EUGENICS AND HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THE

Eugenics and Human Sacrifice. By Dr. M. D. Eder... 359

The Church and the Theatre. By William Poel... 360

British East Africa.—III. By Mombasa... 361

Social Democracy and Foreign Policy. By C. H. Norman... 362

Is the Cause Lost? By Muriel Nelson... 363

A Story of the Future. By Frederick Niven... 364

NOTES OF THE WEEK

If politics were only a game we should feel inclined to say Well Played to the Unionist minority. As it is, we would gladly see them taken away like Cromwell's Street, London. The Labour Party has nothing heroic. Consequently on both sides the spirit of levity prevails. There is no doubt that the democrats and the Unionists will force a Referendum on the country. If, therefore, the Liberals are fools enough to submit to it we shall know what to think: we shall know that they are quite as willing as the Unionists to see the Budget and all its promissory notes nullified, if not actually nullified. In that event, we can safely prophesy a rapid multiplication of Socialist and Labour members and the final exit of the Liberal Party.

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Burns that Clause 70 of the Housing Bill, which provided for a complete register of the accommodation, etc., of workmen's dwellings, would have proved of little or no value to public health. It is not more information that is wanted but the will to act on what we have. Our health officers probably have at this moment enough information to keep housebreakers busy for the next ten years. Only, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to get destroyed as an insanitary house. Let it be known that such a house has been found, at Birmingham and Glasgow. The air will be a little clearer in a few weeks.

Moreover, in its present proposed employment, the Referendum is certain to be at its worst. There is no single issue before the electors, nor can there be. To present an omnibus Budget as an issue is absurd and impossible. Like the curate's egg the Budget is good in parts for everybody. Thus under the pretence that the Budget is the issue, a general election would be fought on anything that any candidate cared to put into his address: that is, the election would not be a Referendum at all. If, therefore, the Lords are fools enough to submit to it we shall know what to think: we shall know that they are quite as willing as the Unionists to see the Budget and all its promissory notes nullified, if not actually nullified. In that event, we can safely prophesy a rapid multiplication of Socialist and Labour members and the final exit of the Liberal Party.

Indeed we would even now say that in view of the contingencies it is time for the Labour Party to prepare its autumn campaign, not on the Budget alone, but on some clear and unmistakable issues. The Land for the People, for example, is a good cry. So also is Down with Poverty. Every Labour member knows perfectly well that in the long run land must be nationalised if poverty is to be abolished; and the sooner the question is made an election issue the better. With every approach to a conflict with the Lords the Liberals show a disposition to whittle away their proposals. The Labour Party has everything to gain by precisely the opposite course. It must increase its demands on every occasion that they are denied. However, the final decision of the date of the General Election has not been made yet, nor will it be until thrice the brinded cat hath mewed, at Birmingham and Glasgow. The air will be a little clearer in a few weeks.

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Burns that Clause 70 of the Housing Bill, which provided for a complete register of the accommodation, etc., of workmen's dwellings, would have proved of little or no value to public health. It is not more information that is wanted but the will to act on what we have. Our health officers probably have at this moment enough information to keep housebreakers busy for the next ten years. Only, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to get destroyed as an insanitary house. Let it be known that such a house has been found, at Birmingham and Glasgow. The air will be a little clearer in a few weeks.

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Burns that Clause 70 of the Housing Bill, which provided for a complete register of the accommodation, etc., of workmen's dwellings, would have proved of little or no value to public health. It is not more information that is wanted but the will to act on what we have. Our health officers probably have at this moment enough information to keep housebreakers busy for the next ten years. Only, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to get destroyed as an insanitary house. Let it be known that such a house has been found, at Birmingham and Glasgow. The air will be a little clearer in a few weeks.
We have referred before to Mr. Lloyd George's Development Bill as laying a foundation for the Ten Years' Programme of Public Works recommended by the Minority Report. Is that and more. Ten years would not exhaust its possibilities, even if they were strenuously filled. We do not altogether like the practice of earmarking a particular revenue for a particular expenditure; but in the case of the proposed creation of motor roads out of moneys obtained by motor taxation the plan is too obvious to be avoided. We hope the roads will be well made, since we propose to travel on them ourselves when motors are cheaper. Horse carriage is obsolete, thank goodness. And when the dust abomination is abolished there is no reason why the rest of our roads should not be bordered with flowers. We shall never cease from reviling our civilisation and scoffing at the patriotic pretensions of our people until the roads, rivers, and canals of England are a delight to the eye and mind. The Development Bill is one of the first of the patriotic measures after national self-preservation.

The discussions of the Licensing clauses of the Finance Bill find Socialists inclined to regard them as academic. The proposal of the recent Licensing Bill of a time-limit, at the end of which the monopoly value of licenses would revert in full to the State, was an intellectual policy. It aimed at nothing except revenue, and it was quite indifferent to the obvious fact that the revenue will come out of the pocket of the consumer. * * *

In the matter of beer, for instance, the additional duty imposed amounts to no more than threepence a barrel. One might have supposed, since the average profit to the brewers is 14s. 6d. on each barrel, that the brewers would have paid the threepence. But they will do nothing of the kind. Instead of that, the price of beer is to be raised ½d. a glass, which will leave the brewers considerably richer after having paid the increased duty. Mr. Lloyd George knows this very well, but he persists in calling his tax a tax on Licenses. It is all very silly, and quite deserving of everything the Unionists say of it. * * *

The Trade Boards Bill passed its second reading in the Lords on Monday last. Nothing was said against it from first to last. Lord Lansdowne concluded with these words: "Those employed should receive reasonable remuneration for their labour, they should be sure of steady employment, and they should follow that employment under sound and sanitary conditions." The Lords have usually been kind to domesticated and useful animals. * * *

Liberal legislation in India and Egypt must be based upon la code de Bastille. Lord Morley, as we recently pointed out, has legalised the lettre de cachet in India. Now it is Sir Eldon Gorst's turn in Egypt. Sir E. Gorst and his advisers have conceived a measure for placing persons who have not committed any offence under "police supervision." In his covering despatch he has claimed the measure as being directed against "professional blackmailers." We have read through every section of this new law, and the offence of blackmail is not once mentioned, though nearly every crime known to criminal ingenuity is referred to. It is a shocking thing that a measure of this nature should be justified on a false ground. Of course, it is intended as a means of harassing inconvenient Nationalist agitators. Liberal criminal legislation is becoming a grave danger to humanity. There seems to be no measure directed against the liberty of the subject which Liberal Ministers are not prepared to put on the statute book. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Lord Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Eldon Gorst, and Mr. Haldane have all carried through legislation aimed at bringing the public under special legal punishment or control, where the conduct of the persons accused has not been such that any court or jury would convict them of being malefactors. All unnoticed, a new system of jurisprudence is growing up which is undermining every foundation of personal liberty. How this multiplication of harsh and oppressive laws will work in practice it is too early to say, though the steady growth of disaffection in India and Egypt combined with civil unrest at home, should be a warning to these misguided Ministers that punitive legislation is useless for silencing the clamour of the people for genuine reform. * * *

The Persian White Paper carries the story of events in Persia down to the early days of May. In fairness to Sir Edward Grey, we must say that the British diplomatic service in Persia, in those cases where the necessities of the situation compelled an abandonment of the policy of neutrality, supported the Nationalists against the Shah, which attitude received the approval of Sir Edward Grey. The Russians were more inclined to harass the Nationalists; but their conduct was commendable in its restraint. Why the record of events is only carried to May, in a document published late in August, it is most difficult to understand. The intrigues of Colonel Liakhoff, against which Lord Lamington and his friends were protesting, took place after May. Sir Edward Grey may not be willing to let Parliament know what line he adopted during the period when the Russian officers became violently anti-Nationalist. This omission is unfortunate, and we trust it is not deliberate. Up to May, Sir Edward Grey has vindicated his diplomacy in Persia, and, what is more, his personal honour. * * *

We are glad to see that Sir Gilbert Parker has given notice of resolutions concerning the administration of British East Africa; and we hope his attention has been called to the series of articles by "Mombasa" which are appearing in The New Age. British East Africa is in some ways the most promising as it is certainly the most neglected of all the colonies proper of the Empire. Its administration has hitherto been shockingly incompetent, nor do we altogether share "Mombasa's" view that the new Governor will make things much better. His hands are in any case likely to be considerably strengthened by an independent Commission of Enquiry; and we hope this will be forthcoming and that at least one Labour member is appointed on it. * * *

The account of his discovery of the North Pole which the American Dr. Cook has given to the world is infinitely less interesting than the mystery he has destroyed. While the secret of the North Pole remained undiscovered, imagination still had an odd angle of the world in which to build a nest. Madame Blavatsky certainly led her Society to believe that the North Pole was not only a little continent of eternal spring, but an inhabited continent. There dwelt the supermen for whom the still unworthy world was waiting. Alas, for romance! Dr. Cook reports the temperature villainously low and the inhabitants none. We could hope that he has been misinformed.
Eugenics and Human Sacrifice.

Quite sensible persons profess to attach as much importance to the differences between the Mendelians and the Biometricians as they do to the homoeopathic and homousian controversies of the fourth century. Surely a narrow view. The disputes that centred round the Arian heresys have a perennial interest for mankind; the heresy is found in the religion of ancient Egypt, and it lurks in the newest theology. But what reasonable being can believe that 7,000 years hence our descendants will have any interest in the riddle with which biologists amuse themselves to-day. Can a man be exactly like his father, or must he have a bit of his grandfather's name make up?

Although the opposing parties are tearing one another's hair out in their dispute, they manage to combine for an attack on the rest of mankind. And it is with this attack that I am here concerned. It is worth while to cast an eye now and again upon the follies which scientists espouse, although were one to be ever answering their irresponsible criticisms there would be little time left to get on with one's work.

The impression is current that none regarded heredity in earnest as of any moment until the Eugenics Laboratory was founded. Yet Carlyle wrote in 1837: "It is maintained by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closedfold and continue dunces. . . . With which opinion I should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and climate, be nipped off, or expanded into an oak." He goes on: "Nevertheless, I too acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture, and nurture; hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high towering, wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage or an edible luxuriant green one."

Mathematicians and other stupid persons are not content with this. For them early culture and nurture are to be entirely disregarded. Professor Pearson tells us mathematically it is proved that the earlier a child begins to read the better for its eyesight. Again, according to the Professor, "Normal eyesight is on the whole slightly associated with overcrowding, bad economic conditions, and morally defective parentage."

Similarly put, in a plea for the study of mathematics; there is not much encouragement when we find its study leads to obvious nonsense. One would expect that men of science would hesitate many years before giving to the world such stuff; they would realise that theirs was nescience, but the biometricians are in haste to proclaim their gospel to the world. Moreover, they are insistant that our statesmen and legislators shall be guided henceforth by these "researches"; all else is "vote-catching legislation."

Wherever Professor Pearson arrives at some conclusion obviously too silly for words he flings a diagram, or a curve, or a formula at your head. He dislikes the idea of the working classes having improved their economic position by limiting the size of their families. He therefore constructs a diagram to show that the first-born children are either insane, criminal, or diseased; only by families of seven to fourteen will you get the mentally and physically sound community. "We find that the neurotic, the insane, the tuberculous, and the albinotic are more frequent among the eldest-born. With this "law," based on irreproachable mathematical reasoning, we await the next step from these "Researchers." The mentally and physically sound community. It would never do, of course, to allow these tuberculous, insane, criminal eldest born to perpetuate themselves. This law may be regarded as a remarkable instance of the reconciliation between religion and science. Many besides myself must have jibbed, as a child, at the smiting of all the first-born in the land of Egypt. We can now reconcile ourselves with the belief that it was not to the best interests of the Egyptian peoples; no doubt it was the work of some earlier biometrician. As usual with Professor Pearson, whilst there may be some hestinacy in the expression of his mathematical conclusions, as to their being economic, biologic, and so on, are urged with the utmost vehemence and cocksureness. In "The Problem of Practical Eugenics," on page 18, we find: "If our observations are correct, and I believe them to be so, then the mental and physical condition of the first and second born members of a family is differentiated from that of later members" (italics mine). On page 19 this becomes a law; on page 29 "we have made the conditions increasingly more favourable to the multiplication of this degeneracy."

Professor Pearson is an expert mathematician, and so he will not say more in this field than that he believes his conclusions are correct. When he enters into biology, pathology, economics, psychology, statesmanship, history, in all of which fields he has again and again exposed his ignorance, all these doubts and hesitanacies vanish.

The candidates for (County Council scholarships) too often lack the physical and character, whereby which mere examination ability is worthless." "A Bradford doctor assured me that in the days before the factory acts more care was taken of the children. These are the statements of the kind in which the Professor resorts in inveighing against the Public Health Legislation of the nineteenth century. Of course, he finds the old age pensions due to that same want of knowledge and of statesmanship which overlooked the naturally disastrous policy of the factory acts."

Professor Pearson appears to regard his statement that the child is a ware—"the child is economically a commodity"—as something to be looked the naturally disastrous policy of the factory acts. Having discovered that the child is a commodity, and that with factory legislation and education the value of the child is diminished to the parent, he reaches the remarkable conclusion that herein is the source of the diminishing birth-rate. Any primer of economics would have imparted this information and have given the data for a more correct perspective. Marx said: "Previously the workman sold his own labour power, which he disposed of nominally as a fixed wage. He sells wife and child. He has become a slave dealer."

Whilst Marx did not postulate the materialist interpretation of history in the crude form that appeals to Professor Pearson, later and more exact knowledge has modified Marx's doctrine.

I have little space to deal with Professor Pearson's central and most criminal doctrine: "Practical Eugenics is, after all, concerned with two fundamental problems:"

(1) The production of a sufficient supply of leaders of ability and energy for the community for the world.

(2) The provision of intelligent and healthy men and women for the great army of workers.

Readers of Marx and Lassalle will recall the army of what Lassalle called the "literary mob," like Bastiat and von Delitsch, who took up the economic cudgels on behalf of the capitalistic classes. (They were finally routed for good and all by Shaw at the meeting of the British Association in, I think, 1888). Professor Pearson has now taken up the work of that "literary mob.

Mathematics, the Economics, the Common-Sense, are called upon to furnish the proof that this is an oligarchic world. Leaders on the one side, heavers of wood and drawers of water on the other. Pearson, like Delitsch, desires that the worsted spinning and furriers should be knocked into their due rations of beans and oats—"intelligent and healthy men and women." This division of human beings—"the cultured classes," says Professor Pearson, "have the selection of generations behind them"—into two classes hereditary—the less gifted and the better classes. Hitherto they have relied upon misquotations of Scripture to support their view. This device becoming a bit stale, Professor Pearson invokes his own god (Charles Darwin), and repeats as an incantation—Natural Selection, the survival of the fit,
The Church and the Theatre.

By William Pole.

The circular letter of the Church Pastoral Aid Society is opportune, and invites comment at a time when public attention is turned towards the stage. It raises two questions that are of importance, not only in regard to the welfare of religion but also in respect to the usefulness of the theatre. These have been discussed in an article in the "Westminster Gazette" and elsewhere, but I think the significance of the Society's letter has not been fully appreciated.

1st, Is the stage a serious menace to the spiritual influence of the Church?

2nd, Does the stage make for righteousness?

To begin with, it is not in the nature of things for the Church to be at peace with the stage, because it is not the business of the stage to make for righteousness in the sense in which the Church makes for righteousness. Five hundred years ago, or more, the Church forbade the clergy to countenance the drama, and time has not altered the reason for this prohibition. When the stage came under the control of the people and was managed in their interests, regardless of ecclesiastical authority, it not only came into conflict with the Church, by representing religious plays, but it influenced the education of the country by never hesitating to attack the Church when it thought ministers abused their prerogative as teachers of morals. To-day the Church, at least the Established Church, should make a stronger effort towards the stage, a change due to a great extent to the labours of the Church and Stage Guild, and more recently to those of the Actor's Church Union. Only a short time ago the Bishop of London spoke of the actors and their calling with respect and even with enthusiasm. Attacks from the pulpit on the iniquities of the stage are increasingly rare, and arouse as much indignation among the clergy as the laity. On the other hand, many prominent actors are now churchgoers; they are received at the homes of the clergy, they are invited to speak upon religious platforms, and occasionally to address a congregation from the pulpit. All that is certain is that the social good is upheld, Christian toleration and charity among men; but at the same time this exchange of good fellowship between the Church and the Theatre tends to confuse the public mind, and to obscure the fact that the proper function of the Drama is to criticise the understanding of the community, and to purify its morals independently of religion and from a standpoint that may be opposed to the teaching of religion.

How removed from all this tiresome logic is the atmosphere of the Church and of the religious world which leads into the region of the theological and speculative! Here the right of human interference seems to end, because the necessity for such interference does not exist. What errors are made lie between the Creator and the creature. For this reason the Church of Christ is more solemn and more sacred than the theatre of the drama. On our knees, comes a silent longing to obey, if only God will do something more for us than we are able to do for ourselves, and if He will let us hear what the world never heard, and see what our eyes never saw. No matter if we are ignorant, poor, idle, and thriftless, our devotions, in a church, are never interrupted, nor our petitions prohibited. Besides it is only where he sees trouble, most persons who are loved by the saints. This is the despotism that enthralls the emotions of the Christian, whose hope lies in an intense longing for a "hereafter," and for that spiritual existence which shall change the reality of things.

This is a beautiful religion and it may be a necessary one, but it has moments of danger; for humanity due to economic causes in which it is the business of the theatre, representing the practical every-day-world, to point out. Which, then, will be the lesser evil in the interests of the community, for the Church to show hostility to the stage, or for the theatre not to fail in its proper function? We must put up with an alternative.
British East Africa.

III.

I have charged the Government, and by it I mean especially the Colonial Office in Downing Street, with playing ducks and drakes with the Protectorate by quaffing legislation touching both land and labour.

In 1897, soon after the country was taken over by the Government from the British East Africa Company, a short Regulation was passed providing for the giving of 99 years leases.

In 1903, the Crown Lands Ordinance was passed. Then came a rush of settlers, and many grants were made not only of leases but freeholds, of immense extent in some cases. Complaints followed of delay in obtaining titles (owing to the staff for land and survey work being inadequate) and of unnecessary restrictions placed on tenure of land.

A Commission was appointed by Sir Donald Stewart (at that time Commissioner) to inquire into the matter.

The report, a very able and comprehensive document, was submitted in 1905, and orders were received on it from the Colonial Office early in 1906. The Secretary of State postponed a decision on the whole question. Colonel Montgomery (the Commissioner appointed) came from India, arrived in British East Africa in May, 1906, and submitted his report some months later.

Orders were received from the Secretary of State in May, 1907, with instructions to prepare an Amended Crown Lands Ordinance and submit it to the Colonial Office after it had been passed in the new Legislative Council.

It will naturally be asked why a year and a half was allowed to pass before introducing the Land Bill in the Council.

The reason was this. The Land Board was formed in 1907, and it was considered only right that this body, composed of the most experienced officials and settlers, should have an opportunity of expressing its views. The Land Board went very thoroughly into the whole matter, and made its final recommendations in December, 1907.

Although orders came from home in April, 1908, on the proposals made on the Land Board's recommendations, further references were necessary to the Colonial Office, and final orders were received in British East Africa about the end of September, 1908. The Land Board was very shortly after introduced in the Legislative Council, and met with such strong opposition and condemnation that the second reading was deferred to December. The Government then, fearing to face the growing opposition, referred the Bill to the Land Board for consideration.

The obnoxious clauses were those providing for forfeiture and taxation of Land Values. Every landholder must pay a tax on his holding, the amount of the tax being based on a graduated scale. The rent is to be revised thrice in a lease of 99 years.

On a 5,000 acre farm—a very moderate acreage for pastoral purposes—the Land Tax works out as follows:

| Annual Rent first 33 years | £62 10 0 |
| Tax Do. | 10 8 2 |
| Rent second 33 years | £81 10 0 |
| Tax Do. | 12 5 0 |
| Rent third 33 years | £121 0 0 |
| Tax Do. | 21 0 0 |

On a 20,000 acre farm the corresponding rent and taxes would work out:

| First Term | Rent £250 0 0 | Tax £62 5 0 |
| Second Term | £750 0 0 | 1,875 5 0 |
| Third Term | 2,062 10 0 | 5,159 5 0 |

At the coast: a syndicate have taken up 500,000 acres in a most deadly climate; at least £2,000,000 will have to be spent in clearing and preliminary development, and a long time would pass before it could be made profitable, even if labour could be secured. The annual tax inflicted by the Bill would be £15,625.

On 66,000 acres of private freehold on the island of Mombasa valued at £5 per acre, with an estimated (723,000) rental of £13,330,000, the tax would amount to £499,500 per annum, or more than the whole real capital value.

The proposals are almost incredible, to tax men as many pounds as they earn shillings.

Early this year the Land Board condemned and rejected the Bill. The Government is marking time, and one awaits with interest the policy which, under the new Governor (who soon after took up his duties), the Colonial Office may dictate.

A reference to the Government return last issued is here useful. The Annual Colonial Report for 1907-8, No. 392 (published by Wyman and Sons of Feather Lane, price 4d.) states that several farmers with insufficient capital have failed. It also states that £700 to £1,000 is the minimum with which a settler may hope to succeed. And it should be noted that this refers to the Highlands. On the coast the planter needs a far larger capital in proportion to acreage compared with the Highlands, as he has to employ a much larger amount of labour per acre than is needed by the farmer, and has to wait a longer time before he can begin to harvest his rubber or his coffee.

The figures in the Report of Land Grants are shown as 208 and 571,008 acres in 1907 as against 297 and 292,741 acres for 1906. This is somewhat misleading, as the issues are really not for applications but for deeds actually issued. The increase in acreage is mainly owing to 214,000 acres of concessions to cut fibre growing wild.

As a matter of fact, the number of applications had fallen off, and at the present time there is a waterless desert thirsting for costly irrigation, as he has to employ a much larger amount of labour per acre than is needed by the farmer, and has to wait a longer time before he can begin to harvest his rubber or his coffee.

The Colony was proceeding previously upon the policy that capital was imperatively needed if the huge territory was to be developed, and that it was wisdom to grant lands on easy terms to settlers and planters in order to bring both capital and labour to contribute to such development. The immediate result of the success would be to increase the population, the trade, and wealth of all classes of the people, and to add to the revenue of the country. When the lands became profitable their taxation would inevitably follow. The annual rental of £499,500 per annum, or more than the whole real capital value, would be, I venture to think, of less weight with any one who has not made a living; many have lost all they possessed; the frequent story of pioneers' experience. The fatuity of treating virgin and prairie land in the Tropics on the same basis as land which in a temperate climate has been cultivated for hundreds of years has been demonstrated again and again, quite recently in Nyassaland, where planters are giving up their lands after spending upon them thousands of pounds. There are a goodly number of intelligent and highly qualified men at work in development in British East Africa (among whom I may mention Colonel Owen Thomas) who have given clear expression of their views on this vital question in the East African Standard. It is a matter of regret that the evidence of these gentlemen's experience should have less weight with the Government than the theories of officials imported from India.

I am not a politician, but it does not escape me that there is much of which I describe cannot but be of moment to every politician, no matter what his opinions or proclivities may be, and I venture to think that to none can the problem be of
Social Democracy and Foreign Policy.

Introductory.

Socialist literature has covered nearly every field of human activity, but the relationship between England and foreign countries, England and the Colonies, and England and the Dependencies, has hardly been touched upon from the Socialist point of view except in casual Socialist pamphlets, articles, or speeches.

The reasons for this neglect are various. One is the common assumption that Socialism is an economic problem pure and simple; a second is the difficulty of obtaining accurate information on questions of foreign policy; a third is the sparsity of democrats in the diplomatic service and the complete absence of Socialists who might be willing to enlighten the non-diplomatic Socialist on the problems of Socialism and foreign policy; a fourth is the obscurity of the principles of foreign policy and the tedium of their study; a fifth is general lack of interest in the subject and a predisposition to leave foreign policy in the hands of the orthodox experts.

Nevertheless, the Socialists and democrats who are negligent in foreign affairs would repudiate the idea, and theories of the orthodox expert on nearly all matters affecting the national life and the people's welfare. Mr. Hyndman, the leader of the Socialist Democratic Party, has stood practically alone amongst Socialists in keeping a close watch on foreign affairs; but even he has only reprinted one speech on "Colonies and Dependencies." The Labour Party are now being forced, as part of their legislative duties, to watch the interests of their workers abroad; but their want of knowledge has been demonstrated on several occasions. Neither Mr. Macdonald's book, "Labour and the Empire," nor Mr. Keir Hardie's book on India, useful as they are, can be said to assist the Socialist much in an appreciation of foreign policy, though Sir Sydney Olivier's book, "White Capital and Coloured Labour," has some value on native questions.

Yet, the grave evils caused to the working classes by a reckless or a timorous foreign policy show in an instant how important it is for the Socialist Party to be well acquainted with the essentials of foreign policy. Moreover, the Socialist Party, being the only international (excepting the Anarchists) political party in the world, must secure a control of foreign policy before many of its principles can be effective. Though Socialism and Nationalism are compatible, Socialism and Jingoism are certainly in violent opposition. Socialists can be nationalists; they must be nationalists. The foundation of Democracy is freedom, and Socialism is the economic expression of Democracy. A fettered Empire cannot be Socialism. An Empire of free, self-controlled communities is possible, and Socialism is the best way to create it. Socialists are internationalists in the sense of not denying the need of race arrogance, national chauvinism, jingoism, and economic Imperialism, which is merely capitalism under another cloak. As Socialists are both nationalists and internationalists, it is clear that they should study the limits of the one and the beginnings of the other. In a world of mixed communities, of varying civilization and different economic and actual advancement, Socialists must consider how far their internationalism should respect their nationalism, and how far their nationalism can be welded into internationalism.

It may be useful to give one or two simple illustrations of how the teachings of Socialism may bear upon foreign policy—one colonial instance, one dependency instance, and one foreign instance. Quite recently there was a serious conflict between the English Government, the Australian Government, and the P. and O. Company with reference to the Lascars employed on the P. and O. steamers. The Australian Government objected to the employment of cheap Lascar labour on the ground that its economic consequence was the displacement of white labour. The P. and O. Steamship Company took up the position that their shareholders' interests compelled them to get the cheapest and most efficient labour. Further, the company denied the right of the Australian Government to interfere. The British Government supported the P. and O. Company. The Australian Government based their right to interfere on the mail subsidy subscribed jointly by the British and Australian Governments to the P. and O. Company. The P. and O. Company declined to recognize this contention, and the argument grew heated. Eventually, a compromise was worked out; but it is a compromise opened at any moment. With Empire-owned steamships and an Imperial minimum wage, such difficulties might not arise. This may be the Socialist remedy, but without Empire-owned steamships and an Imperial minimum wage, such difficulties might easily occur. The labour conflict of this kind must require a thorough knowledge by Socialists of the technical relations between Australia and Great Britain in administrative problems in which there is a mutual interest but a diversity of views.

A little known dependency is British Honduras. The construction of the Panaman Canal by the United States may produce future trouble in British Honduras in the likely event of the United States trying to swallow up a part of Central America. Supposing the United States were willing to cede British Honduras, but that British Honduras strongly resented being ceded, grave complications might ensue. Here is a ticklish problem, upon which Socialists might go quite astray, even with an excellent knowledge of foreign policy; one may take it for granted that they would go astray in their present apathetic condition of mind.

The last case to be referred to is one which influenced the relations of several Powers and two British Colonies; namely, the Island of St. Pierre, situated between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the south coast of Newfoundland. It is a French possession. At the time of the Anglo-French Treaty, in 1904, there was a tentative suggestion that St. Pierre and Miquelon should be ceded to Canada to soothe Canadian feelings. This doctrine, as an instance of the widest sense, involves that there shall be no change in the ownership of any part of the American continent without the consent of the United States. The United States Government intimated to the French Government that any such change would be given to the transfer of St. Pierre and Miquelon to Canada or Great Britain, so the negotiations collapsed and St. Pierre and Miquelon remained under the tricolour. Socialists must agree that to maintain the status quo was the wisest policy. Still the suspicion that the United States was hostile to any change raised strong feeling in Canada.

It will be my privilege in future numbers of The New Age to grapple with this intricate question of Social-Democracy and Foreign Policy. Whether the readers of The New Age will be interested in the subject I have no means of judging; but I hope that I have already written by way of introduction will induce Socialists to follow this series of articles to the bitter end!

C. H. NORMAN.

*All Rights Reserved.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1909

THE NEW AGE
Is the Vote Lost?

From so-called friends and such as go about to do us harm, good Lord deliver us! This is the Suffragists' cry after reading Mr. W. L. George's article, "Woman Suffrage Caused in last week's New Age: "The women will get the vote, and yet the cause as a cause is lost." Is Mr. George really serious, or is he merely suffering from an acute form of that modern and most pernicious of diseases—the love of paradox? We must, however, give him on his own ground and suppose that he seriously wishes to uphold his thesis.

Mr. George calls himself a Suffragist and a member of the League to that end. Yet how utterly has he failed to grasp the meaning of the woman's movement! He seems to imagine that we are actuated merely by the desire to spend our own money, that the whole movement resolves itself into a beggarly demand for a quid pro quo. "I give you money, you give me a vote." Business men are seeing the commercial justice of the demand, and so their opposition is lessening, but the cry "No vote, no pay," does not inspire heroes or even mild enthusiasm. This, roughly, seems to be the point of view of the writer of the article. But does anyone in their senses imagine that over three hundred women have gone to prison simply because they want to be able to raise or lower Mr. Asquith's salary? Was the Civil War between Parliament and King caused by mere propaganda? When we confined our work to education, snares and oblivion were our only portion. It is our anti-Government policy above all things which is proving to politicians that the Women Suffragists are a force to be reckoned with, that there is some solid force behind our kick. It is obvious that Mr. George has never worked in a by-election where the militant suffragists have been fighting against the Government. No one who has done so, whose views are not utterly distorted by prejudice can doubt the enormous influence that women have had in diminishing the Liberal majority; can doubt the interest and enthusiasm aroused for the cause of votes for women.

But Mr. George demands proof. I recommend to his notice the following facts, hard, solid, irrefutable, which it is impossible to get behind. At every by-election since Central Glasgow last March, the Women's League have been a great upheaval of the human thought, one of those fierce outbursts of strangled humanity which mark an epoch in the world's history. The spirit of life itself is seeking an outlet into this world of sentimentalism and sham, clothing itself in the flesh and speaking with the voice of woman.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the spirit of life and liberty lay fettered beneath the suffocating load of pious processions, of scholastic theology. Asceticism breathed on it with pestilential breath. But life was stronger than its enemies: it gathered strength, triumphed over all the glory of sapere aude and strenuous manhood. And now in these latter days strength has come back to womanhood. Beneath the stultifying crust of convention has gathered a deep ocean of vital energy, moral, intellectual, and physical, it is chafing at its bonds. It is rising higher and higher, but the weight of the past has hurst its banks, and we see it sweeping irresistibly over the land, tearing down landmark after landmark in its headlong course. Woman is raising a voice above the mire into which the brutal insults of Pauline theology had flung her. While vindicating her womanhood she has laid claim to something broader, deeper, more embracing— to humanity. She is winning intellectual and moral development and economic independence, which are making her no longer the slave but the master of her sex. Freed from the degrading necessity of bartering her womanhood for gold, woman is revolutionising marriage, making it an honourable compact between two free and equal human beings, wherein passion can match with passion and comradeship with comradeship.

Modern women have concentrated their energies on the vote because they see in it both an instrument and a symbol—an instrument for waging the material part of their battle, and a symbol inasmuch as political recognition removes that stigma of inferiority under which for centuries they have suffered. It is revolution. Of course, the majority of British women are apathetic. Are revolutions ever initiated by majorities? Revolution of the minority is the spur which urges on the revolution of the majority. The whole world is traveling along the same road. But the heretic sees the milestones a long distance off, while the orthodox man denies their existence until they trip up his unwary feet.

It is this movement, with its roots tripping the very bedrock of human nature that Mr. George would have us hand over to party politics! How can we? It could not be contained within their petty limits: it is a force in comparison with which all political parties dwindle into insignificance. It is the lowest as a piece of political agitation, is it ever expedient? We ally ourselves with the Conservatives and straightway every Liberal man and every Socialist becomes our bitter foe; we seek to undermine the Liberals and the hand of every Tory is against us. Either way, the Socialist Party—whom Mr. George declares to be our best friends—are alienated. Besides, no party is unanimous either for or against us. Women's Suffrage is a sex question which cuts straight across all political divisions. It is quite useless to try and strike an advantageous bargain with either side until we can prove that we have weight in the political world. Can we prove this by mere propaganda? When we confined our work to education, snares and oblivion were our only portion. It is our anti-Government policy above all things which is proving to politicians that the Women Suffragists are a force to be reckoned with, that there is some solid force behind our kick. It is obvious that Mr. George has never worked in a by-election where the militant suffragists have been fighting against the Government. No one who has done so, whose views are not utterly distorted by prejudice can doubt the enormous influence that women have had in diminishing the Liberal majority; can doubt the interest and enthusiasm aroused for the cause of votes for women.

But Mr. George demands proof. I recommend to his notice the following facts, hard, solid, irrefutable, which it is impossible to get behind. At every by-election since Central Glasgow last March, the Women's League have been a great upheaval of the human thought, one of those fierce outbursts of strangled humanity which mark an epoch in the world's history. The spirit of life itself is seeking an outlet into this world of sentimentalism and sham, clothing itself in the flesh and speaking with the voice of woman.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the spirit of life and liberty lay fettered beneath the suffocating load of pious processions, of scholastic theology. Asceticism breathed on it with pestilential breath. But life was stronger than its enemies: it gathered strength, triumphed over all the glory of sapere aude and strenuous manhood. And now in these latter days strength has come back to womanhood. Beneath the stultifying crust of convention has gathered a deep ocean of vital energy, moral, intellectual, and physical, it is chafing at its bonds. It is rising higher and higher, but the weight of the past has hurst its banks, and we see it sweeping irresistibly over the land, tearing down landmark after landmark in its headlong course. Woman is raising a voice above the mire into which the brutal insults of Pauline theology had flung her. While vindicating her womanhood she has laid claim to something broader, deeper, more embracing—to humanity. She is winning intellectual and moral development and economic independence, which are making her no longer the slave but the master of her sex. Freed from the degrading necessity of bartering her womanhood for gold, woman is revolutionising marriage, making it an honourable compact between two free and equal human beings, wherein passion can match with passion and comradeship with comradeship.

Modern women have concentrated their energies on the vote because they see in it both an instrument and a symbol—an instrument for waging the material part of their battle, and a symbol inasmuch as political recognition removes that stigma of inferiority under which for centuries they have suffered. It is revolution. Of course, the majority of British women are apathetic. Are revolutions ever initiated by majorities? Revolution of the minority is the spur which urges on the revolution of the majority. The whole world is traveling along the same road. But the heretic sees the milestones a long distance off, while the orthodox man denies their existence until they trip up his unwary feet.

It is this movement, with its roots tripping the very bedrock of human nature that Mr. George would have us hand over to party politics! How can we? It could not be contained within their petty limits: it is a force in comparison with which all political parties dwindle into insignificance. It is the lowest as a piece of political agitation, is it ever expedient? We ally ourselves with the Conservatives and straightway every Liberal man and every Socialist becomes our bitter foe; we seek to undermine the Liberals and the hand of every Tory is against us. Either way, the Socialist Party—whom Mr. George declares to be our best friends—are alienated. Besides, no party is unanimous either for or against us. Women's Suffrage is a sex question which cuts straight across all political divisions.

It is quite useless to try and strike an advantageous bargain with either side until we can prove that we have weight in the political world. Can we prove this by mere propaganda? When we confined our work to education, snares and oblivion were our only portion. It is our anti-Government policy above all things which is proving to politicians that the Women Suffragists are a force to be reckoned with, that there is some solid force behind our kick. It is obvious that Mr. George has never worked in a by-election where the militant suffragists have been fighting against the Government. No one who has done so, whose views are not utterly distorted by prejudice can doubt the enormous influence that women have had in diminishing the Liberal majority; can doubt the interest and enthusiasm aroused for the cause of votes for women.
A Story of the Future.

The brief life of London's lilac and lavender was over. Spring had made her display of fresh colours and breathed such mild days that one again committed the ancient and perennial error of imagining Spring was Summer. And then Spring abruptly disillusioned with sudden cold winds and grey rains in the lilac and apple trees with their perished bloom, those who had so erred. Then came my breakdown. The State visiting physician advised me to go to a professor of psycho-therapeutics, though he really diagnosed my case well enough: I was suffering from suppressed insanity. I told the visiting physician that I could do as much for myself as the professor could do, could easily suggest to myself that after all everything was right, that the money would come in, that my own life and the life of the Universe were not so far wrong after all; for I am old-fashioned in one or two things, and one of my old-fashioned dislikes is the dislike of hypnotic suggestion; I hate the thought of another one influencing me. But really what I wanted was change, open spaces, rest. Still I kept on working. And then suddenly one morning, after a sleepless night, I realised that I must get out of London; I could no longer suppress the insanity. To go away or to go mad—I recognised indeed that these were the alternatives when I looked up the time-table, not even then wholly decided that I must go, but looking it up subconsciously almost, saying: "No, I shall not give in yet," and yet feeling that the very sight of the time-table with its many beautiful names of Other Places was a book of balm. I saw that an airship left Euston at 10 a.m., but noticing a small italic letter by the side of that entry I looked to the foot of the page to discover its significance. "Except Saturdays," I read there.

"What does that mean?" I wondered. "Does that mean that an airship goes north at 10 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, but not on Saturday? Or does it mean--"

For I knew that I should not have such difficulty in understanding a time-table. My brain had refused, struck work. "If I cannot understand a time-table I cannot hope to understand anything," said I. "Allons!"

II.

Going up in the elevator to the Low-level depot, which, as you know, is the depot for north-bound ships, I cast from me all my worry. A rush of joy came into my heart. Three hours and a half later I would be at home.

There are even larks in the fields around my sister's home, as it lies under a little-travelled field of heaven.

We love larks now more than ever, now that they are disappearing from our countrysides.

The elevator purred upward, halted, the doors slid aside, and we stepped out on the north platform. Higher still, not directly above, though parallel, were the south platforms; and looking up to them we saw those who awaited their ships there, leaning on the balustrades looking down on us, tiny little spindly figures etched on the sky at the summit of the soaring depot. Our forefathers knew little of such sights. The Forth Bridge, I suppose, was, pictorially, the nearest approach to these stations of our day.

I thought how perhaps some of those away up there envied us, young men perhaps going off to African appointments. For a stop has been put to the frequent trips home that so many African employees were wont to indulge in; and there seems some sense in the reason for that change: though we have done so much toward annihilating distance we must not be too easy; we must still practice endurance. Perhaps in this virtuous and noble idea is the explanation for the sudden breakdown of so many workers; for a virtue may become a vice. They work on and on, and instead of, as one might think, being happier in their exiles than they were at home, they are less so. Always aware that they can, if they will, flee away very quickly, they put off more resolutely the desire for holidays, often quixotically reject opportunities to relax, and do not leave their work till Nature, which is not yet wholly under our power, settles their affairs for them either with crushing or, as in my case here in London, kindly finality. Musing so, I looked away from the high station, for the brilliant blue beyond it dazzled my eyes. I looked down—and saw smokeless London below us, vast and terrible, dry as Hell. An antiquated Zep was drifting half way down from girder to girder of the south station, with mechanics testing and staying Intent on working. They do not send their Zep bobbing here and there like a cork in water; their north-bound was upon us before I expected. Its musical horn buzzed. It drifted to the platform. We took our seats.

III.

How delightful it is to travel short distances—because of the people one meets; though I should have finished the talk of those of my fellow passengers who sat near me much more had I not been so painfully run down. The most hideous thoughts of disaster came to me. The emergency parachutes hung above us, one to each seat; but you know how, if one puts a hand near the parachute trapeze, the glances of the机械ists, or even the Zep driver, will drift his direction pityingly. It is so difficult to get away from Nature, so difficult to get away from the cat-like, dog-like dislike of being laughed at! Really we were safe enough of course; but I may as well honestly acknowledge my fears. I seemed unable to prevent a hundred spasmodic imaginations, all of disaster, leaping in my over-wrought mind.

Though I had travelled north and south in Britain, and though I had, not seldom, gone afar field also beyond our shores, looking down on the thin-rimmed soundless foam round the utmost Aran Isles or the Isles of the Hebrides, seeing Britain fade on many a quiet evening, seeing the lights of the many cities glimmer as we journeyed off where were only stars and the scattered lamps of monoplanes, aeroplanes, and airships, frequently though I had journeyed through the sky to-day I journeyed in a ceaseless tension of nerves. It seemed ridiculous. I had often enough slept like a child in the swinging hammocks of the trans-Atlantics; now, on this short trip, I was quite unhinged. I imagined all sorts of catastrophes. I imagined a thunderstorm, though the air was clear, coming and ripping the gas bags, smashing the motors. I imagined what might happen if the motor broke down. At the speed we went I pictured us all being flung a hundred yards out of the ship at the jerk—no chance to get the emergency motor going! Actually we were perfectly safe, but—I grasped at my deranged imagining as a straw.

Beside me sat a Progressive, the fruit of a long line of scientific and poetic ancestors. I noticed that he did not smile when one of those hideous wake-fantasies, more terrible than nightmares, made me jerk in my seat. He had the new courtesy of the Progressives. "Naturals" tried to break it down in their natural resentment of progress, but, as we know, it is the strong who can be tender; the weak are always ponderous when they try to be strong. He turned to me and said kindly:

"You seem overwrought."

"Yes," I said. "I have been working too hard."

"You should think of the future generations," he said, "if you have no pity for yourself."
"I have been thinking too much of the present," I said.

He nodded courteously. 

"Yes," he said; "one is apt to forget the distant vision in the fascination of the present," and then he seemed to muse a space.

I was glad to meet this person, because I saw what he was—one of the new people. They have, as you know, been childless so long, they have not long lived and the average length, living thrice as long as the "short-arms" or "Naturals." Records show also that those of this type born a couple of centuries ago lived only about twice the average length; so there is no saying what this type may ultimately attain.

Like all the Progressives, this person's mere presence moved me, filled me with a curious blending of longing, half-sad, half-glad longing, and the sun had broken through again after the rain had wet the gauzy nets, and as we skimmed thus up-hill one could see the whole brown and green hillside beyond Dundee, and the Grampians marching into the Tinto and came in sight of Edinburgh, and saw the Forth beyond, and the Lomonds of Fife, and the Law of railway stations of the old days and feels a half for the vanished magic of life. But science and poetry and beauty are always with us.

If it had not been for my nervous condition I would not have done what I did. As we sailed away past Tinto and came in sight of Edinburgh, and saw the Forth beyond, and the Grampians marching into the blue North-West, I felt such a sense of being come home again that I could hardly contain myself. And when I saw my sister's house lying in the northern fold of Pentlands, now on our port bow, I suddenly had a thought that if one went down now with a parachute, the wind on our quarter would carry me fairly near the garden. Before I well knew what I was doing, I laid hand to the parachute-cord, slipped the elastic ring over my wrist, thrust back the sliding wind-glass—and leapt!

Down I went with a rush like a stone.

"O, it is the word for such as he," said she; "that is why he has them. They think they are perfect." 

"Why do you call him so?" I asked. 

"Because he is," said she. 

"I mean the derivation," I asked. "Why lettuce-eater?"

"Ah well—you will soon be better here," she said.

I told her of the state of my mind—told her about the "Saturdays exempted.

"Ah well—you will soon be better here," she said; "rest, and a world of leaves, you know," quoting from some poet of old years whose poems are lost, but who lives in single, disconnected lines.

So I had tea in the garden (the delight which has survived so many generations) that afternoon, as I had desired.

Just as we finished a mono came down on us like a vapour, and the officer raised his flag. I paid the fine with a light heart, for, after all, I had come home at the least ten minutes earlier than I could otherwise have done; and, besides, had I gone into the city I should have had to pay 2s. 6d. for a local mono. The officer was sorry I had not had a different account, and I wrote my name in his book. If it were found that I had before broken the regulation regarding the parachutes I would be sent another account. Of course I did not say so. I knew it, however, knowing the law. Neither did I ask him if I had before broken the regulation. Our civilisation now gives no opportunity for lies. My name would be looked up at Webb House—that was all.

The officer folded up the parachute, went aboard, zipped away again, and left us in peace in the garden with the blackbirds.

FREDERICK NIVEN.
Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Finding myself the other day in possession of a bicycle and within seventy miles, across country, of Chartres, I reflected that I had never seen Chartres Cathedral and that it was impossible for a man of fashion like myself to keep his end up any longer in aesthetic conversations without having seen this wonder of the world. So I got on the bicycle. I have never yet made a tour that was not a literary tour. Just as I was going on my bicycle there arrived for me three books, two of which were in paper covers and obviously intended for cyclists, to be read while coasting. One was a sixpenny volume of posthumous essays by Grant Allen, entitled "The Hand of God," published by the Rationalist Press Association, to which I belong. These agreeable and diverting essays, chiefly destructive of dogma, make piquant reading in a cathedral town. They wear very well indeed, and increase one's original enthusiasm. I had a great admiration for a little book by Dr. Furneaux Jordan, entitled "Character as seen in Body and Parentage, with notes on education, marriage, change in character and morals." He used to recommend it to young novelists as a mine of useful information. I bought the third edition of it, but it never did me any good, and I can only conceive that its influence on a young novelist would be artistically malignant.

* * *

You see how literary my tour was. And it waxed in literariness. It even became theatrical. I reached Etampes. I had great hopes of Etampes, because of its association with Diane de Poitiers. I had imagined Etampes as something airy, voluptuous and graceful, with a pathetic charm. But all I found was a leaning tower and three kilometres of jagged cobblestones. These cobblestones, in conspiracy with a powerful headwind, drove me into an excessively local train at Etampes. A big and dead station, at which a long distance express occasionally stopped! Four platforms, and no bookstall! Only a middle-aged woman with a basket of newspapers. The most unliterary large station that I ever lollad in! But sticking up out of that basket was "Le Temps." I bought it, and was instantly transported to London. For by a singular chance that particular number of "Le Temps" contained the review of the London stage which Mr. A. B. Walkley annually offers, through "Le Temps," for the information of the French public. I would not have seen that article.

And yet, no! I prefer to face the music. I would not shrink from any fact, even that of the decadence of the president of dramatic critics. That Mr. Walkley's
humour was approaching the elephantine has been apparent to all who read his evidence before the Censorship Committee. But when, discussing with me later the said article in "Le Temps," a Frenchman remarked with casual disdain, "It is like a bear dancing," I own that I was shocked. I remembered the agile and delightful essays in Mr. Walkley's early volume, "Playhouse Impressions." But those essays were written before Mr. Walkley had a European mission. They were not self-conscious. They were not animated by an apparent delight to all who read his evidence before the Censorship Committee. The sincerity of "Strife" was simply shining. But the other is "What every woman knows." Now I was willing to admit, and even anxious to assert, that Mr. J. M. Barrie has genius, though highly capricious. But to put forward "What every woman knows" as a play true to life—well, it amounts to literary impudence. The first act displays a superficial and tickling realism; the other three are not Christian; but a sentimental fascination. Mr. Walkley mentions four plays in all. The remaining two are—Mr. Sutro's "A Builder of Bridges," and "An Englishman's Home"! But to assert, that Mr. Walkley considers his article to be a prodigious funniment I can believe. My prayer is that one day he may be granted grace to perceive that he has been ridiculous.

I saw many interesting things at Chartres, including some unsurpassed stained glass, and a bright large department-store whose employees arrived at 6.55 a.m., and departed at 8 p.m. sharp. But what most impressed me about Chartres was the Sahara-like immenity of which it is the capital. I wheeled all across this renowned tableland of La Beauce, and wondered at the opulence of French earth and the sublime wickedness of the British land system. And La Beauce too was literary. For it is the scene of Zola's "La Terre." When "La Terre" got itself translated into English, and got one of its sponsors into prison, I was just old enough to sit up and take notice. I committed crimes in order to introduce translations of Zola into a provincial town. I succeeded, and was never punished. Sheer luck! I thought these novels were fine. Quite apart from my adolescent joy in their un-English candour, I thought they were fine. And, later, I chuckled joyously over the trouncing that "Q." gave to the anti-Zola Heart of a "great" public school in the now dead "Speaker." But they were not fine. "Nana" will survive the longest, and "Nana" is already very ill. I thought of all these half-forgotten things as I wheeled over La Beauce.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.
In the Heart of Democracy.*

This book of Robert Gardner's is important. It is an effort to work into the external structure of Modern Socialism the spirit and the life which must inspire it, if ever it is to become a living and creative order of society. It is possible that in this connection he uses the word Christ too often, but he means no harm by it! No book could be more free from religious cant or anything of that kind than this one. We have had enough (the author thinks) of economic and technical schemes and proposals. These are all right in their way. But without some inner enthusiasm, some living force to pervade and vitalise them, they will go no farther, but only develop their natural and inevitable defects, and waste their true power on the old limbs of withered things. And, what is fine and effective about the book, is that for this inspiration the author looks not to any ordinary morality or religion. He clearly sees that all the moralities and religions of to-day are

* By Robert Gardner. (New Age Press, 1909. 3s. 6d. net.)

TOWN PLANNING IN PRACTICE.
An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs.

By RAYMOND UNWIN.

With 300 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. 21s. net.

CONTENTS—Of the Individuality of Towns, with a Sketch of the Ancient Art of Town-Planning—Of the Arrangement of Main Roads: their Treatment and Elevation—Of Site Planning and Residential Roads—Of Plans and the Spacing and Placing of Buildings and Fences—Of Co-operation in Site Planning, and in Common Enjoyment besides the Individual, etc., etc.

Write for a Copy of the Illustrated Prospectus.

The EVOLUTION of the SCIENCES
By L. HOUelleVIGUE,
Professor in the University of Marseilles.

Large crown 8vo, cloth. 6s. 6d. net.

"M. Houellevigue, who is a professor at the University of Marseilles, has here produced a decidedly popular book of rare excellence."—Atheneum.

T. FISHER UNWIN, I, ADELPHE TERRACE, LONDON, W.C.

W. T. STEAD
(Bringing the River of Death),
ARCHIBALD RAMAGE
(The Present Position of Socialism in England),
and
J. HUNTER WATTS
(Agriculture and Unemployment)
are contributing to the September issue of the "INTERNATIONAL." Price 1s. net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, I, ADELPHE TERRACE, LONDON, W.C.

Special Offer. A Bargain.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, having secured the right to sell MEMOIRS of a REVOLUTIONIST,

By Prince KROPOTKIN.

408 pp., Cloth bound (published at 6s.), offers new uncut copies to New Age Readers for 2/1 each. By post 2/3.

NOTE.—The number of copies to be sold at this low price is strictly limited. This book is well known all over the world. It is of thrilling interest from first page to last. Every Socialist should have a copy.

To be purchased only from—
THE NEW AGE PRESS,
14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SCHOOLS of TO-MORROW
HOW THE CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE WILL BE EDUCATED

By MARGARET McMillan.

24 pp., 4to, with Cover Design. A dreamer who is also a great-hearted and indefatigable worker—that is the person to call in these cases. All will do well to read and ponder over this inspired vision of what our schools might become.—Child Life.

Post free 6d., from the Publisher, J. P. STYERLE, Bloomsbury, Blooms upon-Trent.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!

NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations (Elementary and Advanced) supplied.

STATE WANTS. SEND FOR LIST. 1s. 6D. NET ON APPROVAL BOOKS Bought. 20% PRICES GIVEN.

W. & G. FOYLE. 138 CHAING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.
worn-out purblind things, which maintain their existence chiefly by slandering and decrying each other. He looks not to any mere doctrine of political communism or social democracy; he does not even make appeal to the world-old precept, “Love your neighbour as yourself”—but he goes beyond and back of all these to the root-fact that the Self is one and the same in all beings—that the self of one is the self of others—and that it is possible for people to recognize this, and necessarily to build up a new society out of this recognition. He really goes back to the most ancient religion of India, and joins up the East again with the ultra-modern West.

It is a bold move. But Gardner is right; for we have indeed reached that period when the East must meet the West, and the two must fertilise each other to great world-issues; and if it has been possible for the East in past ages to realise and build on this idea, it is possible for the West to-day. Our author’s faith in the capacity of the common man to work this out, to enter into the life of the Common Man who is the Universal Self, is impressive, and infectious. The brainy man, the chief and most exalted product of the common man, the man to realise that life; for all his work and existence is founded on the illusion of separateness. “For the real Superman is not of the brain but of the heart. But the man who has suffered in the world of men, and shared their common lot and martyrdom, is nearer to the universal life than perchance he knows. “How hardly can the leisurely, well-read, well-to-do person enter into the kingdom of knowledge which opens out to the worker struggling through the intellectual heritage. The very law that oppresses the heart and enslaves the body, the long hours of labour, the dead weight of a commercial environment are more instructive than the theories of professors (p. 67).

A day will come, Gardner thinks, when out of the sufferings of the mass peoples, and their desperate struggles to work out and realise a fairer and more human order of society, there will swiftly arise an intense common consciousness—a sense that it is possible for people to recognise this, and necessarily to build up a new society out of this recognition. It will be seen from these quotations that Gardner is something of a prophet. Yet, as I have said, remote and difficult though his ideal may seem, his belief in its fulfilment, and his book will certainly aid that fulfilment. He himself, the author, writes not from the standpoint of the student, but from that of the workman on the wharf and in the warehouse; he writes from the heart of the people; and for that reason his prophecy realises—somewhat as a Galilean peasant did—what a kingdom of heaven there might be on earth if the heart of fellowship existing in the people were opened out and became conscious of itself. But “Christianity turned the kingdom of heaven into a cult of the dead.” The real God is the cult of the dead, of the mumbled services of priests, of the stained glass window saints, of the respectable congregations, of the long drawn sermons about his own mythical person. He craves for the workman on the wharf and in the warehouse the life of his real Self in the fellowship of comrades.”

Working in the consciousness of a pervading life and identity, Society will become free and beautiful as a healthy human body.

The true Socialism is more than an economic theory, it is the art of living in the Art faculty in the heart of Democracy; it is the first attempt to represent the problem of life and labour as a whole—how it may become a symphony instead of a harsh and irritating discord. A purifying fire of labour can only be kindled when labour is spending itself for the creation of its own Idea; when its limbs and muscles are working in harmony with the brain which directs its activities. Modern commercialism is the quintessence of artless labour. “The purifying fire of labour is the quintessence of artless labour, which has a nobler and purer idea of their function than the modern prudes and puritans who hide from the children the fact of their own bodies, which embraces all other facts, so that many go forth in ignorance and innocence to fall into the pit that the vicious have digged for them” (pp. 118, 120).

These quotations will show the general trend of the book—which I heartily recommend to readers of The New Age.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Correspondence intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE NEW AGE.

May I point out that the weakening of the cause of Women’s Suffrage referred to in the article by Mr. W. L. George last week, is occasioned by the kind of franchise which the women’s societies have united in demanding? Their anti-democratic opportunism has failed to rouse enthusiasm in democratic and progressive circles, precisely because it is a demand for a reactionary measure.

The appeal for “abstract justice” sounds very plausible, but a study of our franchise system soon convinces that “abstract justice” in this matter would resolve itself into “concrete injustice.” Having regard to the position of economic inferiority in which women find themselves to-day it is quite misleading for them to ask for extensions of franchises on “the same terms as are or may be extended to men.” Only a minority of fortunately-placed women could thus claim the vote, and the vast majority who most need the protection of voting power would remain outside. Why should working class women entrust their interests to wealthy women when working class men have found it necessary to support an independent political party?

The potentials of a limited franchise for women based on property are so obviously a further weighting of the balance of power in favour of the governing classes that no democrat can feel enthusiasm for such a proposal. Let us definitely oppose it and trust that if it comes it will not be as bad as one fears. Women may turn out more enlightened, more progressive and more teachable than men, and they
WE MAKE

BANNERS, MEDALS, ROSETTES, REGALIA, &c.

FOR ALL SOCIETIES

IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

TOYE & CO. (EST. 1855.)  57, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Catalogue free on application.

Badly-framed Pictures shock sensitive souls.

Peace Perfect Peace can be had by sending your Picture-Framing to

J. EDGE, 155, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C

ST. JAMES’S HALL, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W

THE MASTER’S MIND.

Four Lectures by G. W. FOOTE.

Sunday, September 5, 1909.

SHAKESPEARE’S PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD IN PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Discussion founded at Westminster, Reserved Seats, 1s. Balcony 7s. 6d. Reserved Seats 6s. 6d.

COOMBE HILL SCHOOL, Westerham, FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

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

Principal, Miss CLARK.

SOCIALIST CIGARETTE MAKERS

Design and execute under the best traditions of craftsmanship.

FVRNITVRE & WOODWORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

At the workshops of Foundry Meadow Street.

sketches and photos on application.

HARRY ROBERTS.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

As a fellow member of the Men’s League for Women’s Suffrage, I feel obliged to protest against the astounding article headed “Mr. George’s Advices” which is astounding both by reason of its disregard of obvious and almost universally accepted facts, and also in that it is written by a supporter of the Woman’s Movement. Even supposing that Mr. George were right in his allegations that the women suffragists have no power to influence the electorate, a friend of Mr. George’s admission is surely the last person in the world to shout his discovery in the market-place.

In a matter of fact, however, few people who have taken part in bye-elections for this last couple of years can doubt for a moment that the suffragists have in nearly every case had a worse considerable influence in alienating votes from the candidate. The local Press and the confessions of the candidates themselves confirm this statement. Surely it is obvious that an active propaganda conducted by women of exceptional intellectual and rhetorical ability, fired by the enthusiasm of a just cause, is bound to have a considerable effect on any election in which they take part. If rhetorical, argument, and personal persuasion have no weight with the voters, why are candidates and political agents so eager to obtain the assistance of good speakers and canvassers? It is probably true enough that in few cases can the suffragists alone determine the success or failure of a candidate, but then what single cause can they be certainly far from being a negligible quantity.

If every just cause is to wait until the majority of the apathetic people who constitute the inhabitants of these islands have become active supporters of it, we may as well say “good-bye” to progress. Fortunately, reform, slow as it is, has never had to wait for this.

The method which apparently Mr. George most favours is that of quiet propaganda. His advice would be excellent if hortation, namely, that the suffragists should give up, as an instance, the agitation of the war causes. In a political campaign of this character it is of course easy to win the support of women of exceptional ability as well as by reason of its disregard of obvious and almost universal causes and opinions. The pledges of private candidates and political agents so eager to obtain the assistance of good speakers and canvassers? It is probably true enough that in few cases can the suffragists alone determine the success or failure of a candidate, but then what single cause can they be certainly far from being a negligible quantity.

If every just cause is to wait until the majority of the apathetic people who constitute the inhabitants of these islands have become active supporters of it, we may as well say “good-bye” to progress. Fortunately, reform, slow as it is, has never had to wait for this.

The method which apparently Mr. George most favours is that of quiet propaganda. His advice would be excellent if it had not been tried to satiety, and failed utterly—not failed in making converts, but in practical achievement. Conversion among the non-political public is the real work of the suffragists, and since the women of political work and “remit themselves into the hands of that franchise system, an exposure of its chicanery, its costliness and futility, coupled with a demand for franchise based on the grounds of the woman’s claim to representation, would rouse the country. Why do not all Suffragists accept Mr. Asquith’s challenge and voice an “over-whelming demand” for the inclusion of women in the promised Reform Bill “on democratic lines?”

TO THE EDITOR OF “The New Age.”

As a fellow member of the Men’s League for Women’s Suffrage, I feel obliged to protest against the astounding article headed “Mr. George’s Advices” which is astounding both by reason of its disregard of obvious and almost universally accepted facts, and also in that it is written by a supporter of the Woman’s Movement. Even supposing that Mr. George were right in his allegations that the women suffragists have no power to influence the electorate, a friend of Mr. George’s admission is surely the last person in the world to shout his discovery in the market-place.

In a matter of fact, however, few people who have taken part in bye-elections for this last couple of years can doubt for a moment that the suffragists have in nearly every case had a worse considerable influence in alienating votes from the candidate. The local Press and the confessions of the candidates themselves confirm this statement. Surely it is obvious that an active propaganda conducted by women of exceptional intellectual and rhetorical ability, fired by the enthusiasm of a just cause, is bound to have a considerable effect on any election in which they take part. If rhetorical, argument, and personal persuasion have no weight with the voters, why are candidates and political agents so eager to obtain the assistance of good speakers and canvassers? It is probably true enough that in few cases can the suffragists alone determine the success or failure of a candidate, but then what single cause can they be certainly far from being a negligible quantity.

If every just cause is to wait until the majority of the apathetic people who constitute the inhabitants of these islands have become active supporters of it, we may as well say “good-bye” to progress. Fortunately, reform, slow as it is, has never had to wait for this.

The method which apparently Mr. George most favours is that of quiet propaganda. His advice would be excellent if it had not been tried to satiety, and failed utterly—not failed in making converts, but in practical achievement. Conversion among the non-political public is the real work of the suffragists, and since the women of political work and “remit themselves into the hands of that franchise system, an exposure of its chicanery, its costliness and futility, coupled with a demand for franchise based on the grounds of the woman’s claim to representation, would rouse the country. Why do not all Suffragists accept Mr. Asquith’s challenge and voice an “over-whelming demand” for the inclusion of women in the promised Reform Bill “on democratic lines?”

* * *

The newer tactics of the suffragists have, it is universally acknowledged, added to the interest of Suffrage, and everyone now knows how much that is worth.

This method of quiet propaganda have served their turn.

The majority of people who are capable of understanding the meaning of Democracy or Justice are intellectually convinced. Only officialdom blocks the way. At the present moment we may say that Mr. Asquith alone blocks the way.

The newest tactics of the suffragists have, it is universally allowed, removed the question of Woman’s Suffrage from the debating society to the street corner and the polling booth. The changed attitude of the ordinary mob is almost everywhere noticeable. The reports in party newspapers are utterly untrustworthy, and here I speak from careful observation.

In a political campaign of this character it is of course inevitable that occasional tactical errors should be made. It is easy to be wise after the event. But, taken as a whole, I am sure that the policy of the militant societies, the policy, that is, of doing all they can to harass the Government which refuses them justice, has been highly successful. It certainly is preferable as a policy to that with which Mr. George closes his exposition, namely, that the suffragists should give up their political work and “remit themselves into the hands of that blind force that moulds our political destinies.”

HARRY ROBERTS.

CARNEGIE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

I have read with interest the article on Mr. Andrew Carnegie in this week’s New Age. I think you might have gone even
further in exposing him as one of the greatest frauds, impostors and hypocrites the last century has produced.

He poses as a friend of the working man while he swears his economy, and steel workers when they strike against his extortion, had them shot down by Pinkerton’s detectives. He pretends, while in Great Britain, to be a friend of the working classes, as an opportunity of revising and slander the English when he is in America.

He advocates Free Trade for England and Protection for the United States, and I see no inconsistency in this. His ostentatious gifts of Free Libraries do little, if any, good to the working classes they are supposed to be benefit.

When he went 300 as gift towards Keir Hardie’s election expenses, the latter returned the cheque at once on hearing how little his employers at the Homestead works, I wish he had applied at present in each country.

We oppose any union of Great Britain and her Colonies in the interests of the Crown. His ostentatious gifts of Free Libraries do little, if any, good to the working classes they are supposed to be benefit.

When he sent 300 as gift towards Keir Hardie’s election expenses, the latter returned the cheque at once on hearing how little his employers at the Homestead works, I wish he had applied at present in each country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Norman's ingenuous indignation and your fearless exposure of his false arguments were eloquent, and I have no other back numbers at hand. It is not, however, necessary to make any reference whatever to this anonymous equivocal, which I stigmatised as dishonest and contemptible, and he has, I think, concealed the fact that he has been pelleted to speak out by mentioning, as it were, casually, and of his own motion, Sir Henry Cotton's three-penny question in the Commons " Debates." If Mr. Norman had stated openly, "I referred to the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal," the matter would have been an easy one. Mr. Browne is convicted out of his own mouth of "gross lack of understanding," I should, while disagreeing with his statement, be happy, also, to answer all enquiries, and to make arrangements, so far as possible, for addresses or lantern-lectures.

As it is, from seeing any reason to repeat the tone of my original letter, I find regrettable the absence of Mr. Norman's methods, which are, therefore, repeated, in the place of justice or injustice of that charge to the judgment of THE NEW AGE.

MAURICE BROWNE.

[Mr. Maurice Browne has not improved his case by introducing irrelevant matter. Obviously, it was that he challenged Mr. Norman on facts that ought to have been known to everybody, and only not at the rate of several Lieutenant-Governors of India; and he did this in a tone which implied that Mr. Norman was inventing gratuitous charges from pure malice. Mr. Norman showed himself begotten a belief in Mr. Norman that all readers of THE NEW AGE will be as easily hoodwinked as its editor. Mr. Norman would be happy to send to any of your readers a copy of the correspondence in the "Times," last winter, which will enable them to learn the truth for themselves. Mr. Norman attributes to Dr. Klein a falsified version of something that he said, and we think it is, far from seeing any reason to repent the tone of my original letter, I find regrettable the absence of Mr. Norman's methods, which are, therefore, repeated, in the place of justice or injustice of that charge to the judgment of THE NEW AGE.

J. R. C.

A CASE IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Norman's ingenuous indignation and your fearless exposure of his false arguments were eloquent, and I have no other back numbers at hand. It is not, however, necessary to make any reference whatever to this anonymous equivocal, which I stigmatised as dishonest and contemptible, and he has, I think, concealed the fact that he has been pelleted to speak out by mentioning, as it were, casually, and of his own motion, Sir Henry Cotton's three-penny question in the Commons " Debates." If Mr. Norman had stated openly, "I referred to the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal," the matter would have been an easy one. Mr. Browne is convicted out of his own mouth of "gross lack of understanding," I should, while disagreeing with his statement, be happy, also, to answer all enquiries, and to make arrangements, so far as possible, for addresses or lantern-lectures.

As it is, from seeing any reason to repeat the tone of my original letter, I find regrettable the absence of Mr. Norman's methods, which are, therefore, repeated, in the place of justice or injustice of that charge to the judgment of THE NEW AGE.

MAURICE BROWNE.
to point out to Mr. Money that the path of the Socialist is not the path of the vivisector, whatever may be the opinion of the writer whom he quotes?

This is a question which should be found in the ranks of the vivisection army very clear and sharp, to have the socialists and Socialists and the Socialists; but to confuse the identities of the vivisector and the vivisector and the socialists is a most irritating blunder.

The considerable but feeble personage who is responsible for some remark about the sufferings of sick rabbits as the only weight to be placed in the scale against the sure and verified benefits conferred by vivisection upon the human race is not, if I remember right, conspicuous for his leanings to Socialism, but rather the contrary. While there is no number of names of eminent vivisectionist authorities and their supporters not in the Socialists' camp occur readily to one's mind. That he should be found as a leader in the army of those scientific researchers, the pride of our country, so far as the country's welfare is concerned, is one of the most chivalrous in his dealings with the unprotested and the weak. It is, indeed, his power of sympathy and his chivalry which have made him a Socialist. That he should begin upon the vision of the world as it may yet be made, should have strayed from the narrow unadvertised path of careful medical research sustained by cruelty, to follow the will of the wisp of the moment. The means of their vision are the plutocrats whom they seek to overthrow. The constructive Socialist is of all men the most tender towards the weaker creation to an ever-receding goal, is not credible, nor do I believe for a moment that it could be proved.

Other and many so-called Socialists there are as we all know, but these have usurped that title. They hold by it right, grammatical or arithmetical, for they are no less anti-social than are the plutocrats whom they seek to overthrow. The constructive Socialist, while he seeks to better the lives of his fellow man, should have strayed from the narrow unadvertised path of careful medical research sustained by cruelty, to follow the will of the wisp of the moment. The means of their vision are the plutocrats whom they seek to overthrow. The constructive Socialist is of all men the most tender towards the weaker creation to an ever-receding goal, is not credible, nor do I believe for a moment that it could be proved.

It is upon him, the Constructor, that the eager Present relies —to him the sea into the Future looks with confidence. In his hands therefore should the oppressed the content to live their destinies. Thanks to the will of our time, justice, for fair play, and for the moral law of kindness to be found among Socialists, and I think that the leadership of the latter is manifestly a sort of peripatetic "Maunder," and it only remains to adjure him to remember the famous advice of Cromwell to the Presbyterian clergy, to the effect that they are subject to be mistaken.

It is, indeed, his power of sympathy and his chivalry which have made him a Socialist. That he should begin upon the vision of the world as it may yet be made, should have strayed from the narrow unadvertised path of careful medical research sustained by cruelty, to follow the will of the wisp of the moment. The means of their vision are the plutocrats whom they seek to overthrow. The constructive Socialist is of all men the most tender towards the weaker creation to an ever-receding goal, is not credible, nor do I believe for a moment that it could be proved.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an ex-missionary, and with great respect for Mr. Richmond Haigh's sympathetic article, "The Missionary," in your issue of September 2nd. I venture to think, however, that his guess at the motives of the missionaries was mistaken, if correct, that he found his man in such a moment of depression as may visit any man, any clergyman, his colleagues, or in his own higher moments of quiet thoughts, be without apprehension as to the validity of such self-denial as has succeeded in elevating him.

It is upon him, the Constructor, that the eager Present relies —to him the sea into the Future looks with confidence. In his hands therefore should the oppressed the content to live their destinies. Thanks to the will of our time, justice, for fair play, and for the moral law of kindness to be found among Socialists, and I think that the leadership of the latter is manifestly a sort of peripatetic "Maunder," and it only remains to adjure him to remember the famous advice of Cromwell to the Presbyterian clergy, to the effect that they are subject to be mistaken.

The ENGLISH ETHIC

I investigate the power which this Government was responsible for the Denshaw atrocities and his French colleague speaks for a nation who applauded the bombardment of a defenseless town on the Moorish coast by an admiral who was thirsting for honour and glory.

We all know, as Mr. Norman points out in his interesting article in last week's "The New Age," that the trial and judgment of the Denshaw prisoners was a wicked farce. And knowing this, we can say that Christian Science teaches us to oppose this Government to protect against Mulai Haidf's conduct.


371

I. LIVERPOOL ETHICAL SOCIETY.

4, COLOUT STREET.

New Library begins on September 9th, at 7 p.m.

Mr. ALLEN TRACY will lecture on "The Complete Line."


CREMATION: Reduced inclusive charges, particulars free.—


T W O G o o d - s i z e d R o o m s to Let, with Small attic; quiet, sunny, central. 8c. 6d. per week. —TOMLIN'S SQUARE ESTATE OFFICE, N.W.

T Y P E W R I T I N G.—Expert typist wants work in order to raise funds necessary to continue her crusade. Terms moderate. Address: M. A. P., 19, The Works, Hull, Yorkshire. Nine months' experience. Hearts Painless." I have had the chance to investigate this one of the means of the cross of Christ —unpopular, perhaps, in these

"The flowers of the World, the joy of Humanity?"

"Whence do they come? From the union of men and women in the true ecstasy of love. They are the fruit conceived in the moments when the begetter and the begetter through ecstasy of the flesh lose as it were all consciousness of the flesh, and are elevated into the realm of the spiritual World. They who are conceived in such moments are the love children of the soul."

This is "Eugenics."

A. K. COMOARASWAMY, D.Sc.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the course of a review of Mr. Podmore's book, "Mesmerism and Christian Science," you express the opinion that the author does not know what mysticism is. Will you permit me to add that it is equally certain he does not know what Christian Science is. I am perfectly aware that Mr. Podmore takes up the position that Christian Scientists do not understand Christian Science, which is not to describe as a development of the teaching of Thomas Lake Harris. Now as a matter of fact Mr. Harris entirely repudiates any connection between his teaching and that of Christian Science as completely as Christian Scientists repudiate any connection between Christian Science and his teaching. We are consequently reduced to this, that Mr. Podmore understands what Mr. Harris taught better than Mr. Harris, and what Mrs. Eddy teaches better than Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Podmore is manifestly a sort of peripatetic "Maunder," and it only remains to adjure him to remember the famous advice of Cromwell to the Presbyterian clergy, to the effect that they are subject to be mistaken.

FREDERICK DIXON.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post morning. No responsibility for goods lost.

I. LIVERPOOL ETHICAL SOCIETY.

4, COLOUY STREET.

New Library begins on September 9th, at 7 p.m.

Mr. ALLEN TRACY will lecture on "The Complete Line."


CREMATION: Reduced inclusive charges, particulars free.—


T W O G o o d - s i z e d R o o m s to Let, with Small attic; quiet, sunny, central. 8c. 6d. per week. —TOMLIN'S SQUARE ESTATE OFFICE, N.W.

T Y P E W R I T I N G.—Expert typist wants work in order to raise funds necessary to continue her crusade. Terms moderate. Address: M. A. P., 19, The Works, Hull, Yorkshire. Nine months' experience. Hearts Painless." I have had the chance to investigate this one of the means of the cross of Christ —unpopular, perhaps, in these

"The flowers of the World, the joy of Humanity?"

"Whence do they come? From the union of men and women in the true ecstasy of love. They are the fruit conceived in the moments when the begetter and the begetter through ecstasy of the flesh lose as it were all consciousness of the flesh, and are elevated into the realm of the spiritual World. They who are conceived in such moments are the love children of the soul."

This is "Eugenics."

A. K. COMOARASWAMY, D.Sc.
NEW PUBLICATIONS issued by the New Age Press, Ltd.

LITERARY TASTE: HOW TO FORM IT. With detailed instructions for collecting a complete Library of English Literature. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Crown 8vo. Beautifully bound, with Celtic design in red and brown. Price 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

"In this work Mr. Arnold Bennett assumes nothing. He begins at the beginning and frankly faces those difficulties, such as the natural human dislike for classics and the widespread objection to reading poetry, which have hitherto been ignored by all literary handbooks. In offering detailed counsel towards the formation of taste, he does not prescribe a course of study, such as readers would be likely to pursue only if they were archangels. He seeks rather to suggest and direct such quiet efforts as the average man who cares for books has at times an inclination to make. Above all, his intention is to be practical. The volume includes very precise instructions with all necessary information for collecting a complete library of English literature at the lowest possible cost."

This book is quite excellent. There are many who wish to read good-class literature, yet who are without any reasonable idea of what constitutes that desirable commodity. Let them consult Mr. Arnold Bennett. He will give them a list of books—226 to be precise. This list is the first really satisfactory guide that we have seen; and many will be grateful to him for its compilation."—The Globe.

"An admirable book, sane, clean, pleasantly unaffected. The "idea" is to stimulate the desire to read and to direct the ambition when it has been aroused. It is certainly to be hoped that "Literary Taste" will have a wide circulation. Its effect must be altogether good."—The Daily Express.

"It gives sensible advice upon the cultivation of a liking for the classics and of a judicious way of reading them, encourages system in reading and gives well studied directions as to the formation of a good all-round library of English literature."—The Scotsman.

WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY: WOMAN. By BEATRICE TINA.

Demy 8vo. Stiff Wrapper 1s. net, by post 1s. 1d.

Contents—Declaratory—The Two Currents—The Three Sisters—The Flight of the Unfit Mother—The Harlot—Love, Children and Civilisation: also a reprint from the N.A. of the m/c discussed article "Women as State Creditor," with "Answers to Correspondence" on the same.

"Miss Tina has attempted to deal with the problem of marriage and maternity, and has succeeded in so far as she has given us something to think about. She has realised how imperative it is for the future of society that a sane outlook upon sexual ethics fundamental as they are, should be arrived at. One cannot but admire Miss Tina's courage in dragging various questions into the light of open day which have hitherto been either tacitly ignored or deliberately swept into the limbo of hypocrisy."—The Woman Worker.

"It is intentionally provocation but there will be many shrinking women grateful to so fearless an asserter of their utmost thoughts. They will be a minority, but they should be heard."—Leicester Pioneer.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.


By CECIL CHESTERTON. Crown 8vo. Wrapper, 8d. net. By post, 3d.

A study of the drink problem from the point of view of Democratic Socialism, containing a criticism of current proposals for "Temperance Reform," and exposing the fallacy of the assumptions upon which they are based. The author finally propounds his own solution of the drink problem, and defends it against criticism.

NOW READY.

The NEW AGE Vol. 4 (OCTOBER, 1908, to APRIL, 1909). 532 pp. Bound in Art Canvas. 4s. 6d. net. By post 5s.


CASES FOR BINDING Volume 4 (with Index). 1s. 6d. net. By post 1s. 8d.

INDEX Volume 4. 3d. post free.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd., 14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.