NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Speaking of the States that practised slavery, Webster, the "Defender of the Constitution," as he was called, said: "The manner in which the Governments of those States where slavery exists are to regulate it is for their own consideration, under their responsibility to their constituents, to the genealogy of property, humanity, and justice, and to God." The same speech might have been made practically by every speaker on the Liberal and Tory benches last week during the debate on the South Africa Union Bill. In effect, the same speech was made. The Leaders on both sides, and all the Front Bench men, without exception, unanimously decided to leave to South Africa the responsibility of the condition in which the Act of Union proposes to place and to keep the inhabitant natives. * * *

Writing, as we hope, with every desire to further civilisation, and with a due sense of responsibility, we have to say that the action of Parliament in passing without amendment a Bill of Union containing clauses so contrary to the spirit of political liberty as the clauses referring to the natives in the South Africa Bill, may be prudent for men animated by the motive of fear, but it is not wise for the mother of the Empire. And if nothing is settled that is not settled right, we here record our conviction that these clauses will prove, if not fatal to the Empire, at least fatal to the future of South Africa, and a milestone, as we think, on the road to the ruin of our best civilisation. * * *

Every excuse exists, we may admit, for Parliament acting as it did. Nothing short of wild, and what must have seemed desperate, courage could have acted differently in the face of the situation as presented. Within an almost miraculously short period after a terrible war two white races were proposing to dwell in peace together: the terms of their settlement were drawn up among themselves after discussions that have dignified politics for ever: and the English Parliament was called on to ratify the treaty of peace, which promised to be politics for ever. Either the Government or the Opposition failed to see the danger. Should that flaw be removed, or should it be left? Should that flaw be removed, or should it be left? We have every assurance that no pains have been spared in England, short of that desperate act of courage to which we have referred, to have it removed: but always our statesmen were met by the simple reply: the flaw is essential: without it the Union is smashed.

Being ourselves by profession somewhat desperate in politics, and rightly so, we think, in view of the state into which civilisation has got, we should unhesitatingly have risked even the worst alternative to countenancing a step in Imperial history which we knew to be not only backward, but leagues backward. We refuse that Sir Charles Dilke in England and Mr. Schreiner in South Africa both doubt whether the Union would, in fact, have been imperilled. Mr. Schreiner assures us that there was a party, albeit a small party, in the Union discussions in favour of political justice to the natives; and Sir Charles Dilke is of opinion that the advantages of Union are sufficiently concrete to make Union a necessity practically at any cost. At the most he thinks Union might have been postponed a twelve-month. But we are prepared to suppose that Union might have been postponed half a century: and still we should have voted for the deletion of the inhuman clauses. Perish the Union for ever, we would say, rather than admit explicitly and as a principle this denial to human beings of the rights of citizenship.

* * *

But, we admit, no Parliament in the position of the English Parliament could be expected to declare in this way: and we pay our tribute of respect to the comparative courage with which speaker after speaker, while supporting the Bill of Union, deplored the native clauses. In his final speech Mr. Asquith indeed went so far as to express the hope entertained by the whole of England that South Africa would sooner rather than later delete the clauses herself. In that speech he rose in fact to the heights of Webster, whose remarks we have already quoted. But we sincerely doubt whether South Africa will ever delete the clauses on her own initiative. Already she has flouted the best opinion in the Empire. There is not, we venture to say, a living soul of distinction in the world who does not feel that South Africa has degraded civilisation by this act; nor has that opinion been concealed. If, then, not even this universal reproach has had any effect, what new arguments can be advanced? Nothing, we fear, short of what Sir H. H. Johnston prophesies, namely, "an uprising of the negro throughout British Africa," can now avail to remove the blot on the Empire that persuasion and argument have alike failed to touch. That, we imagine, must be the final issue of the present business.

* * *

Tributes have been paid to the high quality of the debates in Parliament on the whole question: but we must single out the speeches of the Labour members for special praise. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lyttelton could afford to be generous, as they were, since both knew that in the place of Mr. Asquith and Lord Crewe they could and would do no other than as the Government were doing. But the Labour Party, if we mistake not, would have had the courage of the heroic occasion: they would not have said one thing and done another: in short, they would have nobly staked the Empire on the issue of right. Moreover, as we have so often pointed out, the native question all over the
of which the noblest Indians have been the victims at the hands of the mis-governed Government of India. For a government servant in India, as it is Russia, to prostitute his judicial office to serve imperial justice, to procure the conviction of the innocent, is conduct marked with promotion. It is that fact which lies behind the deaths of Sir Curzon Wylie, Dr. LaIacca, and the execution of Dhingra.

Let us refer now to the details of the Denshawai horror. There some British officers were engaged in illegalities. The Egyptian villagers resented their conduct, and there was a serious affray, in which the officers were badly mauled, and several of the villagers, including women, were seriously wounded. One of the officers afterwards died of sunstroke and violence. Upon that wholesale arrests of the villagers were made. They were tried, but the gallows had been ordered before their trial. The trial and judgment was a farce. Sir Edward Grey suppressed certain evidence from the White Papers, and the original records of the trial have vanished.

Four men were executed, many others sent to penal servitude, and others were flogged under the eyes of the condemned men. The wives and relatives of the prisoners were brought on the scene under armed escort, and the whole paraphernalia of spiritual and physical torture was brought into play to assuage the Imperialist and militarist lust for a bloody revenge.

Let us now review the comparative position of the Government and the governed. An alien government, as is the British Government in India and Egypt, is so incapable that it has pleaded inability to carry on the government unless a power of wholesale imprisonment of men against whom no charge can be made is granted to it. The Government of India obtained that power, and proceeded to put it in operation. Many men of the highest character were incarcerated, transported to penal settlements, and are still there. The governed peacefully protested. That protest was met with further repression. Men who uttered the mildest sentiments were subjected to espionage, their houses were entered by the police, their wives and their servants were interrogated, and in some cases tortured. Can one be surprised that Dhingra was forced to the desperate conclusion that the one way of calling England's attention to the crimes of England's servants was to do some frightful deed which would attract the attention of civilization to India?

India, in the future, will regard him as a hero. With full responsibility, we say India will be right, assuming the ideals of Patriotism and chivalry, and, as such, those as who decry Dhingra daily assert them to be.

The Denshawai incident in Egypt established the Nationalist Party on a firm footing. It was welded together by this ghastly and revolting incident. The British authorities are now anxious to hush up the whole blunder which has been made in hasty and ill-advised action.
British East Africa.

II

The East African Protectorate on an ordinary map appears but a small strip on the huge continent of Africa. It is a simple way, to gain an estimate of its true proportions, to compare it with the home country. The total area of the whole of Great Britain is 77,683,084 acres: that of the East Africa Protectorate is 115,000,000 acres. The population of Great Britain in 1907 was 44,100,231, or an average of 1 to 1.76 acres. The population of the East Africa Protectorate is estimated at an average of 1 to 29 acres. The total area of 115,600,000 acres is an area equal to the whole of Great Britain with England and Wales reckoned twice over, with a much smaller population than that occupying the single county of Lancashire.

Of the total area, about 26,000,000 acres can be set aside as occupied and partly cultivated, but there remains the vast expanse of 89,000,000 acres uncultivated, so much bush, desert, or forest, but all capable of being utilised.

All this territory, owned by the Sultan of Zanzibar, was leased in 1888 to the Imperial British East Africa Company by Royal Charter, under the control of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The British protectorate and dominion in it, and the company handed over the administration to the British Government on July 1st, 1895. In 1902 all the provinces of the Uganda Protectorate lying east of Lake Victoria were transferred to the East African Protectorate.

Lying on the Equator, the essential character of this vast region is tropical. The coast littoral runs some 400 miles from German East Africa in the south to Italian Somaliland in the north. The whole of this, with a belt some twenty miles wide, is very sparsely cultivated, and at a reasonable computation there lies waste over 20,000,000 acres of land, a territory greater than the whole of Scotland, capable of producing rubber, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and as well as its indigenous foodstuffs, such as cassava, ground nuts, sweet potatoes, maize, and sem-sem (a species of linseed). In the hinterland are forests of many kinds of valuable timber, and further east and north huge stretches of apparent desert. I say "apparent" because those who have travelled in South Africa know well how the most barren deserts have become under irrigation richly productive. The river Tana is navigable for 400 miles at certain seasons of the year. The great river, or system of rivers, throughout the whole of the hinterland, is navigable for a considerable distance as far as Lake Victoria. The lower part of this river is a very important river for the irrigation of the lands by the transfer of the capital from Mombasa to Nairobi in the highlands, and that a vigorous new administration may inaugurate developments on the coast which shall be the solution of difficulties under which farmers upcountry are now suffering.

By far the greatest part of this stretch of coastland was owned, or is claimed to belong to, Arabs, Swaheli, or other native tribes. No individual member of a tribe, according to native custom, has a right to land, save as a temporary cultivator: should he cease to cultivate or live upon the land his rights cease. On many unoccupied lands the existence of mango, banana, or orange trees and other growths shows that at no distant time these plots were cultivated, and if negotiations are opened for purchase the intending buyer must be prepared to meet with claims for tribal rights. It frequently happens when a purchaser has leased a number of planta- tions, or when many plantations have arisen, that the Law Courts have been flooded with interminable actions initiated by Arabs or Indians. The professional witness is a common feature of such cases: his evidence can be arranged by a regular formula: if the supposed owner, who appears after the true owner has sold and received payment on completing the necessary legal transfer before the Commissioner. In 1908 one case lasted forty days in the High Court, in which scores of witnesses were called, and the new owners were mulcted in some hundreds of pounds of costs in defending his title from prospecting pirates. The last issue to hand of the "East Africa Standard" reports a contested title to 2,000 acres of land near Malindi. The whole of the existing uncertainty as to title, the risk of venturing time and capital upon land which may be subsequently claimed by others, is a great cost and anxiety of defending purchases is so great, that in the absence of any practical step to define ownership by the Government, would-be applicants are desisting from making further applications for land, and the development of the coast is put back.

There is therefore an urgent necessity for the investigation and registration of titles to land by whomsoever held, whether Arabs, native tribes, Indians or whites. The Government can give the administration of the islands, but under the muddled and insane Land Bill lately introduced there is precious little chance of many fresh land sales taking place. But passing this by, nothing can be done until existing titles are registered.

In South Africa every piece of land i.e., registered with the Government. The owner has his numbered certificate just as a shareholder in this country has his certificate, and to more. All deeds and transfers are in the Registrar's safe. I buy a plot anywhere in South Africa. The seller hands me his certificate, a certified survey and the transfer deed. These documents are handed to the Registrar who passes them, says "I buy" and hands me a new certificate. There is no abstract of title, none of the numerous deeds of transfer, copies of wills, and all the gibberish of rapacious conveying lawyers, but just a simple numbered Government certificate. Simple, effective, inexpensive (no wonder the lawyers in majority in the House of Commons d' dislike Colonial methods).

So, under great pressure, in March, 1908, the Governor appointed a Registrar of Titles. His salary is said to be £600 per annum. Up to the end of March last, in the first year of his appointment, he had not registered one single title.

Here you touch the method of administration. That is, first, never to come to any decision until you are compelled; secondly, not to put the decision into practical shape until convenient.

In this instance the Registrar was appointed. This kept people quiet for a while. When questions became unpleasantly frequent it was explained that the Registrar was waiting for surveys. Or the Staff of surveyors quite unequal to demand, it was hoped rapid progress would soon be made. (Nothing about more surveyors being appointed.) Later, questions again. Reply, Government discussing which district should be worked; still a long way to go. Nothing happened on the ground it was desirable to begin with a small district. Kilifi, some 30 miles up the coast from Mombasa, was fixed upon by the Government. A further representation was made asking for Malindi (a more important centre and 70 miles from Mombasa) to be taken, as the waiting interests there were greater than at Kilifi, but has resulted in no further action being recorded, though it has been announced that the staff necessary to assist the Registrar is coming out from England. This is cart before the horse procedure so well adapted to conciliate petitioning traders, so admirably devised to crush out intending settlers and planters, and to stifle all efforts to develop the country.

Up to now Malindi has been the centre of a general agricultural prosperity. There were domains owned by Arabs and cultivated by their slaves. The harbour was busy with shipping: over 100 dhows sailed with produce up and down the coast: the town was prosperous with a large number of Indian traders and importers. With the prohibition of slavery in 1907 a great change took place. The plantations are going back to bush. Most of the dhows have vanished. The business of the Indian traders is graduallyVanishing also.

The Arab is a gentleman with blue blood in his veins.
The White and the Yellow Races.
A Practical Proposal.

By Professor Auguste Forel.

From the Proceedings of the German Archiv für Rassen und Gesellschafts-Biologie, Munich, 1908.

(Specially translated for The New Age, with the author's permission, by Ashley Dukes.)

In the "race question" there are many problems, and much ink is poured out in proposals for their solution. We establish a thousand different dogmas, hypotheses, and theories. We take up the cudgels in defence of, or in attack upon, the conventional religious views of the matter. But in the achievement of results we ignominiously fail. We neglect the experimental methods which have been used with such success in the case of domestic animals.

It is to-day beyond all question that intermarriage between very distant races, such as Europeans and negroes (mulattos), is, on the average, productive of unsatisfactory results; and it is also certain that excessive in-breeding or limitation is unfavourable to the offspring.

But the happy medium between these evil results of too wide and too narrow interbreeding is still obscure. A certain interbreeding of allied species is undoubtedly satisfactory; this seems to be the case, for instance, with the intermarriage of Germanic and Roman peoples. Even here more reliable statistics are much to be desired.

But the now appears, like some vast thundercloud upon the horizon of mankind, a new and immense racial problem. Two powerful cultured races, the Mongols and the Aryans, whose development (apart from isolated historical episodes) has been entirely separate and distinct, are now being forced into contact with one another by the increased flow of international intercourse.

The Mongols, and particularly the Chinese, had in ancient times a high standard of culture. They shut themselves up within the walls of their empire for thirty or forty years ago the more vivacious and active Japanese began to sound the reveille which is now reverberating through China and awakening a mighty nation.

Meanwhile, after countless bloody battles between the greater and the lesser civilisations, the Aryans had conquered the world and introduced their European culture into America, Australia, India, and, finally, Africa.

And now a racial contest is arising between the yellow and the white races. This contest must inevitably be fought out to a finish either by murderous war or peaceful rivalry, or intermarriage. What will be the issue? For the sake of coming generations it is imperative that the duel shall be a peaceful one, and that it shall be fought out with the welfare of the race in view.

In order to approach this subject properly, we must be able to answer the two following questions: (a) What are the disadvantages produced by intermarriage between the Mongol and the Aryan races? (b) Which of the two races has the higher value from the standpoint of social culture; that is to say, how much of the social value of an individual of either race at present depends (a) upon inherited racial characteristics, and (b) how much upon training and education (acquired racial and national characteristics)?

It is still almost impossible to answer the former of these questions. It would be necessary to investigate carefully the existing results of intermarriage in certain countries, such as Hungary and Finland, where Mongols and Aryans have mingled. Ethnologists and anthropologists may, perhaps, be able to give effective suggestions with regard to this point. It would, however, be very difficult to establish with certainty the pedigrees of such half-breeds, for the outward signs of interbreeding in such cases are still more uncertain than in the case of the mulattos, and the race mixture is generally of very ancient date. Nevertheless, Finland seems to show that the combination is satisfactory in result. There, for the most part, only Teutons and Finns have intermarried, which simplifies the problem, while in Hungary several races have gathered, and any estimate of the results of their intermarriage must in consequence be very difficult.

But the Mongols, with whom we are chiefly concerned, are neither Magyars nor Finns, but Chinese and Japanese; and here little is discoverable as to interbreeding with Aryans, although this matter is of the greatest importance. I am acquainted with a very able and intelligent lady whose grandmother was a Chinawoman. But single cases of this kind can tell us very little. We must have fuller material upon which to work. This material must be provided by the anthropologists and ethnologists of to-day, and the purpose of the future must examine and pronounce upon it.

To answer the second question is a different matter. Here a simple experiment could throw much light upon the problem in a comparatively short space of time.

Without being difficult to carry into effect, this experiment would be highly instructive.

Let a considerable number of little Chinese or Japanese children, at the age of two or three, preferably still younger, but in no case older than this, be conveyed to Europe and educated by Europeans in European schools, or after the manner of the group-family system which Frln. L. von Wolfiring has introduced with such success for the waifs and strays of Vienna. There groups of ill-treated or orphan boys and girls of varying ages are handed over for their upbringing to childless married couples of good repute, who receive payment for the care of their foster-families, in addition to the cost of board and lodging.

But little Mongol children brought up in this way could be subjected to careful tests of character and ability from their earliest childhood onwards. Later, as adults, they could still be kept under observation, and their social value might so be estimated.

At the same time let the Japanese, for instance, bring up a number of European children in their own fashion, so that we may see what becomes of our race under their system.

With some expenditure of money—and the object is worthy of it—this experiment could easily be carried out. There is no lack here or in any other country of poor orphan children who would be grateful enough for such an upbringing. Do not the procurresses buy our poor children for their loathsome trade to-day, under
the very nose of our Christian State? And the establishment of one or two such groups of children of both sexes with, say, twelve or each group, would not involve excessive outlay. Perhaps one of our modern millionaires in search of a new amusement might carry out this proposal. He would ensure for himself an everlasting memorial by doing so.

It would be advantageous to bring up the children of one race together with those of the other, and so to create mixed groups.

And, now, what will be the precise value of our experiment? It is clear that the differences which the Missouri educated European children, together with our average European children—at first as children and later as adults—will represent the extent of the difference between their inherent racial characteristics and our own; while the same will hold true in the case of the Aryan children educated in Japan.

On the other hand, the differences that, for instance, Chinese children educated in Europe exhibit when compared with their brothers and sisters educated in China will give us the exact value of the purely acquired characteristics in each case.

In my opinion, this experiment would be found to possess great scientific, as well as practical social, value. Prejudices and preconceptions should not be allowed to stand in its way. The mind is more suggestible than reason; and no manner of education has yet succeeded in transforming the negroes into a civilised race. Time, trouble, and money enough have been wasted in the attempt. It is high time that we turned our attention to more ethnologically worthy objects.

The Secularist Movement.

Some months ago there appeared in The New Age a number of articles in which an erroneous and misleading conception of the character and work of the Secularist movement was unintentionally conveyed. The impression imparted by these writings was that those who, like myself, had been members of the Secularist party in its first years, and those who still remain in it, have as a band of inefficient youths who infested parks and other places, preaching a gospel which might be summed up in the pregnant formula: "There ain't no Gord—yah!"

The Secularist movement has never been written, and probably never will be; it is, therefore, desirable that mistaken statements or suggestions concerning it should be corrected. I take it upon myself to do this, as one who can write with knowledge, if not authority; for in 1875 I was secretary of the National Secular Society, and thenceforward for twenty years anything which I did not know in connection with the movement was not worth knowing.

In my early days the party was neither large nor important. It included one organ, the "National Reformer," a twopenny weekly journal edited by Charles Bradlaugh, and flying the flag of "Atheism, Republicanism, and Malthusianism." The work of the party practically centred in the fiery, resolute, anti-theist spirit of Charles Bradlaugh, whose heart was filled with rage and bitterness by the meanness and brutality of his persecutors. His dulcet pipe would have emitted a different note had his lot been cast in the days of the meanness and brutality of his persecutors. His dulcet pipe would have emitted a different note had his lot been cast in those days; or mayhap he would not have pipped at all.

The Secularist party did noble work in its day; many of its sons are still in harness in other fields of activity. The Right Hon. J—n B—s, Cabinet Minister and P.—t of the L—l G—t B—d (I dare not pointedly indicate him) was once a member of the Battersea Branch; I could go to the House of Commons and drag from their leather-covered seats more than two of my old-time colleagues; and in the Socialist and other advanced movements of to-day there are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of men and women who originally derived their enthusiasm for progress from the impulses of Charles Bradlaugh and those who worked with him under the Freethought flag.

GEORGE STANDRING.
McKechnie and the Maps.

Of course his father had not been a squire. Like most Englishmen in the East he was a Scotchman, and like most Scotchmen he had left his father's manse because he thought that curry and rice and a pension therewith were better than oatmeal porridge and a whole parish full of sheep. But he had been to an English University and fathomed the paradox of squarecircuit; he had learnt the dignity of labour—for other folk; and the dignity of doing nothing—for himself. Moreover, he had seen his father administer the consolations of religion to so many people that he had become expert in the art of make-believe. He could hardly have had a more completer philosophic outfit for his life work of administration in the tropics. In fact it was quite likely that he would spend thirty years believing things he knew to be untrue, and then crown his career with five years as the Governor of a Province, endeavouring to make other men believe them. Only one item was lacking in his temperamental equipment; this was the genuine feeling for the cultivator of the land which makes men ready to die doing out famine relief to people in whose impoverishment by capitalism they have been active agents. This part of the squarecircuitic tradition his lack of a sense of humour enabled him to simulate with such success that he was soon marked out as a coming man. It was the Faizapur case that gave him his opportunity. The breeding of a landless proletarian had been causing difficulties which the authorities did not see their way to cure without affecting the interests of people with a voice in Parliament. So, wisely enough, they left his final solution to a younger generation, and by digging some canals rendered a few square miles available for profitable cultivation. This postponed the question. The proletariat was spread over a wider area, and unless you looked very closely, it was really hardly visible. But their management would not permit them to increase the difficulties of the younger generation more than necessary. They announced, therefore, that nobody but genuine cultivators should occupy the land, that even these should only enter individually into possession of a limited area, and that no land owner who rented land to others should be allowed to peg out a claim. They did not object to the proletariat system; where else could cheap labour be obtained? Nor did they dislike the landlord because he rendered no service for his gains. They objected to him because, as always when men can go to law about their land, the land had a way of passing to the lawyer or the money-lender, and as he anticipated, found that matters had been diminished, apart from the number of reported cases. This was the obvious, in fact the only, solution possible for a right-minded man, so the maps were corrected and the surveyor reprimanded.

Then he went back again to the headquarters of his district, and the report he wrote “after personal enquiry on the spot and unrestrained intercourse with the people” is a model of concise completeness. The experiment had clearly proved that firm handling and personal attention are ready solvents of all difficulties in Oriental administration. In the East it is the man that counts, character, force of personality. So McKechnie received the thanks of Government and laid the foundations of his reputation. Then the question was shelved, the papers filed, and the experiment forgotten except for the legend of its success. But the murmur of the proletariat is still increasing; some day it will sound shrilly as the trumpet of revolt. But if by that time McKechnie has become Governor of the Province he will certainly pretend he does not hear it.

S. D. B.

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THE NEW AGE

August 26, 1909
An Evening in the Uplands.

After an easy walk of four miles in the early evening we entered without uttering design the smaller hostelry of Carmunnock, and passing the little bar took possession of the humble kitchen. The only inmate was a young man who wore leggings and comported himself with unnecessary self-confidence. We gave him greeting, and seating ourselves on the plain deal chairs ordered according to our several predilections.

The landlord was affable; the fire aglow, and the young man read a newspaper. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed when the young man rose to depart, heralding his intention by throwing the newspaper upon the window sill and ejaculating forcibly, as if in challenge: "This unemployment is all rot! It is possible for men to succeed in the world, and those who cannot should die out. That's what I say. It is a law of nature."

"You should know, sir, if anyone does," said the landlord; "a big contractor like you, who employs hundreds of men?"

"So you wish human affairs to be settled according to the ways of wild animals?" asked Quarles. "It is as well to be explicit. I had hopes that Christian religion and common morality were not entirely fictitious, but it seems they are quite unnecessary from your statement. Very well; you need not look for sympathy or help when your law of nature is respected and common sense is flouted. One day you may find what it is to be one unarmed contractor against fifty navvies with picks and shovels in hand applying the law of nature."

"Who do you think I am?" shouted the young man.

"Never mind; good night," replied Quarles.

When the contractor had gone Rammerscales pointed to a poster on the wall advertising a certain shipping firm. The picture was of a steamer bound to Canada from Scotland, and on the deck stood a tall, vigorous, handsome young woman, who held a baby to her breast in a tartan shawl. "Why should that girl and her man have to leave their country?" he asked.

"There's no work for them, perhaps," said the landlord.

"We can't find room for such a splendid human product as that! We cannot afford to pay for her keep! Would a farmer say that about a good cow or mare? The practical men of business are making a fine mess of this country. Sensible organisation as a nation seems beyond their powers or inclinations. They can only arrange to rob the weak!" exclaimed Quarles; and then he added sorrowfully: "But why should I bother; to what good is it all?"

"The workingman is a fool and good only for a day's work," said Rothes firmly. "He never initiated anything; let him enjoy his spade."

"That won't do; you're wrong, Rothes. Credit must be given to the working man for the development of the great mechanical arts," replied Quarles with vigour. "The trained professional engineer had nothing to do with the practical adoption of steam for power, the invention of textile machines, or the adaptation of electricity for lighting or driving. George Stephenson was a fireman, James Watt an instrument maker, and Newcomen a blacksmith. Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning machine, was a barber; Jacquard, of silk loom fame, a typefounder; Fulton, the originator of the steamboat in America, was a painter; Corliss, a self-trained machinist; Robert Hoe, the greatest of printing press inventors, was a tool maker. Take the pioneers in electricity: Benjamin Franklin was a printer, Morse a painter, Edison a news seller and telegraph operator, Elihu Thomson a chemist, Van Depoele a cabinetmaker."

"But Brush and Westinghouse were mechanical engineers," persisted Rothes.

"Yes, but they were not electrical engineers. The great inducements I have indicated were developed by workmen who were not trained in them," rejoined Quarles. "The engineer did not begin the industry; he grew with it, but the working man initiated the industry."

"Workmen are fools for themselves, though, as this gentleman says," quoth the landlord. "And they don't stick together. If one gets on a bit his mates don't like it too much."

"There you hit me," said Quarles. "Alas it is too true. The sad circumstance regarding workmen is their want of belief in their own class. It is difficult for a labourer to believe that one of his fellows may be of more national value than a duke. He is completely subduced by externals, and underneath the dome of a silk hat must of necessity be the palace of truth and power. A tailor's dummy of a successful stockbroker, with no more legislative ability than a hen, will be allowed to talk atrocious footle for an hour from a public platform, and the audience will listen to it all without demur; but let one of their own class utter words of wisdom from the same platform and he will have to run a blockade of familiar inter jection. Workmen are worse than foolish: they are not fair in other respects, and it would be an act of piety to let them believe that one of their own is shot at and wounded, the other geese fly underneath it and bear it on its way to safety. Surely men may be expected to have a social instinct as considerate and loyal as the other geese."

"The other geese are wild and free," remarked Rothes in a caustic tone, "and only come near the haunts of inimical men when storms rage and food is scarce. The worker, being always poor, hugs his enemies." "I don't see why the poor shouldn't be happy," said Rammerscales ingenuously; "and I have noticed that riches do not make people happy."

"Right there; I've seen it myself," added the landlord.

"It's all well enough to say that even the rich are unhappy, but their malady is not a gnawing at the vitals nor an inability to pay the rent," replied Quarles. "Poverty is a social sin, a personal degradation, and a thing of which to be ashamed. In a poor country it becometh all men to proudly bear the dint and stint, but in a lusty commonwealth the poor must needs be varlets. Where man has to water down his natural vigorous spirit in order to keep his job and live humbly, nothing great can ever come to pass. For every genius who has blossomed forth in spite of poverty a thousand through poverty have been for ever dumb."

"But luxury would be just as bad," said Rammerscales.

"The costliest luxury in any country is the tolerance of much poverty," continued Quarles. "To keep multitudes sparsely clothed and inadequately fed and pigishly housed, there are harvests of native genius left standing to blacken in the harsh winds of necessity. We need a sensible arrangement of products to uses, and such a just system of living is not only greatly to be desired but it would prove a first-rate racial investment."

There was a lull in the talk, during which the landlord heaped coal upon the fire and pokered the grey ashes into the pan. Rothes held his glass between him and the light of the Rammerscales ingenuously bought on the premises, and Quarles seemed to be studying a coloured advertisement which hung above the mantelshelf.

"There's a deal of charity given away nowadays," said the landlord.
"We organise charity because we do not organise uses sensibly, and we have to dispense charity because we dispose of equity," added Quarles. "So shall we realise the woeful wastefulness of tolerating poverty and unemployment and senseless employment in our midst! From poverty there flows an awful waste of talent. It is not unusual to hear it remarked that poverty draws out ability; every clever clasp a halo on poverty. In reviewing my own lifetime, when I consider the number of splendid souls sapped, subjugated, emblazoned, desolated by sheer poverty, I feel that poverty is a most itching desire to apply my boot to his posterior with a thrice inspired impact. Out of poverty come servility, tameness, repression, and unhippiness.

"I don't object to hard work," said Rotches, sipping his lager slowly, "but I do object to small wages and to be looked up in a supercilious manner by any forked rascal who happens to have to parts of money; and I object to have to suffer the nonsense of any man for the sake of a job. It's the injustice of the thing that annoys.

"And how easily class feeling can be engendered! It beats the gourd in this social climate. I was sitting in a railway car last Friday, with Quarles, and a steelworker opened the door. There wasn't much room, and before I could realise it I had shown by a look that I was averse to him sitting next me. True I was groomed, while the clothes he wore were greasy and dirty, but when he sat opposite me a great pity swept over me. I despaired and indicted myself as this worker's fellow. I thought of God with displeasure: all pity is somewhat of an accusation against God. The spark, weakly body of the rascal seemed to contract with an overwhelming consciousness of social inferiority. He never raised his eyes. Those gnarled, dirty hands, those sullen cheeks, those dull eyes made something flood me that found vent alternatively in pity and anger. No, no, this system will not do; too much suffering, too much stodginess, too much servility. There is nothing lovely or noble in all this squalor, toil, and individual power born of big bank accounts. Therefore this commandment I give unto you: Be ye also ashamed of poverty. And now I think we should resume our walk."

After the brief refurbishment had passed that occurs when coming from brilliant light into darkness we turned our steps toward the South Quaint village, with its few lights, curious lanes, and old houses, was deserted except by a boy who passed down the hill to his cans. Passing the manse gate under the hedge of thorn, we saw Braehead in the dim light, looking like a shadowy hamlet in a world of dream. Low in the somber sky was the moon, mild and truant quill in a motionless bed of soft grey clouds, and high in the east were merry golden stars, twinkling in a firmament of deepest blue. There wasn't a breath of wind, and trees stood like still sentinels. The village was asleep and the quietness of the valley was profound and unbroken except for the weird hooting at long intervals of an owl flitting among the darksome places of the distant Peel.

DAVID LOWE.

A Lyric.

They showed me roses and I came to earth. I stood behind a gate. "Oh, give to me!" I cried. They fled and would not wait. My hand dropped down my side, And I cried again. I stood before a gate. There grew a mist and a pain, And drops I felt like the rain. Which bursts from the spring when the under-waters rise. "Oh, give!" I cried again: And the gate I opened wide. It shut back fast as so I stood outside. I followed trails of rose-leaves, hither-thither, I followed where they led—I knew not whither. And always looked I out for the great Rose-Garden. But soon the leaves, a-shine with dew, Went dry and brown. Weary I grew As I felt beneath my foot A thorn and a dry dead root. And far away I seemed from the great Rose-Garden. There's a black cloud over the land. The wind screams down to the sea. The rose-leaves are swept along in a band, And a bird and butterflies three. Bird and butterflies out at sea! I jump and curve up my hand, I run after them down to the strand, But the wind will not let us stand. The bird and the butterflies and me— But it drives us out, far out to sea. Who sings? A bird on brooding wings. What's in my hair? Three gold butterflies shelter there.
Heine and Marx.

(Translated, with abridgements, from "Die Neue Zeit" of 1901.)

Here is the text of a letter addressed to Marx by Heine:

Hamburg, Sept. 21, 1844.

Dearest Marx,—I am again suffering from the tiresome trouble with my eyes, which is due to 40 years of wearisome toil. I can scribble you these lines. But anything of importance that I have to say to you, I can say by word of mouth. I am just beginning of new poems, and am ready for departure; as I have been made anxious by a hint from the authorities. I have no desire to complicate the subject of my letter by questions of politics, but I have no shame in showing iron chains as Witting wore them. He showed me the marks. I am suspected of a greater share in "Vorwärts" than I can really boast of. Indeed, properly understood, the paper shows the greatest skill in treating of matters which are obscure and compromising. What will be the outcome of the affair? However, more of this by word of mouth, when we meet, so long as no trials have been plotted against us in Paris. Our book is not yet going to be published, therefore, I can say nothing of it. It may print the first of the new poems in "Vorwärts" if you think it wise. But in the present narrative politics play only a small part. The art of poetry and the home-life play a much greater one.

There was a time when Heine used to call daily on the Marxes, in order to read to them his verses and to receive the criticisms of the two young people. Heine and Marx could go through a short poem of eight lines an incredible number of times. But in the following poem one word or another and working and polishing away until all was smooth and every trace of file was removed from the poem. But for this much patience was necessary, for Heine was more patient than I know. He came sometimes literally crying to Marx because some obscure journalist had attacked him. In such a case Marx knew of no other way of helping him than to send him to his work whose good sense and affection soon brought the distribution and to reason again. But Heine did not always come seeking help. Sometimes, too, he brought it. One example is especially remembered by the Marx family.

The little Jenny Marx, an infant of a few months, was one day attacked by a violent cramp, which threatened to kill the child. Marx, his wife, and their faithful helper and friend, Helena Demuth, were standing round the child, helpless and in despair. In came Heine, looked at them, and said, "The child must have a bath." With his own hands he got the bath ready, put the child in it, and, as Marx asserts, saved Jenny's life.

Heine a practical child's nurse! Here is a picture which will surprise many.

Marx was a great admirer of Heine. He liked the poet as much as he liked his writings, and passed sentence in the most indolent way upon his political weakness. He only used to explain, are little cattle, and must be allowed to go their own way, I cannot measure them by the standard of ordinary or even of extraordinary men.

After the writing of the above letter, Marx was expelled from France at the request of the Prussian authorities (beginning of 1845). At times Marx was again in Paris in 1848, from the revolution is February up to April; and again in 1849, after the suppression of the "Neue Rheinische Zeitung" (May 19); only in the following month to be offered by the French Government the choice of being imprisoned or of leaving France. Naturally he chose the latter.

But in this short period, which was full of the most lively activity, Marx again associated with the poet and found another opportunity of showing him his sympathy.

After the revolution of February, a whole mass of documents was published from the archives of Louis Philippe. Marx was then made pensioner of the Prussian authorities for his work in the "Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung," the same whose reviewer Heine had been, to complain that Heine had been bribed by Guizot. In this matter Marx was completely on Heine's side, as our poet in his "Retrospective Explanation" himself informs us:—

I remember when at that time many of my fellow-countrypeople, and among them the most important and most intense men, Dr. Marx, came to me in order to talk over their annoyance at the slanderous article in the "A. Z." They

known, he will sing "a new song, a better song," and will gain the kingdom of Heaven already here on earth.

We give up heaven to angels and sparrows.

Heine understood Socialism very well. He had besides met Roussetier in "The State of France" he wrote (June 15, 1843):—

Yes, Pierre Leroux is poor, as St. Simon and Fourier were poor, and it was owing to the fortunate poverty of the great statesman that the man of genius was able to treat of that which opens up to us new worlds of enjoyment and good fortune. . . . Fourier too, in the very hour of the charity of the Government (beginning of 1845), did I see him in his grey, shabbily coat walking rapidly along the Colonnades of the Palais Royal—without any money, and with his hat very much shabby. . . .

The young Heine was there during the autumn with his wife Mathilda, on a visit to her relations. Scarcely anywhere else has Heine spoken so much as a Socialist as in "Deutschland," where, as is well
advised me not to make any reply, and that they themselves had already stated in the "German Press" that I had certainly taken the pension only in order to be able more actively to support the Socialists—and the Communists—so that they could not possible be checked in their tendency to disown me and their relations with the Communists. It reads as follows:—

If the Republicans offered very dangerous material to the correspondent of the "A. Z.", this was still mere nonsense with the Socialists—for the Communists—only that they really existed. They also learnt at the same time to know their real name, which was totally unknown to me, and a few of their true outcasts of the old order of society. By means of the "A. Z." the scattered members of the Communist party learnt reliable news as to the unceasing progress of their ideal. They found out their great astonishment that they were not a weak, small society in far-off regions, but the strongest of all parties in the world, and that their day had certainly not yet come, but that a quiet period of waiting is no loss of time to those to whom the future belongs. This confession that the future belongs to the Communists—I made it in a tone of great horror, for at least I have kept silence. They will destroy all the toys of fancy and the light play of Art in which Beauty shall be the common possession of all.

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Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Mr. Frank Harris’s book on Shakspere, "The Man Shakspere and his Tragedy of Life," is now, after fifteen years of work, complete, and will be published by the New Age Press probably about the end of next month. I announce it because it is without doubt the most important piece of constructive Shaksperean criticism that has appeared for many years. I have, personally, no pretension to critical scholarship, but I have been told by persons whom I can believe, that it is the most important piece of Shaksperean criticism that has ever appeared anywhere. If I mistake not, Bernard Shaw has said in one of his all-comprehensive prefaces that Frank Harris knows more about Shakspere than any other man alive. I fancy that it was after a historic interview with Frank Harris concerning Shakspere that Bernard Shaw respectfully decided to abandon Shaksperean criticism. "The Man Shakspere" will almost certainly have what the French call "une mauvaise presse," because it is excessively anti-mandarin and unorthodox. But, with a little water, it will assuredly conspire with the other works of the next generation of mandarins. As a strong and convinced anti-mandarin I was not precisely displeased by the treatment accorded by Mr. Harris in "Vanuty Fair" just recently to the too cultural Professor Bradley. Mr. Harris, by the way, has sold "Vanuty Fair" to a syndicate, of which the head is Mr. Newbold, one of the directors of "T. P.'s Weekly." Experts in imaginative literature will hope, now, that the author of "The Bomb" and "Montes the Matador" may produce a few more novels. There are about a dozen long overdue.

In the issue of the 5th instant, commenting on the strange methods which publishers of uninteresting books of short stories, I stated, inter alia, that, in the "Times Literary Supplement" of July 16th, Mr. John Murray had advertised Mr. Eden Phillpotts's collection of stories, "Fun of the Fair," as "a new novel, 25s. 6d. net." I added: "Mr. Phillpotts is a highly distinguished artist... and there would seem to be no obvious necessity for attempting to induce the public to buy his Dartmoor tales by representing them to be a novel issued at a lower price than usual." I suggested that Mr. Murray might care to explain this advertisement. Mr. Murray now writes: "My attention has been called to a criticism in your paper signed "Jacob Tonson" with regard to Mr. Eden Phillpotts's book... I do not know to whom you enclose a copy of the ordinary form of advertisement which we have been sending out, and which in no way corresponds with the statement he makes." (My italics.) I regret that Mr. Murray should have written this letter. As I gave the name and date of the paper in which the advertisement appeared, he knows perfectly well to what advertisement I referred. That he should seek to insinuate that I have invented his advertisement is not merely ill-mannered, it is ridiculous. The advertisement (which, by the way, appeared in other journals besides the "Times") must have been seen by tens of thousands of persons and must have misled them. The later advertisement which Mr. Murray encloses with his letter contains a quoted criticism making the fact clear that the book is a collection of stories. But unless I am deceived this advertisement did not appear until after the appearance of my paragraph.

On July 16th and on other dates Mr. Murray published misleading advertisements. They may have been the result of carelessness, or they may not. At any rate, his suggestion that he never did publish a misleading advertisement cannot have been due to carelessness. If he lacked the courage to admit that his misleading advertisements were a mistake, he might at least have kept silence. His disingenuous letter does him grave disservice, and is unworthy of the
traditions of Albemarle Street. I am glad to note that "Fun in the Kate" is in its second edition. Yet another argument that publishers are wrong in their antipathy to volumes of short stories!

* * *

In reference to some recent remarks of mine about the Poetry Recital Society, I have received a letter from Mr. Galloway Kyle, its Director, to which I ought perhaps to give publicity. Mr. Kyle says: "We don't want to appear other than a body of sensible people, and we hope to avoid the danger of becoming academic or faddists. The only suggestion of precisiness in our programme is in the name. We thought it a good thing to arrange a holiday tour for people of similar tastes with literary associations as a peg. Only such distinctive features as a common interest, a more literary flavour about the conductor, a series of friendly meetings with similar people and societies abroad, distinguish our arrangements from the ordinary Continental tour. We add little amenities that Cook's don't bother about. The desert camp idea has been misconceived. While being connected with the P.R.S., it is not intended as a retreat for poets, but as a health sport camp open to all who are able to join. Mr. Lushington was averse to his reading scheme being printed in sections. The bit is given out of the middle—there is plenty of Milton and Shakespeare and others in the course of the other nine months. We shall 'caulk our chance' as we find them out, and proceed on rational lines by a combination of interests to stimulate poetry reading. Will you JOIN us?" I have joined them, but strictly without prejudice.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Thomas Hardy's Unwritten Book.

There is something saddening in the reflection that in all probability the one book by Mr. Thomas Hardy that would compensate us for his suspended career as a novelist will never be read, because it will never be written. I can conceive of nothing more interesting to his contemporaries than the autobiography of Mr. Thomas Hardy.

And yet, as it might be with all the high seriousness that broods like an autumn evening over the whole of his work, we should find in it the revelation of a soul that has been serenely content to address the world as we find them out, and to remain himself unknown, a mind to guess and wonder at it. For all of our great living writers, Hardy is still the most unknown. Of the thousands who have read his books, only a few have penetrated the secret of his personality. Yet what a personality there must be, so profound and, in some respects, so gnomical, there must be! Meredith we feel we knew, because his books were himself. The very sound of his voice, the colour of his mind, the attitude of his mind to life are surely familiar to the readers of the "Egoist," "Evan Harrington," "Diana of the Crossways," and "Richard Feverel." Moreover, that there should be no mystery, Meredith himself came forward from time to time in his own person, and spoke words of political and social advice. And there was always the same flavour in his direct and spoken words as in his written impersonal words. No, Meredith, we feel, is known. We knew Meredith personally.

And of our other master-minds, too, it is possible to say that we know them personally also. Nobody dreams of a moment of tragic brooding figures behind the well-known names. Few of them have desired to spin the web so thickly between themselves and their readers as Hardy. Amongst the popular writers Thomas Hardy is, as I have said, the most unknown.

Who, besides the chosen few that share his confidence, has an inkling of the secret of his development of his art? In the full tide of power, just when men were beginning to believe that the greatest English novelist, perhaps the greatest novelist, was about to come

proudly home, it was just then that Thomas Hardy suddenly furled his sails and abandoned his course.

Tolstoy, it is true, had similarly abandoned the novel, but it was of set conviction and with deliberate intention. If the long series of European sermons which had been written had been only endured from a spirit of duty, it would have failed to recompose us for the author of "War and Peace," at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that Tolstoy is still Tolstoy, that the same stern moralist looks out from the "Kingdom of Heaven" as from the window of "Anna Karenina."

But in Thomas Hardy's case the justification is still to seek. We have done our best to be patient, even to be pleased, with his tepidities, unpoetical, and impossible poems. For we have humbly followed his tracks, even when they led over monstrous verses and plays that we could never have read if somebody else had written them. We have endured these things, we have even, as I say, pretended to praise and delight in them, but who that is honest can truly say that Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is not mourned and regretted?

And the loss is all the more depressing because we neither know what nor how much nor why we have lost. That Thomas Hardy was a deep student of history we can guess from the sources. But in what history is the explanation of his sudden desertion of the novelist's flag? Did he perchance become seized with bathing for his trade of puppet-showman, even of such living puppets as he had made with an almost demiurgic skill? But that is impossible, for his new task was puppet-making, only his puppets were labelled with historical names and given a reality less real than his own imaginative creations.

But, again, was it not be overcome by the dissidence of dissent that greeted his "The Jude the Obscure"? Did he turn from the novelist's door to knock at the poet's, simply because his readers had uttered a timorous No to "Jude II"?

But that is inconceivable. The man who could wait to have his first and exquisite novel picked out by chance from the box of abandonment could scarcely be moved after years of fame to return of his own will into the same box of abandonment, and to become as obscure as his own Jude.

But perhaps it was philosophy that drove him to—-not that charming and divine philosophy that is as musical as is Apollo's lute, but the philosophy of Pessimism. In fact, for readers who had themselves once wandered among the Serbo-Christian bog of intellectual flatland, there were already dimly discernible in the pages of "Tess" the dun shadows of the philosophy of Koehelein—All is vanity. And when in the pages of "Jude the Obscura" the shadows had become corporeal, and had incarnated in that terrifying, that awful form of Father Time, then those all-too-few refugees from the land of gloomy pessimism knew that all was lost. Thomas Hardy had fallen into the morass, and who should save him?

But it is just on this account that his Autobiography would be so instructive, so painfully instructive.

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figures as an independent republic) from Colombia, and, it would seem, is about to be repeated in Honduras. The Texan war arose because the Mexican Government forbade slavery in its dominions. Whatever may be the final estimate upon Porfirio Diaz, the actual President of Mexico, Mr. Enock is in ranking among the historic statesmen of the world. We are disposed to question the value of "the era of glorious progress" which Diaz has inaugurated. It has meant the influx of much foreign capital and American industrialism, the inevitable sequel—a impoverishment of the people, longer and harder work for them, with the appearance of some Mexican millionaires spending their Forbes in Paris, bounding trade returns, and the like appearances of wealth. Enock, from personal knowledge and careful study, full details of Mexico's resources, natural and artificial, her agricultural possibilities, her mines, her railways, statistics dexterously interwoven to satisfy the trader and the emigrant. We look forward with rather less confidence than Mr. Enock to the immediate future of Mexico, but we believe her strong and self-reliant enough to surmount these difficulties and to stamp her own individuality upon Central America.

Sir Randal Cremer. By Howard Evans. (Unwin. 3s. net.)

Mr. Evans has given us in this bulky volume an interest in the man who made peace more possible than the peace conflicts of the Hague. The unnecessary size of the book is due to Mr. Evans' belief that Cremer was a man of more than one idea. We believe, on the contrary, that Cremer was really a man of one idea, and therein lay the secret of his success. Like men of one idea he was able to get things done. He put all his force into his one idea, confined it in a narrow space, and so made it immensely effective in the direction. This is why a strong but narrow man is so effective and can be so dangerous. This is why General Booth is so effective. That Cremer was a man of one idea and also a narrow man is proved by his opposition to woman suffrage. He probably never thought about a subject that was limited to him by want of brain space. Still Cremer really deserves our warmest admiration for being an out-and-out peace man. He was really consistent throughout. He was not a nonconformist jingo like Stead, who howls for peace one moment and roars for big armaments the next. He declared for peace, and meant to have it at any price. For this he deserved, and got, the Nobel Prize. He really wanted brotherhood between nations. It's just possible that this idea obscured the fact that the World war was worked by magnates, that the Russo-Japanese war was worked by landowning Grand Dukes, and he did not live to see the present financial war. No doubt his belief in the force of public opinion was well founded. But to be almighty this opinion must be expressed within not without Parliament. On the whole, Cremer laid some valuable seeds. As to what the harvest will be—well, those interested in his strenuous life had better read this book and judge.

Mary. By Winifred Graham. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

We remember reading a novel in which the heroine, believing herself to be a reincarnated Virgin Mary, arrays herself in blue and conceives immaculately. At the time we suspected a suburban gardener of being the father of her child, and shall continue to do so till science grows. We feel it is possible for babies to fall ready made from Heaven, like manna. Miss Graham has treated a similar subject delicately and charmingly, without any hint of the Virgin birth. Her Mary arrays herself in grey—a colour we have always associated with the railing phenomena, the police—practises the marvellous transforming devices of Mr. Forbes Robertson in Mr. Jerome's play, and sits to a magnetised painter for a new portrait of the Mary. Needless to say, this portrait, not unlike that of Vivian Grey in startling realism, negating Mary the Avenger, brings out the healing properties of Mary the Woman in such a way that Lourdes as a cure for human ailments is really nowhere. Altogether the book is a mixture of Lombrosian megalomania, marliatroy, motherhood-of-mankind, and mush. A good point is that it serves admirably to illustrate Comte's dream of woman as the moral salvation of the world. Another is that it is a piece of silvery verse and should, therefore, make good holiday reading. We can imagine the book dramatised, with Mary Rorke as Mary.

The Adventures of Captain Jack. By Max Pember- ton. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

Mr. Pemberton has given us a volume of seasonal short sea "shockers." We are to have shocks with the sun shining in the shade we prefer them to sea. He sends us in company with four irresponsibles, who apparently spend their days looking for trouble, to the blue "Med," to the "unspoused" Adriatic, and elsewhere. If we find we are not deeply impressed by the trying incidents that happen, if we feel that the episode of the meddlesome Englishman rescuing the Corsican maiden from her overbearing father is thin, and that of the "Man Empress" is too silly even for the present appropriate season, it is not a sensational discovery. The thing is, it's just the diet for holiday idlers fatterning on the philosophy of jam.

Avenging Children. By Mary E. Maan. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

We opened this sex novel with pleasurable anticipation; we closed it with disappointment. We knew that the author is accustomed to work on a small canvas, that she is concerned with fragments of life and mere handfuls of character, and that she can tell a human story in a touching way. But her present study of average life leaves us cold. At the outset we seem to be promised an interesting prologue to Ibsen's "Doll's House." In Grace Blore you have a very limited little person, without experience of the world, a child brought up by rules, at nineteen treated like an infant, pledged by her father to a man she detests, and dutifully accepting him. In the end we find we have been witnessing a rather loose epilogue to a Lyceum melodrama, wherein we see Grace after an escape with a brilliant waiter, who obligingly cuts his charming throat, forgetting her earlier feelings for the hero and consenting to the usual "curtain." This sort of thing is, of course, disgraceful. Still, the novel is not altogether graceless. The characters are few and handled with skill, and are made to revolve gracefully round the graceful mind of the child-like Grace. Indeed, reverse the position of the two suitors, make the dull illegitimate brother the lawson and the brilliant illegitimate love child, as in life, and the book is grace abounding.

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Our Empire in Pawn. Being Lectures and Essays on Imperial Finances, Prejudices, Free Trade, etc. By A. J. Wilson. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a volume we cannot imagine being made the subject of a pleasant discussion by Empire builders and Protectionists, and yet it shows up some of the fundamental holes in our ragged Empire garment, and there is practically no end to the gloomy forebodings that it occasions. It appears to have cost its author a great deal of close thought and time, its reprinted essays are spread over a long period of years, and although some of its statistics suffer from age, its finely expressed opinions are still fresh. We do not hesitate to say that in this book we have found much that we agree with. We agree that this country, with its imperial significance, is in the process of an economic revolution, and that its fast approaching a financial crisis. That the loyalty of its colonies is largely a matter of obtaining credit, and it is, for instance, easy for Australia to be loyal, seeing that it is living on its London credit (18). That India is under British Bureaucratic rule, and being bled white, and intelligent Indians are being driven frantic by this, and because they have no voice in their own affairs.

This was Dhingra’s complaint, and although educated Indians abhor his crime they do not abhor his frenzied old age and a sense of the financial hole in that it is living on its London credit (18). That India is under British Bureaucratic rule, and being bled white, and intelligent Indians are being driven frantic by this, and because they have no voice in their own affairs. It was this poor piece of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents. The particular form of barbarism before us is toned down by Manager Clifton’s affection for his child. All the same, under his gentle care she became a more hardy and more healthy child. The worst of it is that the machine is a machine: the parents.
the scale; discontent in the Colonies; a crisis pending in India; and the U.S.A. not forgetting previous wars and independence, and with an eye on Canada and Mexico. Yet with all this we are fighting two women, suffragettes and abominable men who helped to raise the standard of England over miles of territory. Any Englishman who has the welfare of England at heart has an immense work to enlist his energies without stopping to dwell in the past.

Look to the future; spend your abilities disinterestedly for humanity, but do not let history drift over you; nor let recognition by serving mere selfish ends, or maligning men who have done good work for the Empire. FREDERICK RHODES.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. C. H. Norman writes:

I have dealt with Mr. Cecil Rhodes so fully that the above letter can be safely left with the readers of THE NEW AGE. I write this as a protest against that neither Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Bench referred to Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the Commons debate on the South African Constitution: (a) Mr. Rhodes was not prosecuted for the reasons I have given. It was the price of his not being prosecuted that he consented to shield Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and others in high positions. Rhodes did not shield his minor friends; he deserted them. Having involved others in the highest quarters, he could do this with impunity as the authorities could not proceed against him.

My object was not to traduce Mr. Cecil Rhodes, nor am I glad of "the opportunity." I was glad of the opportunity to re-analyse the conduct of the Tory leaders in this matter. Remembering how completely the English public were misled in these disastrous transactions, I think my letter will not go entirely unheeded. Possible that neither Front Seat nor Party has a case. Such Things by Ambrose Bierce.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The first two volumes in this list were published under the pseudonym of "Tod Grile." Anyone acquainted with the peculiar personal qualities of Mr. Bierce's work and his predilection for the fable form will easily recognise his hand in these early works. The matter of the "Cobwebbs" originally appeared in "Puck" as a copyright piece. By the way, I notice the British Museum Catalogue, following Cushing's "Initials and Pseudonyms," gives these two volumes to M. A. Bierce, thus making a couple of writers out of one. W. WOOLLETT.

INDIAN PATRIOTISM.

THE NEW AGE.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I welcome Mr. C. H. Norman's change of front from a change for the worse to a change for the better. The treatment of Dingkor was a patriot, and of India as a nation, he replies to my letter of dissent by claiming that there is a possibility of India becoming a nation. I take it that when that happens the murderer Dhirgas will forthwith become a patriot and a martyr.

I must defend myself against Mr. Norman's charge of circu- larity. The statement attributed to Pertab Singh is not such. Since I was unable to prove that it was ever uttered, I quoted it with the reserve that Pertab Singh was "as likely to have made it. But in the nature of things it is at least a probability, and to brand it "an obvious lie" betrays a singlemindedness on the part of Mr. Norman which is invaluable in propaganda work, but a serious hindrance in the acquisition of a complete grasp of any subject.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Allow me to point out that "Flavus" should have come back from his "repose" in the Colonies long before the murder of Dingkor, but that he was not able to see that all this talk about Power is only half true. To see how uncertain it is if the good are more sterile than usual, or if the sterile are the good; if the vicious are more prolific, or if any proportion of the population worth mentioning is even touched by a foolish philanthropy. These propositions are not even probable, but a proposition that people are kinder, more sympathetic, than strong. I must decline to take a superior attitude towards philanthropists. On the contrary, it seems to me that the philanthropic are the true aristocrats and humanitarians have to find their aristocracy for them, and to maintain it, and perhaps to keep them out of it. It is too much to have to teach them philosophy. Reginald War...
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