IS ENGLAND PLAYED OUT?  

THE NEW AGE  

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.  


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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 not be 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 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.

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?

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.

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 not "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.

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 voting society. Unfortunately they refused the light which Mr. Chiozza Money offered them. Mr. Money suggested that instead of endeavouring to hedge the advantage, 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?

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 nothing but some little stroke 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 itself.” 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. Here 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 on the 1st of May, and on the assembly line of land. Could anything conceivably be more to the taste of the Radicals than such a combat on such a battlefield? Cromwell could not have been happier when he started to invade Ireland. The “Impotence or Resolution” of the Lords is more than usually sinister. Could anything conceivably be more to the taste of 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 the Lords will do with 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 wroth in mystery even from the Lords themselves. Perhaps a few by-elections will clear their minds.

“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. The local distress committee, in May, on the assembly line of land, was 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 on the 1st of May, and on the assembly line of land. Could anything conceivably be more to the taste of 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 the Lords will do with 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 wroth in mystery even from the Lords themselves. Perhaps a few by-elections will clear their minds.

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 Kafrina. 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 from political life. Should the Start of 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 else? 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 are reckoned as politically non-existent. And elsewhere as political entities, either now or for ever, natives are to have no political existence. Is it to be “educed” or classed as savages, with none of their virtues. Their supersession is part of the task of reformers.
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 decry 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 causeless change, eternal fermentation, movement with a fleshy 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 in deed signs of death. Moral poitrines 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 Dhiingra?"

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 our great public schools, and found therein the evidences of a most wonderful country.

But with the sons of a petty tradesman. He had the sense to make this a matter 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 was, 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 fuddling up rival claimants to Maunderi 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 colour, or creed. We believe that many of our politicians have acquiesced in these humiliating surrenders to Colonists and Boers; 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 with the far more powerful strength of the Russian people. He has condemned 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 stuffling, 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 fusalome adulation? England is dead. Like shipwrecked sailors, let us broach the barrels and drink ourselves into annihilation. England is not dead.

The Rothsberys, the Balfours, the Roseberys, the Grey, 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 by the physical cowardice displayed by Sir E. 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. W. went to Hatfield, Lansbury, and others have set up to the polling the Poor Law system and to stem unemployment. They believe in England’s future, they believe the bad can be made good and the 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 unwavering hope to the future, forecasting nothing but the 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 upper classes. Nor are they 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 their hold by the common bonds of human comradeship.

The 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 ready 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 picnic and Oriental siestas; it is popular with the people who mimic the manners and the language 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 topping, or hoo-ho, 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, puffed 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 medieval 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.

But tired! Tired of glory, tired of war, tired of literature, tired of everything but the ambition to lead. 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 of Commons, he is 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. 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 laughed at himself and everyone else in the world. His name is in their 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 stop and bid adieu to Berkeley Square for some little time to beat that. For politics now means movement, commotion, sensation, exciting situations with presumed horror, 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 pennints.

The successful politician should know when to ram, when to let off a broadside, and the psychological moment to back water. He must win the eye of fashion, the ear of the public, the taste of the public, 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 invented and that of the Bishops perverted; the sorrows of persecuted millionaires and the woes of business men who find themselves unable to keep 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 who in 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, crashes in Mayfair; the union of Jewry and its people live a double life of security and fatuity. Under the Kaiser's Eagles are plucking English sparrows in the veldt, and the noble Earl will have to be up early, there is no laurel left to cover their bald heads. The successful politician should know when to ram, when to let off a broadside, and the psychological moment to back water. He must win the eye of fashion, the ear of the public, the taste of the public, 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 invented and that of the Bishops perverted; the sorrows of persecuted millionaires and the woes of business men who find themselves unable to keep 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 who in the world.

London is a paradox of city and town, a 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 Cesar; 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 age is the symbol of imperious 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 their 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 Caesar 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.

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FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

An attempt to secure the scope for the play of instincts and impulses, and to provide a series of purposes by the performance of which ideas may grow into clearness and freedom.

Principal, Miss CLARK.
Race and Marriage.*
By Dr. J. Lionel Taylor.

Evidence, 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 companionship will, since 1881 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, reject 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 that is, I believe, true. The main motive of friendship and of sex love is an emotional correspondance 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 dislike to 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 is, 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.

The New Biology from the Biometric Standpoint.

In a recent number of this journal, Dr. M. D. Eder
pauses 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. Wyldon, 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.

Bimetricians 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 coefficient 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

* Sociological Papers, Volume II.
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 greatest and only one: "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 was 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 product. 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 unadapted. They go to hear a one-act play, find something totally different, and then, instead of summoning their wits and realising the theme, 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 out with foul 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 would! compare risks run to bear livin people into the world to risks run to blow them out of it. A mother's risk is jooty; a soldier's is nothin' but divilment.

MITCHENER [muffled]: Let me tell you, Mrs. Farrell, that if the men did not fight, the women would have to fight them-selves. 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 you was killed, how many people would there be in England in another generation? If it wasn't for that, the men'd put the fighting on us, just as they put all the other drudgery. 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 wouldn't have had to risk me life so often. You're your risks n your bravery n your self-control a great deal worse than me, Mr. Farrell. Why can't you control your self?" I says to Farrell. "It's aeg men religion," he sez.

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

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

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

Balsquith:---and the feeling was that the Labor Party were soulless cads.

Mitchener: So they are.

Balsquith: And now comes this unmanuscrpted youth whelp Chubbs-Jenkinson, the only son of what they call a sofa 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 commending it to a flogging. What did you expect the curate to do?

Mitchener: [shouting 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 can 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 another that Chubbs-Jenkinson apologises abjectly. You evidently haven't 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 rends his hair over the blotter.] He has three aunts in the peerage; Lady Richmond's one of them. [Mitchener punctuates these announcements with heartrending groans.] And they have received the fullest satisfaction. He should have obeyed the order; and the feeling was that the Labor Party were soulless cads. He was at Oxford with Bobby Nesboshall.

Balsquith:---and the feeling was that the Labor Party were soulless cads.

Mitchener: The Germans have laid down four more Dreadnoughts.

Balsquith: Yes, yes. You don't realise it; but if the subscriptions of the local associations, I hope. They don't pay for gas at the meetings, do they? Why shouldn't they?

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 Nesboshall.

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 they'll 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 I've 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 won't recognise it, what can I do?

Mitchener: Shoot them down.

Balsquith: I cant shoot them down.

Mitchener: Yes you can. You don't 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 hasn't got a rifle and a German has. Suppose he shot you?

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.
BERNARD SHAW

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another that aint pluck; that aint fighting; that aint patriotism: it's been a bloomin' sheen of.

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

Mrs. Banger: What was the good of talkin' to you? If I want a poor soldier I could punch your ed for forty shillins or a month. But because you're my commandin' officer and I have to tender my right hand on a magstrate, and make a compliment of giving me two years and steed to shootin' me. Why can't 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 women.

M itchener: This pistol, sir, was carried at Waterloo by my grandmother.

Lady Corinthia: I presume you mean your grandfather.

Mrs. Banger: You presume unanswerably.

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 interested me. I put my trust, not in my ancestors, but in my good sword, which is at my lodgings.

M itchener: Your sword! Mrs. Banger: The sword with which I slew five Egyptians with the hand at Kassassin, where I served as a trooper.

M itchener: 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 Suffragettes have turned the whole women 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 swords opposed to a regiment of men with swords. We will see which will go down before the other. No; we have 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.

M itchener: Bismarck a woman!

Mrs. Banger: All the really strong men of history have been disguised women.

M itchener [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 as good as Napoleon. Would Napoleon have been so brutal to women, think you, had he been a man?

M itchener: 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 don't want you to talk. I want to know how you don't 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 Suffragette movement was originated by a woman named Balsquith, whom the Suffragettes never called a dowdy. They are all dowdies. 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 woman, and therefore ruled badly; whereas when a man is on the throne the country is ruled by womankind, and therefore ruled well. The Suffragettes would degrade women being ruled by men, 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 cutton.

Look at the Suffragettes 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 Egria of Balsquith.

Lady Corinthia: Why, you, are not a Philistine.

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

Mrs. Farrell: More shame for you! 

Lady Corinthia: Silence, woman. The position and functions of a wife may suit your gross nature. An Egria 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 a whole chorus, 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 Egria. 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 lieutenantcy.

The Orderly: Why not me, General? What would you celebrate your engagement by doing something for me? Maybe I'm not to be a sergeant?

Mitchener: You're 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, presentations of Mrs. Banger and Lady Corinthia.
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. I have heard 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 rise and cry with that erudite student: "This is terrific." But after I had read a dozen I had become calmer. How 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. The aim, in his short stories, is to tell 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" is a perfectly Poe-like imitation, and Edgar Allan Poe might have been ready 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 enjoyed. But, unfortunately, he has gone and imitated himself, and, vulgarly, given the show away. He possesses a remarkable style—which Kipling's would have been had Kipling been born with any understanding of the significance of the word "art"—and a 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, so to 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, by M. Camille Mauchair 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 fashion, the whole article is surprisingly impartial and very sound. On the subject of the two Pauls—Adam and Bourget—M. Mauchair is admirable. There can be little doubt that Bourget's criticism will outlast that of Adam. He is the least tricky of them. M. Mauchair also puts down the truth concerning Pierre Loti; and his silences about René Bazin, and his episodic brevity concerning that great artist, Marcel Proust, 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. Mauchair's attitude may be dis-
puted, and on others it is indubitably wrong. I am convinced that the works of Émile 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 under the impression that M. Mauclair is 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 many other writers, known or unknown, with the masterpiece pieces of Dostoievsky, Tolstoi, Hardy, and de Maupassant. Anatole France is probably a great writer, but he has never constructed, and he is incapable of constructing, a master's novels. As for "Le Lys Rouge," it is pre-eminently what the French call "unstiched"—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 unwise 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—this 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, with the English public, such as Hermant, Rachilde, Boylesve, Bertrand, are suggestive and just. And briefly, the article genuinely merits a feel want.

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

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

It is pleasant to 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 both kindly and respectable solicitors. He does it partly in the time-honoured legal way, and partly by showing they couldn't help standing out from the English public, such as Hermant, Rachilde, Boylesve, Bertrand, are suggestive and just. And briefly, the article genuinely merits a feel want.

JACOB TONSON.

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 exulting that the poet who shall prove himself as the poet 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.)

Mr. 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 to the Designer we thoroughly disagree. This is archaic metaphysics of the worst kind. It is sheer Socratily. Lucretius stole the spiritual world for the use of mankind; Dr. Masson would restore it.

Horse Mystics. 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.

Tyril and Its People. By Clive Holland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

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painter, the realistic art of the photographer, and the formal art of the cartographer—they are opening up to him the favored regions of the earth. Thus, in the present, the artist who stands before him unfolds before him the favored regions of the earth. Thus, in the formal art of the cartographer—they are opening up charming scenery of this "land within the mountains," the "battleground of nations." Though the book fails to touch the sociologist in us, it makes us long to realize the poetic emotions stirred by both its subject and the colour illustrations of Mr. Adrian Stokes.

DRAM.A.

These Dancers.

Now, when we have recovered from the shock that these "esthetic" dancers gave us—Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, and the rest—it is interesting to analyze 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 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 more interesting is the prevailing 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.

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 it 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 in 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 the subject of the dancer's theory when she started in London, and who were not really accomplished schooling, merely sufficient 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.

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SOCIALISM AND LABOUR.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am only one. I do not refer to the facility and generalisations of nations, but to the particular form is beautiful, so Miss Allan nailed her flag to simplicity, spontaneity.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted.

We agree, subject to the clear understanding that Socialists do not define 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 "socialism"? Does he not mean "socialism"? We must be clear on the point, for it is vital. Does he mean that the Labour and Socialist elements would have to mix or to be chemically united? If so, I would use the terms "fusion or federation? If the former, he must not cast on the New Age; if the latter, he has our willing support"—(New Age, July 15, 1909.)

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 Socialist movement, but the Socialists themselves, who are the action—the forward movement of the economic and personal forces of a given society. I am strongly convinced that, with proper Socialist propaganda, 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 Socialist movement, but the Socialists themselves, who are the action—the forward movement of the economic and personal forces of a given society. I am strongly convinced that, with proper Socialist propaganda, 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. I reply.

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The Fabian principle of indiscriminate permeation has failed, but we must guard against the other extreme of trying to work through the Labour Party and Labour only, and not through the Socialist propaganda in Labour. The apprehension that a fusion with independent Labour the Socialists might lose their autonomy, their independence, and their identity, is justified, not by the apprehension that 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 L.I.P., might deliver the Labour Party into the hands of Radicalism. The L.I.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 awander 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 that 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 do this by lumping madly at me.

It is deplorable that mere trademen 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 he is inarticulate, like a first article, and to think so. It is untrue. I told him that I was surprised at his action, and avoided further conversation with him.

Mr. Pugh likens me to the "Labourer's Hire." I hope that work forces some ideal Socialist community, wherein Mr. Pugh, being provided with decent regular employment, could continue to report his views.

Mr. Pugh says that I am a "common liar," and that my correspondents have conspired with him.

I will pay a sovereign to the movement for each lie made quite sure of the matter is to prohibit these experiments altogether. That inasmuch as "complete anaesthesia" 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.

That it is illogical to demand that the victims should be killed before regaining consciousness and at the same time to allow anesthetic experiments in which the whole suffering consists in the after effects. This difficulty was put so plainly by 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 anesthetic as soon as the inspector considered that they were suffering seriously. For 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 would be accepted without injury to our further action; whereas the passing of Mr. Coleridge's Bill would tie our hands for the future, 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 medical profession clique that has already vivisection by a Home Secretary guided by the Association for the Advancement of Medical Research. Mr. Coleridge asserted, "I myself am the whole thing in my Bill." We should prefer that anti-vivisection were "the whole thing."

BEATRICE T. KYN, Secretary British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, 32, Charing Cross, S.W. *

EXPEDIENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

A correspondent in the July issue of your Journal referred to Mr. Stephen Coleridge's Bill, which proposes to impose further restrictions upon vivisection, may I point out the following points of difference: (1) The scheme amends the above and an anesthetic is at the present time enforced in the case of all cutting operations of the animal is suffering or not, the only way to make quite sure of the matter is to prohibit these experiments altogether. That inasmuch as "complete anaesthesia" 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.

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THE NEW BIOLOGY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

My article was in part a description of the principles of Mendel, to which I have added a refutation of the sentimental deductions which some leading English biologists have made therefrom. Professor Bateson, Mr. Punnett, Mr. Mudge, and Professor Pearson (who maintains that variations in mathematics in lieu of biography), are not absent opponents. So far as space allowed, I quoted from the works with which I was dealing, and I requested my correspondents to refer to previous writers. 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 could
eludes there is "no evidence whatever that overcrowded, poverty-stricken homes, or physically ill-conditioned or immoral parentages are markedly detrimental to the children's eye-
sight." He writes: "Pay attention to breeding and the environment, but don't let us project your projects." [His views on eye
sight differ fundamentally from those of eye doctors.]

Dr. S. Herbert and myself are really in agreement. He writes: "The point is by no means settled," and I think this is exactly why I contended with Mr. Murdock. I have not taken the position to dictate
terms to man. Like Dr. Herbert, I see nothing antagonistic between Socialism and Eugenics, or rather, I have named from certain
advocates of the former who have named from certain
advocates of the latter. 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
a story. I had never written anything but a by-supreme effort
capable of controlling me to keep the name out of my article.
When Semon's book, "Die Mneme," is translated into English I
shall let the cat out of the bag?

"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
tongue to speak for itself, the reviewer has commented a very grave offence against me, against my book, and against the
point of the article. The point of the article has little to do with the book. Mrs. Mudge in a lecture she gave, reviled 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.

As to the rest, I am a reason-
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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.

Mr. Murdock may have the
English language will be acceptable to
English scientists under the name of Memnem or Semnem—all our scientific theories now require a German
terminology before Englishmen can understand them.

M. D. EDER.

"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 pub-
lished. "The New Age" is a girl's school, educational or private, when
Miss Tina's ignorance would not be laughed at. Her Tale is
half a century too late. There is, perhaps rightly, no
moral at the end, or, at least, no conceivable 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
portion of "Oxonian." Has your re-
viewer ever seen a Congo nigger? H. DE VECI STATCOLE.

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

A REPLY TO MY CRITICS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Through the courtesy of the Editor, I have been allowed to read Mr. Murdock's lecture on the legend of "Oxonian." There are
several other epistles which I, am informed, were unsuitable for
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