A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY.

THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

Sir Edward Grey would be ideal about time that some paper or other had the patriotism for England cut off any local Labour branch of more than to say so, or, at least, half a dozen members. As Foreign Secretary for a

the news of the week as published in the ordinary Press, our virile contemporary, "Justice." Amongst other things, he declared that "Sir Edward Grey was the single act of Sir Edward Grey's that has been characterised, we will not say by liberality, but even by Liberalism. The name of England throughout practi

It is to be understood that official Liberal organs should suppress an unpalatable truth; but why, we ask, did all the Tory papers do the same? Is there not a single independent journal left in England? Or are we to suppose that the Tories, too, are animated by cowardice, and feel that Sir Edward Grey is the only bulwark against the dissolution of England?

Whatever be the answer, we absolutely deny that Sir Edward Grey's Cabinet, confiscated the copies of "Justice" which were being sold amongst the audience. This high-handed proceeding was scarcely reported in the Press, and when the question was raised in the House of Commons by Mr. Thorne, the fact that he attempted to move the adjournment of the House for the discussion of this breach of liberty, and was refused permission by the Speaker was not reported at all. The seizure in itself is in all conscience an offence of the greatest magnitude in a free country, but the suppression of the shocking sequel by all the journals without distinction of politics is nothing short of a crime.

And if we ask in whose interest both these crimes against free publication have been committed, we can only answer that the propinquity of the Tsar is responsible. This symbol, as Mr. Sha "..." called upon to abdicate his dishonourable pre-eminence. Down, we say, with the Tsar! Down with Sir Edward Grey.

On Tuesday there was a debate in the House of Commons, in Committee, principally with reference to British East Africa, which resembled nothing so much as a Jumble Sale at a Bazaar, for there was a load of sawdust to an infinitesimal speck of information, and for any practical indication of appreciation of the position of this vast portion of the Colonial Empire, for any real grip of the trend of the Administration there, any conception of the blight which is fast overwhelming every interest of the country or the people, you shall search in vain in the speeches made by officials and private members on the evening in question. One speech only had a grain of common sense in it. This was the suggestion of Sir G. Parker that there ought to be a Commission of Inquiry into the administration of British East Africa.

The public know very little of this part of the world, and as far as we can judge the Government officials in England know possibly less. To the latter its chief value lies in its providing well-paid positions for the inexperienced but influentially supported failures of the Civil Service candidates for whom the British taxpayer ungrudgingly finds the necessary funds. To the former British East Africa means "Big Game" preserved mainly for the relaxation of the overworked military. Not one in a thousand in this country can tell you what is its actual commercial value to-day as a national asset or what may be its prospective value in the near future. It is most desirable to obtain a glimpse of the actual position which may be intelligible to the man in the street, so that he may in some sense realise what he is paying for. With this object we purpose publishing some extracts from the note-book of a resident in British East Africa, at present in England, which we believe may be of interest to our readers.
The Treatment of School Children.

Among the resolutions on Education at the Portsmouth Conference was the following: "That an adequate revenue be provided by the Treasury for purposes of Medical Inspection and for the establishment under every Education Authority of properly equipped centres for medical treatment, such as School Clinics, Open-air Schools, Sanatoria, etc." Miss McMillan, who moved the resolution, stated quite clearly that treatment required as a necessary sequel to medical inspection, and why school clinics were an essential part of a modern system of education. She said: "It now rested with that great Labour Conference to force the hands of the local authorities and make a new life possible for the children of the nation." Miss Bondfield emphasised the question of free treatment, and stated "The resolution urged not that a grant should be made, but that an adequate fund should be established for the purpose of establishing clinics, open-air schools, and so on. Some working people were flinching at the idea that two or four millions should be spent in making the children useful citizens for the State, when they would be able to give a return for the money which it was being asked should be spent collectively on them."

Several delegates spoke, and not one had a word to urge against this resolution. It was carried unanimously.

If anyone had conscientious objections to the free treatment of school children one would have thought that it was then the time to make it known. I do not expect all the members of a party to think alike, nor indeed that they be rigorously bound by party resolutions. But I should consider it fair that these members of the Labour Party who hold different views from the majority would let the fact be known on these occasions, with an intimation that they will not be bound by the Party Vote. This is, for instance, the attitude held by Mr. O'Grady on Secular Education and by Mr. Shackleton on the abolition of the Half-Time System.

More especially would one expect notice of such a difference to be proclaimed by anyone who intends to be active in opposition. The Labour Party has allowed the resolution to remain a dead letter—the question might have been raised, for instance, on the Education Estimates, where Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has backed a Bill which directly contravenes the Portsmouth Resolution.

The Local Education Authorities (Medical Treatment) Bill was presented by Mr. Walter Guinness and supported by, among others, Lord Robert Cecil Mr. Leif Jones, Mr. Maddison, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The Bill was read a third time on Friday, July 23rd, without any opposition from the Labour Benches. This Bill provides "for the recovery by Local Education Authorities of costs for Medical Treatment of children attending Public Elementary Schools." Hitherto inspection and treatment have been regarded by the Board of Education as so essential a part of education that no one had thought of charging for them any more than for instruction in reading or writing. Now treatment must be charged unless the Local Authority is satisfied that the parent is unable to pay the amount.

It is highly probable that many of our Education Authorities, faced by the difficulties of deciding upon who can pay or upon the collection of a number of small payments, will very gladly avail themselves of this Bill to remove the physical disabilities under which our children are proved to suffer.

The well-to-do gentlemen who have engineered this Bill must be pursued by the idea that medical treatment means one or two visits to a doctor or hospital and the carrying off of a nice fat bottle of medicine. Had any of them taken the trouble to visit the experimental clinic which, through the generosity of Mr. Fels, has been open since January at Poplar, a different opinion might have prevailed.

The treatment at school resolves itself mainly into the treatment of certain chronic diseases which have been hitherto neglected because there was no medical agency fitted to cope with them adequately. Thus, at Bradford, where 8,471 children have been treated during six months at the Clinic, Dr. Crowley reports: "The majority of children have, ever since medical inspection was instituted in the city fifteen years ago, remained untreated. For this (treatment) to be permanent and efficient other conditions equally important, indeed in some cases still more important, must be fulfilled, conditions which the private practitioner and the institutions (hospitals) mentioned do not, and one must, I think, say cannot, possibly fulfill."

These diseases comprise defects of eyesight, discharging ears, obstructions of the nose, skin diseases, and so on. Some endanger life, all handicap the child at school as well as a severe handicap in life. Many of these require prolonged treatment, sometimes extending over months, before they are cured. A Special Committee of the British Medical Association that dealt with the question stated that the treatment of certain chronic diseases which have been hitherto neglected because there banquet of and why school clinics were an essential part of a modern system of education. She said: "It now rested with that great Labour Conference to force the hands of the local authorities and make a new life possible for the children of the nation." Miss Bondfield emphasised the question of free treatment, and stated "The resolution urged not that a grant should be made, but that an adequate fund should be established for the purpose of establishing clinics, open-air schools, and so on. Some working people were flinching at the idea that two or four millions should be spent in making the children useful citizens for the State, when they would be able to give a return for the money which it was being asked should be spent collectively on them."

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Since writing the above I find that I have done some members of the Labour Party an injustice. Mr. Roberts had blocked the Bill, but, unfortunately, removed his obstruction though some misunderstanding. Mr. Thorne believed the Bill was effectually blocked and so was absent when it came on.

M. D. ED.ER.

A Peace Precedent.

[By Elbert Hubbard.]

Swellled Fortunes are not so Dangerous as a Swollen Navy.

The coast line between Canada and the United States, from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about two thousand miles.

In the year Eighteen Hundred and Twelve there were for six forts, big and little, on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada. At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time six thousand troops. Altogether we had on the Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this in the interest of peace.

In one little battle we had with our British cousins on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of twenty-seven, captured six British ships and killed three hundred men. A little before this the British destroyed ten ships for us and killed two hundred Americans.

After the war of Eighteen Hundred and Twelve was ended and peace was declared both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building war ships.

At Watertown, Conneaut, Erie, Port Huron, Cleveland, and Detroit were shipyards where hundreds of men were working night and day building war ships. Not that war was imminent, but the statesmen of the time said there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada as well as here much the same, and there were threats that Perry's famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," would soon be reversed.

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was Acting Secretary of State Richard Rush, of Philadelphia. The other was Charles Bagot, Minister to the United States from England. Rush wrote out a memorandum of agreement which Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know it was a contrivance of paper, and is dated April Twentyeight, Eighteen Fifty-Three.

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The Philosophy of a Blue-bag.

The interest that Holbein Bagman takes in bees is more speculative than practical—except when a honey-pot appears upon the breakfast-table—but such as it is it is very strong. An over-venturous excursion into the neighbourhood of a beehive (is it not enough to be Holbein Bagman? Need I be jealous of Maeterlinck?) resulted in an ill-conducted flight across a parsley-bed and a cabbage-patch, from which unluckily the place of refuge Holbein Bagman was picked up and set on his feet again, after the application of a blue-bag to his right ear. Other men might have accepted this discouragement as a defeat, but Holbein Bagman needed to restore his self-esteem. First of all, how fine to be capable of feeling a sting! Secondly, to explore what one felt—beyond the physical pain and terror the sense of wrath in the stab dealt by an insect which lost its life to a bee and which at least was not known to be alarmed (it was Holbein Bagman who was alarmed). And the bee's anger was the anger not of reason but of instinct, which is a profounder thing than what we ordinarily call reason. Holbein Bagman had turned against himself that formidable weapon of offence and defence which has secured the hive against depredators in all ages, whether it be for sweetness that they have threatened, or whether led on by Holbein Bagman's individual passion and knowledge and Maurice Maeterlinck. "The spirit of the hive," he was thinking, Holbein Bagman, and not the bee. This spirit of the hive, capable of such acute effects upon the right ear—what is it?

Maurice Maeterlinck has dwelt upon the problem. Fragments of that impressive writer’s masterpiece, pictures from it, imaginations, conjectures how the bees live, long have haunted the speculation and the memory (but only once the impulses) of Holbein Bagman. The suggestion of that blue-bag, which Holbein Bagman had been impelled to answer "Yes," in contradiction to thoughts that had gone before; aware that it had been from one bee in particular that he had fled—a bee which had manifested an irritation, a pertinacity, a tenacity one might say, which marked it out from its fellows. The bee, in fact, had made a dead set at Holbein Bagman, and Holbein Bagman had taken to his heels. Doubtless "the spirit of the hive" could be exonerated of responsibility for that gratifying discordance of the deed alone against Holbein Bagman! It was not in keeping with the prescience and felicity manifested by the spirit in such of its works as were unquestionable—the building of the cells, the distilling of the honey, the marriages arranged among the flowers, etc. This, then, the individual bee without its own apart from the will which is the unseen sovereign of the community? The blue bag (for the third time applied) seemed to answer in the affirmative, and a smarting philosopher found comfort in the acknowledgment. Holbein Bagman could afford to be upon terms of interrupted fellowship with a unit of the bee commonwealth, a single insect, an indefatigable capricious and indefatigable understanding; but that the spirit of the hive should be mistaken in him—Holbein Bagman could feel assured that his relations with invisible powers were upon a better footing.

It was the next suggestion of the blue-bag that our smarting philosopher's precipitate and ridiculous figure was the fine instrument, the thin edge of the wedge, the next point of attack. The beauty, the soul of a man, the work of a conscious Reason, Will, and Purpose—which at this moment came to him in a flash of alarm.

With each bee as she goes about her day's task or journey goes the great soul, overlooking the little soul, who perhaps has written down somewhere in her bee's book—devotions that her will is her own. Or perhaps upon the other hand (for in the blue-bag there is not always clearness) the small private soul in the bee, owing to the very fact of its smallness, hides from her less of the overarching public soul than is hidden from us of our souls. The bee is needing no more to set her will in motion than the idea given to her that to-day her task is out in the fields, or along the corridors to sweep them, or over the honey cells to seal them, may be conscious of the presence of the over-soul as a perpetual feeling. More mystical perhaps than man, she may be aware that her own hourly errand is arranged for her (and that of each of her fellows) by a wisdom that takes all things into account, and a will that she cannot but obey. With the power of self-distraction and self-perplexity than you and I, she may live nearer to the meaning of existence and the faith that removes mountains.

"I believe it is so," spoke aloud Holbein Bagman, "with an excitement that began to over-master him. (He was rubbing the cabbage stains off his hat with increasing vigour, and carried the most mixed expression of heavenly and earthly anxiety in his countenance.) The bee is mortal and yet immortal. She is herself and yet not herself. Her socialism and acquaintance with many sciences, mathematics, chemistry, meteorology, botany, eugenics, and the rest (in which by comparison with her Holbein Bagman, on behalf of the human race, confesses himself but a child) her citizenship, which I see (with equal apologies on behalf of my own kind) in her willingness to wear away her wings in daily service, to abandon her store to the coming generation, to lay down her life (by a wisdom that takes all things into account, and a will that she cannot but obey) with a self-sacrifice in the presence of the overarching public soul, and the small private soul, and the over-soul, and she herself with the over-soul. Nay, her ecstasy as she floats over flowers, the eternal tone of peace in her song, speak to me with the same significance. She is the soul of heavenly and earthly anxiety in his countenance.

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Against the Yellow Press.

I have read with gaping astonishment Mr. English Walling's article on the Yellow Press.* He holds a complete misconception of its development, its functions, and its salient characteristics as they are understood in the country of America, as the expression in the newspapers devoted to this form of journalistic cult. It may be as well to state at the outset that what is salmon in yellow journalism has nothing whatever to do with the editorial policy, creed, or philosophy of any particular American newspaper. In its editorial arraignment of the political and social anarchy that has coincided with the industrial revolution of the United States, the "New York Journal" differs from the "New York Evening Post" in its arraignment of the unhallowed barbarism that is its complement and its consequence in its literary presentation. The yellow journals are not throwing American plutocracy into terror and confusion very far from it. The two proprietors of the leading yellow journals in the United States, Hearst and Pulitzer, are typically representative of all that is most abominable, unscrupulous, and terrorizing in American plutocracy. Hearst, the plutocrat, has made his newspapers the vehicle of his personal ambition and (being incapable of even writing grammatical English, whose usefulness or ability is measured by the number of insults one can endure in the prosecution of his calling. "The yellow journal appeals to men as they are," says Mr. Walling. I do not know exactly what he means by this. He must know very little about the United States if he assumes that the editorial dissertations of the yellow journals make any appeal to the heart, the conscience, or the aspirations of their readers. If he had been of the interior, he would know that the "art of writing grammatical English," whose usefulness or ability is measured by the number of insults one can endure in the prosecution of his calling. "The yellow journal appeals to men as they are," says Mr. Walling. I do not know exactly what he means by this. He must know very little about the United States if he assumes that the editorial dissertations of the yellow journals make any appeal to the heart, the conscience, or the aspirations of their readers. I was in one of the committee rooms when Mr. Arthur Brisbane's salary of $50,000 a year is, I believe, a fact, but Mr. Brisbane is the Fidus Achates of Hearst. As the "camera fiend" who accompanies him on his rounds of telephone wires in Chicago's daily string of commonplace editorials, which lack style, originality, and distinction. Brisbane on his merits could not earn fifty shillings a week on any newspaper in London that aspires to a certain degree of culture, political precience, and traditional responsibility. The "New York Journal" might be a great newspaper if, as Lord Rosebery said of the "Times," its editorial page was eliminated. It shows what a stage of journalistic sensility the Press of the United States has reached when the editorials in the newspapers devoted to the "Sun" are spoken of with hatred by journalists as the culmination of editorial casuistry and mendacity. The fact of the matter is, the "Sun" exercises no influence on American politics, and it deserves to be without influence none.

The yellow journal in the United States is a mechanical product. The only thing that demands and commands a slight degree of originality is the daily cartoon. But even the cartoon is true to the type. It is not the fault of the reporter for the yellow journal that he must present the vicious side of life in its brutal nakedness, that he and the "camera fiend" and the "emotional female creature" who accompanies him on his rounds dig down to the subsoil of prurience, debauchery, and demoralisation that forms four-fifths of the news printed in the yellow journals. He does not know what he is doing or for doing. The yellow journal deals in nothing else and retails to its readers nothing else. Art, literature, science, even critical estimates of politics, find no place, find no welcome in its columns unless they cater in some way or another to the baser instincts of its gross, polluted, ghoulish sensationalism. It is not, as I have already said, that the reporter for the yellow newspaper presents imaginary pictures. Not at all. What makes his work is a cunning art of pander- ing to the most enduring passion of the average American, jealousy of wealth, delusion of the dollar, craven apothecary of the rich, whom he envies, but whom he would emulate. What is yellow in the average yellow journal is its presentation of news. It is pictorial rather than literary—a photographic saurialma, real or supposititious. The average reporter can do little more than present facts. He has not an adequate imagination, culture, or time to supplement sordid details by fictional embellishment. The average American reporter is invariably an ignorant young man, who is incapable of even writing grammatical English, whose usefulness or ability is measured by the number of insults one can endure in the prosecution of his calling. He could emulate, he is told, he might be a great writer if, for instance, he would do the work of a newspaper man. He would do it with a few words of excellent advice on the virtue of thrift and the danger of indigence. He would give it to me with a few words of excellent advice on the virtue of thrift and the danger of indigence. If I dared to ask Hearst he would summon the nearest policeman and give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant. What I am about to say is not what I am about to say. If I were to ask Hearst he would give me in charge as a vagrant.
The Kids’ Man.

"I’ll learn yeh, ’litle wretch!"

"Oowh! Don’t—don’t!"

Fat Mrs. Widley, savagely wielding a decayed carpet beater, bent over the shrinking form of Orphan Dora—a little storm of short skirts and black hair. Her arm arched and her face steamed, but she continued to shower blows wherever she could get them in, until suddenly her storm lyrically subsided into a small figure which doubled up and fell.

A step sounded in the doorway, and Mrs. Widley looked up, frayed at the edges and panting. A small, slight man, in semi-official dress, stood just inside the room, which gave directly on to Brooksby’s Walk, Homerton.

"Na then, Feet—mind yer dirty boots on my carpet, cancher? What’s the—"

N.S.P.C.C. replied Feet. He stooped over Orphan Dora, lifted her, and set her on a slippery sofa.

"Had me eye on you for some time. Thought there was something dicky with the youngster for some time."

"’Ere, look ’ere—I mean, can’t ’er muvver ‘it ’er—"

"Steady. When she plays your game that’s where I waltz in."

Mrs. Widley threatened with glances, but Kids’ Man met them.

She fumed. "Ow! You waltz in, do yeh? Well, strikes me yeh’ll waltz out quicken’ner yeh came in. ’Ere—Arfer!"

Her raucous voice scraped up the narrow stairway leading from the room, and in answer came a muffled, sullen refrain: "A—ferr! Git up an’ come down! ’Ere’s a little swab insultin’ yer wife! Kids’ Man insultin’ yer wife!"

Kids’ Man made no move, but stood over the sofa with sober face, ministering to the heavily breathing Mrs. Widley. His furry head moved from side to side. "Wond’ryeh want me t’do?"

"Cosh ’im! Insultin’ yer wife!"

Widley stared. Then his lip moved and he grinned. He hitched up his trousers, belted them with braces, and expectorated on both hands with gusto. "Git aout, else I’ll split yer face!"

No answer. "Righto!"

He descended from the stair, and, hands down, fists closed, chin protruded, advanced on the bumbling Inspector with that slow, insidious movement proper to street fighters. "Won’t git aout, wench? Grrr—yeh ronky bleeder!"

Kids’ Man looked up and met him with a steady stare. But the stare annoyed him, so he lifted up his fist and between his fingers, his eyes glowering, he bore down to the Inspector. "Want another?"

The Inspector lifted a short and apparently muscleless arm.

"Bk!" Widley bared as the fist met his jaw, and was followed up with a second under the ear. For a moment astonishment seemed to hold him as he blazed at the slight figure; then he seemed about to burst with wrath; then he became a cold sportman. Mrs. Widley screamed for aid.

"Aoutside—come on!" He shoved Kids’ Man before him into the Walk, which, a moment ago a spot of sick torpidity, was now flashing with life and movement at the scream and the hint of a scrap. Quickly the auditorium was filled with a moist, unlovely crowd of sloppy rags and towelled heads. While Kids’ Man advanced on the bending Inspector with that slow, ln-stare. But the stare annoyed him, so he lifted up his right landed on Widley’s nose, a natty upper cut followed. Then Kids’ Man would get torn. The crowd surged in, squirming and hustling. For a moment they strained; then Kids’ Man lifted Widley bodily, held him, and with a peculiar twist dropped him. He lay still.

A murmur of wonder swelled quickly to a broad roar. The crowd surged in, squirming and hustling. For a moment it seemed that Kids’ Man would get torn. It was just a question, but the sporting spirit prevailed, and:

"Ray! Ray! Ray! Good on yeh, mate! Well done th’ S’cirey! The lads swung in and gathered admiringly around the victor, who tenderly caressed the ethics of the ring splurged in and seized the Society’s coat-tails. But the crowd begged her to desist. Then Orphan Dora, who, with the toughness of her class, had found her legs again, flitted fearfully about the feet of the crowd, and:

"Wade in, mister! ’t’s the old woman—fetch ‘er a swipe across the snitch!"

But Kids’ Man’s blood was now really up, and dodging a swinging blow of his lumbering opponent he got in a splendid half-arm jab. They closed, and Kids’ Man got a lock-grip. The crowd yelled, but Widley opened his mouth and sought to bite. For a moment they strained; then Kids’ Man lifted Widley bodily, held him, and with a peculiar twist dropped him. He lay still.

Mrs. Widley threatened with glances, but Kids’ Man met them.

She fumed. "Ow! You waltz in, do yeh? Well, strikes me yeh’ll waltz out quicken’ner yeh came in. ’Ere—Arfer!"

Her raucous voice scraped up the narrow stairway leading from the room, and in answer came a muffled, sullen refrain: "A—ferr! Git up an’ come down! ’Ere’s a little swab insultin’ yer wife! Kids’ Man insultin’ yer wife!"

Kids’ Man made no move, but stood over the sofa with sober face, ministering to the heavily breathing Mrs. Widley. His furry head moved from side to side. "Wond’ryeh want me t’do?"

"Cosh ’im! Insultin’ yer wife!"

Widley stared. Then his lip moved and he grinned. He hitched up his trousers, belted them with braces, and expectorated on both hands with gusto. "Git aout, else I’ll split yer face!"

No answer. "Righto!"

He descended from the stair, and, hands down, fists closed, chin protruded, advanced on the bumbling Inspector with that slow, insidious movement proper to street fighters. "Won’t git aout, wench? Grrr—yeh ronky bleeder!"

Kids’ Man looked up and met him with a steady stare. But the stare annoyed him, so he lifted up his fist and between his fingers, his eyes glowering, he bore down to the Inspector. "Want another?"

The Inspector lifted a short and apparently muscleless arm.

"Bk!" Widley bared as the fist met his jaw, and was followed up with a second under the ear. For a moment astonishment seemed to hold him as he blazed at the slight figure; then he seemed about to burst with wrath; then he became a cold sportman. Mrs. Widley screamed for aid.
A Horseman in the Sky.
By Ambrose Bierce.

[Reprinted from Ambrose Bierce's volume of short stories, "In the Midst of Life" (35, 6d.), by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

One sunny afternoon, in the autumn of the year 1861, a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He lay at full length, upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But if detected he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the just and legal penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending, southward, a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary door-yard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the enclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage past of which he had been an inglorious part, for his knowledge than. all his army for its numbers?... (5, 6d.)

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theatre of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure their position was perilous in the extreme; and if they surely would should accident or vigilance apprise the enemy of the movement.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young man named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of Western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Ge, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what is right, young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of Western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

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him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and expression, conscious of a distant sound, could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an outspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account. But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked through the depths of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander permitting the soldiery of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at their parting: "Whatsoever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

At that moment an officer of the Federal force, who, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the lower edge of a small forest. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of the rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. At some distance away to his right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half the way down, and of distant hills hardly less blue thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air!

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight! Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a man in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new Apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that died without an echo, and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar sensation of an abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself together, he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point a half-mile from its foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and thereabout he naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvellous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directed downward, and that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half hour later he returned to camp. This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him if in his scout he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition, he answered:

"Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into this valley from the southward."

The commander, knowing better, smiled. After firing his shot private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign of recognition.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes.

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

The man's face was white, but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his face and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

"See here, Druse," he said, after a moment's silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away.

"Good God!" he said.

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CHATTOW & WINDUS, Publishers, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.
Books and Persons.

I have the pleasure to announce that I have come across a book about cycling which falls within the domain of literature. That is to say, I did not come across it—came across me. The amount of literature devoted to cycling is exceedingly small. Indeed, I doubt whether any has hitherto existed in book form; though the weekly Cycling Notes in the Manchester Guardian are more literature than not. One can read "Kuklos'" Notes in the "Daily News," as J. M. Barrie's Riach read "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "without fatigue," but I am convinced that, despite their formidable verve, they are not immortal. After "Kuklos'" Notes and the "Guardian," why is there here? The bicycle has somehow a bad reputation in literature. It is under a cloud. I fancy that W. E. Henley or some such bully must have given it a bad name in its youth, and thenceforth writers have been afraid to mention it, least of all to be called in literary. There must always have been, among practising bicyclists, a few who know what literature is, and who could produce literature about cycling; yet they have concealed their writing like a sin. The men who have written on cycling obviously knew a great deal more about bicycles than about literature, though one of them, I believe, did in a moment of relaxation concoct a new version of the Bible. The automobile is not taken in hand by anyone probably on account of its greater expense. W. E. Henley, Mrs. Edith Wharton, and Mr. Filson Young have all tried to write literature about the automobile, and have all failed. The one person who up to now has succeeded is a draughtsmen—Mr. Joseph Pennell—whose description in the "Daily Chronicle" of the Paris-Bordeaux race (or was it Paris-Madrid?) was, is, literature, unforgettable. At length a bicyclist who can write has confessed to his bicycle and proved that he can write, in a book entitled "Wheel Magic." (John Lane). This hero's name is J. W. Allen, a name new to me.

The disadvantage under which Mr. Allen places himself with critics is of course that every critic, in pretending to discuss his book, will find in it some temptation to talk about himself instead of talking about the book. "Wheel Magic" will enfranchise a thousand pens. For every literary critic is a bicyclist; a bicycle is the only vehicle that a literary critic can afford. Personally, I should not dream of talking about Mr. Allen's book—I should be happy to talk about myself instead of about the book. "Wheel Magic," or it. The writer has something definite to say and is eager to say it.—"Morning Post.

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Despite the powerful objection of publishers to the short story, an unusual number of volumes of short stories have been issued recently. Of the success of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Studies in Wives" I have previously spoken. I should like to point out that this book bears the face of its title an indication of the fact that it consists of a number of short pieces. I mention this exaggerations, diminutions, and abandonments. His short story, an unusual number of volumes of short stories his genuine and positive merits. But his courage in publishing literature about cycling will leap to the eye of everyone. The chief aim of reserve and his carefulness may blind some readers to Lowndes's "Studies in Wives" has published his advertising, and Mr. Phillpotts's book of stories as "a new novel."

Mr. Murray has published these books as "works of fiction." "Times Literary Supplement" of July 16th, Mr. Murray refused to call Mr. Phillpotts's book of stories as "a new novel. 2s. 6d. net." I have no doubt that Mr. Murray can come forward with some justification or explanation of this advertisement, and I most strongly think that he ought to do so. The house of Murray has a great past. Mr. Phillpotts is a highly distinguished artist; he has written some of the best stories in modern English, and there would seem to be no obvious necessity for attempting to induce the public to buy his Dartmoor tales by representing them to be a novel issued at a lower price than usual. I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Murray and others that the clearest way to advertise a book of short stories is to announce that it is a volume containing so many short stories. And that the silliest way is to announce it as a novel or as "a work of fiction." Publishers are always complaining that short stories "don't go." They are not likely to "go" when they are so handicapped by excessive vices of advertising. If they are good enough, in spite of obstacles!

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Gospel of Geddes.*

INDUSTRIAL and Social Surveys are in the air. They are inevitable upon the universal awakening of the social conscience. They are, on the whole, the triumphant result of a changing view of "Paradise Lost." "Paradise Lost" is a familiar picture. It was literally the discovery of the author of Genesis. Milton heightens the picture by poetic touches. Both him and Genesis the race refuses to take seriously any longer. Yesterday reason arose and claimed victory. Linked with science it has scaled the heights. Together they have flung back the universal enveloping mists of criminal superstition and crass ignorance. All the glories of the ages have burst on our sight. We know now that Paradise was not lost but obscured. We know that for thousands of years thinkers have been bantering the real for a mythological Paradise. We know that in the face of universal suspicion and crass ignorance the Government has restored the Promised Land in our midst.

The inspiring example of Woolwich, it seems, was needed to add impulse to the many and varied surveys shaping themselves out of this view. Such an attempt at an organised stock-taking could not fail to make clear the possibility of a similar undertakings to better the towns and cities aspiring to realise their natural and social inheritances. Its aim to afford a view of the whole phenomena of population and environment in their leading aspects, Geographical, Historical, Economic, Political, and Cultural—is it the noblest general plan conceived and carried out with patience and admirable judgment on these lines could not be bettered. The plan has been to tell us in detail the story of Woolwich and West Kent, proceeding in proper order and form from Physical Geography and Geography to Botany, thence to Zoology, thence to Archaeology and History, thence to contemporary industries simple and advanced, and, finally, a photographic survey of the whole aspects. The result is a document excellent and trustworthy in detail and much to be commended for honest work and on general principle of Regional Survey in all aspects. As a handbook for schools, a reference for field naturalists, and a general record for intelligent people generally it is indispensable. But, unfortunately, the book is not complete. It was to have included a clue at least to the Sociological Survey, which was, however, prevented by the prolonged illness of Mr. C. H. Grinling. It is much to be regretted that the book is not a volume of a similar undertaking. The interest of Woolwich to-day lies not so much in the narration of the incidents of the building of the social fabric as in its present aspect. It is not so much the evolution of Woolwich that fascinates us as the spectacle of a strenuous borough laboriously attaining the nation for the real or pretended fray. The social circumstances of such a borough are certainly unique. They are nothing less than the caudid expression of how the Government of this country treats its work people. The Woolwich Arsenal is the largest Government factory for the repair of arms and warlike stores. It provides the dominating industry of the town, and the Arsenal man is, so to speak, the central and arresting figure of a very thrilling national drama.

We met him in the huge workshop which the Government was obliged to erect as a check upon incompetent and dishonest Army and Navy contractors. We want to see him at work there under this virtuous Government. How is he treated in this highly organised workshop? Does the Government play fair? Does it give him constant employment, fair play, and see that his work does not go elsewhere? Or does it, as many maintain, frequently discharge the Arsenal man and leave him to shift for himself, scatter its orders, refuse fully to employ its capital, leave the national workshop to decay, a teeming town to poverty and despair? We want, in short, to see the worker's labour budget. Then we want to see how the evils of the Arsenal system work through the Arsenal man...
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and no criticism. There can be no movement, there-
and carried the "Mercure de France" and all it repre-
sented into "high seas, bound for the happy isles?"
Was it not, first of all, AUGUST
That is bad. Thompson's vision of life told us nothing,
and no criticism. There can be no movement, there-
and carried the
about life
Mr. Darrell Figgis’s “Vision of Life
landscapes his mind combined their details into images
sented into. the high seas, bound for the happy isles?
and
although I believe we have the timber to build the ships
between twilight and an acolyte which the churchwarden
and simple in four to eight syllable lines. It
too fond of telling stories in verse, and we no longer
want such--at least, not the old stories. Yet "When

sions and imagination matters
valiant at my face," has a very fine central idea, but the expres-
sion of it is not good.

There is a curious, jejunе individuality about Mr.
Oliver Davies’ “Between-Time Poems”, mostly short
and simple in four to eight syllable lines. It is hard to
describe their little subleties of thought and speech, as in

Kiss by desire,
Not by design,
Else may the fire
Lick thee and thine,
or in “No Surrender”:

"Bow down and kiss my feet," he said—
"Bow down and kiss my feet!"
Unto the dust I stooped my head,
And did as it was meet.

"Rise up and kiss my lips" he said,
"Rise up, O best of men!"
I rose, with sudden anger red,
And slew him there and then.

In a slight way Mr. Davies has touched on many of
the problems of humanity. May we hope that his talent will affirm
and enrich itself with more coloured
imagery, and his texture of thought is
hardly worth attention. One sonnet, "Friends vanish
not the intense concentration

of translations by Miss Daisy Broicher from the work of Stefan George, Hugo von Hofmannshah
Volmoller, Ernst Hardt, and others. And I welcome
the second volume of “Sword and Blossom Poems,”
tanka translated from the Japanese by Mrs. C. M. A.
Peake, author of “The Well in the Wood,” and illus-
trated by Japansese artists. It will take its place by
the side of the first volume, whose delicate beauty I
chronicled here some months ago.

F. S. Flint.
REVIEWS.

George Selwyn and the Wits. By S. Parneil Kerr. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

History of late has taken a new turn in its methods. There was a time when it considered that its proper province was constitutional laws and international treaties and battlefields. It was something which was concerned almost entirely with politics. Even Green's History kept behind the footlights of the national stage. But now historians are telling history in the terms of the intimate lives of the people who never got on the stage at all. George Selwyn was not so important a man as Pitt, perhaps; but he is a good example of the men Pitt had to govern. Selwyn was in Parliament for forty-three years. "There is no record of his ever having made a speech of any length or importance during that time." What could be more illuminating of the politics of that age? He "attended the House steadily, did his duty in the Lobby, and slept profoundly through the long debates." And he was a wit; the friend of Horace Walpole and everyone else; the companion of Queensberry and all the rakes; yet also the tenderest love of many child sweethearts, of whom Mie-Mie was chief. She was ten when he was sixty. This is a book, eighty years after the eighteenth century, a real event—not merely a historical possibility.

The Evolution of Socialism. By Charles J. S. Makin. (W. H. Smith. 6d. net.)

We are well on our way to Socialism, and the moment is one to look back and note the passage we have taken, as some excellent recent articles in the "Times" seemed to suggest. Mr. Makin's aim is to help us to do so on the anti-Socialist side. There are many good points in his book—its facts and figures should be useful for reference—but there are also some arguable points. The author's plan is to emphasise anti-Socialist tendencies while obscuring Socialist ones. Thus, for instance, he hero-worships Wells, while belittling Blatchford and Shaw. His idea of what constitutes fairness is that of many people; and they may find his survey and the spirit of it attractive. It is not so much Socialism in the making as Makin Socialism.

Red England. A tale of the Socialist Terror. (Milo. 1s. 6d. net.)

There is a good deal of red in this book. It is, so to speak, a study in reds. Red England is, of course, England under Socialism. From the first chapter you have a red presentation of a something red about to happen. It happens on a red or Plevna Wednesday, when a few thousand reds, or Socialists, capture England and institute Red Flag rule. Under this rule men come to understand "that Socialism meant an end to religion, to morality," etc. (p. 210). In the end the reds are overthrown by the (Verdant) green, and the body gets a grey hump. A Socialist Mayor or two are hanged to the nearest lamp, and the highly-coloured year 1971 comes to a colourless end. Decidedly a red book, but not one to be read.

Antonio. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

Possibly the best way to tell the story of this "Benedictine" novel would be in biographical form. Thus Antonio was born about the late eighteenth century at Lisbon. After a period of scepticism he entered a Benedictine foundation near Oporto, and later was ordained priest. Subsequently the monastery was suppressed, and he, together with his fellow-monks, was expelled. He vowed to regain the Priory. For the rest his life was a dual struggle. His adventures with the economists of the wine trade and the wine of economics are easily followed. But his attempt to reject a reasonable flesh and blood bride in favour of an unreasoned spiritual one only results in an inconclusive and disappointing tangle. If the author wished to cast doubts on the all-sufficiency of natural selection he could not have chosen a better way. The moral of his book may be said to be the antithesis of that of Pantagruel. Rabelais' aim was the emancipation of human intellect from monkish tyranny; Mr. Oldmeadow's aim is the emancipation of monkish intellect from human tyranny. The book is an absorbing play for the study.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

REVIEW.-For the Editor of "The New Age."

Communities, like individuals, possess characteristics. They are not, like Macaulay's heroes and sinners, all black or all white. Modern science abhors the rule of thumb method in the measurement of character. I do not, therefore, imply that the Church of England, because it is distinctly gentlemanly, is nothing more. I only assert that it has this note.

"Our 'gentlemanly church.'"

To the Editor of "The New Age."

"THE NEW AGE" CORRESPONDENCE.

August 5, 1909

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AUGUST 5, 1909

THE NEW AGE

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followed. Besides, if you are anxious above all to do the correct thing, you will be thinking of the abstract duties and things of good form and decent style are usually small things; therefore, while the correct and gentlemanly things are thought of as abstract duties and things that are not always gentlemanly, are quite overlooked. And the gentlemanly things are temporal, while the big things are eternal. This is a somewhat curious, Mr. Boulter, for instance, says, is a very unpleasing way what, in effect, Canon Cheyne says in a very unpleasing way. But Mr. Boulter goes to get for his want of manners.

Compare Convocation with the House of Commons and you will see how superior its own is to that of the People's Chamber. Imagine a Bishop selling another Bishop he war drunk and incapable, and the accused dignitary replying, with great plainness and truth: "You are a liar." Convocation would prefer to lose its life, if it had any, than its manners. Of course, the Bishop would expect the Bishop who called a king "that Fox," and said to his great religious dignitaries and great lawyers that they were nothing but fact, that they were wiser and more capable than the Bishop, that he assuredly awaited the Bishop would have been called, it be said with reverence, very ungentlemanly. But that is as much as to say that ungentlemanliness must be at times the mark of a Christian. And that is a hard saying for the gentlemanly ministers of the National Establishment.

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Your correspondent "G. B.," in his "Open Letter to the Executors of William Morris," has raised a very difficult question. The majority remains of an author's cards, pieces, etc., etc.—to be collected and published, regardless of his own valuation of them? I do not say definitely that I think nothing should be given to the world that he has overheard or discovered; but I certainly feel strongly that a man's valuation of his own work is not necessarily a standard, it should be safeguarded and considered very carefully. I can assure your correspondent that much thought has been given to the matter by my father's family and executors.

M. Eden, M. D.

**HUNGARY: ADVANCE OR AVAUNT?**

Sir George Eliecker is welcome to his opinion that every member of the Labour Party is on the side of the Anti-Vivisectionists. Even if he is referring only to the Labour M.P., then he is as little justified in valuing himself as his rank and file of the party. And let me add to him that he is in error—for one exception is insufficient to invalidate a general statement. But the misstatements of outsiders are comparatively unimportant. The point to which I chiefly wish to draw your attention is that the first issue of a Socialist newspaper is the impromptu of identifying Socialism with dogmatic opinions on controversial topics in no way connected with Socialism. For instance, I am a Rationalist, and I myself believe that Rationalism is the logical foundation of Socialism; others, like the Rev. W. R. Jacobi and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, are no less firmly convinced that the only stable foundation for Socialism is Christianity. But there is room for men of all philosophical opinions in the Socialist Party. Again, am I a Determinist, or an Anti-Determinist, or a Materialist, or a Metaphysician? Am I a Determinist, or I, who advocate (under due restrictions) the practice of experimental physiology and pathology on living animals, march amicably together in the Socialists' ranks? If not, if friendly cooperation is impossible, then, indeed, one of the great Socialists of our time will have to fall out, while I, should I be destined to work for the good of humanity, must be re endless enemies to the spirit of science, are in truth also enemies to Socialism. For, to quote the closing sentence of my own pamphlet on Socialism and Science, "Socialism is not worth its labor." It is through Socialism under the guidance of science that Man will enter into his Kingdom."—The New Age.

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