ZANGWILL ON PATRIOTISM AND PERCENTAGE.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE difference between the points of view from which the Liberal and the Labour parties, respectively, envisage the land clauses of the Budget is well shown in the comparison of the wording of the resolutions passed at the Hyde Park meeting of July 24th on the Liberal and Labour platforms. Both parties welcome the valuation clauses in particular, and both desire the extension of the Budgetary proposals. But the Liberals welcome valuation merely as a necessary means to further land reform; while the Labour Party welcome it as "essential to any policy of land restoration." Again, the Liberals desire an extension of the Budget to increase employment, to better housing, etc.; the Labour Party introduces the significant phrase, "To secure the full fruits of its industry to the community."

* * *

In actual practice, of course, the two views are not incompatible. The difference, so far as we can see, is no more than this: that the Liberals prefer to walk in darkness towards a goal they are either too timid or too stupid to define in advance. Unfortunately, darkness conduces to nervousness; and thus Socialists will perpetually be exposed to the ignominy of beholding their Liberal colleagues bolting in panic at any strange sound of the night. The fact that Liberals steadily refuse to realise that the practical outcome—we had almost written the inevitable outcome—of the Budget is both land nationalisation and the socialisation of industry makes progress in these directions incomparably slower, though not at all less sure than it need be. After all, Socialism is no more than Social Reform with its eyes open. And nobody will pretend that the blind can travel either so safely or so swiftly as those whose eyes are open.

* * *

It is useless for Mr. Asquith to profess that, at least, his eyes have been open. We would rather credit Mr. Lloyd George than Mr. Asquith with the revolutionary clauses of the Budget. Nevertheless, Mr. Asquith is not above appearing wise after the event; and in his speech at Bletchley on Friday he declared that the Liberal finance of the last three years had been carefully and deliberately contrived to meet the very exigencies with which the party had now to deal. We wish we could believe it: but in face of a later statement in the same speech we find credulity impossible. Referring to the now famous Gorringe case, Mr. Asquith declared in an aside that he did not propose to interfere either with the existing rights or with the exercise of the existing rights of ground landlords like the Duke of Westminster. All he asked was that the community should have a share in the proceeds.

* * *

This, we need not say, is not at all the view or intention of Socialist supporters of the Budget; nor, we venture to say, will it be the view of a Liberal Chancellor a few years hence. If it should happen that Mr. Asquith is Premier then he must either eat his words or pretend that they have not the meaning he is now willing to have put on them. For it is precisely the so-called "rights" of ground landlords that we are challenging in the name of the community as a whole. To pretend that we are not would be sheer hypocrisy; and our support of the Budget is on that assumption and on no other. If Mr. Asquith chooses to deny it we have no particular objection; only he must not pose as knowing exactly what he is about. Our view is the view expressed by the Labour Party's resolution. It is to the complete restoration of the land to the people that we look forward, and to the securing to the community of the full fruits of its industry.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne, at a meeting of his Wiltshire serfs, drew a comparison between the action of the Duke of Westminster in clapping a stiff fine and a higher rent on Mr. Gorringe and the action of the Government in doing the same for one of the London clubs. Let us, he said, judge dukes and Cabinet Ministers by the same standard: what is sauce for the dukes is sauce for the Government. Really the confusion is extraordinary. Has Lord Lansdowne been so long time in politics and not discovered that public and private interests are dissimilar and incomparable? Every penny of increment on Government property is spent by the nation itself. Of the increment to private owners nothing hitherto has been publicly spent. After all, there is some difference between the depredations of a highwayman and a tax-collector!

* * *

It remains to be seen whether a further dictum of Lord Lansdowne's is true. He ventured to say that "the doctrine of making the land national property is not one which the working classes of the country will in any sense or degree approve." All the evidence so far is to the exact contrary. The Labour Party, repre-

senting a million and a half workers, is unanimously in favour of land nationalisation. Possibly Lord Lansdowne's serfs are not in favour of it—in the presence of the noble lord; but we would risk a Parliamentary candidature even among them if they were free to know and speak their minds. Unfortunately, there is no means of testing the proposition to the satisfaction of the lords. The general election will be fought on the absurd issue of Tariff Reform, not on Land Nationalisation; and only if Tariff Reform should win would nationalisation be declared to have lost. The popularity of the land clauses of the Budget affords, however, some ground for supposing that England is heartily sick of private landlords.

* * *

To those who snobbishly imagine that a "great" journal like the "Times" never makes a blunder in policy, the spectacle of the mess into which that organ has got itself must be humiliating. As everybody knows, the "Times," in the springtime of the Budget discussions, brusquely chid the "Daily Mail" for urging the Lords to prepare to amend or throw out the Finance Bill. Perceiving its error, possibly under suggestion from Lord Lansdowne, the "Times" began a cautious hedging policy. Professor Dicey was called in to write a series of articles on the constitutional question of the Lords, designed to conclude with an endorsement of the "Daily Mail's" advice. This, it was thought, would enable the "Times" gracefully to recant with a professor as Father Confessor. On the very eve of the accomplishment of this design for saving its face, the Parliamentary leader-writer of the "Times" was instructed, so it would appear, from a source as omnipotent as He Who Must Be Obeyed on the "Daily Mail," that the opposition to the Budget was over: the Budget had won, and serve the dukes right for talking such d——d nonsense. The appearance of the paragraph in the "Times" was followed by a two column article to the same effect in the "Daily Mail," and, needless to say, threw the Unionist Party into a fever of consternation. Private meetings were immediately called, and some plain speaking took place. It was resolved that, after all, the opposition had not petered out, but on the contrary was only just beginning; also that the Lords might, if they chose, constitutionally reject the Budget if only for the purpose of forcing a General Election; whereupon the "Times" had to apologise for its inspired paragraph and to resume the interrupted task of retrieving its early expressions of truth.

* * *

In the list of Cabinet Ministers who are touring the country in defence of the Budget we note a curious and persistent omission: Mr. John Burns. Surely an old Socialist should have something illuminating to contribute to the propaganda of Mr. Lloyd George. Is Mr. Burns not to be trusted to be as discreet as, say, Mr. Winston Churchill? Or does Achilles sulk in his tent? The absence of Mr. Burns will certainly be observed one of these days: our wonderful Press notices everything!

* * *

On Friday Mr. Barnes raised the useful question of the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act; and Mr. Summerbell supplemented Mr. Barnes' citation of cases of hardship. These have been far more numerous than has been supposed, and not the promise merely to look into the odd cases which come under the notice of occasional members of Parliament can remedy more than a percentage. The trouble has arisen, as we said it would, over the interpretation of the pauper disqualification. The practice of unions varied not only from county to county, but from town to town, and sometimes from ward to ward: with the result that pauper relief which did not disqualify in one locality was held to disqualify in another. True, the Government is under promise to remove the disqualification completely next year; but by that time some of the present cases of hardship will be beyond our need. An Irish liberality of administration would have been the best public policy.

Not only Lord Charles Beresford but the Naval Scare of a few months ago is now a blown egg. The enquiry which Lord Charles challenged has been held and its findings published. They amount to a comprehensive and emphatic denial of practically every single one of the Navy-scarers' propositions. Mr. Balfour may now safely resume his nightly sleep, unhaunted by the ghosts of German Fleets. Even our Socialist contemporaries, "Justice" and the "Clarion," may put off their warlike harness and resume the ancient ways of peace.

* * *

The Labour Party, we are glad to see, has decided to move amendments to the South Africa Bill; and we hope they will in each case be carried to a division. They are to the effect that the colour bar should not apply in Cape Colony and Natal, that the status quo of native franchise in these Colonies be maintained, and that native territories should remain under the Imperial Government for at least ten years from the Act of Union. Mr. Keir Hardie proposes also to move an amendment in favour of woman suffrage in South Africa.

Patriotism and Percentage.

By Israel Zangwill.

[The writer desires to reprint this old essay in extravaganza for the enlightenment of his German critics, who have accused him of Chauvinism because he recently wrote a few lines to the "Times" suggesting that as the new German Dreadnoughts could not be built without the new German loan of forty millions, it was treasonable for any British subject, banker or stockbroker, to take part in it. The reception of this little suggestion in Germany recalls in a humble way the fury in France over Gilbert's lines, in which a certain gallant British skipper explains why he sailed away before a French frigate:

> For to fight a French fal-lal
> Is like hitting of a gal
> And a lubberly thing for to do.

The writer has been surprised, in re-reading his little fantasy, originally published in 1904, to discover what a transformation has taken place during that brief interval in the British view of Holy Russia. It would appear from the conclusion of Li Hang Li's remarks that Mr. Chamberlain had recently quoted a proverb bringing the Tsar and the devil into blasphemous juxtaposition. And this antiquarian discovery reminds one to ask whether it might not be worth while to dig up Rudyard Kipling's "Song of the Bear," which seems to have been swallowed up in some political cataclysm.]

I HAVE been reading another of Li Hang Li's fascinating chapters on mediæval history. The author of "Sixty Celestial Centuries" is at his profoundest in dealing with the curious confusion of thought and life which characterised the Western world at the period of the first Russo-Japanese war. The Flowery Philosopher draws an instructive parallel between that self-contradictory century and the early centuries of the Christian Church, when the European barbarians, lacking the consistent doctrine of Confucius, found themselves torn between two opposite teachings—the ancient militarism and the new gospel of turning the other cheek. It needed, he points out, all the ingenuity of the Fathers to reconcile Bloodshed and Brotherhood, and in the last extremity the Church was compelled to demand penances from those who had murdered, even for the highest objects and in the most glittering costumes. The contradiction of Church and Camp lost its acuteness with the habit of the ages, and ended—

says Li Hang Li—in Christianity wearing its pigtail both in front and behind without any sense of incongruity. The Church blessed the banners of the departing warriors, and even the lay world grew to think that it was only for the extension of Christianity that wars were ever waged at all.

But scarcely had custom dulled the edge of this inconsistency, says our historian, when another self-contradiction began to grow glaring. A greater force than Christianity had arisen to divide the human heart against itself—the force of Percentage. Poor, weltering barbarians,—Li Hang Li pauses to meditate—we Chinese were feeble, and engaged in washing the dirty linen of the West, but at least we were spared those internal contradictions which distract the soul of a people and render it incapable of philosophic fruits.

At first it looked, indeed, as if the development of international finance and of the joint-stock company was making uninterruptedly for the abolition of war, and would bring to the rest of the world the Brotherhood already established among a third of its inhabitants—the four hundred millions of mediæval China. It seemed as if the Profits might succeed where the Prophets had failed. The Hebrew Bible—which was read on Sundays when the barbarians reposed themselves from life—had predicted that mankind would beat their swords into ploughshares. What seemed more imminent was their beating them into bourse shares. There was no nation which did not take the kindliest interest in the concerns of every other. Was there a country in need of a railway? The whole Western world co-operated to build it. Not alone the rich but the smallest tradespeople hastened to contribute their obole to the good work. Widows gave their mites; orphans—with a filial piety almost Chinese—threw upon the treasure-heap the savings of their fathers' lifetimes. Clergymen, for once collaborating in the work of peace and goodwill, were the keenest to assist in these international operations. These brotherly societies built harbours where there had been only rocks, they irrigated lands where only weeds had thriven, and called into being new and flourishing communities. No soil was too remote, no people too alien for the workings of this cosmopolitan beneficence. London was lit with gas, Assisi with electricity. The Persians found their mines developed, the Belgians were assisted to the rubber of the African forests, the Russians were encouraged to strike oil, the Sicilians were supplied with steamers, the Egyptians with hotels, the Bulgarians with waterworks, the Arabs of North Africa with tramcars, and the Esquimaux with patent medicines. No territory so backward or barren but the human brotherhood was ready to rush to its help, train its people, develop its industries and its commerce, insure it against fire, provide it with every necessity, and educate it to every luxury. Such was the state of mind to which the West had advanced in its slow progression towards our Eastern perfection. The ancient attitude of being hostile to every other country, envious of every other Power, seemed outgrown and obsolete, and all men appeared to seek their own good in all mankind's. Humanity bade fair to be finally unified by Bonds issued at 5 per cent.

But, alas! these barbarians were still savages, and the old ideals persisted. Like a sloughing snake, the West lay sickening; the new skin of commercialism only half put forth, the old skin of militarism only half put off. A truly piebald monster, this boasted civilisation of theirs. On the one hand, a federation of peoples eagerly strengthening one another; on the other hand, packs of peoples jealously snapping at one another. A sextet of nations styling themselves Great Powers, all with vast capitals invested in developing one another's resources, were yet feverishly occupied in watching and cramping the faintest extension of one another's dominions. A more ironic situation had never been presented in human history, not even when Christianity was at its apogee. For whereas, says Li Hang Li, in the contest between Church and Camp it was simple enough to shelve the Sermon on the Mount, in the contest between Commerce and Camp both factors were of equal vitality and insistence. The results of this shock of opposite forces of development were paradoxical, farcical even. In the ancient world there had been the same struggle for supremacy, but the Babylonians or the Egyptians did not build up each other's greatness. The Romans did not lend money to the Carthaginians, nor did Hannibal sell the Romans elephants. But in this era the nations fought by taking up one another's war-loans. In lulls of peace they built for one another the ships they would presently be bombarding one another with. The ancient mistress of the world never developed a country till it belonged to Rome. The mediæval rival mistresses were all engaged in developing countries which belonged to their rivals, or to which they might one day themselves belong. In brief, two threads of social evolution had got tangled up and tied into a knot, so that neither thread could be followed clearly. It was death to give away your country's fortifications to another country, but an easy life to contribute to the strengthening of the other country's fortifications—at a percentage. It was high treason to help the enemy in war time, but you could sell him your deadliest inventions if your Government offered less or waived you aside. And you could manufacture those weapons and export them to the enemy by the million so long as he had not given you notice that he was going to fight you next week. Quite often a nation was hoist with its own petards, and no sooner had you devastated your enemy's country than you lent him money to build it up again. In vain shells hissed and dynamite exploded. The stockbroker followed ever on the heels of the soldier, and the grass of new life (and new loans) sprang up over the blackened ruins. Indeed, nations, instead of being extinguished in the struggle for political existence because they were too weak to pay their debts, had to be kept artificially alive in order to pay them.

And not only was it permissible to arm your enemy of to-morrow: it was considered exemplary to teach him the whole art of war; to train his young idea how to shoot; to familiarise him with the latest instruments and the most scientific manœuvres. It was thus that the unthinking West equipped Japan with the thunderbolts destined to recoil upon Europe's own head.

The Sage here refers the reader to the fiscal chapter from which I have already quoted, and remarks that even the Lord Chamberlain of England, the notorious Lord Protector, in his plea for the splendid isolation of his country, did not extend his political insight to the underlying international threads, which, by linking Stock Exchange with Stock Exchange, were making isolation impossible. So long as Britons insisted on using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, taxation on foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favour of their own country. With one hand they were crippling the foreigner, but with the other they were propping him up. With the right hand they waved the Union Jack, with the left they pocketed the foreign dividends. Had the Lord Chamberlain been logical, he would have appealed to his countrymen not only to pay more for their food and manufactures in the larger interests of Empire, but to draw less from their investments. He seems to have gone so far as to say that who sups with the Tsar must have a long spoon, but this apprehension of Russia's designs was not accompanied by a warning to his countrymen to desist from collaborating in them. A consistent Chamberlain would have said: "Let no Anglo-Saxon collaborate in the Trans-Siberian Railway, whether as shareholder or engineer, and whosoever buys Russian bonds is a traitor to Britain. Take only South African shares, howsoever swindling. In view, too, of the dangerous potentialities of the Monroe Doctrine, let every good patriot sell out his American stock, not help to capitalise and foster the Power which may one day turn and rend us."

But these considerations, observes Li Hang Li, obvious as they appear to us to-day, were hidden from even the most sagacious of mediæval mandarins, and it was they and their purblind percentage-hunting peoples who awakened in China the sleeping Dragon that was to swallow them all.

The Case of the Colensos.

THE news of Dinuzulu's sentence last February raised an echo of indignant protest in this country, which has now, I fear, died down. It was one more case of a "savage chief" suffering injustice at the hands of a British administration—Imperial and Colonial—and we have a dim feeling that injustice to savage chiefs is part of the "price of Empire," and must not be scrutinised too closely. Moreover, should we proceed a step further in the present instance, we find argument cut short by a reference to "Colonial self-government." Having given the Colony of Natal what is virtually full control over Zululand—a step to be bitterly regretted—we are indeed in an impasse in this respect. Colonial self-government is a good thing, but where a subject race is in question, a popular government is the worst of despots.

The only hope for fair treatment of the natives—unless the Imperial Government is prepared to resume control of Zululand, as was done in the case of Basutoland—lies in the development of a right public opinion within the Colony. There is a small minority of Natalians who are not only animated by genuine good will towards the native (that is not so uncommon, but unfortunately co-exists with an alarming degree of muddle-headedness), but enlightened enough to see the right line of policy and courageous enough to advocate it. And this minority are, as a rule, attacked by Ministerialists and Opposition alike, as hopeless cranks. The Opposition proper, indeed, being consistently "agin' the Government," frequently takes up a right attitude on the native question, but never maintains it any further than will suit party purposes.

The one person who has all through fearlessly and consistently maintained the principles of justice which we all advocate in theory is also the best-abused person—perhaps, remembering the calumnies heaped on poor Dinuzulu, we should say the best-abused white person in the Colony. Harriette Colenso's unique knowledge of the Zulus, legal acumen, and grasp of facts (acknowledged even by her enemies) and inflexible determination to see justice done or perish in the attempt, make her one of the most remarkable women of a period when remarkable women are by no means few. Few beyond her immediate friends have any notion of the sacrifices entailed by the position in which she and her sister now find themselves, as virtually the sole friends of the Zulu people.

Miss Colenso first became known to the Zulus (as distinct from the Natal natives among whom she grew up) as her father's right hand, in the difficult days of the Zulu War and the years which followed. In fact, she was chiefly known to them as uDhlwedhlwe ka'Sobantu—the staff or support of Sobantu (the Bishop's well-known native name, meaning "Father of the People"). After the Bishop's death in 1883, they accepted her as his successor as a matter of course; her long association with his work rendering quite natural and fitting what would otherwise have been, in their eyes, a somewhat unusual position for a woman. Thus, in the troubles resulting from the "repatriation" of Zibebu in 1888, it was to her that the Usutu turned for help and counsel and explanation of the Government's dark sayings and recondite decrees; and when Dinuzulu, with a warrant out against him for high treason, crossed the border into Natal to surrender himself (hoping thereby to secure a fairer trial than he believed possible in Zululand) it was to Bishopstown he came, and Agnes Colenso (her sister being absent) drove with him to Government House. History repeats itself; his surrender was not accepted—the Governor refused to see Miss Colenso, and Dinuzulu was arrested at Bishopstown and sent down to Etshowe, where the trial fully justified his expectations. Its iniquity was strongly denounced at the time by the late Harry Escombe, whose defence at least saved the chiefs from the capital sentence. As will be remembered, they were deported to St. Helena in 1889.

It was Miss Colenso who induced Mr. Escombe to take up the case, and, as he himself acknowledged, he was greatly dependent on her help all through. Not only was he unacquainted with the Zulu language (his native name of "Manzikofi" arose from a pleasant story in this connection), but he was virtually unknown to his clients, who only needed uDhlwedhlwe's recommendation to place the fullest trust in him. In fact, she may almost be said to have been an informal solicitor for the defence, and she certainly worked as hard as the real one, probably harder, for she had the additional task, not only of keeping up the prisoners' spirits, but of giving information and encouragement to their families and friends. It was from her—to give one instance of the never-failing thoughtfulness and care for others which all her friends have experienced—that Dinuzulu learned to read and write during his long detention in Etshowe jail.

When all efforts had failed and the chiefs had been deported to St. Helena, Miss Colenso, in conjunction with her mother and sister, decided on the step of coming to England to plead their cause. In order to do so, they sold out a considerable part of the capital which, under the Bishop's will, had assured them a tolerably comfortable subsistence, and by so doing seriously straitened themselves. It would lead us too far to go into detail—suffice it to say that eight years' hard work were so far crowned with success that in 1897 the chiefs were released and sent home under an arrangement which included what we now see to have been a fatal mistake—the annexation of Zululand to Natal. Miss Colenso was at the time a whole-hearted advocate for this annexation, and—let this not be forgotten when she is accused of depreciating her fellow-colonists and preferring black to white—it was her trust in the Colonists which betrayed her—these very Colonists who last year hooted her in the streets of Pietermaritzburg.

Dinuzulu was restored, but the terms of his appointment have not been kept. During the war, when (at any rate in its earlier stages) the groundless fear that the Zulus might take the Boer side produced an unusually favourable attitude towards them in Natal, little or nothing was heard to his detriment. No sooner was this danger, real or imaginary, removed than the desire to appropriate land beyond the Tugela and force the Zulus into servitude more or less disguised gave rise to rumours of "unrest"—continually disproved so far as it was possible to disprove anything so meagre, yet continually repeated and coupled, as time went on, with more and more distinct assertions that Dinuzulu was at the bottom of the "agitation." Without going so far as to assert that the "rising" of 1906 was deliberately engineered with a view to getting rid of Dinuzulu and breaking up the native reserves, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a mere accidental local fracas (which, had it happened in Ireland, would have been dealt with as a police case, and no more heard of it) was, by panic or malice, or a combination of both, exacerbated into the semblance (it never was more) of a rebellion. The animus against Dinuzulu is evident throughout: in spite of his repeated demands for an inquiry, of the interviews in which he completely satisfied Sir Henry McCallum of his loyalty, fresh charges were trumped up, and at last, though he was willing and even anxious to surrender, a Government in great financial straits (as we have all along been given to understand) spent £73,000 on having him forcibly arrested and brought to Pietermaritzburg. Why? It appears mere midsummer madness, unless we are to explain it by the hope that he or his people would be exasperated into armed resistance, and so, besides furthering the Government's plans, supply Young Natal with excitement, loot, and decorations.

This animus made the task of the defence a veritable labour of Hercules. Dinuzulu was prevented from communicating with his friends, his salary was stopped, and any attempt on the part of his clansmen to supply him with funds was stigmatised as "sedition." Miss Colenso and her sister sold out their last remaining capital to meet expenses, and we think it ought to be known to all who care for their country's honour that they have literally almost beggared themselves by so doing. True, the Home Government has paid Mr.

Schreiner's fee, which he, as is well known, nobly declined to accept; but that, even with the addition of £700 sent out privately, has gone to pay the solicitors' bills, of which, we understand, some £100 still remains to be met. Miss Colenso had to bear most of the expense of bringing down witnesses for the defence, feeding them while detained at Greytown, and, as we have seen, the Colonial Office has replied that it can take no account of disbursements made by private persons. Miss Colenso's friends are endeavouring to raise a fund to help her, but the circle of those both aware of the need and willing to give (and these have responded nobly) is soon exhausted. To those who would unhesitatingly spend the whole sum needed on the pleasures of a week the appeal would be hopeless. I doubt if they could be got to understand (could one descend to the vulgarity of the word and its associations) what an "Imperial asset" we have in the "Amakosazana ka' Sobantu," and what an effect the treatment they have received and are receiving is likely to produce on the natives of Natal and Zululand.

A. WERNER.

[We are glad to inform our readers that a Committee has been formed to receive subscriptions towards a Colenso Compensation Fund. The hon. treasurer is Lady Schwann, 4, Prince's Gardens, London, S.W.—Ed. N.A.]

Imperialism and Indian Patriotism.

THE argument of the youth Dhingra, that "just as the Germans have no right to occupy this country, so the English have no right to occupy India," seems to Mr. C. H. Norman "a summing up of the teachings of the founders of representative government," and to more than a few others, including some who have been loud for repression, it has served as a pons asinorum. To me it is merely evidence of stupidity obsessed—folly furious, which, as Charles Kingsley notes somewhere, is a very different thing from simple want of intellect; the one being negative and negligible, but the other positive and destructive, which you must suppress if you would not be suppressed by it. That such an argument should be considered in some degree valid and effective—and that by persons not otherwise remarkable for want of intelligence or of education—is one of many distressing signs of degeneracy in our civilisation, and goes far to justify Mr. Wells in his "Daily-Mailian" dismalism.

Might one ask these good folk what they think Right is, whence it is derived, and on what it is founded? Have they ever read their Darwin? ever watched and understood the universal struggle and warfare of Life? Do they think that the rights of men and things are written in some nursery-book of Leviticus, with a "thus far and no further" set to the activity of each? The lore of Right and Wrong, as I learned it long ago from my masters—Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle, Goethe, and the rest—and which now, as one risen from the grave (of business), I would declare again, is this. Throughout all life, whether vegetable or animal or mental, on this earth or in any other conceivable world, the sole foundation of *Right* is and was and will be *Power*. That which you *can* you *may*, be you germ or German, and by it you shall live and rule; that which you cannot you may not, and by it you shall wither and die if you *will*, be you emperor or imp.

For it is not the feeble of spirit, but the strong, that inherit the earth;
Sound of limb, shrewd of brain, and stout-hearted, who can not relinquish or shirk,
But speed ever on like an arrow, direct (which is *right*) to their mark.

Power and Right may appear two sometimes, and different; but when you dig down to the roots they are found to be one and indivisible.

Does this seem to some (as to the whole family of Feeblemind it must be) a doctrine of devils? Let them consider well the source and nature of Power and the manifestations and output of it, from its lowest forms (say of gravitation and material motion) to its highest developments in mind, and note how, always and everywhere in the long run, in spite of whatever temporary set backs, the higher gains on the lower and absorbs and uses it.

"Just as the Germans," quoth Dhingra, with a profound and pitiable ignorance of the causes of things. For the sole reason *why* "the Germans have no right to occupy this country" is that they are not yet sufficiently superior to its present occupiers in the sources of power, which include fertility, industry, thrift, order, freedom, foresight, patience, persistence, reserve, organisation, enterprise, craft, courage, audacity, obedience, with divers other symptoms of manhood and intellect, in which they are not yet supreme nor Britons wholly deficient. But let the day once find us when they shall have risen so superior or Britons sunk so inferior as to endow them with power to rule us, then it will be for them to decide if they will accept or refuse their opportunity: there will be no question in the Court of Destiny as to other right of theirs, and in one kind or another they will inevitably hold us in subjection and under tribute whether they "occupy this country" or make us to serve them as we occupy it. Sometimes, when I think of many signs that I have long seen—the greed and frivolity of the rich, the unthrift and futility of the poor, the too general tendency to make per viltate il gran rifiuto of the grandest fortune that destiny ever offered any race or nation on earth, I think that dies iræ may not be very far off.

Meanwhile, however, we have not yet sunk so low but that we have still the *right* to rule India (and Egypt), because some of us have the strength and wisdom required to hold what by like faculties they or their sires took in hand. It is not a right acquired once and for always by any title-deeds or length of possession or other such "right divine of kings to govern ill," but one which must be justified and renewed from day to day by evident faculty and power and use.

By right or wrong,
Lands and goods go to the strong;
Property will brutely draw
Still to the proprietor,
Silver to silver creep and wind,
And kind to kind.

Let us have done then with canting that we are in India only for the benefit of the natives. We went there as tradesmen and pious propagandists, and destiny has compelled us to serve as kings or to quit, and quitting under pressure not being our bulldog wont we have stayed and ruled. We rule essentially neither for what we get nor for what we give, but because we can and must, because we are still, as compared with the other occupants of the peninsula, an aristocratic race, producing among the spawn of fools and futilities (which some affect to regard as our being's end and aim), and even in some degree training, men who are rulers by faculty and function, and whose government, however far it be from perfection, is better than any presently possible alternative. Our right to be in India is the faculty of these men—the power of the strong over the feeble, of the capable over the incapable, of the cunning over the simple, of the creative over the passive, of knowledge over ignorance, of man over elephant and tiger, of the tiger over his prey. When we shall have ceased to be—at least relatively to the multitude of peoples that are scattered and crowded over that land—a dominant race; when these islands, in consequence of the disastrous and ever-increasing sterility of the best, and of the still more disastrous and appalling propagation and preservation of the worst and worthless which is the effect of that impious and enervating modern vice miscalled "philanthropy," shall cease to bring forth lords of life and power; populous now only with *flats*, half of *them* comfortably cared for as lunatics and criminals, and the other half patiently ministering to those, as equal and inoffensive and unambitious as a demos of sheep; our regency of India will have come to its end without need or aid of treacherous assassination. Then it will be time—perhaps for the German, or perhaps for some rejuvenated Eastern race—to come and subdue the degenerate offspring of the Norman that ruled the Saxon and the Dane, who themselves had mastered the Celt, when the Celt had lost his Roman master and

could not hold his own. Meantime, may I ask Mr. C. H. Norman, "Stanhope of Chester," Mr. W. E. Walling, and the other apostles of anarchy and *profanum vulgus triumphans*, If we were out of India now, which of all the other occupying races, that would swiftly be at each other's throats, has the best right to be there? and when did it get that right?

FLAVUS.

Food for Utopia.

By Eustace Miles.

MOST people picture Utopia as a place where progress is impossible, because all the people and all the things are precisely as virtuous and spotless as they could ever be. In it each theorist sees his own pet hope or hobby realised, in spite of human nature; so that really the land should be called not "Utopia" but "My-opia."

So far as food is concerned, I have read treatises which maintain that "Utopia" has a uniform diet—the same for all—of the kindly fruits of the earth. As a rule, there is no alcohol, no tobacco, no flesh-food in Utopia.

Plato allowed for no flesh-food in his "Republic."

Now perhaps the most glorious feature in this land would be the abolition of the "Anti"-people. There would be nothing for them to be against!

The most trying feature would be the impossibility of distinction—there would be no chance of rising; there would be no ambition; there would be no really interesting struggle and progress.

For my own part, from one point of view, I find the world as it is my "Utopia" or Ideal State. So my "Utopia" is the world as it is—especially London; though this would offend the pedantic philologist who thinks that all words must still mean what they once meant, and that therefore "Utopia" (from *Outopia*) must still mean the "No-land," "the land that is not."

From another point of view, I can see a land in which there is great variety of foods for choice, to suit individuals and classes. On different planes different foods are appropriate.

And perhaps this is the sort of land that the Editor would like me to describe.

I may say at the start that a few hundred years ahead I see no place for flesh-foods. I need not enter into any reasonings. I simply make it a personal statement that *I* see no place for flesh-foods. And if any reader sees a place for the cattle-ships, slaughter-houses, butchers' shops, etc., that is part of *his* Utopia; and he can write an article on *his* "Utopia" for THE NEW AGE, or edit a paper called the "Sew-age" if THE NEW AGE rejects it.

I foresee a time when the non-flesh-foods will be preserved partly in bottles, partly in the dry form, as powders, etc.

The foods will be collected and treated in season, and therefore will be comparatively inexpensive.

There will be very little waste through a "glut." Facilities for preservation will be at hand, and a fair price will be paid for all good produce contributed to the preserving centres.

If we had a Government instead of politicians, we should have had preserving centres all over England years ago.

As it is, we are in danger from the want of sufficient food to feed our population in case of war with—well, everyone can guess except the Party that happens to be in power.

I foresee a very different world—a world teeming with dear little gardens, where flowers and fruits, salads and vegetables are grown in abundance, according to the soil and climate.

And I foresee a new currency and exchange—the proprietors of these or larger gardens giving their fresh produce (such as is not handed in to the preserving centres) to the vendors or owners of dairy-produce or of preserved foods.

I foresee also Co-operative Kitchens, with communication between them and individual houses. Instead of so many hundreds of thousands of kitchens there will be comparatively few kitchens and comparatively few—but these very skilful and very happy—cooks.

Some extremists will turn away with disgust and contempt. "What!" they say, "cooking in Utopia? No!"

But I see cooking in my Utopia. For the pleasures of the palate will not be abolished, nor the variety given by the great art, nor—above all—the splendid education which the art offers in manual dexterity, accuracy, sense-training, and so on.

To say nothing of economy in the use of otherwise valueless odds and ends.

Those who prefer to live on uncooked foods—on nuts, fruits, salads, etc.—will do so. There will be no such compulsion, as there so often is now, to conform to a set dietary, whether the person be a dyspeptic of three years old or an ostrich of thirty. Various foods will be ready for choice, and it will be little or no trouble for the individual to be catered for.

I foresee a new type of doctor—the food-expert. He will be able to tell a person what he had better take and what he had better avoid. He will allow a certain range, but will point out in what respects the diet should be arranged generally, so as to secure a balance of various elements suited to the individual.

Government—I apologise to "Utopia" for having to use the same name which is used for the "Government" of to-day—will provide free training in the wide principles of Food-values and in the science and art of Cookery and Food-preservation.

This education will be absolutely compulsory for all at an early age.

With regard to Food-bases, I feel sure that they will be, in the main, of the same nature as my own favourite Food-basis, which is a blend of several bases or staples. There will be a greater variety of these, but the principle will be similar—to combine in a digestible and palatable form which will not perish quickly, body-building and repairing elements to take the place now taken so largely by the flesh-foods.

To such bases could easily be added the other elements needed.

I foresee that comparatively small quantities of food will be eaten; that they will be eaten in a leisurely way; that they will be eaten with great enjoyment; that eating—and game-playing and washing—will be pleasures not taken sadly nor hurriedly but dwelt upon, or (as Goldsmith says) "paused on."

That is where Utopia will be happy and sensible. It will learn lessons from every source; from the (then historic) French peasant sipping his liqueur quietly outside the Café, Utopia will know and practise the blessing of quiet happiness and delectation at meal-times.

But how about the animals? we might as well ask. How about the children? The Utopians will not feel compelled to eat them merely because they are there! There are other uses of animals, as of children. We can even learn lessons from them! And I do not think that a person who has studied edible animals will care to *eat* those animals. It is curious that the animals which a person might feel inclined to kill and then to eat (for the sake of preventing waste) are not, as a rule, the animals which are now killed for food. There are puff-adders, black-beetles, wasps, mad dogs, shrieking cats, rats, spiders, tigers, hyænas, and so on.

We are as yet uneducated as to the uses and meanings of things. The Utopians will be wiser. They will be less the slaves of custom than the lovers of reason.

Searchers after Reality.

II.—Haldane.

THE Oriental despot is addressed by his followers as Most High, King of Kings, Son of Heaven, epithets having no accurate and precise meaning, but signifying a general state of admiration. If a western metaphysician had by some unhappy chance been enslaved among the circle of courtiers I feel sure that he would have given praise in the words, "Oh, Ultimately Real." Philosophers desire that their particular obsession shall be dignified with the name Reality as jealously as the hero of Maupassant's "Decoré" desired the badge of the Legion d'honneur, and the desired end is often attained in just as surprising a way. Reality is merely the complimentary word that metaphysicians apply to what they particularly admire. At the present moment they go roughly into two classes, the admirers of Rest and of Motion, and strenuously and ingeniously they labour to identify their preference with Reality.

It is clear from his book that Mr. Haldane admires order and organisation, and from this his metaphysic can be deduced. The flux of sensation by itself would be uninhabitable and uncomfortable. Reaction from its confusion may take two forms: the practical, which requires a mechanism to enable it to move easily in fixed paths through the flux and change, and the æsthetic which shrinks from any contact with chaos. The practical attitude, by the universals of thought, arranges the flux in some kind of order, as the police might arrange a crowd for the passage of a procession. The next step for the man who admires order is to pass from the practical to the æsthetic, to assert that what puts order into the confused flux of sensation alone is real, the flux itself being mere appearance. The mind that loves fixity can thus find rest. It can satisfy its æsthetic shrinking from the great unwashed flux by denying that it is real. This has proved an easy step for Mr. Haldane to take. The constant burden of his book is that Reality is a system; further, that it is an intellectual system, and the flux only has reality in so far as it fits into this system. One might caricature his position by saying that he believes in the ultimate reality of the police, or that a guide-book is superior to an actual visit, for in the former one has sensation systematised.

This is Mr. Haldane's particular trend in prejudice, but in philosophy the correct etiquette is to give excuses for the end we fix beforehand, and one must examine the exact method by which he justifies his assertion that Reality can be identified with Reason. His method and intent, like that of every other philosopher, are anthropomorphic, and narrowly so, for he wishes to prove not only that the cosmos is of the same nature as man, but of a particular faculty of man—the logical Reason. The task does not at first look promising; you are faced with a hard and fast objective world. How are you to explain this as being of the nature of mind, let alone of reason? The method adopted is an old familiar one. Like all idealists since Berkeley, he uses the formula "esse is percipi" as an acid wherewith to break up the apparent solidity of the objective world to a fluid form more suitable for digestion in a spiritual system. Once having reduced it to a flabby condition of this kind, he is in a better position to prove his second step, that it is moulded entirely by the laws of the intellect. There still remains the unfortunate particular, the alogical—the untameable tiger that arouses Mr. Bax's affection. How is it to be murdered that we may at last get a civilised and logical system into the cosmos? If, as Mr. Haldane does, you start off with a sacred conviction that only what is fixed is real, the procedure is quite simple. The immediate sensations of the moment are transient and have no abiding reality; they are different in different people. Reality must consist in the common system, the objective world, that which other people become aware of, when, and on the same ground as I do, in Mill's permanent possibilities of sensation. The next step consists in proving that this common system, this objective world, is entirely a construction of the intellect. The reason of the actuality of the world round me, the reason why I cannot alter it by my will, lies in the fact that my mind, like the mind of other people, is compelled to think the world according to a system of conceptions. Reality consists in an objective system, and that objective system consists of what we are obliged to think. The nature of the world is thus rational, "Esse is intelligi." The universals of thought are the true foundations of the world. Thought creates things rather than things thought. The phenomenon of experience gets its fixity and definiteness from the universals of reflection. "It is only in the intelligible notions which are embedded in sensation and which give them substance that these sensations have reality." I admit this in so far as it means that the flux is reduced to a practical order for personal life by the intellect, and made habitable, but I refuse to take the further step of saying that it is the only reality. When unhappy proximity forces me to survey Edwardian architecture I am quite aware that what gives fixity to the extraordinary chaos of varied marble is the hidden steel girder, but I cannot console myself, as Mr. Haldane does, by saying that the steel alone is real and that the marble is a passing dream. I am prepared to admit that my mind is compelled to "think" the world according to a system of concepts, but Mr. Haldane and the Hegelians here attribute some transcendental value to the word "think." It does not follow that because the logical faculty is compelled to think in that way that for other purposes other methods might be more valid. Thinking might be, and probably is, a method of distorting Reality.

Mr. Haldane, however, is most interesting regarded as a typical example of a certain philosophical manner. He is distinctly a "counter" as distinguished from a "visual" philosopher. I can best get at the meaning I intend by these epithets, by a digression on a certain difference of intention, between verse and prose. In prose as in algebra concrete things are embodied in signs or counters, which are moved about according to rules, without being visualised at all in the process. There are in prose certain type situations and arrangements of words, which move as automatically into certain other arrangements as do functions in algebra. One only changes the x's and y's back into physical things at the end of the process. Poetry, in one aspect at any rate, may be considered as an effort to avoid this characteristic of prose. It is not a counter language, but a visual concrete one. It is a compromise for a language of intuition which would hand over sensations bodily. It always endeavours to arrest you, and to make you continuously see a physical thing, to prevent you gliding through an abstract process. It chooses fresh epithets and fresh metaphors, not so much because they are new and we are tired of the old, but because the old cease to convey a physical thing and become abstract counters. Nowadays, when one says the hill is "clothed" with trees, the word suggests no physical comparison. To get the original visual effect one would have to say "ruffed," or use some new metaphor. A poet says the ship "coursed the seas" to get a physical image, instead of the counter word "sailed." Visual meanings can only be transferred by the new bowl of metaphor: prose is an old pot that lets them leak out. Prose is in fact the museum where the dead images of verse are preserved. Images in verse are not mere decoration, but the very essence of an intuitive language. Verse is pedestrian, taking you

over the ground prose—as a train delivers you at a destination.

One result of this difference is that both in prose and philosophy the "derivative" man can manipulate the counters, without ever having been in actual contact with the reality of which he speaks; yet by the use of image the "creative" man can always convey over the feeling that he has "been there." This partial distinction between verse and prose has an exact parallel between the "visual" and the "counter" philosopher. The visual and creative philosopher, like the saint in "Kim," desires the hills, where he can meditate in concrete forms. His method of thinking is visual, and he uses words only secondarily for purposes of communication. He is like a poet delighted with the physical metaphors before him that press directly and actually to be employed as symbols of thought. Once these physical metaphors are embodied in smooth counter-words, the second rank, who have not see the hills, take them for eternal verities, unaware of the earthy process by which they were born. Philosophy, then, instead of being a kind of institution, becomes a complicated game, the great rule being the "principle of contradiction," in other words, "no two counters must occupy the same square at the same time." Thus, like the priests in the Tower of Manoi, Mr. Haldane sits, moving counters according to a certain ritual, and when all are on the central peg, Buddha will come again—perhaps. Conceive the body of metaphysical notions as a river; in the hills it springs from the earth, and can be seen to do so. But far down stream, on the mud-flats where Haldane sits counting his beads with marvellous rapidity, the river seems to be eternal. Metaphysical ideas are treated as sacrosanct, and no one imagines they were born of humble metaphors, as the river was of earth.

The abstract philosopher has a great contempt for the visual one. Hence the steadfast refusal to recognise that Nietzsche made any contribution to metaphysics. Mr. Haldane constantly informs us that the region of philosophy is not a region of pictorial images, one must beware of similes as the devil. I picture him always standing impressively, holding up a warning finger, saying in an awed whisper, "Hush, I hear a mere metaphor coming"; the supposition being that there is a mysterious high method of thinking by logic superior to the low common one of images. The counter philosopher, taking conceit unto himself, forgets that all his abstract words are merely codified dead metaphors. When we are all descended from monkeys—why put on side? As a matter of fact, the history of philosophy should be written as that of seven or eight great metaphors, and one might even say that the actual physical objects observed by men have altered the course of thought. For example, the mirror in the theory of perception, and the wheel in Eastern thought. One is rather apt in a reaction from Haldane's abhorrence of imagery to swing too much over to the other side. I guard myself against patronising abstraction too extensively, and recognise that the poor thing has after all a function in philosophy, though a secondary one. It is difficult to get the exact relation between the "visual" and the "counter" attitudes. One gets it best I suppose by thinking of them as creative and developing functions respectively. The root of metaphor and intuition must rise into the light of abstraction to complete itself, but it should not be allowed to run to seed there. There is no system of philosophy which did not originate in an act of intuition, or as I have previously put it, a perception of a physical analogy. Dialectic is necessary to develop the primary intuition, and to put it into concepts for the purposes of communication. Once having received the impulse from the act of intuition, the philosopher has to continue in the other plane of abstraction. But he must not go too far in this medium or he loses foot and must return to the primary act of intuition. Like Antæus, he must touch the earth for renewed strength. As in social life, it is dangerous to get too far away from barbarism. This new act of physical vision will destroy a good deal of the work done by the "counter" manipulating of abstractions. For a recent example of this take the word "concept" and the entirely new significance given to it by the pragmatists.

The legitimate function of logic only comes in the elaboration of the original "visual" act. It adds point to it, as a large hat does to the calculated gestures of a woman's head, and as clothing does to flesh. But metaphysics could exist without it, and if I may be allowed to express a personal opinion, I think that what we require now is a race of naked philosophers, free from the inherited embellishments of logic.

Never moving on the physical plane where philosophy arises, but always in the abstract plane where it is finished and polished, Mr. Haldane has his reward in a perfectly extraordinary facility in moving his counter-words. Who but he could have given in extempore lectures such a lucid exposition of Hegelianism? The only parallel I can think of here is that of the expert chess player who can mentally follow the game from the written notation. This faculty in moving on the plane of counter words is of course the secret of his versatility. He has the monotonous versatility of the soldier, who in many lands employs the same weapon. It is the very prose of philosophy. He moves his counters, and certainly gets them into new and interesting positions. All the time, however, we cannot believe in their validity, as we are conscious that he is treating as fixed entities things which are not so—which run into one another in inextricable blurs, and are not separate and distinct. He treats the world as if it were ultimately a mosaic, whereas in reality all the colours run into one another. For the purposes of communication we must label the places where one colour predominates, by that colour, but then it is an illegitimate manœuvre to take these names and juggle with them as if they were distinct and separate realities. I have one particular part of the book in mind, where for fifty pages he performs interesting movements with the four counters, Mind, Subject, Ultimate Reality and Aspect.

The word "Aspect" is indeed a kind of queen and knight, and can move on the board in any direction. Whenever an absurdity of the Hegelian system obstructs the way, "aspect" takes the poor pawn with miraculous ease.

The best way indeed to sum up Mr. Haldane is to say that he believes in the ultimate reality of language. He speaks with contempt of the "thing in itself" as a notion which cannot be expressed in words. It comes to this: "What cannot be expressed in intellectual forms does not exist." What he can't say in a public speech isn't knowledge. It is not difficult to expose the origin of this heresy.

Men for purposes of communication have joined themselves together by an abstract mechanism, a web of language, of universals and concepts. I picture this by thinking of a number of telegraph poles connected by a network of wires, the poles being concrete men, the wires being the abstract, thin concepts of the intellect, the forms in which we think and communicate. It is in the elaboration of this mechanism, and not in the change of the men it joins that all progress in knowledge has taken place. "Science est une langage bien fait." Here comes the great danger for philosophy. The success of the mechanism leads us on to think that it alone is real. The poles come to imagine themselves as built up of some subtle complication of wires. Accustomed to live and think externally in this mechanism of ours, and seeing its success in all the sciences, one comes to think it the only reality, and finally to explain the individual in terms of it. One's gaze being necessarily fixed in life on external communication of which logical thinking is a variety, one by an illegitimate analogy transfers it inward, and explains oneself in terms of what was in the beginning merely a tool.

This intellectual disease has attacked Mr. Haldane more strongly than any of the other Hegelians. The poor men who manufactured the concepts for communication are nothing. He even goes so far as to speak of the self as a mere bad metaphor in the same tone that one might speak of a bad egg.

Surely this is the greatest comedy in human history, that men should come to think themselves as made up of one of their own tools.

T. E. HULME.

Billy and Bloggs.

HER name was Bloggs, she said, but under urgent pressure from Miss Wilson she succeeded in remembering that her mother had sometimes called her Kytie ; and so, not without rebellion, manifest in sundry scowls, growls, and squirmings of the shoulders, Kytie she became. Within the limits of Miss Wilson's rule, that is. Outside in the street Bloggs still raged and struggled.

When first she stood at the door, demanding pieces in an impudent, sullen tone, Miss Wilson was not agreeably impressed. The deliberate naughtiness of the child made the good lady want to slam the door in her face. For a full minute she stood silent and motionless in the open doorway, striving to get back her self-possession, striving with conscious futility to grasp the significance of this scatter of torn rags and matted hair, big with the dull thunder of hate.

Then the child looked up to observe and enjoy the pain she had caused, and Miss Wilson fell in love with her.

Have you seen the eye of day gleam through a drift of dirty London clouds? So the eye of Bloggs smote through its thicket of elf-locks straight into the heart of the lady superintendent of the Broad Street Sunday School.

"Will you have tea with me?" she asked distractedly.

Bloggs stared.

This was not what it expected. Curses, kicks, dry crusts perhaps ; even, with a very soft party, a piece of cake or a glorious copper. But for this stupendous invitation nothing in its gamut of thanks seemed appropriate.

"Come in, dear," said Miss Wilson, and held out a hand and seized another resistant, half-withdrawn one, and pulled Bloggs into the hall and thence into a room at the farther end of it. . . . .

But we will pause outside that room, dear reader, and listen with pent breath to the wild sounds—shrieks, roars, stamps, oaths, brief insistent commands, huge splashings of water, gurgles, faint, despairing cries.

Anon Miss Wilson comes out, locking the door behind her, disappears into her bedroom, dawns again on us from behind a cloud of white laundry, and fumbles her way under it back into the torture-chamber.

This time silence—with now and then, "Give me your arm, child ! "

Five minutes later the door opens triumphantly, and a red hand pushes out an utterly surprised and alarmingly clean, red-faced, blinking fairy, clothed in white linen, mystic, wonderful.

"Now come and be fed, child," said Miss Wilson ; and I doubt if the face of Bloggs is the more transfigured. . . . .

Miss Wilson afterwards asserted with pride that not once in the course of the unaccustomed agony did Katie cry. Roar she did and shriek, and bite ferociously, but even the extremity of yellow soap in the eye had failed to break her courage.

This is the keynote of Katie—the courage of ten generations of wild-cats. Her lie (and she lies with absolute abandon) is the lie of the Red Indian, there is no cringe in it.

Coming home from a mother's meeting you find jam on the front door handle, jam on the kitchen door handle, on the handles of the parlour, of the bedroom doors, in all sorts of private and inaccessible places there is a hint of stickiness and the taint of the savour of jam ; and the jampot in the pantry is half-empty and Katie is besmeared.

"I think someone has been at my jam, Katie."

"Lor no mum Miss Swilson I bin 'ere allertime. Int naw wun bin 'ere. Mast a bin ver moice."

I am afraid Miss Wilson's facial muscles twitched at this. She did not pursue the matter. Here she discerned was something nobler than mere evasion. And, indeed, those sticky door handles had caused a strange stirring in her middle-aged virginal bosom.

Katie will not sleep in the house. The wild calls too strongly. She yearns for the night streets and the muddy gutters of freedom. Filial affection is her plea and the claims of a widowed parent, whom Miss Wilson has seen and shuddered to remember ; but Miss Wilson understands, and so every evening after supper, without demur, if with a sigh, she takes off those starched linen things, and clothes Katie in a rusty frock that will not pawn, and lets Bloggs out into the night. The first once or twice she lay awake and wept to think of all that might be happening to her, but now it has grown into routine—this morning and nightly transformation. Though even now never is Miss Wilson really happy till she has stowed Bloggs away in a sanitised chest and (one eye on the sugar bowl and one on the clock) is giving breakfast to a resplendent Katie, and getting ready to say "Now you must be off, child, or you'll be late for school," and smoothe her hair and fix her hat on and have a peck on the cheek from her and see Katie scurry down the street under press of satchel, and feel well-nigh a mother—and sigh.

Katie takes it all for granted, surrenders herself to the dream, wanders with calm curiosity through the chambers of Miss Wilson's magic palace, watches with philosophic amusement the magician's fingers upon her, working the recurring miracle—Katie—Bloggs, Bloggs—Katie. She does not understand why it is done, but she likes Miss Wilson for her doing of it, and tells Grove Alley that Billy is a good old sort, though too balmy for words.

But the tale of the daytime finery brings to the widowed parent only an impotent anger and an unassuageable thirst.

A similar feeling of anger, though not of thirst—except for Katie's blood perhaps, torments the vital organs of Broad Street Chapel. It cannot think what Miss Wilson sees in her, the dirty little creature ; and Sunday by Sunday the class attendance dwindles. Miss Wilson has been much beloved by her scholars, let me tell you, and well thought of by all, but respectable tradespeople have a proper pride and don't like their children to associate. . . . . "Would you, now? "

And so the things that clothed the soul of Miss Wilson begin to drop off her ; but she does not feel cold ; the spectacle of this wild, stray sprout of life is too absorbing. Little by little her interest in these other things dies away. Happily she does not perceive it, or she would tear Katie from her heart, I am afraid, for religion is very real to Miss Wilson.

But at least she has begun consciously to question the value of a system of education which turns out such mechanical coldfish creatures as her Sunday scholars. And here, look you, is a wild thing, uncared for, taken from the mud you might say, yet see how she sparkles ! What life ! what fire !

Most magical of all, Katie no longer resists when Miss Wilson ladens her with kisses. Once she even responds, responds fiercely. Why does she, I wonder? Katie could not tell you why if you asked her ! When she felt the hug of the child's arms round her the lady superintendent of the Broad Street Sunday School gasped and blushed all over, and then turned faint and wept and smiled a little.

After that the rest of her acquaintances were shadows.

And the humours of the dear ! And the mending of her torn dresses ! And her falling asleep once or twice of an evening in the virgin recesses of Miss Wilson's best bedroom ! And Miss Wilson bending over her with a greedy animal glance !

And the delight at Katie's survey of Katie's first real field ! Full of grass and wavy things and ever so big.

It was at a Sunday school treat, the one that really completed the overthrow of Miss Wilson as a popular idol, she so shamefully neglected the scholars, and as soon as Tea was over ran off with her brat and wasn't seen again till the brakes were full and waiting to be off and the drivers using most disgraceful language. But could you really blame them?

All that blessed afternoon they wandered in the gardens of the sun, the slum child dancing and crowing, gathering recklessly from the plenty of daisies,

loosening her handfuls, and gathering more, and the prim old-maid walking sedately behind her with glad eyes glowing on the brink of tears.

The sight of such glory seemed to awake in Katie some vague sense of the mystery of existence.

"'Oo maide yer, Miss Wilson?" she queried.

"God, my dear."

"Gawd?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' did 'E maike vem flahs?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' vem 'orses?"

"Yes."

"An'—an' evryfin?"

"Yes, dear."

A long pause. Then a breathless question.

"An' did 'E maike ME?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Lor! . . . . Didn 'E maike er wunner wen 'E maide me!" gasped Katie, with gaping mouth and wide-open, wonder-struck eyes.

Perhaps this was her first piece of introspection.

Miss Wilson tried to be shocked, and failed in a burst of laughter. . . . .

Katie, seated side by side with Miss Wilson, and sewing button-holes by the lamp-light, is perturbed. Brother Johnny keeps on playing the hop, she confides mournfully.

"Playin' ve 'op? Wy, stoppin' awy frem schoul a cawse. An' Gawd dahn't loike yer plyin' ve 'op." (Miss Wilson shoots over her spectacles a glance of suspicion. Katie's face is earnest and perplexed.) "An' wen Johnny doies Gawd'll sy, 'Johnny, 'ave yer plyed ve 'op?' An' Johnny'll sy, 'Yus, Gawd,' an' Gawd'll sy, 'You, Johnny, gah dahn inter vet uven an' be baiked 'ard,' an' wen oi doies Gawd'll sy, 'Kytie, 'ave yer plyed ve 'op?' an' I'll sy, 'Aw nau, Gawd' [with respectful indignation], an' Gawd'll sy, 'You, Kytie, gaw inter vet big fieyuld ova vere an' ply fer HEVER.'"

And the sweep of her arm and her mystical glance show you the buttercup field of her Sunday school treat with no bounds in time or space to it.

Thus Katie endeavours to fortify her soul against growing suspicions of its unworthiness. Miss Wilson sighs, but if she is shocked it is not at the blasphemy. More at the belief, I think. Somehow, though for the life of her she cannot tell why, she does find such definite faith a little shocking. Harps and golden streets. . . . Allegorical. . . . . But ovens!—and fields! And then she adds inconsequentially: "Poor little thing!"

What shocks her more is the sight one evening of Bloggs dancing a scandalous skirt dance to the music of a crazy old barrel organ in a side street only one remove from the Sunday school. "Hallo!" shouts Bloggs, darts forward, seizes her hand, and walks on calmly at her side as if this were the usual way the world went round.

And then undoubtedly she tore the other children's hair (but could you wonder, they were so stupid?) and on occasion (never at home) she swore most frightfully, and this indeed, especially when she did it to the pastor, was an occasion for tears. And yet Miss Wilson feels, with unerring instinct, even that must be pardoned to such splendid vitality.

And now she is growing up and is less and less a child; and Miss Wilson will not see. And the night streets and the placid life of the spinster begin to pull two ways. Weeks, whole mournful weeks, she stops away altogether, and comes back dirty and reckless. Old custom and her big appetite still hold her, and she says her prayers and likes her clean frocks, but Miss Wilson's tenderness begins to bother; she finds it silly.

Suddenly one day she blurts out:

"O'im a gawin' 'oppin' nex sweek wiv muvver."

What! Playing truant from school?

No, it appears—but another and greater truancy. . .

What can Miss Wilson do?

She determines at last to beg and implore—to go down on her knees—to kiss, cajole her—promise her anything. . . . .

But the day after the declaration brings no Katie, nor the next day, nor the next.

So Katie goes hopping and Miss Wilson gradually almost wins back her old place at the Sunday school.

* * *

Two years later Katie calls again. She wears a huge feather hat and a black plush velvet jacket, and she has little ringlets all over her brow. Her face is faded, the mouth is brutal, and her body moves without spring. Miss Wilson looks at the woman with a feeling of repulsion.

"Yus, in ver metch fektry nah. Au loiks it awroit. Wantid t'see aw ye wus gittin' on. Thawt'd cawl."

They are both very embarrassed, and Katie soon goes away. Miss Wilson stands for a time inside the area door feeling strangely hollow inside. Do you think she weeps? Not a tear. But Life seems very bitter, and she wants to know what they have done with her wild thing.

Long afterwards she meets her wild thing carrying a heap of baby, with another baby sprawling at her skirts. A coarse red woman with a weary smile.

Miss Wilson finds the East End streets very terrible now. In all those weak, faded, those stout coarsened women, whom once she passed with a pious sigh, she sees her Katie being stifled by the winding, winding wrappings of her daily life. Helplessly she watches the wrappings grow thicker and thicker, and the shadows on those dear eyes darken. And one is helpless; there is nothing to be done.

Her teaching of nicely balanced duties to the daughters of respectable shopkeepers grows hateful to her. What does it matter whether Bella and Willie are polite and kind to their relations and do not tease the parrot, when this great army of human souls marches slowly, surely to its grey perdition? No catastrophe, no bristling horror, just a swallowing of the strong, savage young life by the grey.

And no new theory of breeding is necessary, it seems. Spite of the squalor and the crime, spite of the foolish, careless way we plant these priceless flowers, here they spring up out of the filth strong and beautiful.

And "Oh," groans Miss Wilson, pressing her throbbing head to the window-pane (and outside in the drizzle Madonna creeps by with her child) "if only we could take and keep them, then." . . .

Billy, you see, needs Katie for a baby and Bloggs needs Miss Wilson for a mother; the problem is how to bring them together.

W. R. TITTERTON.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I TURNED to Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt's new novel, "The Way Things Happen" (John Lane, 6s.) with an interest partly extrinsic to the particular book itself. I am obliged to keep my eye on this young novelist, because, being the undeniable possessor of creative gifts, he is in the opposite camp to me. He writes novels which it would never occur to me to write, even if I imagined I could write them. He is also in the opposite camp to nearly all the men who take fiction seriously to-day. This is quite to his credit. In the remarkable quotation from Thomas Traherne which begins the book, I find these sentences: "The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of Light and Peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God." That is all very well. I assent to it. I am obliged to assent to it, for I often feel it to be so. Yet I assent to it grudgingly. What makes the world interesting to me is precisely the equally true fact that it is not a region of Light and Peace, nor a Paradise of God, or of anybody else. And when I write a novel my notion is to show that, *though* the world is not a region of Light and Peace, etc., it is nevertheless jolly fine, and that Darkness and War and anti-Paradise are jolly fine. Except Mr. de Sélincourt, I cannot recall the name of any now-practising novelist (worthy to be read by me) who emphasises the Light and Peace aspect. The reigning school, everywhere, criticises the world first and discovers that it is fine afterwards. Mr. de Sélincourt does nothing but revel in it. His criticisms of it are never designed to make you uncomfortable (whereas mine always are). He never hints that in certain ways the world is absolutely appalling. In brief, he is not a reformer for twopence. He looks out of his window and shouts: "This will do." All which would not in the slightest degree agitate my breast were it not that he has a personal sense of beauty, a style, and creative power. He is a cheery optimist, and yet he can write! The cheery optimists of the present century can seldom write. That is why Mr. de Sélincourt compels the attention of those who, when they want to read a good novel, write one. A man who thus forces the unwilling attention must expect to be severely handled.

* * *

Now I should like to make it clear that I do not object to the subject of Mr. de Sélincourt's novel. His heroine is a spinster of narrow means and fine tastes who has furnished a couple of rooms in a respectable house with her family oak; her name being Constantia. She attends good concerts. She is worried by a mouse, catches it, half drowns it, and then restores it to life by means of hot flannels, and sets it free, whereupon it worries a learned bachelor on a lower floor. The learned bachelor falls in love with Constantia, who will have none of him, though she gets on very well with his young nephew. Eventually, Constantia and an American millionaire fall passionately in love with each other. They marry. It is idyllically pleasing,—the way things happen. Then the millionaire is killed in the street. It is idyllically sad—the way things happen. Constantia, widowed, gives herself to good works among the poor, basing her activities upon such knowledge of the conditions of the poor as she had gained from a study of her charwomen.

* * *

Things undoubtedly do happen in this way (just as they happen in quite another way), and I am very content to read of such occurrences. But such occurrences are rare, and to persuade me of their reality, the novelist narrating them must use every art and care of realism and of exactitude. It is precisely the novelists of the idyllic who have need of a highly advanced technique and a sensitive artistic conscience. I bear witness that there is some construction in Mr. de Sélincourt's novel, and that it is marked throughout by distinction of various kinds—it is enveloped in a vague

distinction, as in an atmosphere. But it sometimes outrages belief, and there is not enough perspiration in it. It has been too easily done. Probably the young author honestly considers that he has sufficiently put his back into it. He is mistaken. The really and consistently good novel which he is, I think, capable of writing, will necessitate harder work, and more of it, than has gone to the making of this novel. I will mention a few things. Dr. Paveley, the learned bachelor, is aged forty-one, and Mr. de Sélincourt has conceived him as a man of sixty-one. In his uncaring youthfulness, Mr. de Sélincourt has omitted to study the psychology of the man of forty, with the result that every act and word of Dr. Paveley weakens the convincingness of the story. As regards the man of forty or so, I know that age, for I happen to be of it. Not merely does Dr. Paveley not talk like a man of forty —he does not talk like any man at all. When he and Constantia have a difficulty over opening the door of the house, Constantia says, "Let me ring," and he retorts: "I am capable of that simple operation." He talks like that everywhere. Mr. de Sélincourt is careless about the realism of his conversations—and yet he depends for most of his effects upon conversation. Thus, in reply to the doctor's "simple operation," Constantia says: "They are, I am afraid, out." Which simply knocks the convincingness of the scene on the head. A woman might say: "I'm afraid they're out," or she might say "They're out, I'm afraid." But no woman outside a Henry James novel would say, "They are, I am afraid, out." Mr. de Sélincourt himself sometimes writes like Henry James, and there is also some excellent George Meredith here and there—the style being insufficiently fused. When he is writing like himself he gives the connoisseur some delightful sensations by a felicitous and strange originality in the ordering of words. But he has no business to use these devices in colloquial conversation. In one place the young nephew says: "I'm not easily, I can tell you, dropped." Imagine it! This nephew is well drawn in his essentials, but he frequently sins against the possibilities. He could not possibly have seized the hand of a lady whom he did not know, as he does on p. 53. "Trifles!" you may say. Art is made up of trifles. The difference between first-class and second-class in art is only a series of trifles.

* * *

A matter which is not a trifle is the very grave fault of construction in the affair of Constantia's marriage. Constantia is a solitary spinster—would soon have been an old maid; she is poor. And she makes a wealthy marriage. The emotional upset in her of such a drastic change of life and state must have been enormous, terrific. In the plan of his novel Mr. de Sélincourt has not found room for a single line about that upset. I say this is a very grave fault. The fact is the book is too short. It contains only about fifty thousand words. I doubt whether Turgenev himself (who could get more into a thousand words than any other novelist that ever lived) could have told Mr. de Sélincourt's story in fifty thousand words. The book is too short, and too facile; insufficiently *travaillé* and *documenté*. Further, it displays enough fancy, but not enough imagination. It has not cost enough. First-class work is more costly. I should not have devoted so much space to the book and the author were I not very anxious to see the idyllic novel really well done, and were I not fairly convinced that Mr. de Sélincourt, obviously an artist in every bone, can do it well.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Masefield's New Novel.*

MR. MASEFIELD is so serious and impersonal an artist that we shall begin our criticism of his brilliant and remarkable story by demarking some blemishes. Ottalie, the dead Irish lady who hovers through the book, and about whom everyone becomes enraptured

* "Multitude and Solitude." By John Masefield. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

directly the name is mentioned, is an extraordinarily untaking personality. Not for a moment does the reader get the hang of her, nor do the glimpses that are vouchsafed contrive to make her some great and inspiring soul whose memory might drive men to big and noble deeds. Then the book opens with a sketch of John O'Neill, who promises to be interesting, but who disappears in the second chapter before the reader has time to grasp him or can credit the suggestion that he is some great mystic. Mr. Masefield has an irritating trick of encumbering his descriptions with irrelevant and superfluous detail that instead of making them more realistic make them only grotesque. "Then he rose, hurriedly dressed, wrapped himself in a Chinese robe embroidered with green silk dragons." Sitting on the verandah Roger Naldrett is described as being "sheltered from above by a green verandah canopy and from the street by another trellis about five feet high." Neither the dragons nor the height of the trellis help in the make-up of the picture.

It is pleasanter to praise. Almost for the first time the seeker after things in the ordinary way is presented with artistic feeling and conscientiousness, and though we should hold that Roger Naldrett's point of view is distinctly a dangerous one, it is one that must be considered. "The world is just coming to see that science is not a substitute for religion, but religion of a very deep and austere kind. We are seeing only the beginning of it." Thus Lionel Heseltine, tropical pathologist, to which Roger Naldrett, dramatist and amateur pathologist, says ditto ditto. But it isn't a bit true. Whitman gives a correcter insight. "Your facts are useful, and yet they are not my dwelling, I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling." Indeed it isn't more facts of Heseltine's kind that we require nowadays, but a more orderly handling on behalf of mankind of what is already known.

Mr. Masefield has a keen eye for tropical rankness, its apparent dirt and untidiness, the futility of Negro life as seen from the non-understanding white outlook. In a very admirable scene the querulousness of the sick man is given; it is almost too realistic to be pleasant reading for anyone who has been there.

Mr. Masefield's book deals with the adventures, spiritual and material, of the artist mind seeking and finding a basic reality for his work. "It seems to me terrible that a man should be permitted to write a play before he has risked his life for another or for the State." Elsewhere he says: "I take writing very seriously, but I want to be sure that it is the thing which will bring out the best in me." This is not the old problem of the man of thought seeking and envious of the life of action. Naldrett proves himself by residence in Central Africa and working in the cause of sleeping sickness; he finds a vaccine and serum which successfully cures his friend, and on his return to England plans "a crusade against the weariness and the filth of cities." All the tropical parts are splendidly done, and very skilful is the drawing of Heseltine and Naldrett in their association. A very new and a great book.

M. D. EDER.

REVIEWS.

Democracy and Reaction. By L. T. Hobhouse. (Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

This is a second edition of Professor Hobhouse's book, revised and brought up to date. It is a work of quite unusual value, in so far as it is absolutely frank in its politics, and yet scrupulously moderate in expression. Professor Hobhouse has attempted to give us within 250 pages an idea of the forces that impel democracy towards its fair or evil fate, and has succeeded beyond expectation. Though he be an orthodox Liberal, he certainly belongs to the new school: he does not hesitate in the chapter where he deals with expediency to lay down that the individual must suffer if the community require it. We were particularly interested in Professor Hobhouse's analysis of the bases of Imperialism, of which he is a relentless foe. He makes an unanswerable case against our bagman patriots: his excerpts from Colonial official papers are damnatory. The special interest of his book lies in the strong chapter in which he demonstrates the points that Socialism and Liberalism have in common: being a Radical, he finds no difficulty in showing that Socialists and Liberals demand the same immediate things, so far as factory labour, housing, wages, the taxation of wealth, etc., are concerned. A few months ago we should have smiled, and retorted that Liberalism would be a very good thing if only Liberals believed in it: to-day, Mr. Lloyd George's Budget certainly points towards a regenerated Liberalism. Still, it behoves us to be on the watch and keep the party up to its ideals: we should like to see Liberalism giving, now that it is so courageously taxing.

Geography, Structural, Physical and Comparative. By J. W. Gregory. (Blackie. 6s. net.)

Professor Gregory's name is a warranty that the book will not only be modern and accurate but, above all, readable and teachable. The Glasgow professor of geology has qualified himself not only by vast erudition but also by much travelling and exploration in the known and unknown regions of the world. His primers on geography have long been text-books in Australia and New Zealand, and the present volume is certain to become the Book on Geography for the upper forms. The first three parts on the structure of the earth, climate and ocean currents, etc., are the most interesting and novel developments of the New Geography; here the student is shown how the present continents have been gradually built up, the influence of climate upon soil, and of all the various conditions that go to make climate. Our old friend the Gulf Stream, as a factor in influencing our climate, of course receives its final quietus. Descriptive Geography, Part IV, is less adequately considered; it is impossible even for Professor Gregory to do this subject justice in 180 pages, which have to include descriptions of the people, the fauna and flora, under economic and political geography. The judgment on some of the peoples, e.g., on the negroes as "lacking in originality, invention, and in powers of independent organisation," is absurdly trivial and superficial. It is perhaps a book to entrust to a competent teacher, by reason of its method and illustrations, rather than to hand over to the pupils.

The Methods and Scope of Genetics. By W. Bateson. (University Press, Cambridge. 1s. 6d. net.)

This is a reprint of Professor Bateson's inaugural lecture, and is concerned with the problems of the physiology of Heredity and Variation, for which it seems a new word, genetics, is necessary. Mr. Bateson is known as the foremost advocate of experimental biology in this country; it was the introduction to his work on

Variation that first sharply emphasised the divergence of modern biologists from the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. His translation and commentary on Mendel's "Versuche über Pflauzenhybriden" is the starting point in England of the only promising work on biology that has been attempted since Darwin's "Origin of Species." This book will appeal to all who have dipped, if ever so little, in the current whirl of biological speculation; it summarises in fairly intelligent language the results that have been obtained by experiments on Mendelian lines. According to Mr. Bateson we are now at the beginning of our work on evolution. "Darwin it was who first showed us that the species have a history that can be read at all. If in the new reading of that history there be found departures from the text laid down in his first recension, it is not to his fearless spirit that they will bring dismay." We fail to understand why the Syndics of the University Press seek to stifle the spread of biological knowledge by charging 1s. 6d. net for a book of 49 pages.

The Failure of Lord Curzon. By C. J. O'Donnell. (Unwin. 1s. net.)

The Causes of the Present Discontents in India. By C. J. O'Donnell. (Unwin. 1s. net.)

We gladly welcome the fourth and third impressions of these books. Since Sir Henry Cotton's "New India," we have read nothing so enlightening: after Mr. J D. Rees's official views they are emphatically refreshing.

Mr. O'Donnell has written a stinging indictment of Curzonism, and has made a very strong case. He analyses for us the sins of omission and commission of an empire builder, he shows us that the Curzon regime has done nothing to mitigate famine, pestilence, overtaxation, that it has injured education and degraded local government. His Curzon is emphatically the one of whom the Oxford wag once wrote (we quote from memory):

> My name is George Nathaniel Curzon.
> I am a most superior purzon.
> My hair is black and smooth and sleek,
> I dine at Blenheim twice a week.

The only fault we have to find with the book is that it is written in the form of an open letter to Lord Rosebery. Why not Sir Frederick Banbury? In his "Causes of the Present Discontents," Mr. O'Donnell covers some of the ground over again, but within 120 pages he compresses much more. He evokes for us the Anglo-Indian bureaucrat, of whom it is enough to say that he is a . . . . bureaucrat. He fully explains the sinister Imperialism that led up to the partition of Bengal. He shows us clearly that in India Themis has two faces, one white and the other brown. It is enough to say that the ryot sometimes pays 55 to 60 per cent. of his income in taxes to make it clear that every man who wishes to understand the problem of India should learn this little book by heart.

Mr. Fisher Unwin should be congratulated on his enterprise in issuing this well bound and cheap "sociological" series. We are glad to observe that it is very popular.

Three Plays of Shakespeare. By A. C. Swinburne.

The Ether of Space. By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Harper. 2s. 6d. net each.)

These two volumes are valuable additions to the series which Messrs. Harper are now issuing called Harper's Library of Living Thought, the avowed object of which is to rescue the initiative living thought of "every intellectual movement from the great reviews or magazines," where nowadays it appears "before getting into permanent form." In pursuit of this object we are offered Swinburne's conception of three of Shakespeare's plays, "Lear," "Othello," and "Richard II." His living thought concerning the first is the thought that "Lear" expresses "the most advanced doctrine" as to men being equal in the sight of Nature, and "the futility of the monarchical idea." This is, of course, poetic, not scientific, reasoning, since we really do not know what Nature is. Nietzsche, who does not bother even to personify it, maintains Nature is neither personal nor impersonal, but a group of facts happening without ascertainable aim, in space. For the rest, these Shakespearean studies have the union of fine literary and romantic qualities which we find in those of Lamb and Pater; they are in Swinburne's best manner, and form indeed a memorable piece of writing. Sir Oliver Lodge's masterly little technical study is to some extent an approach to his physico-theological work on the physical side. His contribution to living thought includes a statement as to how the Universe appears to the physicist in its broad and physical aspect, with the Ether "as the most substantial thing in the material Universe," and as a connecting medium—a statement which follows the consideration that life and mind are not yet incorporated into physics. The volume shows the eminent physicist at his best.

Health: Abstract and Concrete. By Dr. J. P. Mills. (L. N. Fowler and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

What a vast amount of vapoury nonsense has been built upon the little we know about the Subconscious self. Just where our knowledge becomes tenuous the makers of books, especially the American makers, become prolix to a degree. Dr. Mills, like the very President of the United States, seeks to cover his ignorance by a plentiful flow of words, by a scattering of capitals, and by references to some physiological cribs. "God is health. How this word appeals to me! Pure, holy, wholesome Health. . . . . Health is Principle, is Substance. Principle appears in all that is normal." Dr. Mills is certainly not normal, for it is most unprincipled to demand 6s. 6d. for this kind of gibberish. "People say 'I am ill,' when they should say 'I feel ill.' The 'I AM' is God. If 'I AM' could get ill there would be no health, for 'I AM' is changeless." The author desires to make abundant the influence of the soul, of mental processes over those of the body, but he seems to be as ignorant of the one as of the other. We prefer the sincerity of any little Bethelite to Dr. Mills's American pseudo-mysticism.

The Country Month by Month. By J. A. Owen and Professor G. S. Boulger. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

This is the cheeriest calendar that we have happened upon, and deserves a perpetual place on the table. Messrs. Owen and Boulger are just the right kind of guides to the country; they not only tell you what is best worth seeing at every changing period, but how to look for and to find birds, plants, and beasties. We like, too, Lord Lilford's notes, which often add just the controversial note required to make the statements linger sweetly in the memory. "You say the red-backed shrike is 'becoming' rare in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North generally. Was it really ever more common than it is now?" is just the query which will make us find out all we can about the red-backed shrike. A book of pleasant gossip pleasantly told.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

THE CHOSEN RACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Ineradicably instilled into the mind of the modern Jew, from his earliest infancy, is the idea that his race is the one especially chosen by heaven to teach to the world the principles of true morality. Their mission is undisputed even by anti-semitic divines. When Stocker, the Court chaplain of the late Emperor William the First, at Berlin, was asked to prove the existence of a God in one sentence he replied, "I can prove it in one word Sire! the Jews!"

Every time that a massacre accounts for a thousand burnt homesteads and a thousand cripples, we are reminded by our devout that God is marking his displeasure at our laxity in religion and spiritual qualities by strewing the highways with Jewish corpses. Every Jewish maiden that is outraged is a further proof of divine anger at our "stiffneckedness" on the principle of John Wesley, that earthquakes were sent from on high because the world "will not believe in Christ." Every poor Jewish pedlar that is maimed for life by a Roumanian mob, or done to death by a drunken Galician crowd, is irrefragable

evidence of the "interest" providence takes in these unhappy people. Let a poor honest man, born a Jew, be suspected of using his intelligence on the question of religion, and let the wormwood of misfortune overtake him, the founts of pity are immediately dried up against him, and the floodgates of mercy dammed. Providence has revenged itself! One does not pause to think that providence is stooping to very ungallant means to prove its power, to get "square" with the wicked, if honest, freethinker who has the temerity to use his own brains in place of some other person's.

Jews are the most loyal and pitying persons on earth, they will almost lay their lives down for one another, they starve to put coppers in the poor-boxes behind their door for Jerusalem, the quixotic sacrifices they make and the things they do for the poor are almost incredible in this age of bitterness and gross materialism, yet let it only be hinted that a Jew does not conform to the tradition of thousands of years ago, and he may almost die in the gutter for the more orthodox section of his community.

Yes! The poor Jews are "chosen"!! To be pillaged and maimed, and hated, and to be lampooned, and all their finer parts to be ignored and ridiculed. Seeing the sacrifices of life and career, and all the joys of free and social existence possessed by freer and happier people, it may be asked if providence has reciprocated very gracefully. What bleeds me is that all these Kischeneffs, and Odessas, and pogroms, and mobbings of toothless greybeards and sobbing little infants (remember ye England for the English party, that Jewish children also laugh and cry, and are pleased with toys, and hurt when teething), drive us to the synagogues to offer up agonised prayers, the burden of which is "We have deserved it, but treat us better in future." I say this is a lie, it is the poor slave so emasculated that he hugs and kisses his chains, the poor Jew has not deserved it. His qualities of heart and mind equal those of other peoples, he is just as kind, as sensitive, as loyal as other races. I am neither ashamed or proud of the accident of birth that made me a Jew, but I wish that Providence would "choose" some other race to teach the world for a few centuries, and give my poor people a show. The fall-back of the sleek, well-fed preacher in his sermon after a massacre is the magnificent promise of the prophet, "I will not let them be utterly exterminated." Cheer up, O House of Israel! Providence is going to magnanimously leave a few of us. Rejoice and sing, mother in Judah, when you see your hearthstone strewn with the bodies of your murdered breadwinner and outraged daughters, and the Cossack knife is about to maim you, and murder your unborn child, sing up, and do not underrate the value of the prophetic guarantee, you are dying to prove his power, and he may be pleased to let a few of us off, so it will be all right in the long run. Rejoice!! We are not going to be utterly exterminated if nearly so. That ought to brighten your dying moments.

The fact of the matter is that we are so accustomed to consider ourselves as part and parcel of the divine scheme, that it is almost blasphemous for us to offer or even expect human pity. All in the good time of Providence. Meanwhile our hearts sicken and break at the endless chapters of rapings and burnings, and maimings, and woundings to prove the power of Providence. I say to my kin, my fellows in race, cease looking backwards! Look forward! Don't forget your past, but think of your future, and that of your children! We have paid too large a price for our privilege in bearing aloft the banner of Providence through the bloody middle ages. Drop the prayer book, just now and then, not altogether, and pick up the spade, leave the Talmud for just one century to the clerical classes, and interest yourselves in the achievements of oppressed races in colonisation. Read the history of the pilgrim fathers. Listen to the territorial leaders as well as to the Rabbi, and perhaps the Jewish question, that is perplexing all our noblest intellects and bravest hearts, may automatically solve itself.

GUSTAV PEARLSON.

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INDIAN PATRIOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reply to Mr. Reginald Wade, permit me to point out that I was writing from Dhingra's point of view. Whether India be a geographical expression merely, or a nation capable of patriotic feeling, is the problem we are all watching. The Indian Nationalist claims that the diverse creeds and nationalities of India may be welded into a whole. It is idle for Mr. Wade to deny the possibility of this. Many high Anglo-Indian officials have noted the development of a "national feeling" in India. I was endeavouring to show that Dhingra's act was the act of an extreme patriot, and a logical development of the teachings of Imperialism, Patriotism, and Democracy. This may be rather awkward for persons who are always shouting about Imperialism, and Patriotism, but that is their "show," and not mine.

The statement attributed to Pertab Singh is an obvious lie, invented and circulated by some slandering Anglo-Indians for the purpose of discrediting the peoples out of whom they have extracted a rich livelihood.

I note, with regret, that Mr. Wade is of the opinion that it is not a disgraceful thing to utilise a remark which someone is "said to have" made in order to damage a political propaganda.

One word concerning the article signed "Mombasa," on British East Africa. The writer of the article has completely confused the two moral issues which in my original articles on this topic were kept quite clear. Colonel Seely was right in describing Mr. Silberrad's offence as "isolated and rare." Your contributor does not make clear that Colonel Seely was referring to the charge against Mr. Silberrad and not to the general topic of the relations between black women and white men. Those relations of illicit intercourse are quite common. What is "rare" is that the black girls should have been coerced. It is the compulsion which constitutes the gravity and the rarity of the particular case. It was for that reason that I contended that further punishment should have been inflicted in the case of these two officials.

Personally, I cannot assent to the theory of Lord Crewe's circular, and of your correspondent, that white officials, be they married or unmarried, who have made arrangements with black women should be punished by the Government. Such relations are tacitly allowed at home, and why officials should be dealt with punitively for doing something in a country where the circumstances of the country afford more excuse than in Europe, I cannot follow. Why the Government should be invoked on behalf of a white woman whose husband has strayed morally, I fail to see. That is a matter for the ordinary courts.

C. H. NORMAN.

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THE TREATMENT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The point raised by Dr. Eder in his article on "The Treatment of School Children" is an important one, as it bears on the first principles of Socialism. He does not understand, and neither do I, why Mr. Ramsay Macdonald opposes free medical treatment on the ground that it is "State charity," especially if he approves of free education, for in approving of free education one is logically committed to "free everything," for children at least. But it must be kept in mind that some Socialists, such as myself (and perhaps Mr. Macdonald is another), do not approve of the principle of free education, or admit it to be a Socialist principle, but merely tolerate the system as an existing institution and do not agitate against it, simply because more important work lies to hand. We disapprove strongly, however, of free education being used as a lever to introduce more "State charity," such as free feeding, clothing, etc. We maintain, moreover, that Communists, namely, those Socialists who try to get as much as possible provided "free" rather than to alter the economic basis and thus secure greater spending powers and independence for the workers, are beginning at the wrong end, and courting disaster.

On the other hand, medical treatment (for adults as well as children) seems to be, for special reasons, a justifiable charge on the general community. Individuals suffering from accident or disease have not knowingly courted their trouble. It is their misfortune and not their fault, and therefore we ought pre-eminently in such case to help them to bear their burdens. Every able-bodied person ought to bear his or her share of the public taxation necessary to provide not only medical treatment, but in the case of adults, when necessary, entire or partial support of the victims. Such taxation is simply a form of insurance against a serious risk. This is quite a different thing from feeding and clothing the children of able-bodied parents at the public expense, or providing free bread, or free tramways and railways, or free theatres. If some parents are too poor, let us improve their economic position, or, if necessary to give them "State charity," let us regard it merely as a piece of expediency tolerated to avoid a greater evil, and not as a principle of Socialism.

J. HALDANE SMITH.

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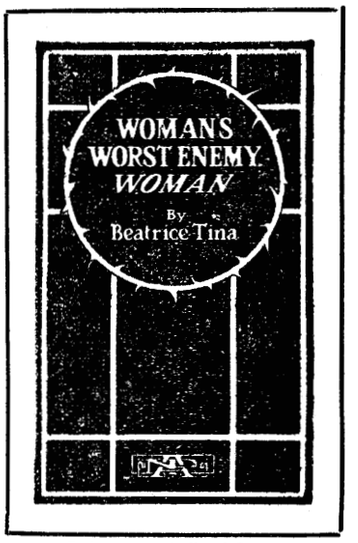

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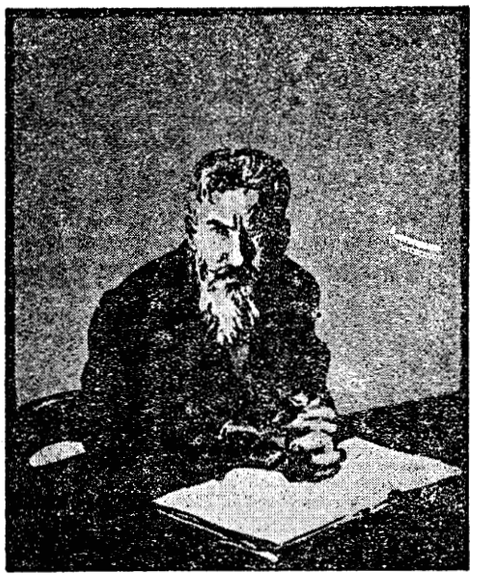

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