BLASPHEMY AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

No. 787] [New Series. Vol. V. No. 24] Thursday, October 7, 1909. [Registered as a U.P.O.]

ONE PENNY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ONESTERNA, the Chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus, used to say: “O si scient homines quantulam providentiam reguntur.” Oh, if men only knew what fools their rulers are! We do not believe that at this moment a mortal soul in Lords or Commons has the ghost of a notion what to do. As for the Lords, They can and they can’t, They will and they won’t, They’ll be damned if they do, They’ll be damned if they don’t.

The Commons are equally perplexed. There is no general desire in the Cabinet to end the House of Lords, and how to mend it without risking ending it is beyond their divination. No one need wonder, therefore, that in all this sea of perplexity the journals are lost in contradictions, and change with every changing breeze. The poor “Times,” that unwieldy leviathan, is beyond their divination. No one need wonder, therefore, that in all this sea of perplexity the journals are lost in contradictions, and change with every changing breeze. The poor “Times,” that unwieldy leviathan, is beyond their divination. No one need wonder, therefore, that in all this sea of perplexity the journals are lost in contradictions, and change with every changing breeze.

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What is all the fuss about? We heralded the Budget as a beginning at any rate of Socialist taxation. As such it was undoubtedly calculated to stir terror in the hearts of capitalists and oligarchs meditating a remote posterity; and as such presumably it was attacked. But we have repeatedly declared that what with one concession and another the Budget is no longer the thing it was. There remains in it almost nothing of which the Lords need to be afraid. If we except the Valuation Clauses, which do indeed provide a Doomsday Book of incalculable value for the coming Socialist Government, there is really little left of which we can make much use. The Socialism of the Budget has been over-valued. It is, like “Punch,” not so good as it used to be, and it never was. Consequently the Lords, in preparing to reject it, are fighting with a shadow; and in that fight they risk to lose some substance. 

For there is no doubt whatever that the coming struggle, if it occur on the Budget and in January, will turn less upon the Budget itself than upon the House of Lords. And we frankly say that the same force that drove Liberalism into a more advanced Budget than the Cabinet cared for will drive Liberalism to greater lengths than it cares for in the curtailment of the powers of the Lords. Socialists as a rule have little concern with one party or the other; but they certainly are bespeaking the reversion of the powers of the House of Commons. Our minds are set on how to mend it and the Chamber and all its powers are almost as good as ours. For this reason, while at present it disturbs us only slightly that the Lords should bar the way of Liberal Bills, it would disturb us considerably if they proposed to increase their powers of control in view of our ascent to power in the Commons. At the threat of this Socialists will drop for a while their immediate concern and join any party that attacks the Lords. And Socialists in this matter will be like Botha in the Boer War, last in but last out.

The campaign, therefore, on which everybody seems to be so gaily entering, will prove longer than most people suppose. Hitherto the mass of the people have consented to the retention of hereditary privileges by the Lords, obsolete and ridiculous as they are, simply because the Lords were either too foolish or too wise to exercise them unpopularly. But the moment they become a menace to anything popular, the ancient democratic cry of Down with Privileges will be raised, and the campaign which begins politically will end socially. We do not say that the manorial castles of the Lords will in ten years be public sanatoria; but we shall have taken a step towards that desirable end. There is no fixing the limits of the tide that may now be rising; and we warn our hereditary legislators to beware before they speak the word that may not be recalled.

Of course it is galling to reflect that one’s ancient privileges have evaporated. But they really will not be much missed after a year or two. It is four hundred years since the Lords had full-blown power over the public purse; and what have they lost in losing it? Not even their money. After the French revolution titles were of even greater value than they were before it. The King is more powerful without power than with power. Similarly, we do not flatter ourselves that even if the Lords lose their veto in the coming struggle they will lose their power; not, at least, until The New Age is the daily organ of a Socialist Government. Till then the Lords should really sympathise a little, as they safely can, with a Liberal Cabinet, busily laying eggs for a non-elected Chamber to addle. Is it the game, we ask? After all, even one’s enemies must be allowed a victory now and then.

We confess at the end of it all that we do not know, we even, what is going to happen. We still do not believe that the Lords will throw out the Budget. And why, if they do not, Parliament should dissolve either now or in January we have not the faintest notion. In our opinion, to dissolve until 1911...
would be merely to succumb to bluff. It would convict
mandate theory is the worst. It reduces members
which they may vote. We sincerely hope, if only for
Parliament to the position of delegates to a Trade
government is not played out yet.
by Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Henderson. It is to fight
explicitly repudiating any support of the Liberal Party
attacked. When the Liberal Party has declared for
and we are particularly glad to find Mr. Hardie
they are worth. That is, in our view, the sound policy,
Socialists and the House of Lords that needs to be
Socialism it will be time to ally ourselves with them.
introduce that originate with
never desert. Pace "Justice
feared, that the Liberal Party itself will fall into that
imprisoned for violence during Mr. Asquith's visit to
whom has written an indignant letter to the "Times,
express our horror at the act, and still more, our
permits the violence of women to be avenged by the
only failed but will continue to fail. The mood that
violence lately adopted by the Suffragettes have not
have it, not yet his "Justice" and certain Social-
Democrats, we see no reason for supposing that the
public will confuse the Liberal Party with the Labour
Party. Nor do we any longer fear what once we feared, that the Liberal Party itself will fall into that
error.

* * *

On the contrary, the danger now to be feared is that the Labour Party may identify and confuse itself
with Socialism before it really understands what Social-
ism means. Oh, we have been so anxious that the
Labour Party should declare itself Socialist that we
never thought of the objections Socialism might raise!
We observe that Mr. Keir Hardie has been saying that
the Labour Party should declare itself Socialist that we
shall be very different from the present!
Yet there is no denying that this is the vision that gladdens the heart of Mr. Keir Hardie and, to a less vivid degree, the
hearts of all his followers. It is also the vision that will make impossible any real fusion of the Labour
with the Liberal Party. We may therefore be sure that the immediate danger that threatened exists no
longer; and the remoter danger concerns only states-
men of a longer sight than mere politicians possess.
* * *

The treatment of the Suffragettes in prison has suddenly taken a sinister turn. A number of them
imprisoned for violence during Mr. Asquith's visit to
Birmingham have been subjected while in prison to forcible feeding in a form euphemistically named by
Mr. Masterman full hospital treatment. This description
has naturally been resented by doctors, one of whom has written an indignant letter to the "Times,
protesting against the unpleasant association of punish-
ment with healing. We can scarcely find words
express our horror at the act, and still more, our
apprehension at the spectacle of an almost indifferent public and a giggling House of Commons. We are
very much afraid that it means that the tactics of violence lately adopted by the Suffragettes have not
only failed but will continue to fail. The mood that
permits the violence of women to be avenged by the violence of prison wardresses will, we fear, permit Mr.
Herbert Gladstone the satisfaction of his worst instincts in repressing the active critics of the Government.
If we believed that our words would have any weight, we would appeal to the Suffragettes to change their tactics,
less out of self-respect than to spare what rags of respect still remain to men.
* * *

To the Government we are afraid it is useless to
appear either with reason, persuasion, or with force.
Against all three they are triply armed by stupidity,
cunning, and greater force. Yet if ever there was
a case for intelligence the present is surely the occasion.
Intelligence, we are certain, would find a way
with the enemy even without conceding to them
the vote. It is ridiculous to suppose that the mere
vote is the sum total of the women's demands or that the desire to possess it is the motive force of their
movement. Once discover the secret needs that have
women into the hurly-burly of politics and satisfy
them, and the demand for the vote would collapse.
But who among our politicians understands those
needs? We may even say that few of the men are
completely articulate on the subject, still fewer articulate in public. For this very reason we have little
hope that any change for the better will arrive until
some ghastly act brings everybody to their senses,
women and politicians too.
* * *

Of one thing we may be sure that all the argumenta-
tion of men will be in vain. Surely men have learned
that it is useless to argue with passionate women.
Moreover, the arguments so far advanced have
only a masculine validity. We think we know them
all, and we think women right in despising them. But it does not follow that there is no profounder objection
to votes for women than men have so far discovered.
Only they have not yet hit upon "Justice" and certain Social-
Democrats, we see no reason for supposing that the
public will confuse the Liberal Party with the Labour
Party. Nor do we any longer fear what once we feared, that the Liberal Party itself will fall into that
error.

* * *

Mr. Belloc asked a number of questions in the House
designed to show that men in prison had been comp-
pelled to submit to forcible feeding without any
appearance of danger to the State than forcibly feeding them.
After all, does anybody seriously suppose that criminals will be induced thereby to follow the same course? No
real criminal would ever starve himself to get out of a
prison that was not made hell for him.
* * *

Mr. Balfour is raising the war-cry of Tariff Reform against
Socialism, Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Postmaster-General,
is explaining to an applauding House that his depart-
ment has acquired for the nation the whole system and
monopoly of wireless telegraphy, and everybody con-
gratulates him on the low price at which he got it. "I
am satisfied," he said, "that it is to the public interest.
I think it important that no private monopoly in
wireless telegraphy should be allowed to grow up.
Admirable words. Would they might be used of every
public utility capable of public ownership. Such is the
Socialism that means, Lord Rosebery tells us, the end of all, of faith, home, King, Empire.

Mr. Lloyd George is having his revenge on Mr. Snowden for forcing the Budget on him. A fortnight ago there was a conversation over the tea table in the House, during which Mr. Lloyd George lectured Mr. Snowden on his manners. Last week Mr. Lloyd George had the happiness of calling Mr. Snowden an ultra-Tory and a Conservative of the worst description; and, what is more, proving it to the mind of Mr. Rees.

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Mr. Lloyd George is having his revenge on Mr. Snowden for for...
that everything was fixed and eternal in the face of the evidence of science that whole kingdoms of nature suffered transformation in course of time.

The truth of the matter is that the real state of affairs can only be expressed in a paradox. Essentially, and spiritually there is no change, and only the absolute is eternally true. But temporarily and in the world of appearance there is nothing but change, and only the relative is true. Science fought for the one, the Church retained the other, and thus a collision between two inadequate truths was brought about from which each of the parties has suffered ever since. The Church has lost its hold on the things of common knowledge: science has lost its vision of the things of the spirit. Science became fundamentally materialistic. But the primary blame lies at the door of the Church in refusing to recognize a human need become articulate.

If we are to take Mr. Belloc as speaking for the Catholic Church, we are, it seems, to witness the exact repetition of this error in the attitude of the Church towards the theory of society named Socialism. Again we behold the Church about to take its stand upon an absolute conception without so much as a recognition of the place of the relative. Man, we are to assume, is a fixed and known quantity: all his desires are fixed, ticketed, checked and guaranteed eternal by the omniscient Church. And not only are men in general known by the Church as absolute persons, but men in particular—individual men, have their known and fixed status from which they can never be moved except at peril to their happiness. A man may, it is true, slip out of his parochial transgression of himself or of society, but neither he nor society will be comfortable until he either gets back or is by the grace of God put back. Any new grouping of society on a permanent basis is impossible. There is only restoration, not advance. Socialism, whatever its faults, is at least a new order of society. And this, as has never before been seen, is aiming at the impossible. There is only one stable form of society, and that is the form dictated by the Church, that body of infallible experts in men to whom everything human is known once and for all.

Now, plainly, we can no more prove that the Church is wrong than we can prove that the blood of St. Januarius does not liquefy miraculously, or that the moon is not made of green cheese. If anybody likes to maintain a dogma, all we can do is to whittle away at its authority, bring evidence against it, and generally to wear down by a constant dripping of facts upon it the weight by which it is compelled to stand. We cannot, therefore, definitely prove once and for all that Mr. Belloc and the Catholic Church are talking nonsense when they assert that the desire to own land individually is an eternal and ineradicable desire only to be satisfied by peasant proprietorship (for that is what in practice Mr. Belloc’s theory amounts to), but we can throw doubts on the validity of the proposition, by appeals to history, to psychology, and to common sense. And this we propose to do in subsequent articles.

**British East Africa.**

**V.**

**Wanted : A Commission of Enquiry.**

Early in 1907 the present Legislative Council was constituted. By the admission of civilian members a concession was made to the demand for representative government. No consideration was shown for popular election. The number of civilians to be appointed was limited to three only. The selection rested with the Governor, who nominated two for the Highlands—Lord Delamere and Mr. H. H. Baillie—and one for the Coast—Mr. J. H. Wilson of the old and reputed firm of Smith, Mackenzie and Co., of Mombasa. The first and last were considered the best and most popular appointments. Mr. Baillie was not a typical settler, his experience and interests were less than those of others commanding more confidence among settlers, but otherwise his selection was not unfavourably accepted.

In the course of 1907 friction arose between the Governor and the settlers on the Highlands in consequence of repeated delays on the part of the Governor in dealing with Labour questions. This culminated in a memorable visit of a body of settlers to the Governor's residence. The attitude of the deputation was misrepresented by the Governor's secretary, Mr. Monson, and Sir J. Hayes Sadler, in a moment of petulant irritation, by the removal of Lord Delamere and Mr. Baillie from the Council, stigmatising the latter in contemptuous terms, which raised scornful wonder amongst Colonials as to the reasons which had prompted his selection. Meanwhile Mr. Wilson had gone home on leave. The appointment of Major Leggett, D.S.O., was remarkable. True, he was at the time a newly-elected Director of the Chamber of Commerce, but he had not the confidence of the commercial community of Mombasa. At the following annual meeting of the Chamber he could not obtain a seconder to his nomination: he was regarded as an outsider, who had no regard for the interests of the Protectorate other than his own or the firm he represented. So that for some months the Highlands had no representative on the Council, and the Coast only one, whom Mombasa repudiated. Feeling ran very high respecting the removals, and in February, 1908, the two representatives for the Highlands were, by instructions from home, reinstated. An additional member had been appointed a short time previously in the person of Captain H. H. Cowie, of Nairobi. The position and powers of the representatives from the first were reduced to the term used by the Governor respecting Mr. Baillie, "puppets."

A more deplorable exhibition of disregard of the intrinsic principles of Parliamentary representation it is difficult to imagine. If popular election be tabooed, surely a modified expression of public opinion such as a resolution by the Chambers of Commerce conveying a recommendation for membership, might be adopted.

**Finance.**—The revenue for 1907-8 was £474,759 11s. 7d. to this must be added the Home Parliamentary grant of £152,975, and a special grant of £40,000 for the abolition of slavery. Total, £677,734 11s. 7d.

The expenditure amounted to £691,076 17s. 4d. The Annual Report No. 592 does not make clear how the special grant is disposed of. Under the head of Abolition of Slavery an item of £938 4s. 4d. is shown, and a remanet of £4,100 (re-voted for 1908-9) appears. Anyhow, it is fair to assume the balance has been spent. On what?

The railway has cost up to March 31st, 1908, £5,459,700. It returns a profit in round figures of 1½ per cent. A noticeable feature is that the receipts are a little higher in the preceding year (£4,755 2s. 2d. The future of the railway depends very largely—indeed, I am of opinion absolutely—upon wise development and extension. At present the traffic from up country in the main comes across Lake Victoria from German East Africa, the Congo district, and Uganda. The total exports from British East Africa, 1907-8, were £2,585,825, and of this no less than 42 per cent. came from the districts indicated. When the extensions of railways from Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam are completed the greater portion of this traffic will be transferred to German East Africa. It is true this may be six or eight years distant. Still, the prospective loss of traffic cannot be ignored. There will also disappear the carriage of goods from the coast up to the Lake, destined for German East Africa. The value of this is 42 per cent of £790,717, the total of imports for 1907-8.

Another prospective decrease of traffic receipts—and a near one—is the legitimate demand by Uganda for a proportion of the receipts for traffic sent to and received from that Protectorate.

**Customs.**—The receipts for the year were £2,585,782. Judging less than from being an old settler, his experience and interests were less than those of others commanding more confidence among settlers, but otherwise his selection was not unfavourably accepted.
A humorous incident of the discussion in the Council upon Customs duty occurred in connection with the proposed tax on "Tenbo," which is fermented into a highly intoxicating drink from the liquor tapped from cocanaut trees. The tapping considerably reduces the production of work, which is an existing industry.

Rubber and fibre are heavily taxed, but the native gets his "tenbo" duty free. The white man pays an increased duty on every glass of intoxicant he swallows.

Land Sales produced £2,820 in 1905-6, or £2,650 in 1906-7. Are sufficient comments upon my strictures on land administration.

Roads, Bridges, etc.—The Public Works Department issue a list of buildings, roads, etc., urgently required in 1909. Towards the total of £13,525, the estimates provide for £8,184 out of this list. £290 goes to construct a pier at Malindi, which no one at that centre wants, but it is to be provided for the especial benefit of one or two planters half a dozen miles away from the town. Malindi can continue to lighter its goods and produce at inconvenience and cost. A lovely illustration of the regard some officials have for the requirements of an important port such as Malindi. £500 is allotted for roads on the coast to the north of Mombasa and £500 for those to the south. Such a vote is sufficient to keep the paths (you cannot define them as roads: in many places they are not three feet wide; the streams have to be furred) free of weeds.

Of course I may be met with the statement that the money will not be available. I have briefly dealt with finance this may be so, but my next paragraph will show how money could have been allocated more wisely than it has been. In any case, the funds which might have been applied to road improvement would probably do more good than carry out small urgent work. When Mr. Churchill visited Mombasa he was entirely in error when he told the merchants there what was being spent on coast and local communications. When may we expect to hear anything on the subject? "Has he conveyed to Downing Street upon this and kindred topics deserving of attention, but I submit that I have shown beyond the possibility of refutation great evils being ignored, great evils being perpetrated, the progress of the Protectorate arrested, the interests of settlers and planters misunderstood and injured, the various Civil Servants thrown away, the elevation of the natives hindered, the glorious opportunities for building up a splendid addition to the long list of achievements of British administrators allowed to pass without hearing?"

I contend for a Commission of Enquiry, and I believe the great body of public opinion in this country will support my contention. Such a Commission would eventually satisfy the British people that in British East Africa—where there exist and shall remain a call for labour, and lastly, emigration, both of whites and Indians, would swell the population, there would be a great demand for imports of all kinds, a call for labour, and lastly, a justification and security for financial support of Mombasa.

[THE END.]

Social Democracy and Foreign Policy

II.

The next matter for discussion is the relation of foreign policy—using the term now more in an Imperial sense—to the subject races, to the Colonies, and the Dependencies. Socialists and Democrats must grasp this elemental truth about "subject races." The subject races, brown and black, are the proletariat in those countries where the white man rules. The black in South Africa is exploited by the white worker as well as by the white capitalist. The Labour Party emphasised that very definitely in the Debate on the "colour bar" which has been established in South Africa. Just as the "half-timer" and the child worker are exploited by their parents, so the black worker is exploited by his white superior worker. Imperialism is capitalism in operation abroad, with this profound distinction. The British worker at home is exploited by the capitalists for profit. The black worker is exploited by the capitalist and by the British and colonial democracies for their joint benefit. True that certain benefits cannot be neither sold nor given in exchange; but the British worker receives certain benefits from a good employer which are almost analogous, such as comfortable and sanitary workplaces, good houses, short hours, etc., etc.

To the colonies, pure and simple, there is the conflict of colonial ambitions and Imperial safety. The
foreign policy of England is often the subject of bitter abuse by the colonies. The Foreign Office has been accused over and over again by the Canadians of having surrendered Canadian rights in order not to endanger England's relations with the United States. The Government has been much dissatisfied with British policy towards Newfoundland in the formation of the Empire. British foreign policy, as British power is international, must keep a jealous watch on sea-ways, ports and artificial highways. The Panama Canal (and possibly the Suez Canal) is one important highway which England has allowed to fall in the hands of a foreign Power. It was a case practically of force majeure, as was demonstrated in The New Age of April 22nd. The Tehuantepec Railway has been constructed by English capitalists across the Central American Isthmus; but the Panama Canal is decidedly the key of the Pacific. Lord Lansdowne is responsible for the loss of the Panama Canal, because a determined policy could have forced far wider international guarantees from the United States than were secured. However, the United States had a paramount interest in the construction of the Canal which England could hardly be said to have.

In the negotiations which preceded the acceptance of the Panama Canal, the United States had a paramount interest in the construction of the Canal which England could hardly be said to have.

The West Indian Governments protested against the abandonment of the Panama Canal to the United States. This protest had to be disregarded, but there can be no question that it was well-conceived.

This incident carries us to the last stage in this introductory review of the problems facing British diplomacy, namely the question of extending the Empire abroad. British foreign policy is one of the most important problems which the United States must face, and the United States has to decide how far it will carry on the British policy of extending the Empire abroad. Britain's foreign policy is one of the most important problems which the United States must face, and the United States has to decide how far it will carry on the British policy of extending the Empire abroad.

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proffered him for the first time in his bloody history. He is essentially a cosmopolitan; even his priests taught, "The righteous of all nations have their share in the world to come," hence he was not likely to be fascinated by the "better" and "wider" teaching offered him by his Christian masters. "None of your pious dissection to the Father but by Me." Socialism tells him he must accord and demand the right to live, he must not stifle the best in him, and he may live out his individual life in so doing does not detract from the sum total of human happiness or infringe on the rights of others. This is a standard he is willing to conform to if he is not lampooned and degraded by his "betters." The two great movements agitating the Jewish race at present are, in root principle, Socialism. Zionism, the right for the Jew to earn his own bread by the sweat of his own brow on his own soil, and Territorialism, the right for a shelter anywhere and anyhow, so long as he can escape massacre, outrage, and insult at the hand of the believers of Europe. Look at the Jewish "Bund," containing almost all the Jewish "Intellectuals" of Russia and Poland, an organisation numbering hundreds of thousands, and admittedly Socialistic. Look at such economic thinkers as Ricardo and Leone Levi. Neither of these had a tincture of Synagogal theology in his composition, but their entire cerebral conformation was Jewish. Critics use the fact of their unorthodoxy of argument, incidentally forgetting that it is enough that they were ethnic, if not ethic, Jews, and that when an Englishman performs something heroic or noble it is claimed he was an "Englishman," not a Welshman or Methodist or one of the Plymouth Brethren.

In constructive Socialist literature we have given you Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle; in platform polemics, Bernard Lazare; in propaganda and men of action, Eduard Bernstein and Liebknecht. Note the strong undercurrent in the modern Judisch Press, in the Neo Hebrew magazines, all insisting upon the rights of the worker. The East of London is full of Jewish bodies, workers' unions, for protection of the work-murdered multitudes against exploitation (oft even by men of their own blood). There are even advanced "groups," and those who have met Rocco, whether in his editorial or private capacity, will note that he never tries to masquerade or deny his origin.

It would, of course, be idle to deny that we too have our parasites and money-lenders, and even more objectionable characters in our midst; but I can say that by the great bulk of the thinking Jewish people they are bitterly hated, avoided, and kept out of all decent society.

I believe the Socialist and the Jew understand each other, that they have much in common, that they are destined to carry aloft the banner of humanity and mercy and justice, that they are both engaged in the war against ancient tyrannies and cruelties, that they both believe in the rights of heart and of brain.

GUSTAV PEARLSON.

A Lost Art.

By William Poel.

III.

"MATINEES every Wednesday and Saturday." These words appear on all printed bills announcing the Haymarket "King Lear." They go far to explain why the play fails to represent tragedy either in its emotion or terror, and why it sends the audience back to its homes as cold and indifferent as when this moment of temper upssets all his pre-arranged plans, with disastrous consequence to himself and others. All this animated drama is omitted in the Haymarket performance, because Lear, on his first entrance, fails to give the keynote to the character or to the tragedy. Lear, in fact, is never seen on the stage, but only the actor who assumes the part, divested of frock coat and top hat.

The title-role, unfortunately, is not the only part which has been wrongly cast. With the exception of Goneril and Regan, every character has been falsified and distorted. This is due to want of ability in the actors, but to their physical limitations and to deficiency in training. Their reputations have been won in modern plays, and they seem quite unable to
give expression to character when the medium of speech is verse. To those who think more about the actor than about the character which the actor represents this is perhaps not a matter of much moment, but it is one of considerable importance to the play, since with all great dramatists the incidents are evolved by the characters; and if the men and women we see on the stage are not those that Shakespeare drew, his incidents will appear out of place and unconvincing. This is what happens at the Haymarket. After the title-role the most serious misconception of character is in the part of Edmund, the man whose wits control the movement of the drama. He is an offshoot of the Italian Renaissance, a portrait of Machiavelli’s Prince, whose merit consists in his mental and physical fitness. He should be the handsomest man in the play, the most alert, the most able; he is a victim neither to sentimentality nor self-deception, a fully capable of turning the weakness of others to his own advantage. It is impossible to hate the well-bred young schemer, because he is too clever and his dupes are too silly. Unfortunately the actor who is cast for this important part is quite unsuited for it. Another brilliant part which has suffered badly at the hands of its interpreter is Edgar, a character in which the Elizabethans delighted because of its variety and the scope it allows for effective character impersonation. The actor has to assume four parts—Edgar, an imbecile beggar, a peasant, and a knight-errant, and each of these characters should be a distinct creation; but Mr. Quartermaine gave us nothing but a modern young man making himself unutterably ridiculous. Even more disastrous was the casting of the part of the fool, that gentle, frail lad who perishes from exposure to the storm, a child with the wisdom of a child, which is often the profoundest wisdom. The majestic Ellen O’Malley could not represent the little Cordelia, and she should not have been given the part. Of course the obvious retort to this kind of criticism is that the play must be cast from a company selected for repertory work, most of which, perhaps, will be modern. In this case Shakespeare’s interests are sacrificed to men of lesser genius. But there are other reasons. London managers impose actors on the public who have London reputations, and this creates a monopoly that becomes a tyranny upon art. Whether the artist is suited or not for the part, he must be put into it, for box-office considerations are all that count. If he had had the courage, for a very little additional expense, he could have put to shame the incompetence of the Haymarket ladies and gentlemen who could not speak verse; who could not transform themselves into costume personages; or act passions instead of describing them.

To sum up. For the first time, in the history of our theatre is put under the management of a director, like the Trench, who has the ability to follow out his lines. If he has had the courage, be very little additional expense, he could have put to shame the incompetence of the Haymarket ladies and gentlemen who could not speak verse; who could not transform themselves into costume personages; or act passions instead of describing them.

To sum up. For the first time, in the history of our stage, the theatre is put under the management of a literary director, presumably with a view to bringing a little scholarly intelligence to bear upon the exponents of the drama; and with what result? So far as “king Lear” is concerned, to produce quite the most chaotic interpretation of the poet’s intention that it has ever been my misfortune to see represented on the stage. What is the Director? Has the Director, like any fly, walked into the spider’s parlour, or in other words, into the network of theatrical commercialism, to find himself silenced and bound with a view to being ultimately devoured? Time perhaps will show us!

THE END.

Unpleasant Poems.

TEA AND GRIEF.

Grief-soother!
How the sighing ceases! White-wristed lady
Hands to the guestlings cups on a salver.

Stand’s thou then to the angue?
For the Departed O herb of China?
That thus they stifle their lamentations
And wink with thee.
Ah! They feel better.
“Thanks—how refreshing!”

PILGRIM RETURNS.

Here comes poor Tom all a-cold.
Hist! Run from the highway.
Tell all the village Tom is come back—
Back from the tripping to holy ground.
Now ballot who’ll tell him the news:
Tom’s wife’s a-tripping, too,
Off with the Troubadour.

* * *

Woman and minstrel are better suited
Than woman and Palmer.

Tom! To Jerusalem get thee again.

SQUIRRELS IN AUTUMN BEECHES.
The boys are in the woodlands.
Bulbul boys! Beware their bonny, sharp eyes
And their little brown hands, my squirrels.
For they come to set the Saturday trap:
And when ye hear their holiday songs,
Fie ye up to the ropemost boughy.
The red-cheeked mother’s darlings
No praise shall lack from the dainty women
If they swing ye home by your acting tails—
Furry foot broken, furry eye faded.

Freddy’s mother pas her son:
“Clever Fred! Growing a man, like Father!”

THE BUTCHERS BOY.

Call ye this a child, and
Like a cherub?
His hands can pluck the heart out of the lamb And in its spurring blood be-dabble his fingers.
No! Is such be your children, Now may the braes of devils be christened, And given communion and harp: and place.

CAPULET’S GARDEN.

Leaves a-tilling,
Birds a-tilling;
Ye shall tilt and lipt to-morrow
Just the same though Juliet sorrow.

Moon a-waning,
Sun a-reigning;
Ye shall wane and reign i’ the sky
Just the same though Juliet die.

WASTWATER.

Shalt thou, for all thy fairness,
Thy green glades, thy repelling,
Support the struggle From the death in thy belly of mud? Cloud-shadows, hues of heaven, Curve and plane and spiral of blueness, Music of pulsing wave and movement I like dancing of innocence.

Wit nisi, what is that Burden Thou huggest among thy pale reeds?

AN ONION ON A CRIMSON SCARF.

O Treasure of brown and pearl! O Onion! Who laid you thus in her Sunday sash O Treasure of brown and pearl, O pearl—For the pot
O Treasure of golden brown, O pearl—for the pot!

PESTILENCE AT RIO.

Not all the love or the lust
Can quench the stench Of the greening corpse, still above The adoring dust.
Give to the dust its own, O Man! And make thanksgiving That other maids in the land of the living Are left by the gods who plan.

A FISHER-BOAT FONDEREERING IN SUNLIGHT.

As little for ye, O Fishers, As ye for the Fish
The Gods abandon their appetites. Deep in the entails ye twist your fingers And the sockets know never again the eyes—
All this for your dinner, ye! So, much for their sort of tiffin, The gods decimated Your lodges which store up Life; And when they will to feast, Drink up your gravy.
What are ye more than the fish, ye fishers? But how ye resent the implication!

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THE NEW AGE

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Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

"Any news in the 'Daily Mail,' John?"

"Nothing much, dear. . . . Oh, there's the Suffragettes, as usual. 'Feeding by Force, Birmingham's Method with the Suffragettes. Stern measures have been taken to make the women amenable to the regulations of the prison. . . . The two local women who were dealt with last Saturday for throwing stones at Mr. Asquith's train have been compelled to take food. It is stated that the method employed was to gag the women, and then force beef tea down their throats by means of a stomach-pump.' Really, how silly it all is. What do you think of it, Ciss?"

"Why were they compelled to take food?"

"Oh, I believe they refused to take any by way of protest; a good job if they'd let them starve to death."

"No, I can't go as far as that, John. That would be allowing them to commit suicide. . . . But it is really wicked. I couldn't have believed that women could have behaved as they do."

"That's just it; they don't want to be women. They want to be men. But how they think this hysterical nonsense can help them I can't imagine. Like to see the paper? I must go and finish ray sermon."

The young vicar was admirably fitted to his new post. He had passed an average unnoticed career at the University. He could not have been said to influence the University. But the influence of the University upon him had been enormous. From a strictly orthodox home, where every question was settled and even politics was a part of filial duty, he had suddenly found himself in a turmoil of conflicting views, all pressed with the eagerness and disinterestedness that only youth can enjoy. And he had learnt one lesson at least in those four years. He had learnt that in religion the ways of God are manifold; that what is one man's heaven may be another man's hell; that the spirit is all that matters; doctrine and ritual, the symbols of the spirit, were secondary things. But his religion did not go beyond his parish and his Church. It was a religion that teaches a man to pray but not to vote. A cynical game between ambitious rivals, politics, except when it was a question of Welsh Disestablishment or Church Schools, had no concern with religion. And then such questions, though not to him the essence of religion, yet were, very likely, the essence of politics.

In the large town where he had lately been curate he had been considered a bore; sincere and earnest according to his lights, but out-of-date. Battling about among the workers with all the zeal of an evangelist, he had yet failed to get into touch with his flock. Perhaps his sympathy with them was not very deep; it was an impersonal sympathy, conceived as a duty to his Church. He loved, if he loved at all, for Christ, but not with Christ. He hated the sin, but in his heart of hearts he could not stand the sinner. And so, in a parish where "Blessed are the poor" was the only topical text, he was lightly thought of as a man of good intentions but little weight.

But in a village where politics loomed less large, and where religion, in some of its aspects at least, was a great and living interest, he had played an effective part in elevating and purifying the souls of his parishioners. He was preaching to-morrow on the relation of Church to Dissenters. Try as he would he found it hard to lift his congregation beyond the jealousies and heats of the controversy. But he had not failed for lack of effort. And to-morrow he was to make one more plea for a higher conception of a more spiritual religion.

His text was Matt. 12, 31, "Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven."

In the first part of his sermon he had dwelt on the duty of forgiveness and tolerance; the sins that we so lightly condemn are forgiven unto men. How then is it our place to condemn them? But he had begun to write on the second half of his text he felt that perhaps what God could not forgive was what we almost regarded as a virtue. "It is blasphemy against the Spirit," he would say to his congregation, "for you Churchmen to rail at Dissenters, and for Dissenters to mock at the teaching of the Church. It is a sin that cannot be forgiven to make fun of the solemn ritual of Rome, to treat a consecrated wafer with less reverence than the bread you eat, or to sneer at the banners and drums of the Salvation Army. You say these things are ridiculous; you laugh because of the contrast between your queer views and your congregation's. But how do you laugh? Do you laugh at the joy that there should be such differences? Or do you laugh out of scorn that there should be creatures so infinitely inferior? Do you laugh like a child that dances with glee at the sight of a camel, so wonderful and odd? Or do you laugh like Diogenes in his tub at the fire and pride of Alexander?"

His pen was moving swiftly, and he had his subject clear-cut in his mind. But, as often happened when his brain was working hard, there kept flitting across his consciousness a few stray words that seemed this time like a scrap of news. He had often had a tag-end of some poetry ringing in his ears. But this was prose, the unmistakable prose of the pamphleteer. "It is stated that the method employed . . . it began, and went on with the same hum-drum rhythm.

Enlarging on his theme, he proceeded to show how it was the spirit of the zealot, in time past as it is today, had met not only with hostility and persecution but with ridicule and contempt. (And the method employed was to gag the . . .) "Jael, in the fervour of her patriotism, had murdered her guest; and it was forgiven unto her. Herod Antipas, 'for the oath's sake and with that which was holy, I must do this prisoner; and it shall not be forgiven unto him. For he held the life of a prophet of less account than his daughter's dancing." (And the method employed was to gag the . . .)

And so he passed up and down the page of sacred history to illustrate that cynical contempt for the human spirit which had dried up the sap of true religion. (And the method employed was . . . a stomach-pump.)

"Put away from you, then, the blasphemous thought that there is only one way of expressing religion, and that the way of your own Church. Learn to respect even when you differ; admire your opponent's courage even when you know him to be wrong; worship the spirit even though you condemn the man." (And the method employed was to gag the women . . .)

"To the 'thoughtless child that cries, 'Go up, thou bald-head! to a man of God, it shall not be forgiven, in this world or the next; to the vindictive priests that cry, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' it shall be forgiven. For the blasphemy against the Spirit is to cheat the martyr of his meed of honour."

As he ended he suddenly thought of Dhigram. Were there martyrs in politics as well as in religion? What of the Suffragettes even? What was it that prompted them to acts of self-effacement unparalleled in politics? He had heard of the "cry of the desolate and oppressed." Was it possible that women were left in this unheroic posture? But in a village where politics loomed less large, and where religion, in some of its aspects at least, was a great and living interest, he had played an effective part in elevating and purifying the souls of his parishioners. He was preaching to-morrow on the relation of Church to Dissenters. Try as he would he found it hard to lift his congregation beyond the jealousies and heats of the controversy. But he had not failed for lack of effort. And to-morrow he was to make one more plea for a higher conception of a more spiritual religion.

Hastings Lloyd.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Two books of essays on the same day from the same form, "One Day and Another," by E. V. Lucas, and "Tremendous Trifles," by G. K. Chesterton! Messrs. Methuen put the volumes together and advertise them as being and advertising themselves as being in "uniform in size and appearance." I do not know why. They are uniform neither in size nor in appearance; but only in price, costing a crown apiece. "Tremendous Trifles" has given me a wholesome shock. Its contents are all reprinted from the "Punch" and from "The New Statesman," and they say they are sheer and rank journalism; they are often almost Harmsworthian in their unscrupulous simplifying of the facts of a case, in their crude determination to emphasize one fact at the expense of every other fact. Thus: "No one can understand Paris and its history who does not understand its central defect passes the comprehension of the frivoly." So there you are! If you don't accept that you are damned; the Chesterton guillotine has clicked on you. Perhaps I have lived in Paris more years than Mr. Chesterton has lived in it, but it has not yet happened to me to understand that its central defect is the balance and justification of its frivolity. Hence I am therefore forced (again, of Brussels): "It has none of the things which make good Frenchmen love Paris; it has only the things which make unseparable Englishmen love it." There are a hundred things in Brussels that I love, and I find them as a very agreeable city. Hence I am an unseparable Englishman. This particular form of curt and arrogant foolishness is excusable in the hurried journalism of a Saturday article, but it ought to be cut out of a book. And Mr. Chesterton's book is blotted with it as with a skin complaint. Happily it is only a rare occurrence with him, but every paragraph is muffled with it as with a skin complaint. More serious than a skin complaint is Mr. Chesterton's religious orthodoxy, which crops up at intervals and colours the book. I merely voice the opinion of the intelligent minority (or majority) of Mr. Chesterton's readers when I say that his championship of Christian dogma sticks in my throat. In my opinion, at this time of day it is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Mr. Chesterton has not got a first-class intellectual apparatus. (With an older man, whose central ideas were definitely formed at an earlier epoch, the case might be different.) I will go further and say that it is impossible, in one's private thoughts, to think of the acceptor of dogma as an intellectual equal. Not all Mr. Chesterton's immense cleverness and charm will ever erase from the minds of his best readers this impression—caused by his misused but glorious dogmatism—that there is something seriously deficient in the very basis of his mind. And what his cleverness and charm cannot do his arrogance and his effrontery assuredly will not do. And yet I said that this book gave me a wholesome shock. Far from deteriorating, Mr. Chesterton is improving. In spite of the awful tediousness of his mannerism of antithetical epigram, he does occasionally write finer epigrams than ever. His imagination is stronger, his fancy more delicate, and his sense of beauty widened. There are things in this book that really are very excellent indeed; things that, if they die, will die hard. For example, the essay: "In Topsy Turvy Land." It is a book which, in the main, strongly makes for righteousness. Its minor defects are scandalous, and its central defect passes the comprehension; the book is journalism, it is anything you like. But I can tell you that it is literature, after all.

If you desire a book entirely free from the exasperating faults of Mr. Chesterton's you will turn to Mr. Lucas's. But Mr. Lucas, too, is a highly mysterious man. On the surface he might be mistaken for a mere cricket enthusiast. Dig down, and you will come across not too much difficulty, the simple man of letters. Dig further, and, with somewhat more difficulty, you will come to an agreeably ironic critique of human foibles. Try to dig still further, and you will probably encounter rock. Only here and there in his two novels does Mr. Lucas allow us to glimpse a certain powerful and sardonic harshness in him, indicative of a mind that has seen the world, and irreproachably judged it in most of its manifestations. I could believe that Mr. Lucas is an ardent politician, who, however, would not deign to mention his passionately held views save on a panel of a ballot-paper—if then. He has, in Browning's phrase, "shed sweat from my third crown apiece." The fourth and fifth wanted playing; and the sixth he hit over my head among some distant hay-makers. It is literature, after all. In describing a certain over of his bowling, Mr. Lucas says: "I was conscious of a twinge as I saw his swift glance round the field. He then hit my first ball clean out of it! And even when someone else does get change out of him, honour is always saved."

Although Mr. Edmund Gosse, librarian of the House of Lords, belongs by the character of his collected criticisms to the mandarinic class, he has for years past done something to save his soul alive by writing generous (often too generous) appreciations of young and mandarinic French authors. I am glad to see, from the table of contents of a monthly review, that he has recently been dealing with the case of André Gide. Readers of this column know what I think of André Gide. M. Gide has lately issued a new novel (a rare occurrence with him) "La Porte Etroite," (Mercure de France, 3 fr. 50 c.) It is a spiritual novel, like "L'Immorale." Its action is an interior action. It makes no compromise of any kind with a half-educated public. You must enter it by the narrow gate or leave it alone. It is very distinguished, original, and fine.

I have just bought a volume of the new complete English translation of the works of Nietzsche, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy, and am very content with it. The French translation by Henri Albert is good, but to be equally good. There is (strangely) no publisher's name on the title page, but the modest publisher is Mr. T. N. Foulis, of Glasgow. This admirable enterprise really does merit encouragement, for the format is not at all agreeable. The edition consists of 1,500 numbered copies, and the prices of the volumes vary from half-a-crown to six shillings. It is quite useless saying that you do not mean to read Nietzsche. Nietzsche meant to be read, and in the end he will have his way with you.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Curse of Cain.

I have for years been interested in Cain, not only as the first murderer, or the first vegetarian, but as the first agricultural labourer who longed for divine approval of his work. We know the result; but the author of "Toil of Moe." by Israel Querido. (Methuen. 6s.)
I Was Deaf, but Now I Hear.

The Remarkable Story of a Clever Invention
... which enables the Deaf to Hear...

~ A WIRELESS TELEPHONE FOR THE EAR. ~

By PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Inventor of the Ear-Phone.

I WANT to tell all those members of the public who suffer from Deafness or Defective Hearing that I have discovered a way whereby they can once again hear as well as those who are not deaf.

I want to tell YOU, if either of these complaints are yours, that I can enable you to hear, unless yours happens to be an instance of deafness from birth or of total paralysis of the sense of hearing. If you will communicate with me and follow my advice (which will gladly be given free of all charge), I will enable you to hear as well and as distinctly as anybody could wish. I am sure of this because I cured myself in just the same way.

I, myself, know what deafness can be. I have known what it is to feel my sense of hearing growing worse and worse every day, and myself becoming more and more unfit to carry on the scientific work to which I was devoted. And it is because I remember this so vividly that I am earnestly anxious to place within reach of every sufferer from deafness the very same means that gave me back my hearing.

How I came to study the Problem of Deafness.

This is how I happened to make my discovery. I happened at the time to be engaged in certain delicate telephonic test-work, when suddenly I became aware that I could not hear as well as I had used to. I was growing deaf. Words became blunted and blurred. Sometimes whole sentences of conversation were incomprehensible to me. And as with every word the disorder grew worse and worse, I felt that in a short time I should be compelled to give up in despair.

But all the time this extraordinary fact held me to hope, that I was sometimes most difficult to distinguish what people in the same room as myself were saying to me, yet I could hear them quite plainly whenever they were speaking to me over the "phone," possibly from a distance of many miles.

This fact held me from the first. I thought, I experimented, I studied the matter in all its bearings. And the more I studied why I could hear peoples over the "phone" better than in ordinary conversation, the more convinced I became that some adaptation of the principle of the telephone would enable my deaf ears to hear again.

How I Made My Discovery.

It was while lying in bed one night that the question suddenly flashed across my inner consciousness:

"Why not a 'phone' for the inside of my deaf ears?"

The inspiration was so strong upon me that I instantly rose, dressed, and fairly rushed to my workshop. Within twenty-four hours I had before me, fully completed, a minute appliance, the effect of which on my hearing was so magnificent that it made me exclaim aloud:

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I found that with the "Ear-Phone" I could hear perfectly. All roarings in the head ceased. I no longer had to strain to catch every syllable, or to ask my friends to repeat their remarks "because I couldn't hear what they said." My hearing was as good as in the days of my youth. Moreover, it was simple to wear, quite invisible, absolutely safe, and caused no discomfort whatever—rather the reverse. And so I determined to make known my invention to a wider circle, and to give every man, woman, or child in this country afflicted with deafness, or defective hearing the opportunity of making deaf ears hear.

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Now, if you are a sufferer from defective hearing, I need hardly say how very pleased I shall be to have you write me on the subject, and give me particulars of whatever—rather the reverse. And so I determined to make known my invention to a wider circle, and to give every man, woman, or child in this country afflicted with deafness, or defective hearing the opportunity of making deaf ears hear.

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If you will write to Professor Hoffmann, at (Dept. 63) 54, Duke Street, Oxford Street, London, W., I will send you at once (post free and gratis) a copy of my illustrated book, "The Sense of Hearing: How it is Impaired, and How it May be Restored." All who have read my book say it is the most interesting and helpful book ever written for the deaf and hard-of-hearing.
bursting bloom, or the luxury of the doxy wind as it ruffles the standing corn. To him the labour, and to us the joy; and we have figured him only as a buffoon, or an ignorant Hercules performing incredible labours that we might be filled. Now, in the fields of Holland, has arisen a terrible figure, gaunt with suffering and gnarled with labour, with dim eyes searching a heavy heaven, and the terrible cry breaking from lips that can scarcely articulate: “My punishment is greater than I can bear.”

Israel Querido is a Dutchman, and this is his first introduction to English readers, but if a flippant people can yet be stirred by sincerity, if cynicisms can yet be abashed and silenced by tragedy, this book must impress us as the work of a master. It is not enough that a book is interesting; it must be true if it is to live. Life has been very real to this man, his heart, his mouth speaketh,” and his words will not be wasted. I know of no more inevitable book than this, and beyond that praise cannot go. But will the curse will never be lifted, but the cry of Cain has rung out once more in the world has arisen. Now, in the fields of Holland, has arisen a terrible figure, gaunt with suffering and gnarled with labour, with dim eyes searching a heavy heaven, and the terrible cry breaking from lips that can scarcely articulate: “My punishment is greater than I can bear.”

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beautiful in the creation of a new form. Mr. Max Beerbohm is so happy in a study of Miss Mona Limerick that we implore him to give women more of his attention. He has here attained the impossible, a balance of pertness and dignity, Dizzy and Catholicism. "Two Essays," by Elizabeth Martindale, are written in a rather splashesy style, and read like gossip. A morbid story, entitled "The Nest," is done with excellent choice of detail, but it is rather too evident that the authors, Anna D. Sedgwick, prefers the hero's selfish indifference to the heroine's selfish sentimentality. The serial, "A Call," by Ford Madox Hueffer, is continued. Mr. J. A. Hobson contributes an illuminating article on the failure of intellectual synthesis, to which we should like to draw the attention of the little ladies of the "Englishwoman" whom Belfort Bax is now pelting with crumbs of unlearned philosophy.

In Ambush. By Marie von Vorst. (Methuen. 6d.) "In Ambush" is the story of the picturesque adventures of one Flanders, who, though outwardly red-handed, is said to be "the whitest man, the bravest man," and a man of parts. North America, the Sudan of '98, and Kentucky, share the honour of affording him an appropriate background. It is true that Klondike of 1898-99 was not an up-to-date place, but apparently it contained a copy of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," since the doings of Flanders and his mining companions are largely modelled thereon. Apparently, too, when Adair, alias Flanders, put up at Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, he possessed a copy of "With Kitkenor to Khartoum," since the romance of his Egyptian experiences is coloured by the events of Steevens' brilliant blood-bespattered narrative. As to the quality of the Kentucky pictures it is altogether excellent. It is a blend of love and sentiment and melodramatic surprises, in which woman the redeemer, the child's grandfather, it is all very realistic. The narrative rises remarkably well towards the dramatic finish. In noticing this homage paid to Art by our theatre managers, it is a blend of love and sentiment and melodrama, in which woman the redeemer, the child's grandfather, it is all very realistic.

Sam. By Norman Roe. (Greening and Co. 6d.) A rather powerful short story. If we except the inevitable incident of a little boy being allowed to sit on a bench of magistrates, even though one of them was the child's grandfather, it is all very realistic. The narrative rises remarkably well towards the dramatic finish. In noticing so short a book it would be unfair to give more than a hint. It is worth buying for the unexpected and unforgettable story of Sam's heroism.

The Vortex. By Fred Whishaw. (Stanley Paul. 6d.) "The Vortex" takes us to Russia, not the Russia of Turgenev or Dostoyevski, but of the English conservative imagination. The dish Mr. Whishaw sets before us is therefore not a politically convincing one. It is mainly composed of the strange doings of Derek Deans, an English clerk drawn into the vortex of red-Russian domestic politics by a female government spy and a fair Finn. We find Derek is not a bad fellow, and his adventures in escaping from the revolutionists and assisting Betty the Finn make sufficiently exciting reading. In short, it is a dish as satisfying and digestible as one of Saratoga chips.

Drama.

John Bull and Others.

"John Bull's Other Island," now being played at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, by the Vedrenne-Barker company, is advertised on the playbills as "the Famous Play by Bernard Shaw." It is interesting to observe this homage paid to Art by our theatre managers. There is something a little quixotic about it. Famine is recognised as independent of the box-office returns. What matter if the future bookings consist of "The Merry Widow" and "The Devil"? For one glorious fortnight we are able to offer a superior article—a famous play.

The performance was interesting, but distinctly inferior to that given at the Court Theatre three years ago. The general standard of elocution, especially in the longer speeches, was very poor. It is becoming clear that a new technique of acting is needed for the
modern discursive play. Actors who get on exceptionally as long as they have only a few lines to speak at a time and still all at sea in Mr. Shaw's speeches. What is the use of setting a man to make a speech of, say, five minutes' length on the stage unless he is fully competent to get upon his legs and address a public meeting? The accentuation is the same in both cases, and the use of gesture becomes perfectly ludicrous without proper modulation of the voice. In short, our actors need practice at the cart tail in Hyde Park.

Mr. Nigel Playfair was admirable in the part of B. A. Shadwell is more fanciful than Mr. Louis Calvert's. The play has been brought up to date by references to the Budget and so forth. Surely this was inadvisable. It dates originally from 1904, and already much of the dialogue appears irrelevant and unconvincing, judged by the present-day situation. But the mixture of 1904 and 1909 is not a success. Heaven knows what "gags" may have to be introduced in five years' time if this precedent is followed! The piece is better let alone.

Yet "John Bull's Other Island" wears better and ages less than the average political satire. If we compare it, for instance, with Mr. Barrie's "Josefephine," played at the Comedy Theatre in 1906, the difference is at once apparent. It is more than a piece of political persiflage; it is real drama. The scene in Act III—the choosing of a candidate for Parliament—is extraordinarily impressive on the stage, and surely is as good as anything Mr. Shaw has done. G. F. Fay was excellent here as Matthew Haffigan, the old man with a grievance. But the mixture of 1904 and 1909 is not a success. Heaven knows what "gags" may have to be introduced in five years' time if this precedent is followed! The piece is better let alone.

While we are discussing Mr. Shaw's title to fame, it may perhaps be tolerated in London.

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would not prevent its dying, perhaps after days of torture, in unimaginable agony.

Similarly, Sir William Rutherford's horrible experiments on dogs, reported in the "British Medical Journal," in Professor Schäfer's "The Crile Atrocities—appalling as they were—appeal so starkly a welts of human tortured slowly to death, or more slowly still by protracted torment induced by some filthy inoculation—in all such, and many others, such administration would be purely waste of time.

Regarding inoculations, it is not too much to say that even the Crile atrocities—appalling as they were—are scarcely a whit less terrible to contemplate than these very "pin-prick inoculations, as carried out at Khartoom Gordon College—one of which on a martyr of one of Professor Francis Maitland Balfour (who was killed in the Alps, 1882), the ex-Premier's brother, and gave thought to the idea, "there was science in the blood," till he became acquainted with Mr. Balfour's works, then distillation followed. At the same time he said: "Dea Stanley told me he thought being made a bishop destroyed a man's moral courage. I am inclined to think the practice of the methods of political leaders destroys their intellect for all serious purposes." Also, Huxley wrote about this time: "I criticize the estimation of Balfour, as a thinker, sinks lower the further I go." Huxley was the originator of the word Agnostic. He wrote of as among his aims, "Unifying the Journal of Pathology," March, 1906,—being indefinitely prolonged.

Respecting Dr. Klein, so far from my having "falsified" his merited answer before the Royal Commission some years ago, my recollection of it, I find, on reference to the minutes of the proceedings, precisely, ipso verba, as I quoted it: Question 3,859—"When you say you only use them (the animals) for research sake, do you mean that you have no regard to their suffering?"

Answer: No regard at all.

"Mr. Money's fanciful picture," as Mr. Paget terms it, drawn, be it remembered, solely and wholly from the pages of the "British Medical Journal," has at least its solid and indisputable background—as testified to by such soul-borrowing confessions as those of two foremost vivisectors still living. Dr. Charles Richet says: "Scientific curiosity alone actuates the physiologist, and is explained by the high ideal he has formed of science. This is why we pass our days in fetic laboratories surrounded by growing creatures in the midst of blood and sufferings—bent over palpating entrails."

Dr. Nce Walker writes, "My experiments on female dogs alone will haunt and distress me to my dying day."

* * * "THE ALL-B-—- PARTY." To the Editor of "The New Age."

An amusing little discussion took place the other day at one of the Registration Courts on the right of Mr. Ellis Barker, the well-known Tariffs writer, to a vote. The interesting discovery was disclosed that his real name was Julius Otto Elzbach, and that he received a naturalisation certificate five years ago. I believe I am not in saying that he had written on Tariff Reform for some years before becoming an "Englishman."

Lord Burnham (of Levy), Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, of the "Daily Express" (born in Wisconsin, U.S.A.), and Mr. Ellis Barker have recently been joined by another recruit who has a fine-sounding English name. It appears that the curious publications of the Budget Week by Week, in which the Judges do not themselves, is edited by Mr. Rudolph B. Birnbaum. I well remember several occasions upon which that gentleman denounced the immorality, extravagance, and slovenliness of the British working man, because I have reproved him for so doing. In spite of the fact this delightful journal, edited by Mr. Rudolph B. (Britishizer Birnbaum, there is a remarkable article on "How the Budget helps the foreigner," but the article neglects to point out in the way in which the Budget helps the foreigner is to give remunerative employment for Blumenfeld, Barker, Birnbaum, and Co. It is singular that the patriotic Tariff Reformers cannot occasionally find some born Englishman to advocate their cause of economic justice, as they put it, for England.

* * * AN ENGLISHMAN.

MR. BALFOUR AS A THINKER.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

You refer to Mr. Balfour as "a great political leader, incidentally a thinker of a high order," and also say Mr. Balfour "is an Agnostic." What Thomas Henry Huxley said about Mr. Balfour, in the last few weeks of his life, is pertinent. Huxley had undertaken to write upon "Balfour's Foundations of Belief," for the "Nineteenth Century." In conversation he referred to the fact of his friendship with the late Professor Francis Maitland Balfour (who was killed in the Alps, 1882), the ex-Premier's brother, and gave thought to the idea, "there was science in the blood," till he became acquainted with Mr. Balfour's works, then distillation followed. At the same time he said: "Dea Stanley told me he thought being made a bishop destroyed a man's moral courage. I am inclined to think the practice of the methods of political leaders destroys their intellect for all serious purposes." Also, Huxley wrote about this time: "I criticize the estimation of Balfour, as a thinker, sinks lower the further I go." Huxley was the originator of the word Agnostic. He wrote of as among his aims, "Unifying the Journal of Pathology," March, 1906,—being indefinitely prolonged.

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