Lord Rosebery began his speech by modestly declaring that "too much fuss had been made about the meeting." We would add that too much fuss is being made about Rosebery's own political career. The air has not been that "too much fuss had been made about the meeting." Lord Rosebery has helped us. Who will follow his lead? * * *

As for the General Election, we care not when it comes. We have nothing to do but to gain by it, whether it come now or in 1911. But the Lords, in our opinion, have no intention of jeopardising their future by staking a defeat on a 3d. tax on land. Those behind the benches may cry forward, but those before will cry back. Of course, the Government will have no option but to dissolve if the Lords refuse to pass the Finance Bill; but despite the general expectation, we hold to the view that the Lords will not be so foolish as the "Daily Mail" wishes them to be. The present Government has plenty to do yet, and at least one more Budget to construct. Six weeks ago a dissolution might have been advantageous to the Liberals. At this moment, 1911 seems a more favourable date.

That the issue of the election will be Socialism we firmly believe. All the more reason, therefore, to watch with renewed interest the deliberations of the Trade Union section of the Labour movement. Though the organised workers represent only about a fourth of the total number of workers eligible for union, they are on that very account the cream of the artisan class. It is eminently to the credit of the Labour Party that it has succeeded in obtaining the confidence of this picked body of working men. If it has done so by marking its Socialist score pianissimo, we can confidently await the day when the passages must be played fortissimo. In the long run, every single Labour reform involves the party in Socialism. Whether it be Labour Insurance, Old Age Pensions, or Reduction of Hours, all Labour reform roads lead to the same goal. We defy the Labour Party to miss Socialism, even if they were so minded. But they are not minded to miss it. Mr. Keir Hardie put the case very well at Ipswich when he said that in co-operation between the forces of Trade Unionism and Socialism lay the hopes of the workers. * * *

There is one point on which we should like to make a comment. It is perfectly clear that Mr. Keir Hardie is representative of his class when he declares that he looks forward to the domination by the working classes of the whole political machine. It is a legitimate aspiration, but it is not a Socialist aspiration, nor, we think, is it possible of fulfilment. No class has been
able by itself either to achieve power or to maintain power; and if King, Barons, and the Middle Classes have successively failed in this, we cannot see that the working classes can hope to succeed. At present there is among them a not unnatural distrust of every other class, and a desire, sometimes articulate, to exclude them from their councils. Now, Socialism knows no such distinction. A Socialist Party is not the party of a class but of the nation; and exactly as the Labour Party finds itself committed to the policy of exclusion will it find itself also opposed to Socialism, and therefore to its own interests. We sincerely trust that the Labour leaders will recognise this before they find a tradition grown up which nothing but ruin could disestablish.

** The practically unanimous condemnation of the Territorial Army by the Congress was striking and significant. It would require more than Mr. Haldane's word to assure trade-unionists that Territorials would never be used as strike-breakers. Mr. Haldane may not be a "liar," to use Mr. Tillett's epithet, but he certainly cannot control the future. To what base uses the Territorials may be put who can say? The fact that they are there will be enough to ensure their being employed in an emergency, and such emergencies are allowed to break even the most solemn promises. No resolution, it will be observed, was moved on the subject of a Citizen Army. That is merely another form of the Territorial Army. In fact, the Congress was consistently anti-militarist. We know only one form of an Armed People that would really be popular: permission to every elector to have a rifle over his own chimney-piece.

** In regard to the Budget, the Congress was almost equally agreed. Approval of the land clauses was carried with only three dissentients, nor was anything heard of complaint against the increased taxes on beer and tobacco. We are rather sorry for this, since these taxes are in our view the main defects of the Budget. They introduce no new principle, they promise nothing so that they are there will be enough to ensure their being employed in an emergency, and such emergencies are allowed to break even the most solemn promises. No resolution, it will be observed, was moved on the subject of a Citizen Army. That is merely another form of the Territorial Army. In fact, the Congress was consistently anti-militarist. We know only one form of an Armed People that would really be popular: permission to every elector to have a rifle over his own chimney-piece.

** It is invariably the way of the Press to regard a speech which suggests the corruptibility of democracy as "striking a high note." Lord Robert Cecil's charge against the Development Bill, that it would encourage political corruption by bribing constituencies, is therefore placed in the exalted category. But really there is nothing in it. Everybody knows perfectly well that the ruling oligarchy in this country maintains its power by unlimited jobbery: jobbery on such a scale and so inveterate as to have become practically constitutional. It excites no surprise that half-witted scions of wealthy families should be more readily accommodated in the offices of State than poor geniuses. In fact, against no poor man, whatever his brains, is even allowed to compete with the sons of the rich in any paid office under the control of the Government. This, as we say, is so usual that nobody comments on it. When, however, it is suggested that a constituency may be bribed the cry of corruption and jobbery is raised. Why, we ask, should not a constituency be bribed in this way? So long as the work to be done is publicly useful we care not by what means it is done. True, this is not statesmanship; but it is a less undesirable form of corruption than now prevails, by which politicians get something and their constituencies nothing. Ireland alone has so far known how to sell its votes dearly.

** What is the truth about President Castro? No man has been more vigorously deounced than the ex-President of Venezuela. Recently an American paper published some remarkable statements which make one wonder whether Castro is another victim of the financial "rings" which are gradually throttling the Press. It is said that Castro, when President, was a steady opponent of the American and European capitalists who were exploiting Venezuela. These men were persistently intriguing against him and stirring up the European and American Press against his Government. Graver still, these financiers are said to have expended thousands of pounds in bribing the American, English, and French Press. Unhappily for himself, Castro was attacked by a serious disease, which necessitated a journey to Europe. In his absence, the European and American asphalte interests bribed Gomez and some other Venezuelans (as was done in the case of Panama) to seize the Presidency, and declare Castro to be a criminal who had fled from justice. Upon hearing this, Castro returned to Venezuela, but was forbidden to land by the European and American Governments, as a popular rising in his favour was feared. This is an important matter, and we hope that some M.P. will elicit from Sir E. Grey whether Great Britain has been diplomatically concerned in these discreditable transactions.

** The South American mail brings news of a reconstruction of the Venezuelan Constitution. One feature of this reconstruction is very interesting to Europeans, as it involves the re-establishment of one of the most famous instruments of government known to European political science, namely, the Council of Ten, which ruled the fortunes of Venice from 1310 to 1797. In place of a Federal Council of 19, out of whose members the President was chosen, there is to be a Council of Ten, which, apparently, is to combine the functions of a Ministry and a Council. It is not very clear how the arrangement will finally be accepted by the Senate and House of Representatives; but the combination of a Constitution, founded on that of the United States, with a Council of Ten, which terrorised Venice and Italy, is certainly a political experiment.

** The Political Situation.

The changes in the political situation are so rapid that a clear view of them is almost impossible. But there are certain important factors which are in great danger of being overlooked in the turmoil of the Budget conflict. First of all, there is the piquant situation caused by Lord Rosebery's speech, in the course of which he made a distinct bid for the Premiership. It is not very likely that Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne would welcome the alliance of leaders like Lord Rosebery. On the other hand, the position of the Unionist Party in the House of Lords is most peculiar. We are informed that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are in favour of the Lords accepting the Budget, as
they feel that an election fight on the Budget would be hopeless. They know that no reliance can be placed on public opinion. Yet Lord Lansdowne and the Lord Chancellor, with their combined "official" forces, have not a majority sufficient to carry the Budget against the solid phalanx of independent Peers who will probably muster in support of an anti-land tax amendment. There are four independent Peers of sufficient standing and influence to move such an amendment—Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, and Lord Cromer. If Lord Lansdowne cannot restrain these gentlemen, he will be forced to take the official Opposition into the Lobby against the Government, otherwise the Unionist Party would seem hopelessly divided against itself. Of the four probable "starters," only one has declared himself so far—Lord Rosebery. The governing factor in the situation may be whether Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon could form a Government. We hear that Lord Rosebery is very confident; hence the mysterious sentence: "But no physician, at any rate, in my position, would prescribe before he is called in." Cool counsels may yet prevail. As a Tory agent cynically but truly said the other day: "What is the good of the Dukes? They have no votes."

It may be assumed that the Government will not dissolve until the decision of the House of Lords has been given in Osborne v. Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants—the "Parliamentary" levy case. No decision is expected until a week after the end of the Long Vacation. We understand the likelihood is that the Lords will uphold the Court of Appeal. At present there are four to two, and one wavering, against the appealants. In the event of the appeal being dismissed, Mr. Asquith will pledge himself to legalise "levies." The Trade Unions have always taken a serious view of this case. The Labour Party will receive the same promise from Mr. Asquith that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave in 1905 in regard to the Taff Vale decision. On this undertaking Labour opposition to Liberals will be withdrawn in many constituencies and vice versa. Therefore the Liberals are certain of securing the Trade Union vote. Moreover, many of the Trade Unionists dislike Mr. Haldane's Territorial Forces Act, as was shown by their unanimous vote of condemnation, they fear the military intentions of the Tory Party much more. Lord Lansdowne attempted in vain to prevent Lord Roberts and his friends tying the millstone of "the blood tax" around the neck of the Tory Party. British working men know now that Unionism stands for the food tax and the blood tax.

Under these circumstances the Liberal and Labour Parties are morally and materially in an impregnable position. Mr. Asquith has a fine programme to lay before the country. There is the Budget and the extension of its principles so as to provide for a strong Navy and social reform. A measure to legalise levies. A measure to reconstruct the Poor Law. A measure of electoral reform. Then there is the Development Bill, which is full of great possibilities and offers a partial solution for Unemployment. Lastly, Mr. Asquith may decide to make the Feeding of the Children Act mandatory instead of permissive. Against this excellent programme Mr. Balfour can put the two horrors of the Food Tax, otherwise known as Tariff Reform, and the blood tax, or Co-op subscription, with an anti-German campaign intended to postpone social legislation by creating a European war. The Tory Party has not a solitary constructive measure to place before the country!

Under these circumstances there is no wonder if Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are shy of provoking a contest. They are shy not because they fear they might lose, but because they fear they might win. A Unionist victory at this moment would mean a Unionist defeat; since it would reveal the emptiness of the party's exchequer of ideas and the divisions amongst its members. Moreover, the time is gone by when a Conservative leader can say as Lord Salisbury said: "Gentlemen, our business is to keep things very much as they are."

Rosebery Rantings.

"My only interests in Egypt are those of a bondholder," said Lord Rosebery at the commencement of his political career to Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt. The noble Earl has remained faithful to the ideals of his political youth. "My only interests in the Budget are those of a brother-in-law of the Rothschilds" is a not unfair summary of his Glasgow speech.

His oratory has not improved by the course of lessons taken at the Anti-Socialist Speakers' class under Mr. Claude Lowther. "Socialism is the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of the monarchy, and of Empire." He has taken the words out of the mouths of his Anti-Socialist League street corner colleagues, one of whom complained in our hearing of this unfair competition. The humble street corner Anti-Socialist gets paid 7s. 6d. an hour for saying this kind of thing. It is monstrous to bid them compete with blackleg earls.

It passes the bounds of political licence when Lord Rosebery blesses faith and family. He were well advised to forget even the pleasure of a cheer from such topics. Neither the Budget nor the Cabinet is in want of our defence. The Government is well able to take care of itself, and it is this that gave rise to much of Lord Rosebery's bitterness. His career has been one long failure; true, he won the Derby, but horse and jockey played no small part in that success; he won a rich wife, and he has been in bondage ever since.

His premiership was disastrous; his speeches have ever been without result. He would have no Campbell-Bannerman, and Campbell-Bannerman did excellently without him. He has made overtures to the Tories, and the "Morning Post" tells him daily he is not wanted. That journal declares that the Tory Party could never win on a merely negative Anti-Socialist programme. Lord Rosebery may be left to the free-breeders—we wish them joy of their capture.

Lord Rosebery relied upon fistian and clap-trap—he is a paid agitator in the worst sense of that word—in addressing the merchants of Glasgow. Such arguments as he advanced were based on theories that have long since seen their day.

The Socialistic policy of the Government is drawing away capital "to develop other countries, which might well develop our own." Rosebery, the Egyptian bondholder, asks us to believe this is a new and unique phenomenon. In every country of the world you will find companies run by English capitalists; railways in Brazil and the Argentine, tramways in Peru and Vienna, steamers on the Amazons, ranches in Texas, cotton mills in India, lace factories in Russia. Our patriotic capitalists have not waited the advent of a Labour Party as an excuse to seek profitable investments abroad. As a matter of fact, there is a decreasing proportion of English capital going abroad since the United States, France, and Germany have entered the foreign field.

We are told that there is no difference between land and other forms of property. We agree that taxation
applicable to the one is equally applicable to the other. Nevertheless these forms of property are not alike. In the first place the common people—we mean as distinct from the governing classes—in every part of the world say emphatically that there is a vast difference between land and other commodities. The distinction has been recognised by our leading historians. Professor Cunningham, in treating of the new industrial conditions of 1776-1850 remarks that "a large proportion of the population were reduced to a condition of the greatest uncertainty as to their lot from year to year or from week to week." Why? "The prosperity of the mass of the population no longer rested on the solid basis of land, but upon the fluctuating basis of trade."

Prices can be re-duplicated by the million in this country, the land is fixed in quantity. The rise in the value of land is due to the community, and entails no exertion upon the owner of the land. If a doctor's practice increases owing to the growth of the town more work will be required of him, and other doctors will be attracted to the place so as to steady his income. But the owner of the house rented by the doctor has not to walk another yard to gather his further toll, competition does not exist for him.

Socialists are well justified in placing land nationalisation as the first item on their programme, and to couple with it a Supertax. The Budget, in so far as it went in this direction, met with our approval, just as we believed strongly in extending the herd instinct until it embraces all England. Lord Rosebery would have us go through life as hostile carnivora, each seeking whom he may devour, so that his character may be strengthened and his jaws fortified. We would have man come together for common purposes. Let them determine what is basic, what is ruble in life, and associate themselves to promote these ends.

Lord Rosebery's views are now dominant; look around and see the country they have produced. You cannot pass through Glasgow without having your senses offended at every instant; the smells, the sights, the sounds; piled up luxury on the one side, bare feet and rags on the other; superfluity and want jostle in the streets.

Liberty, says Lord Rosebery, is threatened; and he gives as an instance that the rich man must now declare his total income. The small man, the average middle-class man, has been making this declaration for years without rousing a tear from the Earl. Liberty is threatened because, says Lord Rosebery, the wealthy are to be asked, "How did you get your wealth?" This is no infringement of liberty. Those who have gotten it honestly are only too glad to announce it from the housetops, and from the others it is a question that has ever been demanded. But we are commencing to take Lord Rosebery too seriously. Let him return to his Neapolitan villas. We shall not want his aid when the English official as a whole does not trouble his own little individual career, his eyes fixed on the East. In this way the government becomes articulate—would defend with their last breath, and they would defend it on some such grounds as these. "We," they would say, "are (not to go further back than the present generation) products of the English public school; we have our own conventions, our own prejudices, our own traditions; Egyptian gentlemen have theirs. It is impossible that there should be any real sympathy between us, for we have no common ground of experience; impossible that there should be any mutual understanding, for we have no mutual interest. For us, racial problems of government, and all questions of the larger political horizon are matters with which we have no concern. We are merely links in the chain of government; it is our business to do the work of the man for whom we are paid, and ever it may be; and it must be hard work, honest work, and thorough work. We are, in fact, conscientious and diligent units in the administrative machine; the care of the machinery, purchase of these is the only sympathy which we do not trouble to inquire. We have our living to make, and we make it honestly: as far as possible we take care not to wound Egyptian sensibilities; for the rest, if it be no burden on our consciences, the Egyptians must work out their own salvation."

We will take it for granted that the officials are perfectly right; suppose for the sake of argument that everything is as it should be. How then is the Egyptian to work out his own salvation? "Government is the dominant race," says Mill, "is only legitimate when it is government in harmony with the civilisation of the subject people." We will ignore the fact that to the subject race no government whatever is legitimate, but that government illegitimate and illegitimate. The fact remains that on one side, this fact remains, that the government of England is not in harmony with the civilisation of Egypt; for this reason, that though the form of it is Egyptian, its particular quality is English. Some of the government in the East are ordered in such a way that the official may have ample opportunities of plundering his subordinates; this is just and necessary, because he does not even get paid his salary. In the West, on the other hand, anyone who uses his public position as a means of feathering his own nest is stigmatised by epithets like "immoral," "dishonest," "corrupt." Again, in the West (though only in theory) it is a maxim that rich and poor are equal before the law: in the East there is no such faint pretence: whatever use is a man's wealth unless to suborn witnesses and corrupt judges? To him that hath, to him shall be given, and to him that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath. That which he gets from the East, and the East understands it. In Egypt the system of backsheesh is ingrained in the consciousness of the people, part of the race experience, as righteously to Egyptians as bull-fighting to Spaniards or cockfight to Englishmen. In Egypt then the government is unpopular because the official is not "corrupt"; instead of taking bribes, he takes a salary. It is unpopular because it is not "unjust"; the rich man is not more "favoured" than the poor. It is unpopular because it is efficient; efficiency means hard work. In plain language, the government which the English carry on in Egypt is in its most essential

A SUNSET.

The golden sun stood on a purple bank:
The archer elves came out from their dim barrows.
Their humming bow-strings twang'd; the sun-god sank:
The rogues had shot him full of silver arrows.

E. H. VIBAK
features a European one, and when they talk of teaching Egyptians to govern themselves, it is a European form of government they have in mind. If the Egyptians would realise that he would have taken the first step towards his independence. There is one way and only one of acquiring that; to become firstly more efficient than the English, and secondly more moral. To the Englishman it is a special significance, which I will refer later. In the meantime, what are the qualities, apart from specialised knowledge, that contribute to the efficiency of the English official in Egypt? They are the qualities fostered by our public schools: intelligence, energy, accuracy, thoroughness, quickness in emergency, self-reliance; all solid, practical qualities of great value where it is a question of getting things done. Now the Egyptian characteristics are the very reverse of these; honesty is an arbitrary term which Europeans have applied to a particular mode of conduct. With Egyptians it might be described as a form of madness in which a man who might make £100 does not do so. As far as the other terms go, an Englishman is not even if you wear them in the Paris Boulevards. Education is Egypt's only chance, but it must become an education that will produce the best type of Englishman himself is the climate is too hot for nice distinctions, and the affairs of this world not worth the worry or the fuss. As for deciding in emergencies—well, there is nothing so uncomfortable as responsibility, and we like to be looked after. How horrible as it may seem, however, the Egyptian has got to acquire these qualities before ever he can hope to succeed in turning the English out of Egypt. But the Englishman himself is the product of generations; it will take the Egyptian some time therefore before he eradicates the qualities he has, and acquires the qualities he must have if his dream of independence is to come true. He may take heart, however, from the marvellous achievement of Japan and conscious deliberate effort. It abolished a religion (Bushido), a caste (the Samurai), and a social order (Feudalism), as soon as she found that they no longer had a survival value for the race; and this in a space of time that would be incredible if it was true. The question is, does Egypt understand what patriotism means? That the essence of it is self-sacrifice, not self-advertisement, the end national welfare, not individual wealth? There are plenty of examples to hand in recent times—in Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, and we may go on. The attitude of mind that can truly be described as patriotic has never been more finely exemplified than in the speech delivered by a Japanese admiral during the Russo-Japanese war. The speech was made just before going into action. (I quote from memory): “Let every man set aside all thought of making a name for himself; it is a mistaken idea of valour to court death needlessly. Death is not our object but success; and we die in vain if we do not attain our object. Yumandko will obey your command; if he is killed you will take your orders from the chief warrant officer. Let us keep at it till the last man, until we have carried out our mission.” That simple utterance is sublime in its ruthless subordination of the individual welfare to the good of the whole—its annihilation of such stirring motives as those of personal glory; its grand conception of a large impersonal end. That is the meaning of patriotism, that is the price the patriot must pay. Does the Egyptian Nationalist understand? Is he prepared to make these sacrifices? If he is not, his future will be merely a continuation of his past. If he is, then his course is clear. He must beat the European at his own game. He must become a more efficient engineer, a more efficient financier, a more efficient statesman, a more efficient judge. Above all, he must assimilate English notions of honesty; he must become, as Englishmen have become, congenital incapable of taking a bribe. You cannot become a European merely by putting on a pair of trousers; not even if you wear them in the Paris Boulevards. Education is Egypt's only chance, but it must be an education that will produce the best type of Englishman. Let Egyptians agitate for their return to live in Egypt, and work in Egypt, and form native opinion in Egypt, and raise native prestige in Egypt. The Egyptians are 80 per cent. of the population are fellaheen. The responsibilities of the odd 25 per cent. will therefore be heavy; for the fellah has no political consciousness. The idea may be hateful, but the Egyptian must realise that he has a special significance, which to government on European lines; that fitness is acquired only by European education; the Egyptian, in fact, must become a European. Tireless work and determination must be inspired by the consciousness of a great national end, and that is to be a national glory, which can only be attained by the sacrifice of personal ambitions, the renunciation of personal desires. Englishmen in Egypt to-day are more efficient than Egyptians, but just as perfectly national; let the Egyptians become more efficient, and let them become united; that very unity shall make them more "moral" than the English; for the morality of co-operation is a better morality than that of competition.

When that day comes England must hurry to put her house in order. There is a man in the States called Booker Washington—a magnificent, lonely figure, towering among the supermen of our day. Is there an Egyptian great enough to play the part in Egypt that Booker Washington plays in America? Egypt needs such a man to-day—a man of different calibre to Mustapha Kamel—a man of larger intellect and larger aims. There is one thing more All politics in Egypt to-day than the indifference of English officialdom: and that is the idea of Nationalism. But Egypt has her remedy. In the last resort recrimination is useless; she must work out her own salvation.

LAURENCE SHUTTLEWORTH.

Social Democracy and Foreign Policy.

1.—The Problem.

My object in writing this series of articles is to outline the main difficulties which arise in relation to a democratic control of foreign policy; then, to discuss the varying interests, public and private, which directly govern and carry into effect the principles of foreign policy; and, finally, to put forward, for the first time in England, some definite proposals on which the international democratic and Socialist movement should found its attitude towards foreign policy.

Sir Edward Grey, at the recent Press Conference, summarised English foreign policy in these words: "The foreign policy of this country is not a thing that you have got, to consolidate and develop it, to quarrel as little with other people in doing so, and to uphold in the councils of the world, in diplomacy, those ideals in every part of the world by which we set so much store at home." In that sentence, Sir Edward Grey divided English foreign policy into two sections—the materialist and the sentimentalist. The criticism to be made upon Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy, from the English and internationalist aspect, is that he has abandoned the theory of continuity so far as the sentiment of English foreign policy is concerned, and maintained it, with cynical persistence, on its materialist side. Hence, the criticism made by Lord Lamington on his Persian policy, and by the Congo reformers on his Congo policy.

Mr. Canning adopted a strong sentimentalist policy in regard to the recognition of the South American Republics. Lord Palmerston proceeded upon sentimental lines in his attitude towards the Italian libertators and Kossuth. Mr. Gladstone worked upon this sentimentalism in his Bulgarian atrocities campaign. A curious instance of the failure of the sentimentalist foreign policy was the humiliation of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston due to the reactionary pro-German tendencies of Queen Victoria in the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, which caused the Danish War of 1866. It is important to observe that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston did not even in their policy, and, had they not been hampered by Queen Victoria's intriguing, the whole face of Europe might have been changed, since the war of 1866 was
the first step towards the consummation of the "blood and iron" campaign of Bismarck.

The materialist side of English foreign policy may be instanced by the Balance of Power doctrine, by the anti-Russian policy of the Tory Party, and by the bolstering up of the Turk in the days when his demise seemed very near, by the support given to Italy in the Abyssinian war, by the attack on the Cretan Revolt and by the support of Japan. The materialist foreign policy blundered in the Franco-Prussian War; in the Central Asian Question between 1864 and 1884; in losing the Panama Canal, and in ceding Heligoland. The recent Balkan crisis is yet another instance of the materialist foreign policy. Its failure can be explained only by the fact that English public opinion was strongly sentimentalist. The materialist foreign policy failed because it was obscured in the outburst of sentimentalism. Here was a striking example of the ironic remark that Englishmen can only grasp in foreign policy one thing at a time! England supported Turkey, and if Bulgaria and Austria had moved against Turkey there would have been war. The English Foreign Office supported Servia (who was probably more wronged than Turkey), but England was apathetic. Turkey secured excellent terms, and the Servians were abandoned. That is the secret of the English Foreign Office, supported Servia, but not on the side of Servia. Yet the Foreign Office was right. The materialist view compelled English diplomacy to range herself on the side of Servia, but public opinion tied the hands of the Foreign Office. In the future, England will be faced with a hostile combination of Austria and Germany, a calamity which the English Foreign Office had steadily laboured to avert.

English diplomatic literature is very scanty. There is no writer in England like M. André Tardieu, whose two books, entitled "La Conférence d'Algésiras" and "La France et les Alliances," are the most valuable studies of recent European politics. "The Minutes of Evidence of the Select Committee on the Diplomatic Service, a Committee which sat many decades ago, contain much interesting information, especially in the Appendices. Political memoirs repay careful study, and there are a few books, such as Poel's "Enemies of England," and "Friends of England," the Poel's Essays on International Policy, etc., which throw some light on the intricacies of foreign policy. But such works are vague, not too well-informed, and silent on many important aspects of foreign politics. English diplomacy has maintained an enigmatic fascination with public opinion. With public government this scaling of lips has more dangers than advantages, because it effectually prevents the English public from being trained in any conception of foreign policy and the difficulties of diplomats. No doubt, there are the monthly and quarterly reviews, but necessarily the publicists who contribute to them are hampered by the nearness of the events concerning which they are writing. In the forties David Urquhart conducted a remarkable periodical entitled "The Portfolio," which enlighten the public on many dark places of European and American diplomacy. Other writers have occasionally disclosed important documents, secret treaties, or changes in policy; but there has never been in England an independent democratic school of diplomatic writers. The reasons for this will be referred to later on; this lack of informed and courageous diplomatic criticism is a serious handicap to democracy.

The Balance of Power is a phrase which must be explained, as it is the unseen ghost present at practically all foreign conferences. It is a common fallacy to imagine that the Balance of Power is the invention of Italian diplomacy of the Middle Ages. As a principle in the management of foreign affairs it was acted upon in the ancient republics. Demosthenes, in his orations, occasionally discussed this principle, and to its uttermost modern refinement. Polibius, in considering the conduct of Hiero, King of Syracuse, who, though an ally of Rome, sent aid to Carthage, pointed out that Hiero had proceeded with great wisdom and prudence, as the defeat of Carthage would have transferred to the Roman Empire an overwhelmingly preponderating influence. The foreign policy of Venice was guided by the Balance of Power. Poel, in his "Enemies of England," has developed the argument that the Powers which have been attacked in turn by England were Powers which sought to dominate the Continent. Peel was certainly actuated by this motive in his financing of the European countries against Napoleon; whereas, in aiding the emigrés, the British Foreign Office was following the sentimentalist line of foreign policy.

German public opinion is quite suspected of acquiring a preponderating influence in Europe, and the tradition of the Balance of Power has influenced the existing and strongly marked distrust of Germany in England; while it is the knowledge that British foreign policy bases itself on the Balance of Power which has created in Germany the feeling of essential rivalry to England. Fox contended in a memorable speech that the people of England would gladly consent, severely taxed as they were, "to contribute something towards the expense of keeping political power upon a balance in Europe." That represented public opinion in 1787, and recent events have shown, with some limitation, that the more democratic public opinion of 1909 has retained its trust in the wisdom of upholding the doctrine of the Balance of Power. Remembering the ambitions, rivalries, and hatreds, which all must admit have not yet been eradicated from the mentality of European nations, the Balance of Power presents itself as a convention, if clumsily devised, means of checking by the overweening chauvinism of any one Power or combination of Powers. It is the hidden spring operating the European machinery, and though the phrase itself, as Klüber remarked, has had a mischievous influence in Europe, it is the hidden spring operating the European machinery, and though the phrase itself, as Klüber remarked, has had a mischievous influence in Europe.

A Lost Art.

By William Poel.

I.

When I opened the newspapers to read the criticisms on "King Lear" at the Haymarket, and found that the first comments made upon the opening of the play were praise of the costumes, the scenery, and the music, then I knew that once more Shakespeare and tragedy had failed to assert themselves in the English Theatre. Charlotte Brontë, who had been educated in Brussels, and had been one of the first to rave about his splendid acting and do justice to his performances, said so, and by so saying produced a blank silence, a mute consternation. Unfortunately Charlotte Brontë's reproach still remains true; anything more false and artificial, less genuinely impressive than his whole style I could scarcely have imagined. The fact is the stage system is altogether hollow nonsense. They act farce too well enough; the actors comprehend their parts and do justice to them. They comprehend nothing about tragedy or Shakespeare, and it is a failure. I said so, and by so saying produced a blank silence, a mute consternation. Unfortunately Charlotte Brontë's reproach still remains true. If she had continued to protest the public might have begun to realise the truth of her remarks. As it was, she never again referred to the subject. Like the rest of our men-of-letters, then and now, she preferred to remain discreetly silent upon all matters connected with Shakespeare and the stage.

But Charlotte Brontë's words were forcibly brought back to my mind by last Wednesday's performance. I have once astounded a London dinner party by saying that I have once seen a great rendering of the part of Lear, but it was given by an Italian, Signor Rossi. I have seen the whole play quite rendered, with every character a vivid realisation of the poet's conception, but this was at a performance in the Court Theatre at
Munich. For thirty years I have been a constant playgoer, and seen the best art this country can produce, but never can I say that I have seen Classical English Tragedy. The cause is not far to seek. We have actors in abundance, and some of them creative artists; we have no tragic actors, because we have no school in which to develop them. Until we can set apart a theatre for the exclusive use of classical drama and its interpreters, we cannot hope to have tragedy finely acted. A tragedy in verse is the severest test of the artis's skill, of his literary culture, of his voice, of his ear, and of his chest power. When, therefore, I heard that Mr. Norman McKinnell was going to essay the greatest tragic rôle that has ever been written, the rest made a forlorn companion. Exit Shakespeare and enter Mr. Charles Ricketts.

Yes! Mr. Ricketts is the hero of the moment at the Haymarket, as all our newspapers have told us; but it is unfortunate, in the interests of art, that the praise should be unqualified by a little judicious criticism. Macaulay has said that the sure sign of the general decline of an art is the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty. Whatever beauty Mr. R. has put into his production it is unaccountably misplaced. We can tolerate incorrectness in scenery and costume when the play is historically accurate, that is to say, when it has been written to accentuate the difference between countries such as the British and Normans, or when it has to point out some distinctive characteristics in a race, such as morals or manners. But what is there in “King Lear” that suggests such a remote period as 800 B.C.? We are told in the notes that the poet deliberately restored the scene of his story from Christian times to its proper setting, “a remote age of barbarism, when man in wanton violence was at war with nature.” The story, however, belongs to one of the popular fables of European literature. Like “Cinderella,” it was in all probability transplanted into our country from a foreign source. In its application it is universal, and marks no special epoch or nationality. Besides, what is there in the story or its characters out of keeping with a Christian age? Have there been no ungrateful daughters, no adulterers, no bastards, no masterful minds, no jealous lovers since the years B.C.? The motive for crime remains pretty much the same to-day as it did 2,000 years ago, and will continue to remain the same until the economic conditions of human existence are readjusted. It is altogether foreign to the custom of the time in which the poet lived to believe that Shakespeare deliberately set himself to draw the manners and the morals of a barbaric age. If we do not to-day tear out the eyes of our enemy, it is because we have discovered some less clumsy way of revenging our injuries. But because our manners are more refined it does not follow that our morals are purer. The story of “King Lear,” as Shakespeare has set it forth, is the story that is being enacted to-day in many kingdoms and many homes. This is what Mr. Rickett fails to see, and why his scenes and costumes do not illustrate his play.

The spectator’s mind is always in conflict between the play and its setting. Did the early Britons have stocks? Were there such persons as earls, heralds, knights, drums and colours? Did Beldames walk the villages, and were there wakes and fairs in market towns? Why was fish eaten on Fridays? Had the stockmen so crossed the bourn? How did the ballads become known a thousand years before they were written? Needless is the attention distracted by these anachronisms which upset the spectator’s empathy in a play that is pulsating with ever-living human emotion. Then, again, costume is an essential adjunct in drama, as an indication of character. We know at a glance a man’s rank, his wealth, and his taste, by the aid of his clothes, provided always that we are familiar with the period in which the apparel was worn. But put a man in a bath-sheet or a night-gown and we cannot tell the master from his servant. Mr. Ricketts has put all his characters into dressing-gowns—showy ones doubtless,—while the hair of the men is as long as that of the women. In vain do we seek among these sexless creatures for our familiar characters, to know who is who. Where is the king, the earl, the peasant, the knife, the soldier, the civilian? There are slight distinctions in the costumes worn by these characters, but to the uninstructed they are meaningless. Infinite variety of character and scene is given us by the author, and some by the producer owing to his choice of this archaic period. How the spectactor longs for a glimpse of the court-fool’s cap and bells, of the herald’s tabard, and the knights’ armour; to see a girl as a girl, and a man as a man, and to know which is the queen and which the lady!

And where was the director who has allowed the producer to decorate the play in the way that the professionals upholsterer decorates the house; to make it artistic or splendid while telling us nothing about the people who live inside it? Mr. Trench has allowed the colour and surface of the mise en scène to destroy the life of the play. His responsibility to his author was as that of the pilot to the ship, or the builder to the architect, but instead of insisting that Mr. Ricketts should follow in the spirit that his author had indicated, he allows the imaginative work of the producer to come into competition with that of the poet. But Mr. Trench has yet to learn the forces he has to contend with; to know how far the actors and their producers influence the art of the London stage, and with the help of the Press to control the machinery that provides the Metropolis of the world with its entertainments.

I have left no space to speak about the stage version of the play and its interpreters, but I hope to do this in two following articles.

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Samuel Johnson and others

By Francis Grierson.

(In the Gallery of the House of Lords: Enter the Earl of Chesterfield, Beau Brummell, and Lady Hester Stanhope.)

Beau Brummell: Are we in Hades, or is it only Thanes smoked from the Dutch? The Earl of Chesterfield: More than a century ago I said, "The House of Lords is a Hospital for Incorables." Little did I think then that I should be sitting here now.

Lady Hester Stanhope: Incorable without resigna-
tion! A fearful thing! I knew a man who, on becoming a Peer, had his wisdom teeth extracted. He died unresigned in spite of every precaution.

The Earl: I could point out a dozen men who, on being admitted to this Hospital, escaped vivisection in the House of Commons.

Beau Brummell: Is that the general operating room?

The Earl: They operate there with pincers and carving-knives, but the inoculating-room is here in the Upper House. It is here they manufacture the bacillus which devour the radical microbes.

Beau Brummell: The House of Lords reminds me of a three volume novel, in which the binding is everything, the story nothing. Part first is conservatism bound in morocco, part second is gilt-edged Imperialism bound in buckram; part third is Liberalism bound in pink plush, with gold clasps.

Lady Hester: What of the Liberal Unionists and the Liberal Imperialists?

The Earl: They are the sequel to the novel, and are not bound; they are wrapped in scented paper and tied with a motto. Who is that Peer who looks as if he had just smoked a pipe of opium and is beginning to see visions?

Beau Brummell: He resembles the late Duke of Devonshire, who, they tell me, browsed like a Caven-dish ox on the sweet clever-tips of Conservatism in the morning and chewed the cud of contentment in the Lords in the evening, sitting on State occasions like a somnolent bull in a china-shop of statesmen, without breaking as much as a blue mug in a Liberal dinner-set or ripping a stitch from a sawdust doll in the toy department of Toryism.

Lady Hester: Some peers are born sleepy, some achieve sleepiness, and some have it thrust upon them. Many a political pirate has brought a cargo of blubber into port under a fine name.

Beau Brummell: I fear the Upper House is all blubber and blue-devils; the whalebone is not here.

Lady Hester: It can never be what it was in my time. There was backbone for you. And the ribs stuck out in the true Royal manner. When I think of it! The roles of state, the regal trappings of Empire, were supported by spinal columns of steel and ribs of iron, and everyone sat up. A peer could bow, but he could not bend; there was no wobbling, no pretending the coronets were too heavy, hurting this one's bump of vanity, and the other one's bump of vanity, but all the leaders were to the manner, if not to the manor, born. On a great day it was a sight to see them enter in State. It was Rome under Augustus.

Beau Brummell: And now the decent docility of the Tories is the only foil to the diabolical debility of the Liberals.

The Earl: Can two wrongs make one right? Can two weaknesses make one composite power?

Lady Hester: You mean can a union of the docile and the debile stem the tide of democracy?

The Earl: That man Balfour, in the House of Commons, is preparing to stem the tide by taking the wind out of the sails of the Liberals, becalm them on the sea of politics, and leave them to take soundings in the bottomless pit of Socialism—if they can—while at the next general election he will compromise with the reformers of all parties, set his sails to the trade-winds of democracy, and bleed Liberalism to death on the altar of Protection. There is no democrat so staunch as a democrat of the aristocracy.

Lady Hester: I heard that said in my time.

The Earl: Balfour, when he assumes power, will concede more to the Socialists than was ever dreamed of by the most radical Liberal.

Lady Hester: Some can do well only under the guidance of another person's star. What was Lord Grenville without Mr. Pitt? What was Bonaparte without Josephine? Sir Francis Burdett was good for nothing after Horne Tooke's death. What is to account for someone's good fortune but their star? There was Lord Suffol an ensign in a marching regiment, and thirteenth remove from the title! He was predestined to greatness, although when the news was brought him that he was come to the title he had not money enough to pay for a post-chaise. Mr. Ballour attained success under the Salisbury star, and what was Lord Rosebery before he won the Derby under a jockey's star?

[Dr. Johnson and Boswell in the Gallery of the House of Commons.]

Boswell: You said in your day: politics are now nothing more than a means of rising in the world.

Johnson: In my time politics was an affair of business, now Parliament is an affair of business combined with pleasure; the money-seekers are there to rise, the pleasure-seekers to sit down—at other men's dinner tables. The men who are there upon principle are no more than a third of the whole.

Boswell: A small number as things stand.

Johnson: Sir, pride goes before a fall, but pride is sometimes saved by fear. Were it not for the Independent Parties the fall would have come long before this.

Boswell: Is not love a vital factor in the government of the world?

Johnson: Sir, love is like success—left to itself it becomes hardened; there must be fear not only in the minds of individuals but in the heads of governments before there can be any progress.

Boswell: Then you think the new Parties are doing a good work?

Johnson: Who else could do the work? The Liberals took the place of the Whigs; then the Conservatives and the Liberals became united in a machine-made security that was fast bringing the country to ruin. No, sir; abolish fear and you abolish the Lords, the Commons, the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the humble. It is a combination of love and fear that makes the House.

Boswell: And what makes patriotism? You once said it was the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Johnson: Sir, it is fear and a full stomach that make vigilant patriots. Men who were born in freedom and prosperity fear much more than any others the loss of liberty and luxury.

Boswell: Do you mean, sir, that if every man had a decent home of his own there would be no rebellion?

Johnson: Sir, if every man had a home, patriotism would become general, while now it is particular. Give a man a home and he begins to develop a sense of pride; later, when he fears the arrival of the usurper, his patriotism develops into action, and he becomes a formidable enemy for the invader to encounter. Until men possess homes instead of lodgings, the danger of invasion will always be imminent. Philosophers may talk philosophy, scientists may prate about the wonders of radium, preachers may rave against drunkenness and immorality, but the one vital question of these times is how to let the honest workers come into possession of homes of their own.

Boswell: Is it not indifference to the real welfare of the people that is fast emptying the churches?

Johnson: The churches are being depleted in two ways—the people are becoming educated and are beginning to think for themselves, while the religious teachers are still vainly attempting to fill people's minds with 'hopes, while their bodies are starved and their rights withheld.
Boswell: But this is not good Tory doctrine.

Johnson: Sir, it is good Tory doctrine now. I have not changed my principles but my point of view. People and things are what they always have been; the difference lies in myself. I now see the world in a light in which I never saw it before.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

In every number up to August, I think, the summary of "Modern Poetry," a proper and necessary formal recognition of the supremacy of verse. But in the current issue "Modern Poetry" is put after a "study" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by Max Beerbohm. A trifling change! editorially speaking, perhaps an unavoidable change! And yet it is one of those nothings which are noticed by those who notice such nothings. Among the poets, some of them fairly new discoveries, whom the "English Review" has printed is "J. Marjoram." I do not know what individuality the name of J. Marjoram conveys, but it is certainly a pseudonym. Some time ago J. Marjoram published a volume of verse entitled "Repose" (Alston Rivers), and now Duckworths have published his "New Poems." The volume is agreeable and provocative. It contains a poem called "Afternoon Tea," which readers of the "English Review" will remember. I do not particularly care for "Afternoon Tea." I find the contrast between the outcry of a deep passion and the chatter of the tea merely melodramatic, instead of impressive. And I object to the idiom in which the passion is expressed. For example:

To prove I mean love, I'd burn in Hell.
Or: You touch the cup
With one slim finger... I'll drink it up,
Though it be blood.

We are all quite certain that the lover would not willingly burn in Hell to prove his love, and that if he drank blood he would be sick. The idiom is outworn. That J. Marjoram should employ it is a sign, among others, that he has not yet quite got over the "devout lover" stage in his mood towards women. He makes a pin say: "She dropped me, pity my despair!" which is in the worst tradition of "Westminster Gazette" Occ. Verse. He is somewhat too much occupied with this attitudefication before women or the memory of women. It has about as much to do with the reality of sexual companionship as the Lord Mayor's procession has to do with the municipal life of Greater London. Still, J. Marjoram is a most genuine poet. In "Fantasy of the Sick Bed," the principal poem in the book, there are some really beautiful passages. He seems to be prepared to find poetry everywhere in life, and to find it realistically and unsentimentally. Except in the matter of love, where he is sentimentally fanciful, I would say to him, and I would say to all young poets, because I feel it deeply: Do not be afraid of your raw material, especially in the relations between men and women. J. Marjoram well and epigrammatically writes:

Yet who despiseth Love
As little and incomplete
Learns by losing Love
How it was sweet!

True. But, when applied to love with a capital L, and to dropped pins despairing, a little sane realistic disdain will not be amiss, particularly in this isle. I want to see the rise of a new school of love poetry in England. And I believe I shall see it.

A curious and impressive thing has just happened in New York, but our daily papers seem to have said little about it. The New York theatre managers have conspired to secure the fall of a dramatic critic. I say "conspired," though everyone knows that the New York theatre managers are the obedient instruments of at most two persons, of whom one is Mr. Charles Frohman. In London Mr. Frohman stands, or wishes soon to stand, for the artistic free drama, which free critics will alone support. But it appears to me that Mr. Frohman resembles the Giver of all Good Libraries in this, that he is one man in Britain and quite another in America. Still, each of us has a right to a dual personality, I suppose. Mr. William Winter is the most celebrated of New York dramatics. I regard him as a very bad critic indeed, and as the wielder of an execrable style; but he is an honest and a dignified writer, and his influence has sometimes been artistically wholesome. Moreover, he has been the dramatic critic of the "New York Tribune" for forty-four years. The "Tribune" was once a great paper, and it remains one of the least odious papers in New York. Mr. Winter persistently took exception to licentious pieces such as are constantly passed by Mr. Redford and produced at, in particular, two of the most successful London theatres. The editor-in-chief of the "Tribune" told the managing editor, Mr. Brown, to cut out Mr. Winter's disparaging remarks on the said plays, and Mr. Brown adopted the habit of doing so. Mr. Winter protested, and was informed that he could say what he liked as long as he did not offend advertisers. Mr. Winter resigned, the justice and sincerity of his criticisms never having been questioned. The "Tribune" shed tears at the defection, and asserted that it was pained to lose Mr. Winter. But let him go. And now Mr. Winter's soap is occupied by a genuinely clear understanding that to the pure all things are pure.

Much might be written about the connection between criticism and advertisers in England. But probably very little will be written. The big drapers' shops of New York and Chicago can, and do, absolutely forbid the publication of any matter, or the pushing of any policy, which is distasteful to them in the big American "dailies." I do not say that the same condition prevails here, but I say that there is a growing tendency in that direction, that condition, as the amount spent in advertising increases. For many years, of course, the big London drapers have been doing exactly what they like with the most important and healthy ladies' papers. It is notorious that the majority of annual sales, for instance, are organised swindles. But you will search in vain the files of the ladies' papers for a single word in criticism of the goods or prices of any draper who regularly advertises. You will never by any chance find anything but warm monotonous praise of advertisers' wares in the ladies' papers. What more nearly interests me is the connection between publishers' advertisements and reviews. Publishers' advertisements are waxing in size, and reviews are waxing in meanness. And to books which are not advertised a plentiful measure of silence is meted out. Particular books may still be attacked, and attacked freely, if their authors are very popular and attacks don't matter; but I verily believe that this paper is the only one in England which dares to look the "great" publishers in the face and inform them crudely that they are not archangels. That is perhaps one reason why The New Age is read apprehensively by every publisher in London.

Jacob Tonson.

DEELICIOUS COFFEE

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

The American Negro.

Civilisation, we are told, is the art of living together. But what if one of us be black and the other white? Well, then the definition does not apply. There used to be a saying that the "nigger" being "a man and a brother," but we hear little of it now. We cannot serve God and Mammon, and Mammon commands our reverence just now. We require a considerable number of stories of wood and draughts of water in order that the balance of power may be maintained in our social system, and millionaires evolve. Accordingly, the "nigger" must be "kept in his place." He need not worry. He may confidently rely upon our goodwill. We may refuse him enfranchisement or deprive him of it if by some misadventure he should have obtained it, but this is all for his own good really, though he may not see eye to eye with us in the matter.

One day, however, and that a not very distant day, all this will be changed. I believe that some of the present readers of The New Age will live to see that day, and will marvel that it didn't come sooner. For this is how Booker T. Washington is "arriving." There are many indications of this, as might be expected, for in the nature of things there is no reason why he should not "arrive." There is no more reason why people of differently coloured skins should not "arrive" than there is why people with differently coloured hair or eyes should not "arrive.

One of the most remarkable indications of the advance of the coloured man lies before me. It has not received the attention it merits, but that too.

True, this is a counsel of perfection, but it is a counsel which underdogs the wide world over must needs laboriously strive to follow, for it is the sure way of salvation.

As to this little book itself, it is of great value for several reasons. It is valuable as a study of how two men of widely differing temperament work at the same job. Regarding the book from this point of view, we see how much radical reformers are called upon to sacrifice of their own individuality in order to secure solidarity and advance the cause. The book is valuable, too, as revealing, in every striking fashion, the characteristics of its gifted authors. Booker T. Washington is the practical, plain-spoken man, commanding attention and inspiring devotion by his noble simplicity and sublime earnestness. Burghardt Du Bois is the passionate idealist, the man of literary capacity. Both are essential to the common cause, and we see in their several contributions to this volume the guarantee of ultimate victory.

Mr. Washington is a writer on the economic development of the negro race in slavery and since its emancipation. Mr. Du Bois writes on the civil rights and the economic development in the South and of religion in the South. In what they both say we have a perfect summary of the whole case of the American negro, and we rise from its perusal satisfied that there is no answer to it. The negro race and all that in the end be accepted. He must be recognised not only as a man and a brother but as a fellow-citizen. Mr. William Archer, I notice, in a very able article in "McClure's Magazine," comes to the conclusion that

the American negroes must be gathered together in a separate State of the Union. I have travelled over much the same ground in the United States as Mr. Archer, and I have read with interest all that he has written recently in the "Westminster Gazette." With much that he says I agree, but I differ from his conclusion. His negro State is, I think, impracticable. The gradual education of the negro and his reception as a citizen are the true goal at which to aim in civilisation. Education must come to mean the art of living together irrespective of colour. And I believe that both Mr. Washington and Mr. Du Bois are working on right lines in the main. The former emphasises industrial education. He tells a good story. He says:

"Once upon a time a missionary who was going into a foreign field very kindly asked of me advice as to how he should proceed to convert the people to Christianity. I asked him, first, upon what the people depended mostly for a living in the country where he was to labour. He replied that for the most part they were engaged in sheep raising. I said to him at once that if I were going into that country as a missionary I should begin my efforts by teaching the people to raise more sheep and better sheep. If he could convince them that Christianity could raise more sheep, and better sheep, than paganism, he would at once have a hold upon their sympathy and confidence in a way he could not do by following more abstract methods of converting them.

There is a smack of original economic sin about this, but there is also a touch of the apostolic philosophy, which ran—first, that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. At any rate, what may be defective in Mr. Washington's method is supplied by Mr. Du Bois, who notes that "it is becoming distinctly obvious to negroes that today, in modern economic organisation, the one thing that is giving the workman a chance is intelligence and political power. Both are essential to the common cause, and we see in their several contributions to this volume the guarantee of ultimate victory.

Harold Rylett.

Mr. Pett Ridge's Latest Novel.

The first novel of Mr. Pett Ridge is "Splendid Brother." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

If it is pleasanter to praise, as Mr. De Roeder declared in last week's New Age, it is sometimes very much more difficult. It is possible that an artist may do his work so well as to leave his readers face to face with the boredom of reality. To curse the characters of a story is really the finest compliment that can be paid to a writer, for it shows that he is a master of his art, and can create. Mr. Pett Ridge is already immortal: he is not likely to be forgotten before his death, unless he ceases to write; he can dispense with my praise and smile at my criticism; but his "Splendid Brother" is an irritating book, in spite of its clever workmanship. I can identify every one of his acquaintances; I have lived with these people, worked with them, talked to them, bored them, and been bored by them, and I know no more of them than Mr. Ridge does.

Why they were born is a puzzle that Mr. Ridge does not attempt to solve: he is as blandly indifferent to his characters as is the God who created them. There is no hope of salvation for them; they are so many, and they have no souls. They do not live, they thrive: they do not love, they merely exist; they do not become great, but successful; and Mr. Ridge smiles and says, "Well, well, such is life!" It is all in keeping with their lack of definite characteristics that Leonard Drew should be elected to the L.C.C. and
REVIEWS.

The Bride. By Grace Bhys. (Methuen. 6s.)

Many chapters characterise this striking study of sex and circumstance. The story fairly romps through 58 short, sharp chapterettes. A flame, as it were, tears through the cloud of comfortable words and shows Father Armstrong, a well-born, in a well-bred, middle-class life. It reveals how her puritanical instincts play tricks with her, rescuing her from one lover obviously aiming to seduce her, handing her over to another, a sculptor, and helping her to deliver him from the unpardonable sin of working from the nude. Months before he had met Estler the sculptor he had been working on a new statue, "The Bride." He had conceived it as a veiled figure, so thinly veiled as to show the imagination. Still a book to read.

Mythic Christians and the True. By W. St. Clair Tisdall. (North London Christian Evidence League.)

Mr. Tisdall, whose book the last word of human perfection. He even writes this book to convince the world of it, and fails to prove anything more than that one should not live with the ideal and that faith is largely concerned of pig-headedness. There is no spectacle and criminal, is the last word of human perfection. It is a work of the greatest value both as portraiture to literature. Mr. Pett Ridge is a Phil May and no one with any sense ever tries. On the whole the book is well worth reading by those who prefer a flame, as it were, tears through the cloud of comfortable words and shows Father Armstrong, a well-born, in a well-bred, middle-class life. It reveals how her puritanical instincts play tricks with her, rescuing her from one lover obviously aiming to seduce her, handing her over to another, a sculptor, and helping her to deliver him from the unpardonable sin of working from the nude. Months before he had met Estler the sculptor he had been working on a new statue, "The Bride." He had conceived it as a veiled figure, so thinly veiled as to show the imagination. Still a book to read.

The Fingerprint. A guide to the professions and occupations of educated women. (Central Bureau for the Employment of Women.)

There are so many Punch-like "Don't's" in this book that we feel it should be called "The Wethblacket," and not "The Fingerprint." Still, it is wise to warn women of the perils of professions and pursuits. Miss Fanny Brough's suggestion that the theatrical profession is the easiest to enter, since it requires only charm and magnetism, is not surprising. We always suspected that brains were not altogether indispensable on the stage. The author is masterly in the art of handling leisures like a lighthouse, throwing stones at the secularists, instead of luring them into argument and refuting them. We are far from saying, however, that this is a book thrown at the secularists. It is a painstaking criticism of some modern theories, including that of the Virgin Birth. Fancv trying to explain the Virgin Birth! How utterly absurd! The Virgin Birth is a dogma of the Church. God is a dogma. You cannot explain that, and no one with any sense ever tries. On the whole the book is a delightful piece of wobbling. It is words, words, and ever-words.

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THE NEW AGE
September 16, 1909

Our Lord's Preparation for the Messiahship. By Edmund P. Bevan.

Take away the archaic theology from this book and then what follows is an exact sketch of Jesus as Pantheist. He was Essene made, was taught and practised the mysteries of Yogi, saw order, beauty, love, the isolation. The last part of which the student attempts to evolve Jesus, or "Jeshua," as a reincarnated Guatama Buddha is ingenious and interesting reading. The title of the book is paradoxical; most people believe the Messiah was ready-made.

DRAMA.

Mid Channel.

It seems wonderful to me that critics should have found anything to say about this play. There is such a curiously obstacle quality about Sir Arthur Pinero's work. Surely these characters of his are true enough and the sentiments they live on exist. Personally I believe they are to be found in the stalls of the dramatist's own audience. I would swear that I sat next to Mrs. Yoë Blundell. In fact, I was on the point of opening a discussion on the woman question when the curtain rose again and Miss Vanbrugh's eyes telegraphed a very unadorned poignant message to the effect that Yoë was a person of distinction and intelligence. I made a grimace, and would have none of it, even half rose to leave Sir Arthur Pinero's world. But, on the contrary, an undoubtedy intelligent waving of skirts on the part of the false Mrs. Yoë, and I was subdued, allowing myself to be drawn into the dull tragedy of her life with a feeble sideways protest poured into my companion's ears as to the technique of her author.

To the plot, in case you don't know it. Mr. and Mrs. Blundell are rich middle-aged people who, after a long struggle, have conquered the Stock Exchange. They have been married fourteen years, and one son. One afternoon, their friend Mottram, endeavours to patch up things by a long string of parables and preachings, but without success. They separate. Mr. Blundell takes to a mistress and drink. Mrs. Blundell cultivates too intimately the society of Leonard Ferris, one of the "tame robins" she has been accustomed to flirt with. By the way, this frail inclination to sportiveness in Mrs. Blundell is due to her husband's impatience, which is of course the plot, is indeed a large portion of the book.

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The Great British Child has a Gargantuan dish served up for it at Drury Lane. The theatre was packed on Friday night with an audience that crowded or gurgled or caught its breath every other second. Real race- horse plays the title rôle in "The Whip," Mr. Cecil Raleigh's sporting drama, and we all yelled with love of it. Then the hero was thrown out of a real motor- car, and we sobbed with love of that too. We loved most things; but especially we loved the villain. He was such a perfect gentleman—sang froid, you know—such manners! And when he told us that he never dreamed any people would get hurt in the wrecked train we quite believed him. Anyway, it was that horrid woman, Mrs. D'Aquila, who put him up to it. A stout lady in shiny black beads who sat near us declared that she could credit Mrs. D'Aquila with everything; and we all agreed. Though some of us might have said things were a little easy point. The Great British Child has a Gargantuan dish served up for it at Drury Lane. 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something Kelly said, we understood also that the young Earl of Brancaster (Mr. Vincent Cleive) had sung privately some of his songs, formerly when he had needed money. The difference between Brancaster and the great villain, Captain Greville Sartoris, was that Greville probably not have condescended to that sort of low trick.

The following pamphlets to your readers on receipt of a postcard bowed us farewell and we were left not quite sure as to the fate of Captain Greville Sartoris.

'Ve had a little discontented at the finish, when Miss Brough thought, too, that Harry Anson (Mr. Cecil Cameron), the jockey and brother of Myrtle, was mealy-mouthed and available. We have, however, a little discontented at the finish, when Miss Brough and Miss Price, and all the other actors and actresses, bowed us farewell and we were left not quite sure as to the fate of Captain Greville Sartoris.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

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

SOCIALISM AND VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of "The New Age." As Mr. Stephen Paget gives, in your issue of September 9th, a list of publications of his society, perhaps I may be allowed to follow suit. I shall happily contribute any of the following pamphlets to your readers on receipt of a postcard:

2. "A Medical View of the Vivisection Question."
3. "Toxoid Treatment of Diptheria."
4. "Tuberculosis and Cows' Milk."
5. "Was Jeener a Charlatan?"
6. "V. E. Price's "Six Views on Vivisection."
7. "Views of Men and Women of Note on the Vivisection Question."
8. "Correspondence Between Dr. Hadow and Sir Victor Horsley in the "Daily Mail."
10. Copy of the "Abolitionist."
11. Dr. Hadow's article in the "Contemporary Review" on "Malt Fever and Goats' Milk."

Anyone reading the name signed will enjoy the unconscious humor of the following:--Mr. Stephen P. Paget's publications--"The Extinction of Malt Fever!"

My advice to all those capable of comparing and weighing statistical arguments is that they should obtain these publications and form their own conclusions.

Beatrice E. Kidd.

Secretary British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, 321, Charter Cross, S.W.

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A PLAY WITHOUT A STAGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In the "Daily Mail" of August 21, there appeared a commendatory notice (extracted from Paris "Daily Mail," of same date) of Mme. Maeterlinck's "Macbeth House-Party." Play without a Stage.

The following passages had a vital interest for me, as I shall presently show:

"Mme. Maeterlinck, better known under her professional name of Mlle. Georgette Leblanc, is about to give a remarkable performance of 'Macbeth.' There will be no stage, no scenery, no auditors. The audience will be shut up in the entire mansion, and thus be allowed to save my face with the publishers and any misrepresentations. Maeterlinck will turn the fine old abbey into a playhouse. The audience will be "lived" in the various parts of the old abbey, and the performance was "lived" in the various parts of the premises. The spectators will be the audience, limited to fifty, will play a kind of hide and seek game in the dim corridors of the ancient chateau in which the tragedy will be "lived." . . . Mme. Maeterlinck will turn the fine old abbey into a playhouse. The entire mansion will be the 'stage' and the action will take place in various parts of the premises. . . . The spectators will be the audience, limited to fifty, will play a kind of hide and seek game in the dim corridors of the ancient chateau in which the tragedy will be "lived." . . . Mme. Maeterlinck will turn the fine old abbey into a playhouse.

Now, as far back as 1905, I devised a little "Play in Six Courses" to be read in my own conclusions. The Play was written as a Dinner, each "Course," or Act being a separate dinner or hotel with a complete dinner and a complete dinner and a complete dinner. The Play was written as a Dinner, each "Course," or Act being a separate dinner and a complete dinner. The Play was written as a Dinner, each "Course," or Act being a separate dinner.

Note the similarity of the two plays. The similarity of the two plays. The similarity of the two plays.

I am modest enough to say that the sole moral of my Play lies in the manner of its performance. I am modest enough to say that the sole moral of my Play lies in the manner of its performance. I am modest enough to say that the sole moral of my Play lies in the manner of its performance.

I sent a similar statement to the "Daily Mail," enclosing a type-written sheet of the original script, three years old, outlining the idea, but he has not seen fit to publish my letter.

You will admit that it is but bare justice to me, that I should be allowed to "have my face with the publishers and any misrepresents. Maeterlinck will turn the fine old abbey into a playhouse. The entire mansion will be the 'stage' and the action will take place in various parts of the premises.

As it happens, I have been lately re-writing the Play, and had intended it should be by this safely in the bosom of the publishers. Unfortunately, I laid it aside, and now I see open to an accusation of plagiarism, particularly as I am claiming, in most brazen fashions, the credit of inventing the innovation. I am modest enough to say that the sole moral of my Play lies in the manner of its performance.

May I have a little space in which to reply to one important point raised by your sympathetic reviewers? May I have a little space in which to reply to one important point raised by your sympathetic reviewers? May I have a little space in which to reply to one important point raised by your sympathetic reviewers?
Health?" The reviewer says: "The authors give some very
sensible advice—for the upper and middle classes.
In the quantity of food, less meat, and more thorough mastication.
For our working class, it appears that the industrial system does not allow them the requisite time for eating nor money enough to buy wholesome and pure food."

New  to  me myself are Socialists; consequently, I must
force the knowledge that under it the upper and middle
classes are permitted to conserve and better the health
of our workers. Nevertheless, I submit that the
"useless advice to our working classes."

Thorough mastication does not increase the average time,
excepting the costs, it tends to lessen. Reducing the quantity of food consumed lessens the tax upon the
purse. A reduction in the use of meat and other "high protein"
food, in particular money-saving device, making a
singualrly beneficial step for wage slaves to employ. Then,
too, pure and wholesome foods are more within the means of
people generally spending, thus implying criticism of
adulterated foods—for instance, rice, wheats, potatoes, nuts, fruits,
and the like are not so expensive, as a rule, as the meats and tinned
goods and grocer's compounds.

Of course, it may be argued that to decrease the cost of living
among wage slaves would be to strengthen their chains and
cause their masters to give them still less money than at present.
I, however, believe that one of the longest steps that
could be taken in revolutionizing our industrial system,
could be made by bettering the health of the working classes.
You cannot strengthen and better a weak man's body without
supplying new strength and spirit. Let the
working man strive to increase and conserve his own health,
and he will do no small work towards increasing the health of
his own class, and hence of all classes. There can be no health
for one class at the expense of another. Health means whole-
some. Art of Health is not a revolutionist's handbook, I think it helps on the revolution.

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

P.S.—I might add that Horace Fletcher is now living in the
slums of New York, personally directing the spread of the new
healthy principles. And I think the time will not be far distant when Socialist parties in all lands will be
the chief supporters of national policies looking to the
bitterness of health as a source of wealth.

** THE SECULARIST MOVEMENT.**

To the Editor of "The New Age."

As an ex-member of the N.S.S. and an old student of the
Science Classes held at the Hall of Science in the eighties, will
you allow me to add an item of history to Mr. Standing's
interesting résumé? I think that in all social movements credit
should be given to those who, by exhibiting enthusiasts,
organising capacity and practical business ability, in the
nick of time, contribute largely to their subsequent success. This is
exactly what Mr. Robert Owen Smith, an ex-Vice-president of the
London progressive young man's university, found Mr. R.
Smith the moving
spirits of New York, personally
directing the spread of the new
Health ideas among the lower classes. And
health of the working class.

When I came to London, a fresh country lad, the Hall of Science
assured me on which I naturally gravitated for a
study of science, and I found Mr. R. O. Smith the moving
spirit in all practical affairs connected with what was then the
London university's constitution.

It was Mr. S., too, who was chiefly instrumental in getting
Mr. Bradlaugh accepted as a Parliamentary candidate for the
Borough of East Finsbury as a protest against his exclusion
from the House, and Mr. S., who is still alive, regards the
advice we give in
its favour. The Suffragists have therefore a majority of men
working class.

They claim that a woman is entitled equally with a man to a
share in her country's privileges and responsibilities; if we had
Adult Suffrage for men, they would demand Adult Suffrage for
women. Many of their opponents passages are ignorant of their
sexual equality. Yet "the only hope for Woman Suffrage is that the
basis of
the demand shall be broadened, argues Mr. Ward, meaning,
by about half. In Parliament, instead of a majority of men
they would have from 70 to 100 in the Cabinet, possibly—just possi-
able. On the other hand, they would gain the support of the Adult Suffrage Leagues and Adult Suffrage
would be saved.

Obviously, Woman Suffrage is not a Socialist movement. The
equality of the sexes is a principle quite distinct from the
equality of the classes. It is Progressive certainly, but there are
other forms of Progress besides Socialism; the free
women from a state of moral subjection is one of them.
The issue on which the Suffragists are agitating is quite clear.
They claim that a woman is entitled equally with a man to a
share in her country's privileges and responsibilities; if we had
Adult Suffrage for men, they would demand Adult Suffrage for
women. Many of their opponents passages are ignorant of their
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they would have from 70 to 100 in the Cabinet, possibly—just possi-
able. On the other hand, they would gain the support of the Adult Suffrage Leagues and Adult Suffrage
would be saved.

Finally, I would recommend Messrs. George and Ward to drop
talking about why Woman Suffrage is a lost cause. I would suggest
as alternative subjects, "Why the world isn't going round," or
"Why cabbages aren't green."

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When I received the statement of Mr. W. L. George's article, I thought: "Here is a man who has become inspired." I still believe he was momentarily inspired, that his mind, as Plato said, was "on fire." Women, who have been raised in a world where men are expected to be the leaders of community and family life, have often felt that there is a gap between what they feel must be done and what is actually done.

"It is easy to see the strain, the energy, the vitality, in the words of Mrs. George's statement. She was saying something that was very different from what she had been saying before. She was saying something that was very different from what she had been saying before."

"Yes, I fell on me farver. . . . You should have seen 'at' "

BAMBOO PIGEON.

THE NORTH POLE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I fear you misrepresent Madame Blyavsky, for she taught that there was at one time an inhabited continent at the North Pole. You could say "reports the inhabitants none." Did you expect the inhabitants that there were there, one knows not how many ages ago, to await the arrival of Dr. Cook?

L. A. BOYSON.

EUGENICS AND HUMAN SACRIFICE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

That the elder-bred children of a family are often physically, if not mentally, inferior to the later-born children I have often observed. But does not the fault lie in parental ignorance rather than in heredity? Usually the later-born children have the advantage of a better upbringing than the first-born, because the parents often have more time to learn how to bring up children at the expense of, and by their own children. The first-born. Since it is absurd to sacrifice the first-born because of a weakness of the second, it is necessary to make the first-born stronger. The second is inferior, why not treat the case as one of parental ignorance, and remedy it by raising the school-leaving age considerably and teaching the older scholars to bring up children, in preparation for their coming parental responsibilities? Ah, but that is utopian! Yes, all remedies for existing evils are at first utopian.

Herbert Scott.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap rates per word:

Inscript. Inscrip. Inscrip.


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"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.

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"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 provocative, but there will be many shrinking women grateful to so fearless an asserter of their inmost thoughts. They will be a minority, but they should be heard."

Leicester Pioneer.

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