ZANGWILL ON PATRIOTISM AND PERCENTAGE.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.


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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 being 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 Betchley 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-
sented 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 candidate even among them if they were free to know and speak their minds. Unfortunately, there is no machinery for 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 decided to have been lost. The popularity of the land classes of the Budget affords, however, some ground for supposing that England is heartily sick of private landlords.

To those who nobly 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 of the House. 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 Budget, 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 that the Opposition to the Budget had been duly served, 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 pandered out, but on the contrary was 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 renounce the impertinent 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 peculiar. 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 sink in his tent? Mr. Burns 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 a 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 man to man, and sometimes from week to week: 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. As Irish liberalism 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-seers' 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 hittin' 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 Hely Russia. It would appear from the conclusion of Li Hang Li's remarks that Mr. Chamberlain had read the proverb bringing the Tear and the devil into blasphemous juxtaposition. 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 caucalsym.]

I have been reading another of Li Hang Li's fascinating chapters on mediaeval 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 penalties 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—
against itself—the force of Percentage. Poor, weltering kindliest interest in the concerns of every other. Was people and render it incapable of philosophic fruits. Not alone— the Western world co-operated to build it: Not alone— the only rocks, they irrigated lands where only weeds had their obole to the good work. Widows gave to the enemy, and called into being new and flourishing com-

munities. No soil was too remote, no people too alien thriven, and called their swords into ploughshares. What seemed more imminent was their beating them into bourse shares. There was no nation which did not take 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, which did not talk to you. 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 fathers' lifetimes. Clergymen, for once collaborating in the work of peace and goodwill, were the keenest to rush to its help, train their swords into ploughshares. There was no nation which did not take 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, which did not talk to you.

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. In the mediaeval world, the nations fought by taking elephants. But in this era the nations fought by taking the new skin of commercialism. He seems to have based his argument on the foreigner, but the foreigner was the keener 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 made 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 Russians were encouraged to strike oil, the Sicilians were supplied with steamers, the Egyptians with hotels, the Belgians with waterworks, the Arabs of North Africa with railways, and the Hindus with potato 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, install its railways in 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! the barbarians were still savages, and the old ideals persisted. Like a sloughing snake, the West lay sickening; the new sin of commercialism only half put forth, the old sin of militarism only half put off. A truly pibald 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 their wealth invested in developing one another’s resources, were yet daily occupied in watching and clamping the faintest extension of one another’s dominions. A more ironic situation had never been presented in human history, not even when China, at the apex of her power, 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, or did Hannibal sell the Great Elephant. 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, and they stretched the soil of the soil into preventing 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 unthinkingly 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 medieval China. It seemed as if the Profits might succeed where the Prophets had failed. The Hebrew Bible— which was already established among a third of its inhabitants— the four hundred millions of medieval China. It seemed as if the Profits might succeed where the Prophets had failed. The Hebrew Bible—which was already established among a third of its inhabitants—

Among the most needy of all— the South African shares, howsoever swindling. In view, too, of the dangers of using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, the loan of foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favour of one’s 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 we must not help to capitalise and foster the Power which may 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 on the Cross-National 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 dangers of using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, the loan of foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favour of one’s 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 we must not help to capitalise and foster the Power which may 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 on the Cross-National 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 dangers of using their savings, not for the development of home industries, but for furthering every sort of foreign enterprise, the loan of foreign products did but little to redress the balance in favour of one’s own country. With one hand they were crippling the foreigner, but with the other they were propping him up.
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' dying an unjust death at the hands of 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 this 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 despotisms.

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 Basuto—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 well-wishing for 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 Ministers of Imperial and Colonial, alike, as the hands of the Opposition proper, indeed, being consistently "again the Government," frequently takes up a right attitude on the native question, but never maintains it any further than will suit party purposes.

The case has all through fearlessly and consistently maintained the principles of justice which we all advocate in theory is also the best-paid person—perhaps, remembering the calumnies heaped on poor Dinuzulu, we should say the best-abused white person in the world. He was, in fact, a man of the Zulus, legal acumen, and grasp of facts (acknowledged even by his enemies) and inflexible determination to see justice done or perish in the attempt, make her one of the most remarkable women of her period. When remarkable women are by no means 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 is credited with being the 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 Zilube in 1888, it was to her that the Umtata turned for help and counsel and explanation of the Government's dark sayings and reconcile 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 fair 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 application was accepted—the warrant 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, then least of all the remaining chief among the tribe, and this case will not pass out of history, though in the capital sentence. As will be remembered, they were deported to St. Helena in 1889.

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 warned, perhaps in vain, not to communicate 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 valuable family belongings, and a few 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 beggarized themselves by so doing. True, the Home Government has paid Mr.
Schréiner’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, her friends are endeavouring to take no account of disbursements made by private persons. Miss Colenso’s friends are endeavouring to raise a fund to help her, but there is no indication of the ultimate result. 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, by their capacity, 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. The time is mercifully scarce, in the nature of stupidity obstinately 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. Wills in his “Daily-Mailian” dissimilation.

Might one ask these good folk what they think Right is, whence it is derived, and on what it is founded? Have they read the thoughts of their forefathers? Or have they 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 did the Lord command” set to the activity of each? The foundation of Rights 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 may, be you germ or German, and by it you shall live and rule; that which you cannot may not, and by it you shall wither and die if you will, be you emperor or imp. For it is not the feebler of spirit, but the strong, that inherit the earth.

Sound of limb, shred of brain, and stout-hearted, who can not relinquish or shrirk, 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 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.

But 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 occupants in the sources of power—of intelligence, 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 the opportunity of a kind to 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 in the greed and frivolity of the rich, the unthrift and futility of the poor, the too general tendency to make per vitiate il gran rifiuto of the grandest fortune that destiny ever offered any race or nation on earth, I think that dies ian 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 ambition required to hold what we believe to be our faculties they (and) 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 brutally 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, as compared with the other occupants of the peninsula, an aristocratic race, the most sparsely peopled that the earth has ever offered any race (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 other conceivable world, the sole foundation of Right is and was and will be Power. That which you can may, be you germ or German, and by it you shall live and rule; that which you cannot may not, and by it you shall wither and die if you will, be you emperor or imp. For it is not the feebler of spirit, but the strong, that inherit the earth.

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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, as compared with the other occupants of the peninsula, an aristocratic race, the most sparsely peopled that the earth has ever offered any race (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 other conceivable world, the sole foundation of Right is and was and will be Power. That which you can may, be you germ or German, and by it you shall live and rule; that which you cannot may not, and by it you shall wither and die if you will, be you emperor or imp. For it is not the feebler of spirit, but the strong, that inherit the earth.

Sound of limb, shred of brain, and stout-hearted, who can not relinquish or shrirk, 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 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.
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 are precisely as virtuous and spotless as is the world as it is—especially London; and 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 most delicious fruit 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 Outopía) 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, foresee a very different world—a world teeming with life. In it, everyone can guess except the Party that happens to be in the main, of the same nature as my own favourite "fanum," or "My-opia."

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 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 life. There are thousands of little gardens, where flowers and fruits, salads and vegetables grow 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 hundreds of thousands of individual houses. Instead of so many thousands of little kitchens there will be comparatively few kitchens and comparatively few—"red and blue." Some optimists 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 with that out in which respects the diet should be arranged generally, so as to secure a balance of various elements suited to the individual.

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

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 "fanum" 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 provided.

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 but cheerfully and delightfully, 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. I am not 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 puffs, black-beetles, wasps, mad dogs, shrinking cats, rats, spiders, hyenas, and elephants.

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.
The Oriental despot is addressed by his followers as Most High, King of Kings, Son of Heaven, epithets 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 est 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 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 conceptions, 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” or visual philosopher. I can best get at the meaning of 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 nouns or counters, which are moved about on a fixed plane, and which are referred 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 as 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 the 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 the new bowl of metaphor” suggests no physical comparison. To get the original visual effect one would have to say “rufed,” 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 meaning can only be restored 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 poetical, taking you 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, 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 we may at last get a civilised and logical system into...
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 imagination man can always convery 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. This is the 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 manipulation of abstractions. For example, in the theory of perception, and the "counter philosopher" 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 chessboard and a naked soldier, who in many lands employs the same weapon. The abstract philosopher has a great contempt for the visual one. Hence the steadfast refusal to recognize that any is himself. 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 so.

As a matter of fact, the history of philosophy should be written as that of seven or eight great metaphors before him that press directly and actually on his mind. The abstract words are merely codified dead metaphors. For example, in the theory of perception, and the "mirror in the theory of perception," one's gaze being necessarily transferred it inward, and explains oneself in terms of one of their beloved 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 altered 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 metaphysical thinking rises in 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 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 head, and by an ideal to the other ideal, and transfer to 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 Hegelians. The poor men with wonderful faculty for the conception of abstraction are nothing. He even goes so far as to speak of the self as a mere dead 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 it 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 insipid, 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 the pain she had caused, and Miss Wilson fell in love with her.

Then she 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, a glass of 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 the other 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—.. . . . .

Anon Miss Wilson comes out, locking the door behind her, disappears into her bedroom, dawns again; 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 alarming 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 transformed.

Miss Wilson afterwards asserted with pride that not once in the course of the unaccustomed agony did Katie cry. She sat with drooping head, and bit ferociously, but every 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 no cringe in it). Katie could not tell you why if you asked her. She felt the hug of the child’s arms round her, the lady superintendent 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, delighting in the recurring miracle, 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 minstrelry brings to the widened 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 and the jampot in the pantry is half-empty. . . . . .

Miss Wilson ladens her with kisses. Once she even responded, responded 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 dirge of the inexpressible, the unutterable, the unraped of Miss Wilson’s life, Miss Wilson’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 figure, 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 hands, 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.

"O God, my dear."

"Gawd?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' didn 'E make ve flahs?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' venn 'orse?"

"Yes."

"An'-an' evrin?"

"Yes, dear."

A long pause. Then a breathless question.

"An' did 'E make ME?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Lor! . . . Didn 'E make er wunner wen 'E made 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 schooul a baiked 'ard,' an' wen oi doies Gawd'll sy, Yues Gawd, 'ave yer plyed ve 'op?"

(Miss Wilson shoots over her spectacles a glance of suspicion. Katie's face is earnest and perplexed.)

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 finds such definite faith a little shocking. Harps and golden streets.

And then she adds inconseqeuently: "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 sees 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 the problem is how to bring them together.

W. R. TITTERTON

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The New Age, 10, Clifford's Inn, E.C.
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 and whose work 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, yet no 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 appear to me to be so is 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 now and again-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 reveal 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 two reasons. They marry. It is idyllically pleasing,—the way things happen. Then the millionaire is killed in a couple of rooms in a respectable house with her family; 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 idly pleasurable,—the way things happen. Then the millionaire is killed in the street. It is idly pleasurable,—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.

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 spinner 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 idly pleasurable,—the way things happen. Then the millionaire is killed in the street. It is idly pleasurable,—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 old-fashioned kind 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 out- 

gazes belief, and therefore he 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 con- 

sistently 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 bache-

lor, is aged forty-one, and Mr. de Sélincourt has con- 

ceived 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 con-

vincingness of the scene. But it sometimes out-

rages belief, and there is not enough perspiration in it. 

Mr. de Sélincourt is care-

lessly, of course, the weary marriage. The emotional upset in her of such 

a drastic change of life and state must have been enor-

mous, terrific. In the plan, of his novel Mr. de Sélin-

court has not found room for a single line about that 

matter which is not a trifle is the very grave fault 

of constraint, and were I not fairly convinced that Mr. de Sélincourt, 

so much space to the book and the author were I not 

very anxious to see thee idyllic novel really well done, 

I am capable of that simple operation.

I have no doubt that the character of Constantia is 

as an artist in every bone, can do it well. I am 

capable of that simple operation.

I have no doubt that the character of Constantia is 

the very grave fault. The fact is 

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," Mr. de Sélincourt himself sometimes 

writes like Henry James, and there is also some 

excellent George Meredith here and there—the style 

being insufliciently fused. When he is writing like him- 

self, he gives the conscious some painful 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 

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 dif-

ference 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 constraint, and therefore his 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 enor-

mous, terrific. In the plan, of his novel Mr. de Sélin-

court 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 Sélin-

court's story in fifty thousand words. The book is too 

short, and too facile; insufficiently travaillé et docu-

menté. 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, 

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JACOB TONSON.

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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 are really on the same side, and that the same interests, 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.

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 and of all the various conditions that go to make

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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. It is to 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 excpts from Colonial official papers are dammatory.

Mr. H. Masefield has a keen eye for tropical rankness, its apparent dirt and untidiness, the futility of Negro domination. All the tropical parts are splendidly done, and very enjoyable. Mr. Masefield's book deals with the adventures, spiritual and material, of the artist mind seeking and finding out the best in me. This is not the old problem of the artist finding and proving his friend, and on his return to England plans a crusade against the weariness and the filth of cities. 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 are really on the same side, and that the same interests, 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.

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**The Methods and Scope of Genetics.** By W. Bateson. (Cambridge. 16. 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 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.

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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 Pflanzenhybriden" is the starting point of a chapter of his "Origin of Species." This book will appeal to all who have dippd, if ever so little, in the current whirl of biological "speculations"; it states fairly intelligible language the results that have been obtained by experiments on Mendelian lines. According to Mr. Dr. Rosetone we are at the beginning of our work on evolution.

"Darwin it was who first showed us that the species have a history that can be traced 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 16d. 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. 6d. 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, over-taxation, 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 his book) "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. 6s. 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 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, "Caesars," "Richard III." 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, since we cannot 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 incarnations of the physical. 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 profligate 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 crabs. "God is health," he writes. How this word appears! Pure, holy, wholesome Health . . . Health is Principle. 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, what can I do? I am ill." The "I AM 't 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 wish to be an ignoble thing 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. Bouger. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

This is the cheeriest calendar that we have happened upon, and deserves a perpetual place on the table. Messrs. Owen and Bouger 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 beasts. We like, too, Lord Lillo's notes, which often add just the controversy, note required to make the statement 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 hold out all we can about the "I AM ill." A book of pleasant gossip pleasantly told.

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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."

Inerradically insinued 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 Dr. Keil, the Court rabbi, was caught in a drunken spree, William the First, at Berlin, was asked to prove the existence of a God in the 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 of our devout that God is marking his displeasure at our laxity in religion and spiritual qualities by steering the highways with Jewish corpses. Every Jewish massacre is a further proof of divine anger at our "stifledness" on the principle of John Wesley, that 'shocking things were sent from on high because the world "will not believe in Christ." Every poor Jewish pedlar that is maltreated 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 world band together in contempt, and the poor man dies. The points of pity which he has to offer are immediately dried up against him, and the floodgates of mercy dammed up. Very soon two moral issues which in my original articles on this topic were kept quite clear. Colonel Sclay was right in describing Mr. Silberard's offense as "isolated and rare." Your contributor does not make clear that Colonel Sclay was referring to the charge against Mr. Silberard and not to the general topic of the relations between black women and white men. Those violations of custom and 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. The writer does not seem to think that providence is stooping to so very ungentle 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 give what is due, but never more. If a mother, they start to put coppers in the poor-boxes behind their door for Jerusalem, for the benefit of their brethren, and yet they have the temerity to use their own brains in parts to be ignored and ridiculed. Seeing the sacrifices of life and suffering with which the Jews have reciprocated very gracefully. What bleeds me is that all these parts of life and career, and all the th0 jogs 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

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.

...
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