."

England is not dead. It is not only that its navvies and its miners show that same indomitable pluck as of yore, but the workers show no lessening of their great skill and energy in adapting themselves to new conditions. Nothing is more remarkable than the facility with which the real working classes gain a mastery of new and complicated machinery. Emerson remarked in his day that every Englishman was a horseman; today he would observe that every Englishman is a mechanician. Former 'bus drivers now pilot huge motor 'buses through London's maze of streets with marvellous dexterity; the cab-drivers have become taxi-drivers.

England is not dead. With votes for women booming in our ears, deaf indeed should we be did we not understand the meaning of this call. Were the entire male population all Sir C. A. Elliotts, scuttling behind the petticoats of the women, there would be no fear of decay in a land which holds the women who are pressing forward with irresistible strength for recognition. These brave women are everywhere to be found defying slander, malice, indifference. In the Lancashire mills the women struggling for mere subsistence are among the most determined upholders of women's freedom; go to-day into a remote hamlet village, and you will find the Suffragettes. They have swept through the land, and look forward with unbounded confidence.

Everywhere the people of England gives proof of its continued vigour of body and buoyancy of mind, whilst the governing classes betray themselves cowards, physical and mental, strong only in one purpose—to retain their hold of their money-bags.

Imperialistic Snobbery.

By Francis Grierson.

SNOBBERY in our day has a habit of tacking itself to any "ism" that happens to be popular, whether political or religious. And one thing is certain, in the imagination of the majority of the people the word Imperialism is regarded as something intended for home consumption, like home-brewed ale. The word sounds well at all times, as well in speech as in print; it can be used with effect at banquets and in ball-rooms by young ninnies as well as by nonagenarians. It is the most timely word now in use. It comes in handy to express a sort of patriotism which is only skin deep, only felt by people who know nothing of the great world beyond England, and who care little for what befalls the country at home so long as they, individually, are not put to any inconvenience or any extra expense.

The word is popular with the men who, just before the war, thought South Africa a good place for a military pic-nic and Oriental siestas; it is popular with the people who go to Paris and talk of the Parisians as "these foreigners"; with the people who walked miles to stand outside Westminster Abbey when Lord Rosebery's daughter was going to be married there.

In these days snobbery means pomposity, show, ostentation, make-believe. Some of the men who began the Imperial game were the fiddlers who set the people dancing. The new tune was played, and the people could not resist a light fantastic tripping; they began with a merry heart, but people cannot long stand on their toes, not even to look at a Primrose wedding.

Since Mafeking night there has not been much light fantastic tripping, so the fiddle was exchanged for the drum and the bugle. This attitude was held to be much more dignified. When the noble Marquis passed away his place was taken by the noble Earl, for Snobbery, like religion, is elastic, and it can stretch like the Indian plague from Bombay to Birkenhead without showing the slightest signs of weakness.

If trade follows the flag, snobbery follows the money bags, and in these days it means money worship as well as title worship. A wealthy Rhodes would mean more than a poor Salisbury. But a Salisbury without a Hatfield and a retinue of idle servants is inconceivable. In the popular imagination the essence of power lies in pomp. A certain seclusion assists the mind in its idol worship. There is mystery in the House of Lords, mystery in mediæval castles, mystery in the political game of hide and seek. But the load which sat lightly on the first Lord Burleigh was turned into a galling yoke on the neck of the Hatfield ox. It was more than the noble Marquis could carry; he threw it off on the shoulders of Mr. Balfour and the lesser Cecils. These would prefer to nibble clover on the Hatfield estate, prepare to meet the pangs of gout like little men, and the pleasures of golf like Watteau's gallants. As for the lay Imperialists, they don't appreciate Mr. Balfour. They like plain things, and he is too metaphysical. They feel that his attitude implies some sort of superiority. They have suffered him for the sake of the Cecil illusions. As for Mr. Winston Churchill, when he sits in the House, like an old man crushed under the nimbus of cumulative fame and fortune, the effect is overpowering. He assumes the attitude of one who has been at the proper place, conquered, and come away.

But tired! Tired of glory, tired of war, tired of literature, tired of everything but the ambition to lead the Empire and stick pins in the cushions of the old duffers on the front benches. His audacity hits them from the broadside, his alacrity from the poop, his youth from the turret, and his name from the pennant of Imperial snobbery. He smites them everywhere. A mere youth, he came with the prestige of adventure; he was favoured with the illusion of luck, and he has the faculty of making the Imperial Ass stand still, cock his ears and listen. He was a sore thorn in the Rosebery garden of political perfumes and social favours.

He came face to face with vultures and starvation on the veldt, and the noble Earl will have to be up early, put away his bath tub and razor strop and bid adieu to Berkeley Square for some little time to beat that. For politics now means movement, commotion, sensation, excitement, situations bristling with presumed horrors, lowering skies which resolve into beautiful rainbows of prosperity at a moment's notice. To handle the Imperial helm with dramatic effect needs politicians who know the true value of cents and sentiment.

The successful politician should know when to ram, when to let off a broadsider, and the psychological moment to back water. He must win the eye of fashion, the ear of the public, the taste of the publican, and the imagination of hero-worshippers. And then he is beset by the broad church, the low church, the free church, and the freethinkers; by the Nonconformist conscience inverted and that of the Bishops perverted; the sorrows of persecuted millionaires and the woes of business men who find themselves unable to keep a yacht and fish for salmon and gudgeons on ten thousand a year. A popular statesman must indeed know how to step about. Once a month he must throw a sop of some kind from his car of triumph. But he who holds the snobs holds the world. The union of wealth and titular distinction is the groundwork of Home-made Imperialism. Wealth and titles mean movement, incense, flags and flatulence. But always in London; big dinners in Piccadilly, crushes in Mayfair, marriages in Park Lane, the union of Jewry and Philistia in the wilderness of national decrepitude, where all bow before a golden calf made from the ornaments that hang like dead weights from the ears of the hustling herd. It means that all this feasting is done to the tune of foreign importation: German music, French wine, Danish butter, Russian eggs, American meat, Parisian actresses, and Cosmopolitan art. Imperial Philistia could not eat a dinner or decorate a room without foreign aid.

Even our beauties are imported. We receive them when other countries need them no more. The whole business of feasting and drinking is carried on under the stimulus of some exterior excitement, and London is the centre of snobbery, flavoured with Imperial rose leaves. We have no General like Wellington, no popular leaders but Rosebery, Winston Churchill, and Chamberlain. All the stimulus comes from abroad. We get it from King Solomon's Mines, from Aladdin's Caves, from the Nigger of some phantom Narcissus, from railways we have never seen, companies we don't understand, and regions not yet explored by the Wandering Jew. London is a paradox of city and town, and its people live a double life of security and fatuity. The foreign millionaires bring with them an air of reality and perpetual prosperity which not even the most blasé and sceptical can hope to withstand. Londoners inhale this air as they would inhale the odour of spring blossoms.

But nothing matters. The Derby may yet be run while the Kaiser's Eagles are plucking English sparrows at Portsmouth and French piou-pious washing their dirty linen in the Serpentine and peeping through field glasses at faded beauties and fat dowagers in Rotten Row. Imperialistic snobbery is symbolical. This is why sporting people make such good patriots. A horse race symbolises a fast people; football means kicking the patches off the bottom facts of the enemy when he is bent double. The home-made Imperialist prefers the things that make people rush as well as gush. Men who never did a hard day's work in their life love to talk about the battles of other people in distant countries. They believe that things will continue to be what they are. A rich landed proprietor makes a fine Imperialist. He receives his income at second hand like the people who drain the sources of outlying dependencies and live by the sweat of others. Imperialism is the pompous process of inducing others to yield or hold off by the sheer hocus-pocus embodied in the word. But magic or no magic, there it is, a fine, stiff-necked Roman word, evoking the imagery of Trajan columns and Forum eloquence, intended to stand alone among all the other words, calming the nations when accompanied by an Imperial smile, reducing them to submission when accompanied by a frown.

But the old Cæsars went and took. We no longer go and take anything. We hang about or sit on the fences while the others take what they can and leave what they must. We are thrilled by the movements of Bruin climbing the garden wall at Pekin, while we sit like children at the pantomime, wondering what Robinson Crusoe and the monkey will do when the Russian beast at last sits down at the tea table. In our absurd situation we call names; we have cursed the Grand Turk till we are tired, and it has only made him part his coat tails, kick up his heels, and do all sorts of queer things, like a Texas steer in fly time. And still we have to face the truth: Imperialism in England means the doings of London Society, and Society was never so roisterous and stupidly corrupt.

The African War came like manna in the desert of Belgravia; it was an electric shock for the mummies of Mayfair, a streak of magic for the Cosmopolitans of Park Lane. It forged the golden links which bind John Bull, hoof and horns, to the centre-pole of the Kaffir circus, where Rhodes was ring master and Pierpont Morgan looks down from his private box and smiles at the "greatest show on earth."

But there is a second party watching the Imperial snobs. They are the green-eyed monsters. They would pluck some of the laurel from the brow of the bald-heads; they would call themselves Liberal-Imperialists. They would join in the new game, and would make it a Bridge of Sighs for the old-fashioned Liberals and a pitched battle with Park Lane and Piccadilly. The noble Earl invited Morley, Harcourt, and Bannerman to a feast of good things, and when the convivial hour arrived he applied a match made in Germany to a fuse invented by the Yankees, and blew the festive board into the limbo of decayed and decrepit things.

The new leaders, by a single stroke of the pen, transformed the old meanings and watch-words into the compound of Liberal-Imperialism. There would be a thing sitting at home in tranquil waters with a small body and a thousand tentacles, feeling for fat gudgeons who float about on the bladders of inflated capital without knowing how to swim. Imperialistic snobbery to-day stands for a Roman column without the statue of Cæsar; Liberal-Imperialism is a column with the head of a monkey and the base of a Sphinx. The more you study it the more mysterious the combination looks. The ape is the symbol incarnate of impertinent nonchalance: he takes the nuts from the crowd, and when his chops are full turns his back to the people, and without so much as a curtsey shows them his purple patches. He is a waddling incarnation of cynical hilarity. He imitates without knowing it. This new snobbery is a weak imitation of the Roman thing; Liberal Imperialism is an imitation of the imitation. An Ape wears no garments, and Cæsar wore a crown of laurels to cover his baldness. Our Park Lane snobs depend on diamonds to cover their nakedness, while there is no laurel left to cover their bald heads.

Race and Marriage.*

By Dr. J. Lionel Tayler.

EUGENICS, or the study concerned with the inborn qualities of the race and their advantageous development, starts from two, relatively speaking, fixed and unalterable positions, which are: (1) That the racial needs will receive increasing attention in the future; (2) That whatever alterations take place in marriage they will not lessen but probably greatly increase the importance of individual feeling and individual choice. And these two positions seem to be antagonistic.

Mr. Galton, it is true, claims that this second position is modifiable, and he instances in his paper on "Restrictions in Marriage"* many examples from primitive peoples to show how racial customs do modify the feeling about marriage. But this view is not, I think, supported by an historical study of the development of marriage in modern nations, for we find in these that the tendency is for sex comradeship to become a more marked feature, while in less advanced social conditions men and women marry mainly for physical reasons. A man who marries mainly for sex passion and the desire for parentage will, since most physically developed women will be attractive to him, not care intensely if restrictions against his marrying one or other of them are imposed; but if he desires the comradeship of a particular womanly individuality, if he desires his children to have qualities more or less like his wife, whom he admires, if he wishes to see a particular woman the mother of his children because he thinks she will be a good mother, with ideas similar to his own, he will, as it is so much a question of individual liking and desire, resent any interference. And the same will be perhaps even more true of women in regard to a particular man.

It may be said that ideas modify one's feelings, and if only the right ones are disseminated which will make for a higher race, they will be absorbed unconsciously by the individual and be obeyed by him. To some slight extent this is, I believe, true, but the main motive of friendship and of sex love is an emotional correspondence or sympathy, and this is inborn and is not amenable to reason. People who really *feel* friendship or love cannot tell why they feel it towards one individual and indifference or dislike towards another. And yet this love feeling is the basis of happy and lasting marriages. It is useless for the eugenist to deny this fact, for it is a matter of daily observation that it is the jarring emotional states which make for unhappiness, and these are not reactions which result from reasoning.

Now if a man or woman felt that by marrying for racial reasons he or she would not be doing so for individual ones, that, in fact, the two ideas were conflicting, and that the happiness of married life would inevitably be wrecked by the constant friction of unsuitable companionship, such a one would certainly not marry, or would marry for love and disregard the racial need.

As, therefore, marriage is growing more, and not less, a matter of comradeship, one must either believe that the natural feeling which makes a particular man and particular woman appeal to each other is also eugenic, or one must abandon the belief that eugenics can ever be more than a restricting power, telling us what not to do, but powerless to direct us in choosing. If the natural individual feeling of love can co-operate with racial needs, eugenics will be an important and far-reaching study; if it is antagonistic it will almost reduce it to impotence. Feeble-minded individuals will be segregated, chronic alcoholic citizens will be detained in an asylum, and instinctive criminals will also have their liberty taken from them; but as these reforms would come in any case, as they are necessary to social conditions of living, the study of eugenics would be almost devoid of importance.

But if there is reason to believe that for the child as well as the parent marriages of affection are better than those of social convenience, and have a natural racial value, then the eugenist's efforts will be much more powerful, and he will endeavour, besides insisting on the importance of race and parentage, to promote those conditions of natural, healthy love, such as free choice, good education, and opportunities for marriage in early adult life, which are now denied to large classes of people, and his work would fall into line with social reformers generally.

In any case, the central point of interest to consider is whether the natural individual inclination is or is not in conflict with the scientific racial need. Until this point is decided the study of eugenics must remain in an undeveloped state.

* Sociological Papers, Volume II.

The New Biology from the Biometric Standpoint.

IN a recent number of this journal, Dr. M. D. Eder pours scorn upon the efforts of modern workers to elucidate the problem of inheritance. While the Mendelian school does not go scot free, Dr. Eder appears to entertain a special dislike for those who, under the leadership of Francis Galton, Karl Pearson, and W. F. R. Weldon, have approached the question from the statistical side. Controversy is a sorry waste of time, but since Socialists have in general a far keener "sense of the state" than other members of the community, it may not be amiss for a biometrician to try to show that Dr. Eder's statements are, to put it mildly, highly controversial.

Biometricians hold that the problem of inheritance is primarily an actuarial one. When we have a measure of the intensity with which this or that character is inherited, we can discuss the way in which it is so transmitted. To make the conception clear, I will describe work in which I have personally borne a part.

In the genesis of pulmonary consumption at least two factors are involved, viz., susceptibility to infection, predisposition, and the presence of a living infective organism, the tubercle bacillus. Experiment has taught us that when the dose of infective material is large enough all resistance is overcome, but experience likewise teaches us that under apparently identical conditions of environment one man (or animal) is struck down while another escapes. It therefore seemed to us worth while to ascertain which of these factors was the more potent. If abnormally favourable opportunities of becoming infected are more important than the character of the organism which receives the infection, *i.e.*, the inherited constitution of the individual, then, on the average, phthisical husbands (or wives) should more commonly have phthisical wives (or husbands) than should phthisical parents have affected children. The investigations of Pearson, Pope, and myself* have, however, demonstrated that the statistical measure for the co-existence of the disease—what we call the co-efficient of correlation—is far greater in the latter than in the former case. We are, of course, aware that our material, although comprising many thousands of cases, is defective, that it includes some data which, owing to

*Pearson. "A First Study of the Statistics of Pulmonary Tuberculosis." Drapers' Research Memoirs. 1907.

Pearson and Pope. "A Second Study of the Statistics of Pulmonary Tuberculosis." Drapers' Research Memoirs. 1908.

Greenwood. "The Problem of Marital Infection in Pulmonary Tuberculosis." Proc. Roy. Soc. Med. (Epidemiol. Sect.) 1909.

ignorance or carelessness, are inaccurate; but neither carelessness nor wilful inaccuracy could make one value greater than the other, although it might affect the absolute values of both. Indeed so to explain our findings it would be necessary to believe that one class of information is uniformly accurate, the other class uniformly inaccurate. Such a hypothesis will be defended by nobody.

Accordingly, the biometrician draws the following conclusion. However praiseworthy may be the destruction of tuberculous material and the provision of sanatoria for consumptives, these measures will only mitigate, not arrest, the ravages of consumption so long as public opinion puts no check upon the inter-breeding of members of stocks peculiarly liable to become affected by the disease when opportunity serves. We are aware that years, perhaps centuries, of missionary work are necessary before this idea will be a part of the social code, in the same way that an abhorrence of incestuous unions is part of the normal social outfit. In the meantime we conceive it to be our duty to carry on this "work so unsound in construction" of statistical analysis, leaving to others the glory of spinning rather unsubstantial webs of theory. Dr. Eder makes so much of the views of Professor Bateson that I must outline what I believe to be the general attitude of my colleagues towards his school.

So far as biometricians are concerned, Professor Bateson is perfectly at liberty to pour abuse on their work and make himself a trifle ridiculous by patronising Charles Darwin. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of posterity as to the validity of the theory of Natural Selection, it was not the work of a day nor of a year, but founded upon a patient accumulation of facts, compared with which the vaunted "discoveries" of the Mendelians must seem, even in the eyes of their authors, rather beggarly.

If anyone doubt this, let him consider the case of Night Blindness which Dr. Eder appears to regard as a genuine Mendelian trophy. Some little time ago it was pointed out that the agreement between the cases in Nettleship's great pedigree and the simple Mendelian expectation was grotesquely bad. Some Mendelian hierophants accordingly propounded modifications of the true faith which have not yet, I think, become part of the orthodox creed. But, apart from this statistical criticism, which will be dismissed as "mathematical nonsense," it would have seemed to Charles Darwin worth while finding out what was known as to Night Blindness before calling it "a unit character." For reasons too technical to be discussed here,† Night Blindness is very interesting to physiologists. It is known that the condition is not a very simple one, that there are gradations from normal vision to a state of complete night blindness.‡ So another of our simple "unit characters" vanishes, and once more we are reminded of Weldon's remarks on the indefiniteness of the Mendelian categories. The case is not, perhaps, an important one, but when I find a man writing loosely about a point I know something of, I am disposed to hesitate before I accept his statements respecting matters of which he is the sole judge.

One word at parting. If Dr. Eder feels it incumbent on him to criticise our "work so unsound in construction," might I suggest that his strictures would lose nothing in value were he to conform to the conventional standard of personal courtesy in debate, leaving the weapon of scurrility to Professor Bateson, who is not likely to let it rust from want of use.

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†The curious reader will find the subject discussed in an article by the present writer on Visual Adaptation in "Further Advances in Physiology." London, 1909. (Arnold and Co.)

‡See Messmer, Zeits. f. Phys. d. Sinnesorgane. 1907, XLII 83.

The Review of Reviews.

(Court Theatre.)

LAST week I suggested that an English equivalent of the Paris topical Revues ought to be started in London. Now here is our great man setting the example. "Press Cuttings" is the only really able and pointed English Review we have had—no doubt that is why the Censor banned it—but the public failed to recognise it as such. There have been many complaints of its length. As a work of art it would be too long, but it is not such. There is none of that subtle roundedness about the beginning and the end, or of the coherent grip throughout necessary to fashion a complete and proportioned production. The thing is of interest because of the topics it touches and the way these topics are treated, not because it is satisfactory in execution apart from matter.

So far as the action goes it is broad farce. Good! One can have a farce which is a work of art, but that quality depends on the balanced working out of the theme. "Press-Cuttings," taken as a one-act farce, is ragged and lacks proportion. Therefore, the essential is its matter, which is a review of newspaper extracts.

Looked at as a topical satire, one regrets only that it does not touch on all the elements which make up the Chansons d'Actualité of to-day. Audiences and critics are so lamentably unadaptable. They go to hear a one-act play, find something totally different, and then, instead of summoning their wits and readjusting them, they sit discontentedly nosing for the sequence of the play. People so trammelled by the limits of their expectation become uninterested or bored very easily.

Shaw himself has of course given the most apt title —"Press Cuttings"—so I cannot do better than quote as many of them as space will permit. The time of the episode is three years hence, in the interval Military Conscription has been established. There are certain figure-heads portrayed, the General, the Conscript, the Prime Minister, two types of Anti-Suffragette, and what I can only call the Agnes-Thomas-Charwoman. This latter is the mouthpiece of woman's grievances. Let me begin by quoting her. She has grumbled about the Commandant Sandstone swearing at her:—

MITCHENER: When a man has risked his life on eight battlefields, Mrs. Farrell, he has given sufficient proof of his self-control to be excused a little strong language.

MRS. FARRELL: Would you put up with bad language from me because I've risked me life eight times in child-bed?

MITCHENER: My dear Mrs. Farrell, you surely would not compare a risk of that harmless domestic kind to the fearful risks of the battlefield.

MRS. FARRELL: I wouldn't compare risks run to bear livin people into the world to risks run to blow dhem out of it. A mother's risk is jooty; a soldier's is nothin' but divilmint.

MITCHENER [*nettled*]: Let me tell you, Mrs Farrell, that if the men did not fight, the women would have to fight themselves. We spare you that, at all events.

MRS. FARRELL: You can't help yourselves. If three-quarters of you was killed we could replace you with the help of the other quarter. If three-quarters of us was killed, how many people would there be in England in another generation? If it wasnt for that, the men'd put the fighting on us, just as they put all the other dhrudgery. What would you do if we was all kilt? Would you go to bed and have twins?

MITCHENER: Really, Mrs. Farrell, you must discuss these questions with a medical man. You make me blush, positively.

MRS. FARRELL [*grumbling to herself*]: A good job too. If I could have made Farrell blush I wouldnt have had to risk me life so often. You n your risks n your bravery n your self-conthrol, indeed! "Why don't yer conthrol yourself?" I says to Farrell. "It's agen me religion," he sez.

. . . . Later she says, in speaking to her daughter, about to marry a Duke's son: "Waitle youre married yourself, me fine lady, youll find out that every woman's a charwoman from the day she's married."

General Mitchener and Balsquith, the Prime Minister, have several arguments. Apropos of "Old Red," the Commander-in-Chief's projected campaign against the Suffragists:—

MITCHENER: A masterpiece of strategy. Let me explain. The Suffragets are a very small body; but they are

numerous enough to be troublesome—even dangerous—when they are all concentrated in one place—say in Parliament Square. But by making a two-mile radius and pushing them beyond it, you scatter their attack over a circular line twelve miles long. Just what Wellington would have done.

BALSQUITH: But the women won't go.

MITCHENER: Nonsense; they must go.

BALSQUITH: They won't.

MITCHENER: What does Sandstone say?

BALSQUITH: He says: Shoot them down.

MITCHENER: Of course.

BALSQUITH: Youre not serious?

MITCHENER: I'm perfectly serious.

BALSQUITH: But you cant shoot them down! Women, you know!

MITCHENER [*straddling confidently*]: Yes you can. Strange as it may seem to you as a civilian, Balsquith, if you point a rifle at a woman and fire it, she will drop exactly as a man drops.

* * *

BALSQUITH: But public opinion would never stand it.

MITCHENER [*walking about and laying down the law*]: Theres no such thing as public opinion.

BALSQUITH: No such thing as public opinion!!

MITCHENER: Absolutely no such thing. There are certain persons who entertain certain opinions. Well, shoot them down. When you have shot them down, there are no longer any persons entertaining those opinions alive; consequently there is no longer any more of the public opinion you are so much afraid of. Grasp that fact, my dear Balsquith; and you have grasped the secret of government. Public opinion is mind. Mind is inseparable from matter. Shoot down the matter and you kill the mind.

* * *

BALSQUITH: Oh, yes; it's all jolly fine for you and Old Red. You dont depend on votes for your places. What do you suppose would happen at the next election?

MITCHENER: Have no next election. Bring in a Bill at once repealing all the Reform Acts and vesting the Government in a properly trained magistracy responsible only to a Council of War. It answers perfectly in India. If anyone objects, shoot him down.

BALSQUITH: But none of the members of my party would be on the Council of War. Neither should I. Do you expect us to vote for making ourselves nobodies?

MITCHENER: Youll have to, sooner or later, or the Socialists will make nobodies of the lot of you by collaring every penny you possess. Do you suppose this damned democracy can be allowed to go on now that the mob is beginning to take it seriously and using its power to lay hands on property? Parliament must abolish itself. The Irish Parliament voted for its own extinction. The English Parliament will do the same if the same means are taken to persuade it.

Of an episode of the past:

BALSQUITH: He was, a year ago. But ever since your book of reminiscences went into two more editions than his, and the rush for it led to the wrecking of the Times Book Club, you have become to all intents and purposes his senior. He lost ground by saying that the wrecking was got up by the booksellers. It shewed jealousy; and the public felt it.

MITCHENER: But I cracked him up in my book—you see I could do no less after the handsome way he cracked me up in his—and I cant go back on it now: [*Breaking loose from Balsquith.*] No; its no use Balsquith; he can dictate his terms to you.

BALSQUITH: Not a bit of it. That affair of the curate—

MITCHENER [*impatiently*]: Oh, damn that curate. I've heard of nothing but that wretched mutineer for a fortnight past. He's not a curate; whilst he's serving in the army he's a private soldier and nothing else. I really havnt time to discuss him further. I'm busy. Good morning. [*He sits down at his table and takes up his letters.*]

BALSQUITH [*near the door*]: I'm sorry you take that tone, Mitchener. Since you do take it, let me tell you frankly that I think Lieutenant Chubbs-Jenkinson showed a great want of consideration for the Government in giving an unreasonable and unpopular order, and bringing compulsory military service into disrepute.

MITCHENER: No order is unreasonable; and all orders are unpopular.

BALSQUITH: When the leader of the Labor Party appealed to me and to the House last year not to throw away all the liberties of Englishmen by accepting compulsory military service without full civil rights for the soldier——

MITCHENER: Rot.

BALSQUITH:—I said that no British officer would be capable of abusing the authority with which it was absolutely necessary to invest him.

MITCHENER: Quite right.

BALSQUITH: That carried the House;——

MITCHENER: Naturally.

BALSQUITH:—and the feeling was that the Labor Party were soulless cads.

MITCHENER: So they are.

BALSQUITH: And now comes this unmannerly young whelp Chubbs-Jenkinson, the only son of what they call a soda king, and orders a curate to lick his boots. And when the curate punches his head, you first sentence him to be shot; and then make a great show of clemency by commuting it to a flogging. What did you expect the curate to do?

MITCHENER [*throwing down his pen and his letters and jumping up to confront Balsquith*]: His duty was perfectly simple. He should have obeyed the order; and then laid his complaint against the officer in proper form. He would have received the fullest satisfaction.

BALSQUITH: What satisfaction?

MITCHENER: Chubbs-Jenkinson would have been reprimanded. In fact, he was reprimanded. Besides, the man was thoroughly insubordinate. You cant deny that the very first thing he did when they took him down after flogging him was to walk up to Chubbs-Jenkinson and break his jaw. That showed there was no use flogging him; so now he will get two years' hard labor; and serve him right!

BALSQUITH: I bet you a guinea he wont get even a week. I bet you another that Chubbs-Jenkinson apologises abjectly. You evidently havent heard the news.

MITCHENER: What news?

BALSQUITH: It turns out that the curate is well connected. [*Mitchener staggers at the shock. He reels into his chair and buries his face in his hands over the blotter.*] He has three aunts in the peerage; Lady Richmond's one of them. [*Mitchener punctuates these announcements with heart-rending groans.*] And they all adore him. The invitations for six garden parties and fourteen dances have been cancelled for all the subalterns in Chubbs's regiment. [*Mitchener attempts to shoot himself.*]

BALSQUITH [*seizing the pistol*]: No; your country needs you, Mitchener.

MITCHENER [*putting down the pistol*]: For my country's sake. [*Balsquith, reassured, sits down.*] But what an infernal young fool Chubbs-Jenkinson is not to know the standing of this man better! Why did'nt he know? It was his business to know. He ought to be flogged.

BALSQUITH: Probably he will be, by the other subalterns.

MITCHENER: I hope so. Anyhow, out he goes. Out of the army. He or I.

BALSQUITH: Steady, steady. His father has subscribed a million to the party funds. We owe him a peerage.

MITCHENER: I don't care.

BALSQUITH: I do. How do you think parties are kept up? Not by the subscriptions of the local associations, I hope. They dont pay for gas at the meetings.

MITCHENER: Man, can you be not serious? Here are we, face to face with Lady Richmond's grave displeasure; and you talk to me about gas and subscriptions. Her own nephew!!!!!

BALSQUITH [*gloomily*]: It's unfortunate. He was at Oxford with Bobby Bessborough.

Of the German Invasion Scare:

BALSQUITH: The Germans have laid down four more Dreadnoughts.

MITCHENER: Then you must lay down twelve.

BALSQUITH: Oh yes; it's easy to say that; but think of what theyll cost.

MITCHENER: Think of what it would cost to be invaded by Germany and forced to pay an indemnity of five hundred millions.

BALSQUITH: But you said that if you got compulsory service there would be an end of the danger of invasion.

MITCHENER: On the contrary, my dear fellow, it increases the danger tenfold, because it increases German jealousy of our military supremacy.

BALSQUITH: After all, why should the Germans invade us?

MITCHENER: Why shouldn't they? What else has their army to do? What else are they building a navy for?

BALSQUITH: Well, we never think of invading Germany.

MITCHENER: Yes, we do. I have thought of nothing else for the last ten years. Say what you will, Balsquith, the Germans have never recognised, and until they get a stern lesson they never will recognise, the plain fact that the interests of the British Empire are paramount, and that the command of the sea belongs by nature to England.

BALSQUITH: But if they wont recognise it, what can I do?

MITCHENER: Shoot them down.

BALSQUITH: I cant shoot them down.

MITCHENER: Yes yes can. You dont realise it; but if you fire a rifle into a German he drops just as surely as a rabbit does.

BALSQUITH: But dash it all, man, a rabbit hasnt got a rifle and a German has. Suppose he shoots you down.

MITCHENER: Excuse me, Balsquith, but that consideration is what we call cowardice in the army. A soldier always assumes he is going to shoot, not to be shot.

BALSQUITH [*jumping up and walking about sulkily*]: Oh come! I like to hear you military people talking of cowardice. Why, you spend your lives in an ecstasy of terror of imaginary invasions. I dont believe you ever go to bed without looking under it for a burglar.

MITCHENER [*calmly*]: A very sensible precaution, Balsquith. I take it; and, in consequence, Ive never been burgled.

BALSQUITH: Neither have I. Anyhow, dont you taunt me with cowardice. [*He hosts himself on the hearthrug beside Mitchener, on his left.*] I never look under my bed for a burglar. I'm not always looking under the nation's bed for an invader. And if it comes to fighting, I'm quite willing to fight without being three to one.

MITCHENER: These are the romantic ravings of a Jingo civilian, Balsquith. At least you'll not deny that the absolute command of the sea is essential to our security.

BALSQUITH: The absolute command of the sea is essential to the security of the principality of Monaco. But Monaco isnt going to get it.

MITCHENER: And consequently Monaco enjoys no security. What a frightful thing! How do the inhabitants sleep with the possibility of invasion, of bombardment, continually present to their minds? Would you have our English slumbers broken in the same way? Are we also to live without security?

BALSQUITH [*dogmatically*]: Yes. There's no such thing as security in the world; and there never can be as long as men are mortal. England will be secure when England is dead, just as the streets of London will be safe when theres no longer a man in her streets to be run over, or a vehicle to run over him. When you military chaps ask for security you are crying for the moon.

MITCHENER [*very seriously*]: Let me tell you, Balsquith, that in these days of aeroplanes and Zeppelin airships the question of the moon is becoming one of the greatest importance. It will be reached at no very distant date. Can you, as an Englishman, tamely contemplate the possibility of having to live under a German moon? The British flag must be planted there at all hazards.

Of Women's Suffrage, Balsquith being already a convert:

BALSQUITH: Mitchener: the game is up.

MITCHENER: What do you mean?

BALSQUITH: The strain is too much for the Cabinet. The old Liberal and Unionist Free Traders declare that if they are defeated on their resolution to invite tenders from private contractors for carrying on the Army and Navy, they will go solid for votes for women as the only means of restoring the liberties of the country which we have destroyed by compulsory military service.

MITCHENER: Infernal impudence!

BALSQUITH: The Labor Party is taking the same line. They say the men got the Factory Acts by hiding behind the women's petticoats, and they will get votes for the army in the same way.

MITCHENER: Balsquith: We must not yield to clamor. I have just told that woman that I am at last convinced——

BALSQUITH [*joyfully*]: that the Suffragets must be supported?

MITCHENER: No; that the Anti-Suffragets must be put down at all hazards.

BALSQUITH: Same thing.

MITCHENER: No. For you now tell us that the Labor Party demands votes for women. That makes it impossible to give them, because it would be yielding to clamor. The one condition on which we can consent to grant anything in this country is that nobody shall presume to ask for it.

The orderly and Mitchener have a set of tussles, from which the conscript naturally emerges triumphant. This conscript, according to the author's description, is "an unsoldierly, slovenly, discontented young man." He is the son of a barber, and he begs in vain to do the General's shaving instead of drill. Finally, on being ordered from the room in martial form for about the twelfth time, he explodes:

MITCHENER: Silence. Attention. Right about face. March.

THE ORDERLY [*retiring to the standing desk and bedewing it with passionate tears*]: Oh, that I should have lived to be spoke to as if I was the lowest of the low! Me! that has shaved a City o London alderman wiv me own and.

MITCHENER: Poltroon. Crybaby. Well, better disgrace yourself here than disgrace your country on the field of battle.

THE ORDERLY [*angrily coming to the table*]: Who's going to disgrace his country on the field of battle. It's not fighting I object to: it's soljerin'. Show me a German and I'll ave a go at him as fast as you or any man. But to ave me time wasted like this, an be stuck in a sentry-box at a street corner for an ornament to be stared at; and to be told "right about face; march," if I speak as one man to

another: that aint pluck: that aint fighting: that aint patriotism: it's bein' made a bloomin' sheep of.

MITCHENER: A sheep has many valuable military qualities. Emulate them, don't disparage them.

THE ORDERLY: Oh wots the good of talkin to you? If I wasnt a poor soldier I could punch your ed for forty shillins or a month. But because youre my commandin officer you deprive me of my right to a magistrate, and make a compliment of giving me two years ard stead o shootin me. Why cant you take your chance the same as any civilian does?

There only remains to chronicle the opinions of the two representatives of Anti-Suffrage, Lady Corinthia Fanshawe and Mrs. Banger. The latter must, I think, be a figment of Mr. Shaw's brain or an individual, a modern Hannah Snell, not a type like the other characters:

MRS. BANGER: This pistol, sir, was carried at Waterloo by my grandmother.

MITCHENER: I presume you mean your grandfather.

MRS. BANGER: You presume unwarrantably.

LADY CORINTHIA: Mrs. Banger's grandmother commanded a canteen at that celebrated battle.

MRS. BANGER: Who my grandfather was is a point that has never been quite clearly settled. I put my trust, not in my ancestors, but in my good sword, which is at my lodgings.

MITCHENER: Your sword!

MRS. BANGER: The sword with which I slew five Egyptians with my own hand at Kassassin, where I served as a trooper.

MITCHENER: Lord bless me! But was your sex never discovered?

MRS. BANGER: It was never even suspected. I had a comrade—a gentleman ranker—whom they called Fanny. They never called me Fanny.

LADY CORINTHIA: The Suffragets have turned the whole woman movement on to the wrong track. They ask for a vote.

MRS. BANGER: What use is a vote? Men have the vote.

LADY CORINTHIA: And men are slaves.

MRS. BANGER: What women need is the right to military service. Give me a well-mounted regiment of women with sabres, opposed to a regiment of men with votes. We shall see which will go down before the other. No; we have had enough of these gentle pretty creatures who merely talk and cross-examine ministers in police courts, and go to prison like sheep, and suffer and sacrifice themselves. This question must be solved by blood and iron, as was well said by Bismarck, whom I have reason to believe was a woman in disguise.

MITCHENER: Bismarck a woman!

MRS. BANGER: All the really strong men of history have been disguised women.

MITCHENER [*remonstrating*]: My dear lady!

MRS. BANGER: How can you tell? You never knew that the hero of the charge at Kassassin was a woman; yet she was: it was I, Rosa Carmina Banger. Would Napoleon have been so brutal to women, think you, had he been a man?

MITCHENER: Oh come, come! Really! Surely female rulers have often shown all the feminine weaknesses. Queen Elizabeth, for instance. Her vanity, her levity——

MRS. BANGER: Nobody who has studied the history of Queen Elizabeth can doubt for a moment that she was a disguised man.

Afterwards, when Lady Corinthia and Mitchener are alone:

LADY CORINTHIA: I dont want you to talk. I want you to listen. You do not understand my views on the question of the suffrage. [*She rises to make a speech.*] I must preface my remarks by reminding you that the Suffraget movement is essentially a dowdy movement. The Suffragets are not all dowdies; but they are mainly supported by dowdies. Now I am not a dowdy. Oh, no compliments——

MITCHENER: I did not utter a sound.

LADY CORINTHIA [*smiling*]: It is easy to read your thoughts. I am one of those women who are accustomed to rule the world through men. Man is ruled by beauty, by charm. The men who are not have no influence. The Salic Law, which forbade women to occupy a throne, is founded on the fact that when a woman is on the throne the country is ruled by men, and therefore ruled badly; whereas when a man is on the throne the country is ruled by women, and therefore ruled well. The Suffragets would degrade women from being rulers to being voters, mere politicians, the drudges of the caucus and the polling booth. We should lose our influence completely under such a state of affairs. The New Zealand women have the vote. What is the result? No poet ever makes a New Zealand woman his heroine. One might as well be romantic about New Zealand mutton. Look at the Suffragets themselves. The only ones who are popular are the pretty ones, who flirt with mobs as ordinary women flirt with officers.

The characters are sorted out and shaken upside down with the volcanic grace to which the author has accustomed us. Mrs. Banger sits on Sandstone's head as a friendly inducement, and finally takes over the chief commandership herself by marrying him; Mitchener is accepted with patient resignation by Mrs. Farrell, the charwoman, and Lady Corinthia becomes the Egeria of Balsquith.

LADY CORINTHIA: Mr. Balsquith: you, at least, are not a Philistine.

BALSQUITH: No, Lady Corinthia; but I'm a confirmed bachelor. I don't want a wife; but I want an Egeria.

MRS. FARRELL: More shame for you!

LADY CORINTHIA: Silence, woman. The position and functions of a wife may suit your gross nature. An Egeria is exactly what I desire to be. [*To Balsquith*] Can you play accompaniments?

BALSQUITH: Melodies only, I regret to say. With one finger. But my brother, who is a very obliging fellow, and not unlike me personally, is acquainted with three chords, with which he manages to accompany most of the comic songs of the day.

LADY CORINTHIA: I do not sing comic songs. Neither will you when I am your Egeria. You must come to my musical at-home this afternoon. I will allow you to sit at my feet.

BALSQUITH [*doing so*]: That is my ideal of romantic happiness. It commits me exactly as far as I desire to venture. Thank you.

The Orderly is made happy by a promised lieutenancy.

THE ORDERLY: Wot price me, General? Wont you celebrate your engagement by doing something for me? Maynt I be promoted to be a sergeant?

MITCHENER: Youre too utterly incompetent to discharge the duties of a sergeant. You are only fit to be a lieutenant. I shall recommend you for a commission.

The parts were extremely well acted on Friday. Mr. Loraine as Mitchener was positively delightful, and Miss Agnes Thomas just as much so in a rather less trying part. The art of the Orderly (Mr. Ernest Cosham) was not great, but he was excellently cast so far as personality went. Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Balsquith played very well, while Miss Alice Beet and Miss Ethelwynne Jones gave more or less adequate, if rather tryingly crude, presentments of Mrs. Banger and Lady Corinthia.

N. C.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

IT would appear that a few copies have reached England from America of the first volume of a collected edition de luxe of the works of Ambrose Bierce. The question that starts to the lips of ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, even the best-informed, will assuredly be: Who is Ambrose Bierce? To which my answer is: I scarcely know. But I will say that, among what I may term "underground reputations," that of Ambrose Bierce is perhaps the most striking modern example. You may wander for years through literary circles and never meet anybody who has ever heard of Ambrose Bierce, and then you may hear some erudite student whisper in an awed voice: Ambrose Bierce is the greatest living imaginative prose writer. I have heard such an opinion expressed. I think I am in a position to deny it. Although I have read little of Ambrose Bierce, I have read what is probably his best work, to wit, his short stories. After I had read the first I was almost ready to arise and cry with that erudite student: "This is terrific." But after I had read a dozen I had grown calmer. For they were all composed according to the same recipe, and they all went off at the end like the report of the same pistol.

* * *

Nevertheless, he is a remarkable writer. His aim, in his short stories, is to fell you with a single blow. And one may admit that he succeeds. In the line of the startling—half Poe, half Merimée—he cannot have many superiors. A story like "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"—well, Edgar Allan Poe might have deigned to sign it! And that is something. If Mr. Bierce had had the wit to write only that tale and "A Horseman in the Sky," he might have secured for himself the sort of everlasting reputation that, say, Blanco White enjoys. But, unfortunately, he has gone and imitated himself, and, vulgarly, given the show away. He possesses a remarkable style—what Kipling's would have been had Kipling been born with any understanding of the significance of the word "art"—and a quite strangely remarkable perception of beauty. There is a feeling for landscape in "A Horseman in the Sky" which recalls the exquisite opening of that indifferent novel "Les Frères Zemganno" of Edmond de Goncourt, and which no English novelist except Thomas Hardy, and possibly Charles Marriott, could match. It is worthy of W. H. Hudson (whose new book of English travel I urge upon you). Were Ambrose Bierce temperamentally less violent—less journalistic—and had he acquired the wisdom of a wider culture, he might have become the great creative artist that a handful of admirers believe him to be. As it is, he is simply astonishing. It occurs to me that Stephen Crane must have read him. If you demand why Ambrose Bierce is practically unknown in England, and why an expensive edition of him should suddenly appear as a bolt from the blue of the United States, I can offer no reply. I do not even know if he is living or dead, or where he was born, or if any of his books are published in England.

* * *

The June and July numbers of the "English Review" contain a long article, in French, by M. Camille Mauclair on "Le Roman français contemporain," which is very well worthy to be studied by those who sometimes feel the need of a general guidance in that field. Though it shows here and there the local influences of literary Paris, the article is surprisingly impartial and very sound. On the subject of the two Pauls—Adam and Bourget—M. Mauclair is admirable. There can be little doubt that Bourget's criticism will outlast his novels, even the least tricky of them. M. Mauclair also puts down the truth concerning Pierre Loti; and his silences about René Bazin, and his episodic brevity concerning that great arriviste, Marcel Prèvost, are agreeable to observe. He is severe on Octave Mirbeau, and rightly so. Personally, I frankly recognise that my delight in most of Mirbeau's books is a mark of bad taste, a lapse which I permit myself. On some points M. Mauclair's attitude may be dis-

puted, and on others it is indubitably wrong. I am convinced that the works of Elémir Bourges are quite lacking in life, and are therefore worthless. Yet Bourges is venerated by every serious novelist in France; perhaps the reason is that he takes eight years to write a novel and two years to correct the proofs, and gains about a ten pound note from each. The natural tendency of all decent-minded writers would be to assume that novels so produced *must* be first-class. I may remark that in spite of the feverish admiration for Bourges in literary circles in Paris, I have not yet met any French author who would take an oath that he had actually read "Le Nef" all through. Still, I am willing to admit the possibility of M. Mauclair being right and myself wrong in the matter of Bourges. I am not willing to admit the possibility of M. Mauclair being right when he credits Anatole France with all the constructive and narrative faculties of a great novelist, and puts "Le Lys Rouge" on a level with the masterpieces of Dostoievsky, Tolstoi, Hardy, and de Maupassant. Anatole France is probably a great writer, but he never has constructed, and he is incapable of constructing, a novel greatly. As for "Le Lys Rouge," it is pre-eminently what the French call "unstitched"—like a musical comedy. "Thais" is the least faulty of the "master's" novels.

* * *

M. Mauclair is further, indubitably wrong about Paul Hervieu. He takes him seriously, and talks of "the depth and nobility of his talent," and so on! Before Hervieu began to write pompous plays for the dazzlement of unsure and naive critics like Mr. A. B. Walkley and the late Catulle Mendès, he wrote a few novels, which have all the solemn tediousness of the plays. Nobody can deny to Hervieu a seriousness of outlook and a laudable ambition, but more than seriousness and ambition is needed to paint and criticise the life of a society as Hervieu pretends to do. Creative power is needed, and this he has not. Moreover, he has the style of a lead pencil manufacturer. I cannot conceive what possessed M. Mauclair to treat the painstaking but negligible Hervieu as he does. His appreciations of many other writers, known or unknown to the English public, such as Hermant, Rachilde, Boylesve, Bertrand, are suggestive and just. And briefly, the article generously meets a felt want.

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

Leaves of the Lower Branch. By E. B. V. Christian. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

It is long since become the fashion to whitewash every historical villain, and it is only proper that Mr. Christian should come forward to point out that Dodson and Fogg were most kindly and respectable solicitors. He does it partly in the time-honoured legal way, and partly by showing they couldn't help themselves. Readers will find a pleasant, gossipy account of all sorts and conditions of solicitors, and, we think greatly to their surprise, will discover that there have been here and there attorneys who were quite decent fellows—in their way. There are chapters on The Attorney in India, The Attorney as Man of Letters, and some mention is made of the gentleman in his office, but no excuse is made for his bill of costs. Mr. Christian's book is the only way any man should approach these gentlemen of the law, whilst all who have suffered at their hands—that is, all who have had aught to deal with them—will find some compensation in reading these leaves.

A Family of Influence. By W. H. Williamson. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

This interesting dialogue novel strongly recalls our old friend "Caste." Thus Hawtrey reappears in Sir James Gillan-Wells, while the mechanic, Shufflebottom, is a glorified beery Eccles. Del, the baronet's younger son, insults his father by becoming Shufflebottom's partner in a motor business, and thereby incurring the risk of becoming a vulgar millionaire; while Mel, the baronet's heir, is thrown over by one of his own class for a mere chemist's son. The story, it will be seen, is an old-timer. The characterisation is, however, so good that it is a pity the author did not choose a less antiquated theme. Still we feel that readers who do not object to put back the clock will like it.

Essays on Poets and Poetry. By T. Herbert Warren. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Imagine Dr. Warren a candidate for the Greek Chair. Imagine him delivering, like "a Scotch minister on trial," a public lecture in the schools upon Sophocles, Arnold, Dante, Virgil, and so forth. Imagine him exalting the poet where the prophet should be, noting certain unimportant details of the poetic art, say, of Sophocles, but failing to bring out his true value to the modern world—his contribution towards our realisation of his particular moment of Greek civilisation curiously foreshadowing our own in its revolutionary spirit, its merciless analysis of phenomena, its passionate yearning for a democracy excluding neither class, nor race, nor sex. Imagine all this, and you can imagine the sort of book of poetic organisations, appliances, knowledge, and unobvious parallels which Dr. Warren has given us. It is a work distinguished by wide and accurate scholarship. But it is a book in literature, not in life.

Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. By John Masson. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Dr. Masson's book is a veritable dungeon of learning. It is a remarkable contribution to the history of Epicurus's atomic theory by an able and acute thinker, an effort—called forth by hostile criticism of an earlier work—enabling us to estimate the attempts of modern thinkers to adjust Epicureanism to their own experiences and times. The book touches at length upon the controversy of Atoms v. Forms. Expounding the doctrine of Forms, the author reveals himself a true Formist. In this connection, with his view that the poet has a truer insight into the "self" of things than the abstract thinker, we thoroughly agree. But with the view that the machinery of the Universe leads up to the Designer we thoroughly disagree. This is archaic metaphysics of the worst kind. It is sheer Socratiety. Lucretius stole the spiritual world for the use of mankind; Dr. Masson would restore it.

Horæ Mysticæ. Compiled by Eleanor C. Gregory. (Methuen.)

This admirable little book is composed of extracts from the writings and sayings of the four classes into which mystics may be divided—Poetic, Pantheistic, Philosophical, and Devotional. Among the first we note Herbert George, Henry Vaughan, and Blake; among the Devotional, St. Teresa; among the Philosophical, Plato; and among the Pantheists, Jacob Böhme. It is to be regretted that a work which aims to represent mystics of all nations has no mention of the Belgian, Maeterlinck.

Tyrol and its People. By Clive Holland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Messrs. Methuen deserve the best thanks of the literary, artistic, and antiquarian traveller. By means of these handsome travel books—a combination of the descriptive art of the writer, the imaginative art of the

painter, the realistic art of the photographer, and the formal art of the cartographer—they are opening up to him the favoured regions of the earth. Thus, in the present adequate volume, there unfolds before him a panorama of a "comparatively little-known corner of the Austro-Hungarian Empire" in a manner which vividly recalls the romantic history, people, and charming scenery of this "land within the mountains," this "battleground of nations." Though the book fails to touch the sociologist in us, it makes us long to realise the poetic emotions stirred by both its subject and the colour illustrations of Mr. Adrian Stokes.

DRAMA.

These Dancers.

Now, when we have recovered from the shock that these "æsthetic" dancers gave us—Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, and the rest—it is interesting to analyse their attractions and their deficiencies. Obviously they have largely to thank the law of reaction for their success. The ideal of sublime technique and glittering garments held sway with no opposition for a very long time. Probably it always will remain paramount as the mob's idea of beauty, but occasionally there is a little break, and we are ready to remember that beauty unadorned, or more or less so, is a formula too.

But mere unveiling of the human form is hardly respectable enough to advertise in order to draw an English audience, although it should be when the particular form is beautiful, so Miss Allan nailed her flag to simplicity, spontaneity——

About Miss Isadora Duncan I have nothing to say. The interesting part of her performance is the revival of the Classic Greek ideal of dancing, and she has done very beautifully. The progress and perfection of her formula is merely a matter of time. I hope her school will carry on her work.

But Miss Allan, as I have said, preaches spontaneity, and "technique" means to her the ruin of this all-essential gift. There must be many people who have a feeling that she is perfectly right. I am one. I heard of the dancer's theory when she started in London, and I read many reviews of her performance. Those critics who were not swept off their feet by the novelty and charm of setting growled about lack of technical skill. I scoffed at their limited formularised brains and rushed to the Palace with joyous anticipation, only to find that Miss Allan had a great deal too much technique. Spontaneity, forsooth! Every step, every attitude was carefully taught, whether self-taught or otherwise. Deliberate schooling of oneself is not spontaneity. It was not really accomplished schooling, merely sufficient formulæ to ruin any ideal of simplicity. Take, for instance, Miss Allan's arm movement, which has been the subject of so much comment; that is a formula entirely out of proportion to the action of her feet. Nothing would convince me that the artist has not given special practice to that movement, apart from repeated motion of the whole body, which might increase facility without casting out spontaneity.

If we are going to have technique, good. But what happens is that one hears from the former grumblers that such and such an "æsthetic" dancer "has improved" in that direction; going to see the change, one finds she has accomplished a pirouette.

Take next Odette Valery, who is the same sort of dancer. She has acquired a little more technique. The consequence is that she is not able to pirouette, but to do at least one of the trained contortionist tricks. A step further and we find Mdlle. Amylla with an easy mastery of the high kick; one or two more progressions and we should arrive at a member of the ballet chorus, and so on to the première danseuse at the Empire.

That, of course, is a somewhat abrupt resolution, but I want to demonstrate a conviction that immediately technique is introduced in such dancing as Maud Allan would have, the whole conception falls to pieces.

By "technique" I do not refer to the facility and reliability which would come with repetition. Professional dancers of to-day have no time to acquire it in that way, there is too great a demand for variety. They are forced to borrow formulæ from people who have gone before them, and to practise tip-toeing or arm movements separately—one, two, three—say twelve times in succession. So the proportion and harmony of the spontaneous conception are lost.

It must be a genius who will bring an unfettered ideal of movement into the modern theatre, reeking of heat-choked atmosphere and acrid artifice. 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.*

SOCIALISM AND LABOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

You ask me to define what I mean by the co-operation of Socialists with Labour. Or to quote your own words:—

"We agree, subject to the clear understanding that Socialists do not merge themselves in the Labour Party, losing their identity, their autonomy, and their distinctive principles. Beyond this we cannot go. To be completely merged body and bones in the Labour Party would be to abandon absolutely our future realisation of a definite Socialist Party. Will Herr Beer more clearly define what he means by working "side by side"? Does he not mean "beneath"? We want to be clear on the point, for it is vital. Does he mean that the Labour and Socialist elements are to mix or to be chemically combined? Is it to be fusion or federation? If the former, he must not count on THE NEW AGE; if the latter, he has our willing support."—(NEW AGE, June 24.)

To this pertinent and vital question I reply. My study of Socialism has led me to the following conclusion. Socialism is Labourism made independent and conscious. The economic and political struggles of Labour form the movement through which Socialism is being realised, and will be realised with greater completeness and speed the more the Socialists identify themselves with the Labour movement, even if they have to drop the word Socialism. It is not the word that matters, but the action—the forward movement of the economic and personal forces of a given society. I am strongly convinced that, with proper methods of Socialist propaganda, Labour must arrive at a point in its experience when it will adopt a Socialist programme. It was Labour which in its trade organisations separated itself from the capitalist class; it was Labour whose interests have been instrumental in the building up of a factory and social legislation, and thus, in making inroads on the sovereign rights of private property; it was Labour which ten years ago separated itself politically from the old Parties and formed an independent political movement; finally, the rise of Labour as a political power synchronises with the appearance of the Collectivist trend in British legislation. Those who think of Socialism as separate and distinct from Labourism, and who cherish the idea of spreading Socialism among the middle and upper classes, should try to move a Socialist resolution in the Chambers of Commerce or in landlord conferences. The result of such an experiment will, I believe, lead them to look upon Trade Union and Labour Party Conferences in a different light. The Fabian principle of indiscriminate permeation has failed, but we must guard against the other extreme of trying to work for Socialism through Socialists only. The domain of Socialist propaganda is Labour. The apprehension that in a fusion with independent Labour the Socialists might lose their autonomy, their identity and distinctive principles is no more justified than the apprehension of an engineer that by applying steam or electric power to a locomotive the boiler or the dynamo might lose its identity and distinction. Hence the contrary apprehension is true that the Socialists, by forming a Party of their

own as distinct from Labourism and by disrupting the I.L.P., might deliver the Labour Party into the hands of Radicalism. The I.L.P. is the bridge which links Socialism with Labour on the one hand and Socialism and the social idealists on the other. Break it up and the component parts of the Socialist Labour Movement fall asunder to be surrounded and beaten by the enemy. It is the duty of Socialists to guard that bridge.

M. BEER.

* * *

MR. PUGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Pugh tells us that he has friends. I am glad to hear it. It is time they took care of him.

He tells us that he is a swordsman, and that I should look to my weapons; but his seconds have not placed him well in the field. I advise him to change his position, for neither his friends nor his sword will avail him against his worst enemy. The weapon he wields may have disarmed many adversaries, but he has yet to disarm criticism. He cannot disarm criticism by lunging madly at me.

It is deplorable that a mere tradesman like myself must cease temporarily from congenial labour to rebuke one who degrades The Cause.

My indictment of Mr. Pugh is, that he is unable or unwilling to state only what he knows to be true, and that he lacks the capacity to assimilate facts.

For instance, Mr. Pugh states that I come from Jerusalem—a Jew. It is untrue. I am a (so-called) Christian.

He says that I liked his first article, and told him so. It is untrue. I told him that I was surprised at his action, and avoided further conversation with him.

But verily I have not read his "The Labourer's Hire." I hope that work foretells some ideal Socialist community, wherein Mr. Pugh, being provided with decent regular employment, is of a consequence able to respect himself.

Mr. Pugh says that I am a "common liar," and that my correspondence with him convicts me.

I will pay a sovereign to the movement for each lie unearthed by a Committee of four prominent Socialists from my correspondence with Edwin Pugh. Further, I will make public apology and reparation to the person or people such lies have injured, and I authorise the publication of my letters.

A. J. OBERMAYER.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A correspondent in your issue of July 8th having referred to Mr. Stephen Coleridge's Bill, which proposes to impose further restrictions upon vivisectors, may I point out the following:—

(1) That inasmuch as "complete anæsthesia" is at the present time enforced in the case of all cutting operations, the Bill would afford no further protection in that direction than is at present vouchsafed. But since the Home Secretary has acknowledged that "it is sometimes impossible for even the operator to tell whether the animal is suffering or not," the only way to make quite sure of the matter is to prohibit these experiments altogether.

(2) That it is illogical to demand that the victims should be killed before regaining consciousness and at the same time to allow inoculation experiments in which the whole of the suffering consists in the after effects. This difficulty was put so plainly before Mr. Coleridge by the Royal Commissioners that he was forced to admit that he would allow the animals to recover after operations, provided they were placed under an anæsthetic as soon as the inspector considered that they were suffering serious pain. Three months later he wrote to one of the Commissioners withdrawing the word "serious," but the impression produced by his evidence remained.

It may be said that the more drastic measure introduced by the Total Abolition Societies stands no chance at present of becoming law. I believe it stands an equal chance with the other. But one thing is certain—instalments offered by the Government in response to our more consistently "anti" vivisection demand could be accepted without injury to our further action; whereas the passing of Mr. Coleridge's Bill would tie our hands for the future, lull to sleep once more the awakened conscience of the people, and leave the fate of vivisected animals dependent upon the bona fides of inspectors who are invariably chosen from the medico-scientific clique that supports vivisection by a Home Secretary guided by the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research. Mr. Coleridge has asserted, "Inspection is the whole thing in my Bill." We should prefer that anti-vivisection were "the whole thing."

BEATRICE E. KIDD,
Secretary British Union for Abolition of Vivisection,
32, Charing Cross, S.W.

* * *

THE NEW BIOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My article was in part a description of the principles of Mendelism and in part a refutation of the sociological deductions which some leading Englsh biologists have made therefrom. Professor Bateson, Mr. Punnett, Mr. Mudge, and Professor Pearson (who manages to reach the same conclusions via mathematics in lieu of biology), are not absent opponents. So far as space allowed, I quoted from the works with which I was dealing, and there was no misrepresentation of views. Professor Pearson has stated that the factor of heredity in tuberculosis is of more importance than that of infection for the urban artisan. In a recent mathematical memoir on eyesight he con-

cludes there is "no evidence whatever that over-crowded, poverty-stricken homes, or physically ill-conditioned or immoral parentages are markedly detrimental to the children's eyesight." He writes: "Pay attention to breeding and the environmental element will not upset your projects." [His views on eyesight differ fundamentally from those of eye doctors.]

Mr. Mudge, in a lecture he gave, protested against open-air schools as inimical to the best interests of the nation. He has also stated that consumption can only be eradicated by breeding methods.

Dr. S. Herbert and myself are really in agreement. He writes: "The point is by no means settled," and this is exactly why I contend that biologists are not in a position to dictate terms to man. Like Dr. Herbert, I see nothing antagonistic between Socialism and Eugenics, differing herein from certain advocates of eugenics like those I have named. I am a reasonable man, and am willing to listen to all that biologists have to say if they will allow me to reject anything that does not shape in with my own prejudices.

I take it rather unkindly of Dr. Herbert to have introduced "good old Butler" into this discussion; by a supreme effort of self-control I managed to keep the name out of my article. When Semon's book, "Die Mneme," is translated into English I believe that Butler's views on Evolution will be acceptable to English scientists under the name of Mnemism or Semonism—all our scientific theories now require a German cachet or a Greek terminology before Englishmen can understand them.

M. D. EDER.

* * *

"THE POOLS OF SILENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My attention has just been drawn to the abusive notice of my book, "The Pools of Silence," in THE NEW AGE. Leaving the abuse and coarse language aside, your reviewer has committed a very grave offence against me, against my book, and against the honourable profession of journalism.

For some hidden motive he (or she) has attacked me very viciously. I would not mind that, if the weapons used had been fair weapons, but falsification and unadulterated lies are not fair weapons, and both these have been used against me by your reviewer.

Captain Berselius, the main character in my book, beats no person to death and selects no person to be beaten; yet, on the false assumption that he does, your reviewer ridicules me and makes a statement that the main situation of the book "simply does not read true." Captain Berselius does not die "the gentlest man ever born," he dies his old original self.

No person in "The Blue Lagoon" is struck upon the back. Your reviewer has twisted a perfectly simple incident into an indecent shape, plastered it with mud, and flung it in my face.

For these direct lies and vicious interpretations I am going to hold you and your reviewer accountable.

Leaving them aside with the coarse language and abuse, allow me, as a sample of your reviewer's intelligence, to point to the passage where, ridiculing Berselius for his supposed choice of a victim, your reviewer asks: "Is this victim a powerful chief, a beautiful maiden?" etc. Where, may I ask, are beautiful maidens to be found in the Congo Free State? Has your reviewer ever seen a Congo nigger? H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

[Our reviewer will reply next week.—ED., N.A.]

* * *

"WHITED SEPULCHRES."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

If you have not closed the correspondence on the above-named story, I should like to ask why that story was ever published. There is no girl's school, elementary or private, where Miss Tina's ignorance would not be laughed at. Her Tale is half a century too late. There is, perhaps rightly enough, no moral at the end, or, at least, no discernible moral, but really we must suppose a definite idea of some sort at the back of such a story, and what this is Miss Tina fails to show. Perhaps her forthcoming book will let the cat out of the bag? I can only suppose, and many others agree with me, that the author of the poems you have published, and of "Oriole Notes" was off her proper line when she was writing "Whited Sepulchres."

"OXONIAN."

* * *

A REPLY TO MY CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Through the courtesy of the Editor, I have been allowed to read an advanced proof of the letter signed "Oxonian"; also several other epistles which, I am informed, were unsuitable for publication. The writers seem to have lost temper and grammar together. The impression conveyed was that these writers were very familiar with the common stagnant life I depicted in "Whited Sepulchres," and had become exasperated that they hadn't written that simple story themselves. The fact is that such stories have been written hundreds of times, but always in the vocabulary of romance. I maintain that the Heckites are out of the field of real romance, and any author who treats of them romantically is carpetting a mud-road. In "Gardens," which have no gardens, and drapery colours they express their whole desire. Consequently the atmosphere of their lives can only be conveyed by means of a red-brick vocabulary and "Home Chat" phrases. Stereotype and cliché especially belong to this type. I inevitably used these.

If I had never written anything but "Whited Sepulchres," I could more easily understand the annoyance of certain aspiring critics. I agree with such that all of them could have written "Whited Sepulchres" in that way if only they had thought of doing so. But I have written in several styles in THE NEW AGE.

These bitter people first became known to me when I published "Oriole Notes." They exhausted themselves in acrid letters. Had I written a series of articles extolling the Russian Emperor instead of describing the enchanting memories and harmonious sensations of an artist's inner life, these critics could scarcely have exhibited more detestation. "Fool—mad—decadent" were the most general epithets used towards me. I began to publish poems, and behold! the barbarians turned thither. One man seemed to loathe me mortally on account of the expression "baleful wisp." I expected nothing less than a writ. In reply to other articles I received pathological documents from young men to prove to me that I did not know what I was talking about on the subject of maternity.

These critics seem mostly—not invariably—to belong to the set I call the Super-People: the rabble of vicarious reformers. They are a licentious folk. I have encountered more vice among the Super-People than I ever heard of before in all my life; and I have travelled half the world over. To these pure all things are impure. They pretend to preach free chastity, but they could not endure chastity of any sort. (There are other crows than the Heckites strutting before the world as peacocks.) Me they hate because I ignore their select nomenclatures and refuse to worship their josses. Above all, and all the time, they bear me a grudge for obviously knowing Life on the bare rock. They have nothing to teach me but their jargon. Finally, they are furious at my tenacity. I can be driven neither to flatter them nor to be silent.

There is another type of critic of which "Oxonian" is a fair representative. These would not allow me to write anything except lyrics. I heard one of them who exclaimed upon reading my first article on the suffrage: "Oh, poor lady! she is ruined." They are the pure-art-lovers.

The critics I like are those who do not expect one always to write for them alone; who understand that while individual readers are usually interested in a few subjects, a writer is usually interested in many. These critics take the view that Life is multi-sided, and they are intent upon making their own facet as beautiful as possible. They, presumably, recognise in me a writer who has never written a word which could make vice or cruelty attractive, and they appreciate my uncompromising attitude towards those evils which threaten the free-birth of future generations. I am content to entrust my literary reputation to this audience. It is a band which will not lightly forsake me.

It has astonished me somewhat to receive personal letters asking how, exactly, I would inform a girl upon sex matters. Of course, it would depend entirely upon the sort of girl. I dare not rush in where enlightened parents fear to tread. I repeat my opinion that, for this generation, which has almost solidly been trained to silence on these subjects before elders and school-teachers, a young married relation or friend is the best guide. Such an one is not likely to take refuge behind flowers and frogs, or to be sanctimonious where no idea of original sin should be suggested. The reason I advise a young person is not in the least, as one correspondent infers, because I think older people are less sensitive, but because the adolescent of to-day would be abashed and startled at information of this sort from their parents. Nemesis works here.

When thousands more medical practitioners of both sexes are employed in the schools, we shall no doubt get a practical text-book on reproduction. Even then, the married friend will make the best finishing tutor for the individual young person.

BEATRICE TINA.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., N.A.]

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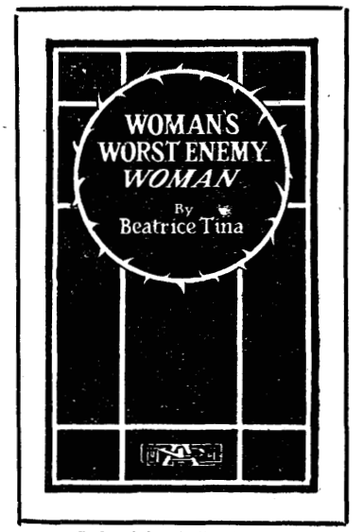

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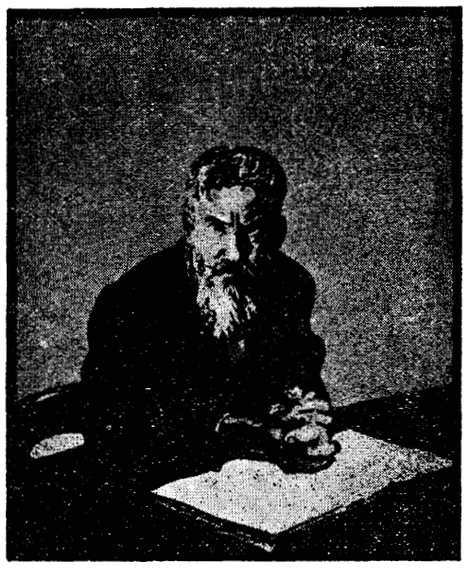

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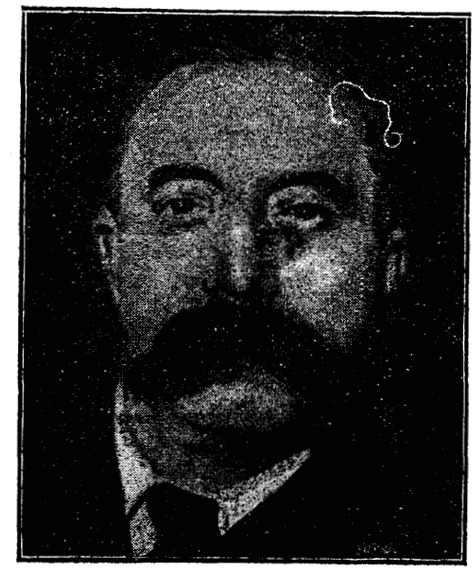

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