

**THE SPANISH IRISH.** By Bart Kennedy.

**THE**

**NEW AGE**

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.

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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at Birmingham cannot be said to have thrown much light on the probable action of the House of Lords on the Budget. For our part we cling to the notion that the Lords will not be so foolish as to risk the spoiling of their ship for a halfpenny worth of tax. After all, a Budget is not irretrievable, but the abolition in set terms of the veto of the House of Lords would be. And it is nothing less than this that would be demanded as the price of a Radical victory. The destinies of Great Britain may, it is true, be in the melting-pot; but we doubt the wisdom from the Lords' point of view of throwing into it at a comparatively early stage of the cooking all the hinges of the constitution. Of course if the Budget is rejected there is no help for it. Nothing will save the country from a constitutional revolution, in which, however, we do not suppose, as Mr. Frederic Harrison supposes, that kings will lose their crowns, but in which certainly a good many reformers will lose their heads and the House of Lords some of its powers. Naturally we should not be dissatisfied to see the last named result, but if the price to be paid is the suspension of the economic revolution that is taking place, we think the price too high.

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Mr. Egerton Swann takes us to task for regarding constitutional questions as comparatively unimportant. We only believe in this matter what everybody believes. There are, no doubt, Republican circles and Single Chamber circles and Disestablishment circles. We know there are, since we belong to them. But we are far from supposing that they are more than small circles or that they have any immediate prospect of becoming large circles. The unwritten Constitution of the country, with its King, Lords and Commons, is in particular too great an object of adoration to be butchered for the sake of a Budget. Nor, as we have said, do we believe that the Lords will be the first to risk it. All the agitation, so far, has been without any foundation. It is a newspaper war and no more. Lord Lansdowne has said nothing much. Mr. Balfour has said still less. What evidence is there that the Lords intend to provoke a trial of strength? Plenty of individuals whose fishing is in troubled waters would like them to, and their wish has been father to the thought. We hope the Lords will not oblige them; until a Budget worth a civil war is brought in.

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For the life of us we cannot see in Mr. Balfour's speech any indication that by Tariff Reform he means

any of the nonsense talked by Tariff Reformers. Probably, of course, he does not. Probably Mr. Balfour's Tariff Reform is as much like the Tariff Reform League's Tariff Reform as an eggshell is like an egg. Probably his Tariff Reform and their Tariff Reform differ as much as his conception of Socialism and Lord Rosebery's conception of Socialism. Lord Rosebery, it will be remembered, with his usual facile romanticism, depicted Socialism as the Beast in Revelations, heralding the end of all, of faith, home, empire, king, and liberty. But this trifling with a serious subject was not to be found in Mr. Balfour's references to Socialism. There was in his speech no attribution of immorality or atheism or anarchism to the theory of property which is named Socialism. On the contrary, Mr. Balfour took the trouble to define, and to define accurately, the main planks of Socialist doctrine; and to discuss them as if they were what they are, namely, perfectly legitimate and perfectly sincere attempts to solve a problem that presses equally upon every country and every party in every country.

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Mr. Balfour, indeed, went further than he has ever gone before in what may be called praise of Socialism; for he did Socialism the honour of regarding it as the protagonist of Tariff Reform in the political discussions of the immediate future. This affirmation by a great political leader, incidentally a thinker of a high order, marks a turning-point in the history of Socialism in this country. Henceforth Socialists may safely lay less emphasis on the academic theory of Socialism, wisely refrain from the public propaganda of irrelevant or extreme issues, and devote themselves to the task of responsible constructive criticism. We do not say that it is yet the duty of Socialists to criticise as if they might be called in to legislate to-morrow; but certainly as if they might be called in the day after. Mr. Balfour has placed upon Socialism the responsibility of official opposition.

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We cannot begin better than by discussing in this spirit one of the points made by Mr. Balfour against a piece of Socialist legislation of the present Government. The present Government, he said, had in its Small Holdings Bill turned its back on the time-honoured system of freeholds in favour of leaseholds under the State. This, he contended, was neither public policy nor popular policy. He personally desired to see a numerous class of peasant proprietors, each with his own plot and figtree, whereon and whereunder he might sit, no official daring to make him afraid. That, he believed, was also the desire of England.

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It happens, strangely enough, that Mr. G. K. Chesterton holds the same views both of property and of the general desire of men in regard to it. In THE NEW AGE on several occasions, and in the "Daily

News" of September 25th in a brilliant article, Mr. Chesterton comes to the support of Mr. Balfour. In his opinion, the real enemies of property in this country are the big landowners and the big capitalists. There is, he supposes, no evil in little landowners or in little capitalists. It is the monstrous dimensions of individual ownership that are the real disease and not individual ownership itself. The desire to own, he concludes in familiar terms, is natural to man: it is an ineradicable desire; and since public ownership will not satisfy it, public ownership is itself undesirable and if established unstable.

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Now there are many lines of reply to this view which is common to Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton. It may be replied, for instance, that in regard to the particular example of the Small Holdings Bill the Government was right in supposing that yeomen would positively prefer leaseholds under the State to private ownership. After all, the private ownership of even a small plot of land is a tie which may on occasion become inconvenient if not ruinous. Mr. Chesterton will discover perhaps, now that he has himself bought a house and a bit of land, that he is slave as well as master, bond as free. A leasehold guaranteed under a public authority gives all the advantages with none of the disadvantages of ownership. There is not the least reason why, if a man likes, he should not have his plot and hand the holding of it on to his son. He is not debarred from rooting himself in the soil if he chooses. On the other hand, he has the choice also of change; nor need the change ever be forced upon him so long as he does his duty by the land he holds.

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This line of argument, coupled with the difficulty that always presents itself to people like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton, the difficulty, namely, of providing yeomen with the initial capital with which to buy a freehold and enough over to start it, probably accounts for the actual fact that though the Small Holdings Bill gave facilities to would-be freeholders, and even provided for land purchase by offering four-fifths of the purchase money on loan, the number of applicants during 1908 for leaseholds was only 629 out of a total of 23,295, or 2.7 per cent. Ninety-seven per cent. actually preferred the condition that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton regard as undesirable. We may add that only 26 acres were sold during the same year for Small Holdings as against 5,586 leased.

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This does not look very much as if the desire to own land is very strong when once the conditions of lease are made just and permanent. And, indeed, we do not believe that it is strong. The desire to own land in particular is largely a reaction from the bitter experiences of leasing land from private landlords. Abolish private landlords with their vagaries and substitute the County or, better still, the Parish Councils, and the desire to own individually is merged in the pleasure of owning communally. After all, the loss of the village Commons has been more mourned than the loss of the separate plot.

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Again, if Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton tell us that public ownership of land is unstable, we may ask how they can possibly know, since it has never been tried, at any rate in historic times. There was a kind of public ownership of land and other means of production in ancient Peru, and from all we know the system proved stable during several millenniums. Whether it will prove stable in England depends, we conceive, on the intelligence of the public bodies that administer it. It is for this reason that we infinitely prefer the Parish Council to the County Council and the County Council to the Board of Agriculture as the actual owners. In all probability a Parish Council would act more liberally, and certainly with more intimate knowledge, than any larger or remoter body. Parish Councils, in our opinion, must be the first word in practical Socialism. Socialism that begins with the State ends in bureaucracy; but Socialism that begins in the village will end in real democracy. We believe that if public ownership

of land is begun in the parish the system will prove eternal in its stability. Nothing save conquest could destroy it.

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On the other hand, we have every right to say that private ownership, even in the peasant sense, will prove unstable, since we know that it has over and over again proved itself so. What, in fact, are Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chesterton asking for now but that a system which has proved itself as unstable as Humpty-Dumpty should be restored and set on its wall again? But the same causes that led to its last fall will make it fall again if it is re-established. Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could keep it up even if they could set it up. We challenge Mr. Balfour to devise a Bill which would secure the stability of peasant proprietorship in the world of modern commerce. Everything is opposed to it as to small shops and small businesses. Doubtless a few specimens of peasant proprietors would always survive as a few small shops and businesses survive, but not in such numbers as to denominate a system, nor so securely as to found a family on them. The fact is that Co-operation in one form or another is indispensable in modern industry; and only public control tantamount to public ownership can establish Co-operation in agriculture without risking that form of Co-operation known as a Trust. We have to choose between public ownership and the Trust in land. Peasant proprietorship is a thing of the past.

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With Mr. Balfour, who is an Agnostic, we cannot pursue the subject at this moment any deeper: but to Mr. Chesterton, who is a sincere Christian, it is possible to address an argument that could not leave him, if he were not an intellectual millepod, a leg to stand on. This desire to own, what is it, good or bad; Christian or anti-Christian? Surely the desire to own is not more fundamental than the desire to do one's own will; yet it is precisely the private property in one's own will that every sincere theist gladly abandons. How can the abandonment of the desire to own oneself be less difficult or less unnatural than to abandon the desire to own a bit of land? We should have thought that the paradox of public property would have struck Mr. Chesterton as it struck a mere heathen like Plato: more especially as Mr. Chesterton has an analogous paradox in the doctrines of his faith. If life is most secure only when it is held in trust, that is, as a leasehold and not as a freehold, we may safely say that property in general is most secure when it is held after the same manner. The absolute security of property follows when nobody desires property, and nobody will cease from desiring property until all property belongs to everybody.

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Mr. Snowden's criticism of the tea-tax as pressing unfairly upon the poor was quite just; and the appropriately tannic flavour of his speech did not deserve Mr. Lloyd George's heavy and rather pedagogical rebuke. There was no denying the facts that Mr. Snowden adduced in proof of his contention that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer year by year. That, in our opinion, is the worst sign of decay a nation can manifest. In the last twelve months the income brought under review has increased by over 50 million pounds; in a little longer period wages have fallen by over five million pounds, while the cost of living has gone up 15 per cent. Yet in spite of this growing disproportion, the proportions of taxation allotted to the rich and the poor remain about the same. True, the present Budget makes a move in the right direction, and each year of its life will improve the pace. But Mr. Snowden has always given Mr. Lloyd George credit for this: in too unqualified language according to Mr. Ben Tillett and others. It is a pity if Mr. Snowden cannot blame one item of the Budget unreservedly when he has praised so many items unreservedly. Besides, we are not aware that Mr. Snowden is a member of Mr. Lloyd George's party. He is under no obligation either to conceal his views or to save the Government's face with Tariff reformers. The Budget is the curate's egg; and it is bad in parts.

The discussion in the House of Lords of the danger to Free Speech arising from Suffragettes in the first instance and from Budgetary enthusiasts in the more recent instances, ended in a general agreement among all parties to do their best to prevent the breaking up of meetings. This is really essential if democracy is ever to be firmly established. No speaker with his wits about him ever objects to what may be called legitimate interruptions. Socialist lecturers, as we happen to know by experience, often make their best points under the provocation of an interruption. Mildly disorderly scenes, even, are rather stimulating than otherwise to a nervous speaker: they arouse him to efforts that nothing else would induce him to make. But organised attempts to make public speaking impossible are to be condemned as fatal not merely to public order but in the end to civilisation itself. No party, we imagine, is more to blame in the matter than another. All parties have alike caught the infection: it is part of the general deterioration of public life: dating, we suggest, from that disastrous period when Pro-Boers were allowed even by Mr. Balfour to pay the price of free speech with broken skulls.

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We cannot concede that the action of the House of Lords in drastically amending Mr. Burns's Housing and Town Planning Bill is what many Liberals conceive it to be, a calculated and anticipated revenge for the Budget. The Lords, even the select handful who were present during the discussion, had probably no such idea in their heads. Their amendments were naturally in the direction of the interests of their class, but beyond that they were perfectly legitimate. We do not suppose that the Bill is lost, or that all the Lords' amendments will be accepted or all rejected. With due respect to Mr. Burns, the Bill was not perfect from any point of view as it entered the Lords. Its teeth had already dropped out in the Commons: and the Lords have only cut its claws. A better equipped animal would have got through.

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Señor Ugarte, the Attorney-General of Spain, has just presented his Report on the causes of the recent revolt in Catalonia. It differs from a Report on the causes of discontent in Ireland as drawn up by an Orangeman only by being ten times more ignorant, ten times more virulent, and a thousand times more lying. Señor Ugarte attributes all the mischief to the lay schools in which the abominable and subversive study of history is permitted. The young people are, it seems, there taught the blasphemous doctrines that people have rights and that political and personal liberty has often been wrested from kings by force. From this it is easy to deduce that the male teachers are a vile race of anarchists whose motto is: "Kill, rob, destroy without mercy to your heart's content;" and all the women are "the lowest of their sex." With the touching universality of religion, Señor Ugarte pleads for the preservation of law from the contamination of these submerged creatures. He requests that legal formalities be dispensed with in their punishment.

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The East African expert who is contributing to THE NEW AGE the series of articles on British East Africa recently challenged Socialists to present an alternative plan to that of forced labour in dealing with natives who will not work in our sense of the word. The same challenge has now been made by an Australian correspondent of the "Times" in a long article on the difficulties of native labour in Papua. Papua is what used to be known as British New Guinea; but from its cession to Australia in 1906 it has been an Australian colony, the first but not the last. The Papuan native has so far successfully resisted every humanitarian attempt to make him labour: and alternative devices have been vetoed by the Commonwealth Government. The question arises: are the Papuans to be left masters of an extremely fertile land and to remain idle upon it, what time lands everywhere else in the world are being pressed into their maximum service? We state the question at its best.

## "The Government Limited."

THE Budget Debates have shown that the old theory of Governmental finance, that revenues should be devoted to unproductive expenditure, still holds good among the economists who adorn the Front and Opposition Benches. Yet, at a time when the country is groaning under ever-increasing national taxes and locally administered rates, one would have thought that economic pressure would have effected what common sense has failed to do.

Why should not the Government adopt business methods and become a profit-making concern, instead of demanding always more and more money? Taxation is not Socialism. Running businesses for the benefit of the whole country, with proper payment and reasonable hours, is Socialism. The Government last year made close on £6,000,000 profit on the Post Office. Disraeli's magnificent stroke of collectivist business, which was pressed on him by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in purchasing the Suez Canal shares has added a considerable profit-making asset to the national capital. In 1898 the Suez Canal shares produced an income of £678,856. In 1908 they produced an income of £1,127,821.

Let us take some other instances. Supposing the Government had begun to flood the streets with taxicabs five years ago, what a magnificent revenue would have been at hand in reduction of taxation. Local authorities might have done the same thing. If trams, why not taxicabs? It is obvious that there is a great future for aeroplanes and airships. Why should not the British Government avail itself of M. Santos Dumont's generosity in socialising his patents and begin constructing aeroplanes for commercial use? The Government is doing so for purposes of defence—again the vice of non-productive purposes has crept in. Why could not the Government partly pay for the fleet by running airships and steamships?

Let us examine housing reform. The London County Council at present has power to build dwellings for the working classes. The present writer lives in a flat for which he has to pay a high rent to a private owner. How much more satisfactory it would be if the Government received that rent instead of a landowner. Both Parties are agreed upon the necessity of housing the working classes. Why cannot they accept the principle of housing the middle and upper classes? The latter have to pay for the unprofitable housing of the working classes by means of rates, and they get no relief from their own rents, as those rents are pocketed by private landlords. At present the middle and upper classes are hit both from above and from below.

The Government could enter upon land speculation with the greatest ease and with a certainty of obtaining huge unearned profit-rentals. Assuming a 'cute Chancellor of the Exchequer ten years ago had bought up the land adjoining Hampstead and Golders Green, a magnificent source of revenue would have been under his control now.

We do not believe in governmental monopoly. Private enterprise would have ample scope, and could act as a spur on the Government. Private capitalists contend that Government competition is unfair, since it is rate-aided or subsidised. That may be true to-day, because governmental enterprises have not the ideal of profit in view. But the ordinary objection to Government administration, that it is wasteful and extravagant, may be balanced against "rate-aided" competition: the private capitalist will have the disadvantage of the one equalised by the advantage of the other. Obviously a business which was run with the motive of gaining profits could not be described as "rate-aided," because it would not need aiding if profits were flowing in. Before that happy event, undoubtedly, the business might be eating away capital, but that is true of all private enterprises.

The reason governmental enterprise is distrusted is the simple one that a much higher standard is demanded from the Government than from the private company. Yet it can be demonstrated that municipal and governmental failures are ludicrously small when

put in fair ratio against the bankruptcies and windings-up of private individuals, firms, and companies.

We do urge our readers to consider these points, as they afford an admirable way of ridding the country of rates and taxes and carrying on national affairs at a profit. So long as every governmental and municipal enterprise is attacked with the bogey cry of Socialism, so long shall we be the victims of the landowner, the tax-gatherer, and the rate-collector.

## The Present Discontents.

ALL thoughtful men and women must regret the deadlock between the Suffragists and the Liberal Government; the women are asking merely for their just rights, and because the Government has departed from the great traditions of Liberalism the Nemesis that follows injustice has fallen upon them.

Four years ago, to the eternal shame of Liberals, two young women, asking a question at question-time according to the historic procedure of public meetings, were ignored and insulted, rushed from the hall with violence, arrested on a false charge, and sentenced to imprisonment. On that day they lit up a fire of indignation in the country that by God's grace shall never be put out.

For nearly sixty years women had asked for enfranchisement quietly and constitutionally, and their claims had been mocked at and ignored, but the hour had come, a new spirit of revolt had broken out amongst women, and since then the movement begun in poverty and scorn has grown and prospered; there are now about twelve societies working for "Votes for women," money rolls in, and time, brains, enthusiasm, devotion, personal liberty, and health are willingly sacrificed for the Cause.

Mr. Asquith requires that women should show that they desire the vote; surely they have done so. Thousands if not millions of meetings have been held up and down the country, two large outdoor processions have been organised, and one demonstration in Hyde Park, said to be the largest ever seen. A memorial signed by practically all the medical women of Great Britain was forwarded to Mr. Asquith, ably and eloquently setting forth the evils of the present unprotected condition of women, pointing out that the sweating of women was closely bound up with prostitution and its far-reaching curse upon innocent women and children yet unborn. The Head-mistresses of the High Schools, most of them graduates of Universities, have urged upon the obstinate Prime Minister the special need of political freedom for the women engaged in education, but Mr. Asquith seems deaf to all argument.

Since July 5th the members of the Women's Freedom League have held their "epical watch" outside the House of Commons waiting patiently to lay their complaint before Mr. Asquith, and to-day (September 23rd) the great total of 10,000 hours has been reached.

In the world's history there has been no such record of fortitude and endurance on the one hand, of such inconsiderate obstinacy on the other.

No attention is paid to constitutional appeals to justice and reason, and more forceful protests are met with the arrest and imprisonment of women of blameless lives as common criminals amongst thieves and the drunks and the women of the street. On February 13th, 1907, London saw the House of the People surrounded by hundreds of mounted police against orderly women bringing a resolution passed at an orderly meeting. To many onlookers in the street the whole thing was shameful and ridiculous, so small and frail were the women, so huge and violent the police. Since then we have got accustomed to this ridiculous sight.

Of the many injustices and anomalies that have gone on in the Police Courts there is not space to write. Our children reading this black page of history will hardly praise the fathers that begot them; England, who held up holy hands of horror at the revelations of the Dreyfus case, had better sweep out the dark corners in her own courts of injustice,

After the imprisonment of well-nigh four hundred women of blameless lives as common criminals, it was rumoured in legal and scholarly circles that it is the Liberal Government and the magistrates who are breaking the law, and not the women, and that trumped-up and ridiculous charges of obstruction have been allowed to override the great charters of English liberty.

"It is lawful for subjects to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal." So runs the fifth clause in the Bill of Rights (1689), and that clause has never been repealed.

Meantime over one hundred women are out under remand till England decides what her laws really are; an object lesson on the incompetence of highly-paid magistrates.

In last week's issue of "John Bull" a correspondent comments on the strange anomalies of English law:

When an employer of labour is afflicted with a strike or lock-out, his establishment is picketed. He may object to the interference with his liberty, but Mr. Asquith has passed a Trades Disputes Bill to get over the difficulty, and picketing is legalised. When there is a lock-out at Mr. Asquith's establishment, and he finds it picketed, the pickets find themselves at Bow Street. How's that, umpire?

Out!

To many of us who had never been to a Police Court, but had an optimistic belief in our great system of English justice, the shock that our wider experience has given us has been very great. "To think that all my life I have been wasting my time in praying that the magistrates 'might have grace to execute justice and maintain truth'; they have not paid for being prayed for," said an indignant Churchwoman to me as we walked dejectedly away from the Court.

Meantime the disorders in the country are going on from bad to worse; women have forced themselves into Cabinet Ministers' meetings and heckled them in season and out of season; the girls have been attacked and thrust out with great violence, some of them, it is alleged, being indecently assaulted by Liberal stewards. Now women are practically shut out from all meetings, the just being confounded with the guilty, to the great indignation of orderly tax-paying women, who are naturally anxious to learn something of the Budget under which they will be taxed exactly as if they were men. In spite of all precautions, Suffragettes make speeches from organ pipes or lurk in ambush under platforms, others scale roofs or arrive swinging on ropes through skylights. Even if they are kept out, the riots of huge crowds outside are said to render the speeches in the hall practically inaudible, or men sympathisers have the pluck to rise and plead their cause in their absence. The violence and brutality with which these brave men have been treated would disgrace the lowest prize-fighter, and the Press has recently been filled with indignant letters from eye-witnesses of these cowardly and hysterical exhibitions.

A scandalous condition of affairs, as Mr. Long has recently discovered. The Cabinet apparently, or so their speeches would lead us to believe, know nothing whatever about it, though I understand the expense of guarding them is costing the nation about £50,000 or more. Formerly the Prime Minister moved fearlessly about the country, but Mr. Asquith makes his undignified entry into Birmingham "like the Czar of Russia going to Cowes," under the protection of thousands of police and detectives, and the disgrace of such a state of affairs is upon the head of those who have not known how to do justly.

To many minds all violence and rioting is a hark-back to an earlier stage of development, a return to the methods of the ape and tiger, but violence and rioting are the direct outcome of tyranny and injustice, and the responsibility is upon the Government, who have failed so signally to keep order in the country.

In the whole history of the world has such an answer ever been given to petitioners asking for reform as that which Mr. Asquith gave to the orderly delegates from the Women's Freedom League, "Don't be silly"?

"Ye have all dealt falsely, for ye have lightly healed the hurt of the daughters of my people crying 'Peace, Peace,' when there is no peace." Thus Jeremiah on the present crisis. MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON.

## The Catalonians.

By Bart Kennedy.

THE trouble in Spain is racial.

The Catalonians are utterly different from any other Spanish people. The Andalusian and the Catalan are at opposite poles. And the Castilians—the men of the centre of Spain—and the Basques are also very different from the turbulent, energetic Catalonians.

The language of the Catalonian is also different from the true Spanish—the Castilian. As I tramped through the mountains to the north-east, on my way to Saragossa, this was borne in upon me. I had to revise my stock of Spanish words. Viente (twenty) transformed itself into "bin." Cinco (five) was "sin." Ochenta (eighty) was "weentantey." And there were other differences of a radical and puzzling nature. And the accent of the people was distinctly Gaelic. Imagine Gaelic spoken in a rough and guttural way and you will have some idea of the way Catalan sounds.

I found them to be a rough, sudden, hurry-up people. And while I was amongst them I often longed to be back South amongst the calm and easy, come-day go-day Andalusians. There was an electric energy about the Catalonians that was calculated to upset a person of easy thought such as myself. They were workers of a swift, abrupt character.

And that is another trouble springing out of the difference of race. The Catalonian works, and he knows he works. And he knows that the rest of the people of Spain won't work. And therefore is it that he would like to be separated from the toil-shy Spaniards. He wants all the fruits of his labour for himself.

I may say that in Andalusia no one works. Or if they do, they do it in such a secret, unobtrusive manner that it escapes the observer. I was nine weeks in Granada, and during all that time I never saw anybody doing anything. When next I am born again I sincerely trust that it will be in dear old Granada, where people neither toil nor spin—but somehow manage to reap. The Andalusian is a lovable, easy character with a supreme gift for polite lying.

And his spirit rules Spain.

And there you are. The Catalonian doesn't like it—and he won't have it.

The merry mine-owner, who dearly loves other people to go out and do a bit of fighting for his mines, is only the ostensible cause of the trouble. For once this sturdy and lofty patriot is not in the wrong. I mean the root of the trouble is not really in him. He is but the feather showing the way that the wind blows.

And the wind is blowing in the direction of Catalonia for the Catalonians.

This talk of the wish to form a republic because a republic is such an angelic form of government—and this talk of the evils of clericalism—and this talk of the double-dyed and double-barrelled ruffianism of the merry mine-owner is—well, it is merely talk. The real question is one of difference of race. And there is the beginning and the end of it.

A race who dearly loves work is disagreeing with a race who dearly loves rest—and plenty of it. And in the opinion of a plain and humble thinker such as myself it would be well were they separated. Oil and water can't mix.

History isn't quite clear as to the stock from which the Catalonians sprung. They are certainly not a Gothic race. They possess neither the fairness of look, nor the stature of the old barbarians. They are dark, middle-sized, alert, and tempestuous. A quick, hard race of fighters.

They have neighbours, though, who are certainly Goths. I mean the people of Andorra—the Andorranos. The men of Andorra are the finest looking men in the world—tall and broad and powerful, with blue eyes and fair complexions. They don't care much for the Catalonians. They are distrustful of their energy. When I was in Andorra I heard a long argument between a Catalan and some Andorranos. The Catalan was trying to explain how advantageous it would be

to Andorra if it were under the wing of Catalonia. But the Andorranos could not see it. And they expressed their blindness, so to speak, with much energy.

To put the case simply, it is this: An ancient, easy, conservative race has the misfortune to be living, if I may so put it, in the same house with a restless, turbulent, rushful, pushful, hurry-up race. True, there are some advantages accruing to the ancient, easy race from this mismated marriage. For the restless, turbulents work. In fact, they positively adore toil. And the present way the world is run a little toil is necessary to make the wheels go round. The calm and easy people don't like the turbulents. But they put up with them, because they love what they don't love—toil. Speak to an Andalusian of a Catalonian, and you will see a gentle, pitying smile come into the Andalusian's face. He looks upon the Catalonian as one would look upon the dark and benighted. He feels as the tramp feels towards the honest worker who likes to work hard for thirty shillings or a pound a week.

Speak to the Catalonian of the Andalusian and there will come into his hard, energetic face a look of fierce contempt. And he will tell you many rude things concerning the Andalusians with volcanic abruptness. He will go on about his lack of energy and push.

As I meandered up through Catalonia I heard a good deal of this. By that time I had been long enough in Spain to acquire a stock of what you might call green, or living, Spanish, and by the aid of that and gestures I was able to converse with these rugged and serious men.

Serious? Yes, they are serious. There is nothing of a gay and light and airy nature about them. They never seem to have time to make a joke. I remember trying to make a joke with a Catalonian in Saragossa, and for a moment I thought there was going to be war. I had made a joking remark about some soldiers who were passing, and he gave me a snap-your-head-off glare. It was with difficulty that I soothed him and made him understand that though I was a foreigner I was one of the best.

The truth of the matter is that the Catalonians do not consider themselves Spaniards at all. And as a matter of fact they are not. Any observer who goes through the length of Spain would be forced to this conclusion.

Through the centuries there has been friction—if not about one thing, about another—between them and the rest of the people of Spain. There is a story to the effect that when Columbus landed in Barcelona with presents for Spain the municipal authorities were so vexed that they would allow no record to be made of his landing.

How the trouble is to be really composed it is difficult to see. For it springs inherently from a racial difference. The political differences and the war in Morocco—arising out of the dispute about the mines—only mean that any stick is good enough to beat a dog. If it was not this, it would be something else.

In the end Catalonia must become a separate State.

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## Woman's Suffrage—A Lost Cause?

By W. L. George.

### II.

THE last three issues of THE NEW AGE have been for me thorns in the cushion, and yet I must return to the charge, avowing myself still among the unregenerate. I will not intervene in the little private spar round adult suffrage which has taken place between Mr. Ward and Mr. Rubinstein, even though the latter look upon me as dead and buried. By the way, has Mr. Rubinstein noticed that the Women's Co-operative Guild has just plumped for Adult Suffrage? Nor will I support or attack Miss Louise Rogers, who seems to think that Suffragism and Arrivism are synonymous; I hope it isn't as bad as all that.

I have been attacked frontally by Dr. Roberts and Miss Muriel Nelson. The former hardly takes the bull by the horns, for he merely urges that the old methods are useless without definitely endorsing the new, such as stone-throwing or disturbances on golf-courses. I see, too, that he does not answer the question: What are we going to do now? I wish he had expressed a view on my suggestions, such as bomb-throwing, which are hardly those of a peace-at-any-pricer.

Both Dr. Roberts and Miss Nelson seem appalled because I say what I think. That is rather a bad sign. Are the enthusiasts afraid that the voice of the Cause is so weak that mine may drown it?

Miss Nelson puts forward the stronger defence, and I do not deny that, at first glance, the figures she gave as to the postcards sent to Mr. Asquith by quondam Liberals rather shook me. However, I took some trouble to go into the matter. I approached the Liberal candidate for Attercliffe and the Women's Freedom League; the latter answered me very fully and courteously, but did not convince me. I do not for a moment say that, taking Attercliffe as a basis, it is not true that 2,300 "turncoat" postcards were sent, but the following calculation leads me to believe that it is not at all certain they were sent by Liberals:

1906.		1909.	
(15,484 voters.)		(over 16,000 voters.)	
Liberal .....	6,523	Liberal .....	3,175
Tory .....	5,736	Tories (2) .....	6,183
		Labour .....	3,531
Total .....	12,259	Total .....	12,889

So as to be able to compare the 1909 with the 1906 poll, let us apportion pro rata the extra 630 votes cast. We then obtain approximately:

ATTERCLIFFE RECTIFIED POLL.	
Liberal .....	3,020
Tories .....	5,882
Labour .....	3,359
Total .....	12,261

To make the comparison fair we must also reduce the 2,300 postcards sent in 1909 to 1906 conditions. This gives 2,188. This being done, we find a decrease in the Liberal poll of 3,503, and an increase of 146 in the Tory poll. Miss Nelson can have these 146 as turncoats, which leaves 2,142 to account for. As Labour polled 3,359 and the turncoats must have voted either Tory or Labour, these 2,142 must have voted Labour. If this is so, then the real Labour strength must have been 3,359—2,142=1,217.

On this basis only 1,217 persons were genuine Labour supporters. But it happens that in 1894 Mr. Frank Smith fought the seat, and obtained 1,249 votes out of 11,684 on the roll. As there were in 1909 over 16,000 electors, the normal Labour poll would be 1,710. Therefore, here is a discrepancy of 1,710—1,217=493 votes, and these we must knock off the turncoats. But let us go a step further. In 1909 a Labour poll at Sheffield of 1,710 out of 16,000 electors is absurd, and I feel certain that Miss Nelson will not deny that it is nearer 3,000. I leave this to the verdict of Mr. Pointer's agent, and if I am right then Labour only benefited by, say, 350 votes. Thus the turncoat figure

would be about 146 to the Tories and 350 to Labour, say 500 altogether—i.e., less than 1 elector in 30.

The upshot of all this is that, while believing that the Women's Freedom League figures are perfectly correct and the postcards were collected honestly and loyally, the signatures must have largely been those of men either indifferent, pestered, or cajoled. I have done some canvassing myself, and everyone who has will agree with me that many voters have not the faintest idea of what they are doing, and that most of them will sign anything to get rid of a canvasser if worried long enough. I asked Miss Nelson for evidence, but if this is all she can supply I advise her to discard all evidence in future; I recommend "L'Ile des Pingouins," where she will find Greatauk's splendid words to Panther: "Des Preuves? Il n'en faut pas. Les preuves, cela complique les choses."

Miss Nelson gave vent to a great deal of fervid rhetoric, but she did not tackle an important practical point I made, viz., that no Government will sign its death warrant before it need. Thus I still maintain that no amount of bullying can draw a Reform Bill from any Government before its time. Thus also I repeat (being uncontradicted) that if the Liberals go out the Suffrage Bill cannot come up before 1916, if it comes up then. It is all very well to say that Mr. Asquith is the obstacle, but the fact remains that Mr. Asquith will accept a Suffrage amendment to his Reform Bill, whilst Mr. Balfour has promised nothing.

As regards policy, I discern some indignation because I say that present methods are stale and useless. Well, if the Suffragists do not like my views on peaceful propaganda and want a demonstration, I ask once more: Why has only one seat been fought by a Suffrage man, when the Social and Political Union can collect £1,000 in an afternoon? If they think they are strong enough to face the music, then let the societies collect a national fund of £20,000, select 20 seats where the Liberal has only a small majority, and fight them at the general election. A big contest like this would inflame the imaginations of supporters so much that funds would not be lacking. If some seats were won the sensation would be enormous; this must be obvious to anyone who remembers the to-do when Mr. Grayson slipped into Parliament unexpected and unknown. Even Liberal defeats at the hands of Tories would be a great demonstration. I'll warrant that it would do the Cause more good to break half-a-dozen Liberal seats than the crowns of 500 policemen.

Leaving this vigorous remedy to be considered by those who do not agree that peaceful propaganda is once more the order of the day, I am compelled to adhere to my view that the present agitation is sterile because, to sum up:

1. I must doubt the value of the post-card pledges as much as if they were signed by M.P.'s;
2. Nobody has been able to explain why any Government should pass a Reform Bill enfranchising women now or at any time;
3. Nobody has explained why the societies, popular and wealthy as they claim to be, have never ventured to repeat the experiment resulting in their defeat at the Wimbledon election in 1906.

P.S.—The above article has been kept back a week to enable me to answer Lady Onslow. I must be brief as the editor has set me a space limit. Lady Onslow makes two points. One is a point of indignation because I want women to sell their support in exchange for the vote. She suggests that women are above this. Well, I hope not, for then the cause would be lost indeed; failing terrorism the women must use diplomacy. Let them sell their vote to a given party if it will buy; they can later turn upon that party and rend it if they will. Surely those who use violence should not be above political manoeuvring; indeed, I will go further; why scruple to deceive him whom you would slay? said Machiavelli. This may not be attractive but—Machiavelli generally won.

Lady Onslow's other point is a point of interrogation. She does not know what I mean. Well, I should like to answer her like Doctor Johnson: "I can supply you with an argument, but I cannot. . . ."

## A Lost Art.

By William Poel.

### II.

A COUNTY squire, whose hobby was horses, once told me that although at twenty he thought himself a good judge of a thoroughbred, he now, with fifty more years of experience at his back, hesitated a long while in determining a nag's good points. It is the same with the student of Shakespeare: the oftener he has read one of the poet's plays, and the more study he has given to it, the longer he hesitates to criticise. The art of the dramatist is too thorough and too subtle to be lightly discussed. To all stage-managers who wish to mend or improve Shakespeare I say: "Hands off! Produce this play as it is written or leave it alone. Don't take liberties with it; the man who does that does not understand his own limitations!" There is, in my opinion, but one rule to be followed when it becomes necessary to shorten one of Shakespeare's plays; that is to omit lines, but never an entire scene. Shakespeare of all his contemporaries, unless it be Ford, gave to his dramas—especially to his later ones—a unity of design; so that each scene has a relation to the whole play. But in the preparation of the stage version of "King Lear" at the Haymarket neither rule nor method has been observed; neither love nor respect has been shown; and, what is less pardonable, not even knowledge. Scenes and passages have been torn out of the play, just as children tear up bank notes, regardless of the value of the parts to the whole. No matter if the story is unintelligible, the characters are incoherent, and the ethics of the play unconvincing, the management has made up its mind that everything in "King Lear" took place eight hundred years before Christ, and therefore the purpose and meaning of the play must be left for Mr. Ricketts to explain.

Poked away in an odd corner of the play, Shakespeare generally puts some lines to illustrate the point of view from which he looks at his story, and so is the view expressed in "King Lear":

*Edmund*: This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune [often the surfeit of our own behaviour], we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion . . . and all that we are evil in, by divine thrusting on." (Act I. Sc. 2.)

And Shakespeare repeats the warning in "Coriolanus":

"The gods be good unto us! No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us," etc. (Act V. Sc. 4.)

Now, of course Edmund's speech is cut out of the Haymarket version, so that the playgoer who does not know his Shakespeare misses the irony of the terrible tragedy he is called upon to witness. The poet wishes us to understand that if a community leaves to the care of the gods the responsibility of a man's obligations to his fellow-men, instead of taking that responsibility upon itself, then life will go on to-day—and does go on—just as it did in the age of Elizabeth. All through the play Shakespeare denies omnipotence to man's self-made gods. In his drama they are represented in the person of Edmund, who has good looks, intelligence, and good intentions (Act I, Scene 2). The community, however, in which he lives decides that because Edmund is an illegitimate child these gifts shall not be profitably employed for the good of the State or for the benefit of the individual who possesses them. Edmund therefore becomes embittered, and revenges himself upon that community. Goneril, Regan, and Cornwall, being vicious in mind and self-seeking, make use of Edmund's villainy to serve their own ends, by which means the catastrophe in the death of Cordelia and Lear is brought about, together with the deaths of the plotters. But Kent, Albany, Gloucester, and Edgar believe that all this retribution is the doing of

the gods. Well, perhaps it is, if we admit that by the gods is meant Society's instinct for self-preservation, which compels it to rebel against bad laws and bad conventions. Unfortunately, however, history shows that a community may be so much in love with its self-made gods that it overrules its natural instinct and maintains ignorance and folly, in which case it soon perishes of canker and decay, and is wiped out of existence.

It has been said that the putting out of Gloucester's eyes is an artistic mistake on Shakespeare's part. I hold that it is a necessary incident in the play, and that the dramatist has shown the reason for it. Cordelia has set foot in the country with her French soldiers, determined to regain the Kingdom for her father, and Gloucester, whom Cornwall regards as belonging to his own faction, is conniving with Cordelia. Now had Gloucester been a common soldier Cornwall could have put him to death as a traitor (Act III, Scene 7), but being an Earl, Cornwall dare not do this, so he puts out the old man's eyes to prevent him reading any more secret despatches from Cordelia; he is blinded, moreover, in sight of the audience that Cornwall may be seen receiving his death-wound. Besides, the fact that Regan and Goneril were capable of acting so inhumanly towards Gloucester makes Lear's plight more desperate, and therefore more pathetic. But Shakespeare never makes his characters suffer without giving them compensations, and the meeting and reconciliation between the blind Gloucester and his Edgar is one of the most touching incidents in the play. That this reconciliation was omitted at the Haymarket suggests that the ugly incident of putting out Gloucester's eyes was done as a piece of sensationalism, and if so it merits the severest condemnation.

Shakespeare has often been blamed for being intolerant to democracy, and this is in part a deserved reproach, but it was a fault of the age and not of the man. Still in "King Lear" the dramatist abundantly proves his sympathy, with the hard lot of the poor. For this reason the play preaches no pessimism. Lear, Gloucester, and Edgar are the happier for the troubles they experience. What hardships they endure are brought upon themselves by their own shortcomings, but these hardships are mitigated by the knowledge of the sufferings of those who have done no wrong; miseries that are created through the selfishness of the rich. Lear, who has ruled a country as a despot for half a century, realises for the first time in his life that "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furred gowns hide all."

Having exposed himself to feel what wretches feel, he knows, as he has never known before, how the heart of a desolate father can crave for the love of a gentle daughter. To prison he can cheerfully go with her,

"To pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh at gilded butterflies,"

because now he is no longer himself in the wrong, but the one who is wronged. And the blind Gloucester, he, too, is happy in his misery, because for the first time he can say:

"Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man"—  
"that will not see

Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough."

This is Shakespeare's message to the Dukes to-day, and yet all this is cut out by the Haymarket management, who seem to imagine that these sentiments are barbaric and represent only the opinions of men who lived in 800 B.C.!

The fault then with Mr. Trench's stage-version is in a great measure due to carelessness in the study of the play. Mr. Trench or Mr. Norman McKinnel—I am inclined to think that the latter gentleman is the one responsible—has failed to grasp the right point of view from which to present on the stage this colossal tragedy. Besides, the stage-manager having allowed his actors to take up half the evening drawling out the lines of the first two acts, the blue pencil was used for the remaining three with a freedom and ignorance no director should have ever sanctioned.

And where were the critics with their responsibilities? Not a single one of them has pointed out what was amiss with the performance or the injustice that has been done to the author by the producer and stage-manager. That the critics would know their play no one who understands the conditions under which they write could expect; and yet they are men of intelligence and honesty. The fault is with the system. Why does the community allow newspapers, who thrive by theatre advertisements, to provide the public with its dramatic critics? In whose interests should the criticisms be written, in that of the public or that of the players? What inducement is there for a critic to put forth his best powers to giving an able and exhaustive criticism of a performance when he is hampered by consideration for the feelings of those who are his editor's customers? Is it any wonder that he does not care to make himself familiar with Shakespeare when nothing but platitudes is required of him? Surely both the Public and the Theatre suffer in consequence.

## Verse.

**A Century of French Poets.** By Francis Yvon Eccles. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

La forme la plus parfaite de la poésie—la seule vraie peut-être pour les nations vieilles,—c'est le lyrisme.—  
VICIÉ LECOCQ ("La Poésie Contemporaine.")

It is difficult to know for whom Mr. Eccles has compiled this book. He would call it (were not the word pedantic) a Chrestomathy, which the dictionary defines as a book of selections from foreign languages, usually for beginners. Perhaps that is why he has thought it necessary to explain the difference between assonance and rime, and to give, in the notes at the end, etymologies and explanations of words, useful sometimes even to the "advanced student"—sometimes impertinent. Yet though he would call it a Chrestomathy (were not the word pedantic) only the "advanced student" could read with any pleasure the selections from the different French poets represented. Then Mr. Eccles has found no place—he says so—for better poets than some of those he has chosen, because (perchance) they do not represent a phase; just as a man might say: "Here are my turnips. Don't look at the hills over there; they only prevent you from seeing the potato crop on the other side." And he has given a long historical introduction on the English plea that one must go back to Adam in order to present—Mr. Herbert Trench, shall we say? This introduction shows that Mr. Eccles is deeply read in French literature, and can strike a nice balance between the different classics; but it overloads his book, and since the book deals with the last hundred years of French poetry, it is incomplete because deficient in understanding of the significance of the Symbolist movement. The "Introductory Essay on the Development of French Poetry" fills 65 pages, Victor Hugo has 44 pages, and there are 58 pages of notes: in all, 167 pages out of 400, which leaves 233 for the rest of the century. The consequence is that the splendid lyrical outburst of the last thirty years, of which the two volumes of "Poètes d'Aujourd'hui" by MM. van Bever and Léautaud are the living proof, is unaccounted in some 50 pages.

It is a pity, because Mr. Eccles's competence to talk about French verse is undeniable. A study of MM. van Bever and Léautaud's volumes, and of the books referred to therein, would have helped him to a better understanding of the nature of poetry; as yet he hardly knows the difference between good composition and rhetoric and essential poetry; and so he gives us that intolerable deal of Victor Hugo, most of which is the merest sublimated rhetoric, and will be one day, I hope, if it is not already, looked upon as fustian. Hugo had enormous power; so has the wind, but the wind has no beauty except as a symbol to a poet, and Hugo was too fond of lashing a sea of things to be quintessential. He is a giant bore, tricked in magnificent finery, a spectacle of which one tires. Imagine a mountain writing poetry—avalanches! Mr. Eccles has one very

profound remark in his notice of Hugo, where he speaks of "that presence of mind or instinct of verbal association which is perhaps the ultimate secret of fecundity"—perhaps too, let me add, the ultimate secret of poetry. The short studies of each poet prefixed to the selection from his work are all well done and carefully thought out. They are satisfying. It is to be regretted all the more, therefore, that the so-called Symbolists should be so poorly represented both in the number of poets and in the choice of poems. It is not by the poets of the first half of the century that the book would have been mainly interesting, but by those who are the most authentic voices France has had. In this M. Walch's three volumes of "Poètes Contemporains," which Mr. Eccles knows, are much more comprehensive and give a far better idea of the richness of the period than does Mr. Eccles's book. There is a kind of confession in his preface of a tiredness and unwillingness to complete the book. It is a little significant of his attitude towards the symbolist poets that while he knows that Coppée is dead he has not heard of the death of Guérin. If Mr. Eccles had only annotated for Englishmen an abridged edition of M. Walch's book. . . .

M. Tancrède de Visan has pointed out that the symbolist movement did not touch poetry alone, but that it gave impulse to science and philosophy; it was really a new way of looking at life. In literature it brought about a deep discontent with and rebellion against the old poetry which described, or taught, or persuaded, or invectivated, or simply talked. It was an individualistic movement and a claim by the artist to be bound by no other rules than those of his own personality and of the universe which he reflected. It sought to suggest infinity by evocation and echo, infinity being an emotion of the poet. Above all, it was intensely lyrical, and carried with it as a matter of course a challenge to the old alexandrine and the square-cut forms. Mr. Eccles writes some cant phrases—"the unique source of French poetry—the feminine (sic) 'e,'" "that consciousness of a regular return without which verse in Europe is not verse," though how verse can be not verse is not apparent. He seems to deny the possibility of free verse in French—that is, verse phrased according to the flow and rhythm of the poet's emotion, a creation not a filling of a form, despite the work, acknowledged by him, of Verhaeren, Régnier, Kahn, Laforgue, Vielé-Griffin—despite Régnier's superb "Le Vase" and his "Odelettes," say, Verhaeren's powerful "Novembre," and so many other poems, Laforgue's "L'Hiver Qui Vient." The only poetry is lyric poetry. Mr. Storer says the phrase is a pleonasm; poetry can only be lyric. And beauty is a poet's sovereign mistress. "But," says M. Stuart Merrill in his "Credo," "the poet must not be content, like the Romantics and the Parnassians, with a beauty all exterior, but by the symbolism of the forms of beauty he must suggest all the infinity of a thought or of an emotion which has not yet been expressed." A petal must suggest the rose and its roots. The Romantics were content to tell a story, the Parnassians impissably to describe; but the Symbolist—and all essential poets are symbolists—takes a pure emotion and translates it by eternal images which become symbolical of men's everlasting desires and questionings. Consciousness is expressed in stars which diadem the poet's head, and their mingled light makes a symphony of music; his verse will do more than music. It may be that all art hereto has been experimental only, save in a few happy instances, and has failed and been stored in museums. It is true that the French avowed symbolist poets went astray in their discontent and wrote hermetical verse in which the sense and the appeal were completely occulted; but those too were only experiments. The true symbolical poem is as limpid and simple as a cloudless night, as mysterious, and with inter-correspondence of reflected light as of star with star. A poet, therefore, may only write one poem or two lines which will be his age's contribution to the ages:

Et vraiment quand la mort viendra que reste-t-il?

F. S. FLINT.

## George.

THEY were brothers, but unlike as brothers sometimes are. Beyond the fact that both were good fellows, and that they worked in the same business, which had been their father's old firm, there was little resemblance. George was a breezy, hearty, practical-minded man, very much married, the father of a young family, a church worker, and of course a sound Conservative.

Ronald was thoughtful, idealistic, romantic even in some ways, given to long wanderings in the woods, watching the ways of the live things and the growth of plants, and though he too was good at business in his way, he was given to scientific speculations and a Socialist in politics, tastes that much astonished and worried the excellent George. How could an otherwise sensible fellow like Ronald go wasting his time and brains over pursuits that led to nothing? A football match or a tramp round the golf-links—there was some sense in that; but to spend the day like an owl in an ivy-bush! Not that that mattered if Ronald liked it; but his Socialism! That was a bit too much. What sense was there in wanting to divide everything up? It would all have to be done over again tomorrow (here Ronald would attempt a re-statement of the Socialist case, which, however, was seldom heeded by his brother when once under weigh). A man must be master in his own works, and there was no good being too sentimental over it. There was no use in keeping a man to do skilled mechanic's work if a new machine and a girl or two would do four times the work at half the cost. There was no use in keeping on elderly men when young ones could pick up what was wanted quicker. He was sorry enough for old Tom Smith, as Ronald knew (and here the excellent George did himself no more than justice, for he did many a kind thing for his men when thrown out of work), but you could not put back the clock and prevent the machines being invented, and if they were invented one must have them, he supposed. It was hard upon individuals perhaps, but good in the long run. You couldn't guarantee the men work if there were no work for them to do, and you could not give them security that their special skill would always be wanted—it was a case of demand and supply, and they must take their chance like the rest. And capital now—of course those fellows at the street corner wanted to get rid of capital because they hadn't got any, but how a man like Ronald, who knew what business was, could be such a fool as to go against capital was more than he could understand. (Renewed attempts at re-statement from Ronald, no more heeded than before.) No business could be carried on without capital, and no one would suffer so much as the workers if capital were all driven out of the country. Where would wages come from if there were no masters and no capital? Would anyone tell him *that*? As it was, were not they, the employers, many of them, running the works at a loss sooner than turn the hands off? If business were made less profitable than it was already, through Socialistic legislation, it would mean ruin and starvation in many a working class home. Unless there were some security that a man could do business in his own way, and get the profits of his own industry and enterprise, why should he keep working at all? Much better realise and go and start a boarding-house at Monte Carlo! (Some alarm at this suggestion shown by Mrs. George, who would not have felt at home in Monte Carlo society, but reassuring smiles from Ronald, who knew his brother.) Insecurity was the greatest evil that could happen; once let a man feel that his industry and his business ability were no good, that his reward might be snatched away from him, and the whole fabric of commerce would crumble away. ("What about Tom Smith's industry and ability?" from Ronald.) He remembered how his father had built up his business year by year, working hard and putting his back and his brains into it; and a better father never stepped. What inducement would there be to a man to work like that if he had no security, if he didn't know but what a Socialist Government would turn him out any day?

And here George, having to his own satisfaction completely confuted his brother and proved the superiority of the present system to any possible modification of it, went off and started playing with some of the little Georges, who were glad enough to get him for a romp.

But though George was thus in theory an optimist, he knew, and his brother knew too, that things were not very well with them. Their firm was an honest, trusted, respectable, but somewhat old-fashioned business, built up in the days when small capital and the master's eye could still make a good profit, when the trust and the syndicate were as yet unknown. George and Ronald were beginning to be hit hard by what George usually spoke of vaguely as "foreign" competition, but which Ronald at least was beginning to perceive, dimly at first, but more and more clearly as time went on, was really the immense, destructive competition of larger businesses, larger capital, the trust, the amalgamation, or combine. How could they, to whom the introduction of a new machine was an exciting and interesting event, the cost to be carefully calculated and foreseen, hope to compete with vast undertakings where wonderful automatic machines were continually brought in, then "scrapped" and thrown aside as soon as they got the least old-fashioned?

The upshot of these and similar reflections was that the two brothers decided, though with some reluctance, to form the business into a limited company, in which they themselves would be directors, charged as heretofore with the management and superintendence of the business, and might hope with an accession of capital and an extension of business to put the old firm on its legs again. Accordingly an enterprising and obliging American was discovered who was willing to undertake the job, came down and looked over the works with a disparaging expression, and proposed scrapping machines that George still looked upon as new and exciting innovations, but gave it as his opinion that the business had something in it and might be brought up to date, and started the limited company with a practised air and considerably less commotion than Mrs. George would have put into giving a tea party.

At first things went on smoothly enough, but gradually relations became extremely strained between George and the other directors. George's methods were perhaps old-fashioned, but he had got used to them, and he could not understand the ways of the new men, what he considered their extravagance in advertising and the expedients they adopted to capture the market and drive out their trade rivals. To him the business still seemed *his*, and he wanted to manage it in his own way. He could remember his father taking him in as a little chap of six to see the works, and the foreman holding up "little Master" to look at the big engine. He liked taking *his* little George now to listen to the mighty throb of the engine and the never-ceasing hum of those tireless machines. And he objected most strongly to the interference and patronising airs of the strangers he had brought in upon himself to keep that very engine running.

The inevitable end came. There was a period of depression of trade, which made things more difficult than ever, and eventually George was invited, with cold expressions of regret and some empty politeness, to resign his post as managing director on the plea that a younger man would be more suited to the place. Poor George looked round the office, when he began to realise what it all meant, and knew he would never come there again. There was the corner he had sat in as junior assistant, and the place, once his father's, which had afterwards become his. He had come in and out for twenty-five years, and never questioned that it all belonged to him. He had always worked side by side with Ronald, and now they would be parted. He thought suddenly of old Tom Smith: perhaps it was hard to have turned him off because he was slow at understanding new work. He knew now how poor Tom had felt; it was as if the foundations were all shaking under you. There must be security, as he had often told Ronald. How should a man put his

brains and industry into his work if the fruits were to be taken from him?

It was all very well to say a younger man would be more suitable, but how should a man give all his younger years to his work and then have it taken from him? He could not take little George to look at the big engine any more, could not have him in the junior assistant's corner when he was older. It was all uncertain; business was different now, something he did not understand as he thought he did, it was vaster, more incalculable, like a great piece of machinery that would crush you if you did not know how to manage it, a terrible blind force in motion, with no human feelings or human knowledge about it. Surely, surely, it ought not so to be. Surely a *man* must count for something. His head was as good, he could do his business as well as anyone, yet he was thrust aside. What was the use of trade if it could not secure a living for a man and his wife and children, if it only meant that he and Mrs. George and the children were to be cast off, while the old firm made dividends for a company? Tom Smith and he were only counters in the great game of competition, and had been swept off the board.

B. L. H.

## Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

MR. C. F. KEARY makes a curious figure in letters. He has been an author for thirty years, and it is twenty years since he published his first novel, "A Mariage de Convenance." This title, by the way, illustrates Mr. Keary's habit of writing in several languages at once. I think I could find even the phrase "et hoc genus omne" in his mature work, and he is fond of employing German words when the proper English word does not leap straight to his pen. Nevertheless, despite this trick, which would have damned anybody else in their eyes, Mr. Keary strangely became the idol of literary dandies of the nineties. I remember that I used to think him rather fine myself—I knew not why. He was a great darling of the "Pall Mall Gazette," when that singular paper had a collection of darlings. At the period when the "P. M. G.," in its enthusiasm, once reviewed a book by Mr. Marriott Watson long before the book was published, it would head its reviews of Mr. Keary with such titles as "A Novel by a Novelist," subtly implying that novels were usually written by grocers or publishers. I am quite sure that "A Mariage de Convenance" (one of the few artistically successful modern novels cast in the form of letters) is a pretty good book. But I have never since come across a novel by the "P. M. G.'s" "novelist" that I did not find a bore. I must apply the same criticism to "The Mount," just published by Constables. Previous disappointments notwithstanding, I anticipated this novel with interest. But it took my interest by the throat and slowly throttled it. The scene is laid in a midland town which is explicitly affirmed not to be in the Potteries but which cannot realistically be elsewhere. Both in construction and in style it shows the old frigid slovenliness. It has the old narrow sympathies, and the old wide antipathies which are largely due to a vast unconscious ignorance of life. Possibly this would not vitally matter, for many good novels are both slovenly and prejudiced, if only the book *were* a novel. But, like most of Mr. Keary's fictions, it is simply the raw material of a novel. Mr. Keary can neither construct nor select. Hence his affecting tediousness. But he is splendidly anti-sentimental, and in an Anglo-Saxon writer this quality merits gratitude. He strives finely after truth. Also, with all his fantastic carelessness of writing, he produces in you the impression that he does in some twisted way care for letters. The present is a moment of solemn decision for me. I have resolved never again to try and read another of Mr. Keary's novels. He has had twenty years in which to accomplish the task of interesting a friendly reader who enjoyed "A Mariage de Convenance." If he cannot do it in twenty years he cannot do it in two hundred. I bid him a respectful adieu and softly close the door.

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hath ear heard of the  
good things in store for  
mankind, directly man  
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bows the head, and obeys  
them."

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We are going to have new editions of at least two manuals of English literature. Mr. Maurice Browne (whose name is not unknown to readers of this paper) is engaged by Messrs. Cassell's upon a modernisation of Henry Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature." Part of Mr. Browne's scheme is to devote special attention to living authors. A difficult task, if it is to be executed with a full regard for letters! For example, will Mr. Browne put down the literary truth about the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sir Gilbert Parker, etc., or will he ignore such names, or will he, agreeing with every daily paper in England, imply or roundly state that they have genuine permanent artistic importance? A still more difficult task will be to render Henry Morley readable. I am inclined to the opinion that Henry Morley was the most unreadable writer that ever wrote in any language not German. And I suspect that his critical views were without value. I fancy that as a disseminator of mere factual information he was praiseworthy. For personal reasons I have a weakness for Henry Morley. He was one of the most active of all "introducers." I am aware of over three hundred different introductions that he has compiled for various cheap editions of the classics. Also, he had a trick of selecting, for reprint, classics that could only appeal to a handful of fairly expert readers, and then pretending that everybody would enjoy them. A very pleasant trait in his character, and agreeable to those with a taste for byways! His vast history of English literature was begun—indeed, it was begun twice, in 1864 and 1887—but never finished. It may startle those who know Henry Morley only by his introductions, to learn that he started his literary career as a poet and humourist. Dickens mistook him for a humourist.

\* \* \*

The other new edition is "Collier"—not John Payne Collier, the earnest forger of priceless Shakspeare items—but somebody who manualised English literature for the use of students. I have never encountered this Collier, though I seem to have heard of him since everlasting. I presume that there must be something in the work, as the preface for the new edition is being written by Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll's gigantic labours in connection with the history of English literature, which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Thomas Seccombe, eminently qualify him to write this preface. By the way, one of the best small manuals that I have ever used is "The Civil Service Handbook of English Literature," by H. A. Dobson (published by Lockwood and Co., 1874). H. A. Dobson is now more familiarly known to the world as Austin Dobson. It was, of course, impossible for such a man to write so badly, or to display such a profound ignorance of letters, as the average manualiser.

\* \* \*

An enterprise of Messrs. George Bell and Sons has a certain interest. "Masters of Literature, a new series of handy volumes containing the finest passages of the greatest authors." In other words, a series of selections. There is a great deal to be said for the volume of selections, in opposition to the complete works. For instance, Defoe wrote two hundred and fifty volumes, nearly all good and all somewhat monotonous. I should be glad to have a selection of Defoe; but I do not desire the task of Mr. John Masefield, who has undertaken to make the selection. Messrs. Bell's volumes are to be lengthily prefaced by experts of the calibre of E. V. Lucas, Thomas Seccombe, and Professors Saintsbury and A. J. Grant; and these prefacers are to link the excerpts together. Novelists are to be included, even as far as to George Eliot. The singularly well written prospectus of the series states frankly that it is in a large measure constructed to suit the special needs of the student who is "getting up" a given author. Reference is made to a similar series in French. Now there are two similar series in French. One, "Pages Choiesies," published by Armand Colin, and the other "Les Plus Belles Pages," published by the Mercure de France. I prefer the latter, because it expressly ignores the susceptibilities of theoretically innocent girlhood. It gives "the finest pages," whether they are suitable for schoolrooms or not. Almost

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always in this sort of series there is a tendency to play down to the young person. And it is a tendency to be avoided. Fielding, Stern, and Defoe, for example, would bleed horribly under the Bowdlerian knife. I trust that the publishers have not ordained that the unfit shall not survive. If they have done so, they have made a grave mistake. The volumes of Scott and Fielding are ready, and Carlyle, Defoe, Thackeray, Dickens, de Quincey, Emerson, Hazlitt and Sterne are some of the names to follow. The price is 3s. 6d. net. I doubt not that at this relatively high figure the books will be faultlessly produced.

JACOB TONSON.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### The Moral 'Forties.

THE Countess of Cardigan was born in 1824, has been married twice, has intermixed with the best sections of English Society, and has published at the age of 84 a remarkable book of recollections, grave and gay. The Countess herself says: "I have enjoyed my life thoroughly, and at 84 years of age I am still capable of entertaining my friends in both town and country." The Countess can have our testimony that she is still capable of entertaining a somewhat jaded reviewer in the month of September. "I can amuse myself with singing and playing; my business faculties are as keen as ever; I have a good digestion, and can enjoy my dinner heedless of any new-fashioned fads about food." (Ah! Mr. Shaw!) "I sleep as peacefully as a child, and my doctor says I shall live to be a hundred! I do not even feel old; perhaps that is because I know the secret of *joie de vivre*. . . . I think the gift of keeping young at heart is the most valuable asset in life." Truly, in some cases, those whom the gods love live long! We quote this passage as there is a fine philosophy hidden under its materialism. It is significant that the Countess, immediately after this philosophic parenthesis, tells a risky story about the Parrot Club, which should be read, as it is too long to quote. At the end the authoress remarks: "I have seen everything worth seeing and know everyone worth knowing," and for our own part let us add, "have said everything I have to say worth saying."

There is an interesting reference to Lord Hertford, the original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne," but the Countess's verdict is the merciful and kindly one of "Peace to his memory." The following is an extraordinary story about Lord Ward: "William Ward was a pleasant man, but he had extraordinary ideas of how to treat a wife. . . . What pleased Lord Ward more than anything was to make Constance put on all her jewels for his special benefit when they were alone. He would admire her thus for hours, delighting in her lovely unclad figure and contrasting the sheen of her ropes of pearls with her delicate skin. These strange proceedings at first terrified and then disgusted Constance. She appealed to her father, but her parents decided that her husband's peculiarities came within the meaning of the marriage vows, and she was told she must submit to her husband's humours." This conduct drove the unfortunate woman into the arms of a lover who had other notions of decency, but her infidelity was discovered by Lord Ward, who turned her out of the house at 3 a.m., when she was enceinte, with the result that the child was prematurely born and the mother died. One scene at her death-bed was very gruesome. "On the evening of the day before her burial Lord Colville came to see Lord Ward. The widower suddenly turned to his friend: 'Colville, you admired my wife?' 'Yes,' replied Lord Colville, 'I did.' 'Well, come and look your last on her,' said Lord Ward. . . . Silently Lord Colville stood by her, and his heart ached when he thought of her fate. Ward was watching him attentively. 'Still admiring my wife? Well, she was a pretty woman, but—you'd never credit she had bad teeth.' He put down the candle on a table as he spoke and raised his

wife's head from the pillow. With cold deliberation he wrenched the jaws apart. 'I always told you she had bad teeth,' he repeated. 'Look here, man.' But Lord Colville had left the room. He told me afterwards it was the most ghastly sight he had ever seen."

Lady Cardigan does not even spare her first husband. Lord Cardigan had married the divorced wife of Colonel Johnson, but the union was unhappy and there was a separation. "For twelve years Cardigan remained a grass widower, consoled by many fair-friends, and bills no doubt being as numerous then as they are now, certain ladies were always ready to stop at Deene without their husbands." The first Lady Cardigan died on the morning of July 12th, 1858, and this is what happened. "On the morning of July 12th, 1858, I was awakened at seven o'clock by a loud knocking at the front door. It was Lord Cardigan. I had just time to slip on my dressing gown when he came into my room and said: 'My dearest, she's dead; let's get married at once.'" Lord Cardigan was certainly a man of action in love as well as in war. However, the union was a very happy one, and we leave it to moralists to cavil.

Here is a racy story: "Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, was a very well known figure at Newmarket, but she was highly unpopular, and was once mobbed on the course for having Mr. Crawford's horse pulled as there was not enough money on it! She was very much in love with Mr. Crawford, whom she afterwards married. Crawford owned a horse called 'Corrie Roy,' and the Duchess was named 'Carrie Red,' whereupon Lord Winchelsea perpetrated these lines:

Corrie Roy and Carry Red,  
One for the course, the other for bed,  
Is not Craw a lucky boy  
To have Carry Red and Corrie Roy?

The next story to be quoted has some political interest, and is not very flattering to Disraeli. "I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from Disraeli. My uncle, Admiral Rous, had said to me: 'My dear, you can't marry that d—d old Jew,' but I had known D. all my life, and I liked him very well. He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was his breath. In ancient Rome a wife could divorce her husband if his breath were unpleasant, and had Dizzy lived in those days his wife would have been able to divorce him without any difficulty." Eventually the Countess consulted the present King, who advised her not to marry Disraeli.

Another merry episode is told with some gusto. "An amusing story was told me by a friend who, when crossing one of the 'smart' squares, noticed that straw was being laid down on all sides of it. D. was puzzled at the unusual sight, and said to the man: 'Why are you covering all the square? Is there a very bad case of illness?' Well, sir, replied the man, 'the lady at No. — has just had a child, and as four gentlemen have sent straw I thought it better to put it all down, so as not to favour anybody.'"

The Court of Spain has always been in bad odour, but this story of the present King's father reminds us that Spain is still in the Middle Ages. "The King once greatly admired a very lovely married woman at Madrid, and he hit upon the idea of sending the unwanted husband, like Uriah of old, to the war. Secret instructions were given that he was not to return to Madrid in a hurry. All went well; the husband left Madrid, and his wife and her lover were free to meet without fear of detection. The disconsolate husband seemed to bear a charmed life, and it was commented on by a friend who liked him. 'Don't you think it curious that you are always selected for dangerous posts?' he asked. 'You will never return to Madrid unless you have the Devil's own luck, for you have

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\* "My Recollections." The Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre. (Eveleigh Nash. 177 pp. 10s. 6d. net.)

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Consider for a moment the daily routine of your life. Does it tax your intelligence to the utmost of which it is really capable? Has not the bulk of your work become almost mechanical through sheer force of habit? Even though it does require a large amount of thought and care, is not your brain working in one direction only—being developed along one little narrow line? And when the closing of your office door sets your thoughts free for other interests, private and general, how many subjects are you able to find pleasure in? Is not the number lamentably limited—do you not neglect many of those which are within easy reach?

When you read your morning paper, in how many of the subjects can you take a really intelligent interest? Are you not content to accept the cut-and-dried opinions dished up for your consumption without bringing any original thought to bear upon them, and forming an opinion of your own? You say, perhaps, that life is too short to enter deeply into the many questions of the day—yet how many hours of boredom do you endure in the week?

How often do you feel "out of it" when others are discussing subjects which you too are expected to know something about. In business, politics, science, art, literature, in the ceaseless drama of life itself, there is an inexhaustible fund of interest and fascination for those whose minds are capable of extracting it, for their pleasure or profit. It is not a question of "reading up" any or all of the subjects; but of stopping the leakages in your memory—of training it to serve not as a sieve, but as a capacious and well-ordered storehouse—in short, to double its power and efficiency.

Think what it would mean to you to acquire a two-power standard of mental efficiency—to double your present mental power, to banish mind-wandering and

brain-fag, to enlarge your outlook and optimism, and gain greater self-reliance and faith in yourself.

It would double your earning capacity, double the chances and the speed of your promotion. It would open up new avenues of enterprise and interest, make your mind more alert and receptive, fit you to fill a better-paid position, and remove the dread possibility of dismissal after years of faithful service, because a younger man can do your work.

There is an unsuspected reserve of latent power lurking in your brain, which can only be brought into full play by training on lines such as is afforded by the Pelman School of Memory Training. However efficient you may be now, you are—unless you are a one-in-a-million exception—only employing half the mental power of which your brain is capable. It is like employing two horses to draw a one-horse load.

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been sent here solely that the King can enjoy your wife undisturbed.' The husband, mad with jealousy, deserted and made his way back to Madrid. He learned from an old servant when the King was next expected to visit his wife. On the evening in question Alphonso and the Duke de Sesto went to the lady's house, and just as Sesto was about to leave the lovers alone the door opened and the husband appeared. . . . The Duke did not waste a moment, for he drew his sword and killed the husband before he had time to realise his danger. The body was removed and interred secretly, and the death of the unfortunate man was duly notified as having taken place at the camp. 'Costas Española,' said De Sesto when he told me the story. 'And, Duke, you felt no remorse?' He smiled at me. 'It was the quickest way for an interfering husband to be disposed of, madame.'

This strange book, written by an aristocrat for the amusement of her friends and the embitterment of her enemies, is a revelation of life in English Society. Its frankness is a healthy symptom; madame believes in plain speaking. We see the difference between the Socialist and Conservative ideals of Free Love. Some Socialists advocate Free Love to secure a better moral foundation for society. This Conservative society practises Free Love for the mere gratification of sensual pleasure and its desire for sensational and risky amours. All unwittingly the Countess of Cardigan has dealt a shrewd blow at the fabric of this Society, which reeks in unpleasantness, indulgence, and extravagance. She notes the passing of the claims of birth, family, and rank, only to be replaced by the vulgar arrogance of the moneyed plutocrat, and is naturally somewhat bitter. Still the world moves on towards its goal. We suspect that the Countess of Cardigan would be somewhat out of place in the coming Commonwealth, wherein social service will be the test of the individual's worth. "STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

## REVIEWS.

**The Birth of Modern Italy.** By Jessie White Mario. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

A mass of somewhat incoherent notes by an enthusiastic and sympathetic woman journalist and war-correspondent, married to an Italian patriot, "The Birth of Modern Italy" tells with enthusiasm the whole history of the Italian Revolution. Some five hundred characters appear, Italian leaders and agitators, Austrians, English and other sympathisers. These circle round the two central figures, Mazzini, the philosopher, and Garibaldi, the soldier, who are thus seen as the focal points of riots and battles. The object of the authoress has been to show the conflict of the elements of democracy and autocracy rather than to trace the new democratic growths therefrom. So while it is easy to see Italy tearing off the strait-waistcoat of Austrian tyranny and putting on the democratic robe of freedom, it is not so easy to trace the threads of the many and complex movements of which the robe is composed, and to which the International Revolution of '48 gave birth. Thus only disconnected bits of an important International Labour Movement development appear at the surface and are seen respectively as the Italian Workingmen's Association (38), the International League (107), and the European Democratic Committee (222). An introduction sheds light on the "heroic" part of the authoress, and an epilogue brings events up to date. Altogether, this is a compilation of facts which nobody who would understand how the nations of Europe are drifting to a great unity can

overlook, and which may serve to inspire a much-needed history of an eventful revolution.

**The Adventures of a Pretty Woman.** By Florence Warden. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Miss Florence Warden continues, as she has done these thirty years, to pour out novels by the yard, so to speak. Her latest book is characteristic both of her matter and manner. The adventures of the half-American—minus the star-spangled manner—are typically Druriolonian. Her hustling sympathy for the good baronet wrongly accused of murder, to whom she is introduced by a knock-down blow from his retriever, and whom she marries after his innocence has been established by a jilted lady who apparently escapes from an asylum and cuts her throat for the purpose, is quite up to the Drury Lane standard. The most we can say for this book, which will doubtless serve its purpose, is, the developments are most sensational.

**Train Talks.** By Edward Hartley. (Twentieth Century Press. 1s.)

"Is this Mr. Hartley, the Socialist?" On my admitting the impeachment, he said: "Then I should like to ask you a question, sir." "All right, fire away," I said, not at all impressed by his ceremonious manner. "Now, sir, I should like to know what you would do with the thrifty man under Socialism." ("Living off and on Capital," p. 35). In this way Mr. Hartley takes the platform and proceeds to meet the common objections to Socialism in a business-like and convincing manner. Decidedly a little book of facts and figures to make Socialists.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*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 weekly are omitted on account of their length.*

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.  
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been rubbing my eyes, not being able to believe that THE NEW AGE has joined the ranks of the "Globe" and the "Daily Telegraph." Mr. Shuttleworth, in his article about Egypt and the Egyptians has been calling me dishonest, unfit for self-government, and all the rest of the argot of the Imperialists.

I know the failings of my countrymen too well to say that they are impeccably honest. But is self-government a reward for honesty? The English firms here are crying aloud on account of the dishonesty of the Japs. Cunning is inherent in the Jew and the Armenian, but there is no one who wants to abolish the Constitution in Japan or to disfranchise the Jews. An oppressed nation has to resort to certain modes of dishonesty to effect its survival. Hence the Jewish morality. The truth is that Mr. Shuttleworth is sadly muddled in his moral values. He does not see how far dishonesty goes with the Liberals or Conservatives, or even Socialists. Dishonesty is inherent in the party system, and therefore favours self-government. What Mr. Shuttleworth needs is a solid book of Nietzsche's.

If I may retaliate, I would like to ask Mr. Shuttleworth if an Egyptian can stand English hypocrisy, English prudery, or an English pipe?

He says that the Fella is politically unconscious, and at the same time THE NEW AGE laments the same quality in the English workman.

He talks of the "backsheesh" as an Egyptian national failing. Only last winter I had to take back my 30 centimes at a Paris restaurant and put on my overcoat without the help of the waiter, who turned his back on me because the tip was not large enough.

Have the Egyptians ever been savage to the Sudanese (when the Sudan was our colony) as the English were with them at Denshawai?

Now, Mr. Shuttleworth, is it not dishonest to talk of the Egyptians like that?

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The fact is that the Egyptian movement is horribly capitalistic in its policy. Everything is done to increase the wealth of the wealthy. Education is meant to make officials of the rich class. Lord Cromer stupidly confessed that.

Think you, reader, how can the Fellah hope to educate his children if his whole income does not exceed £20, and the yearly fees for elementary education are £10.

How can the English official in Egypt be called honest if he taxes the small landowner 33 shillings on the acre, and leaves Dewar's whisky to go in at the minimum tax allowed by the European Powers?

How can I call him honest if he imprisons boys of 17 and 18 for democratic speeches, and gags editors and dramatists through his fear of the ghoul of Nationalism?

Ten years hence Syria, and even Tripoli and Arabia, will, through compulsory education, be more advanced than Egypt, where the English official is standing in the way of its progress. How can an Egyptian contemplate this state of things without a feeling of hatred for the English?

Yes, Egypt is meant only to make cotton for Manchester, to give pensions to incompetent officials, and salaries to demoralised English armies.  
S. MOUSSA.

\* \* \*

SHALL FERRER DIE?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am deeply indebted to you for sending me a copy of the article on "Shall Ferrer Die?" The protest is necessary and most urgent; and the appeal ought to meet with an instant and wide response. Immediate action is necessary to rescue an imperilled man from the clutches of his relentless clerical persecutors.

Señor Ferrer is a patriot; he is more, he is a tenaciously enthusiastic and devoted humanitarian; a pioneer of lay education, and a Progressive. Already he has paid a heavy price for his courage and devotion. His fortune has been confiscated. He has been the victim of prolonged hatred and malignant persecution. He was tried before, and not a scrap of evidence could be produced in support of the charge of political revolt. He has been subjected to torture; and the only reason is that he is trying to give education to the Spanish people apart from the domination of the priests.

Ostensibly he is to be tried again for alleged complicity in the Barcelona riots. As a matter of fact, it appears that he was not in Barcelona at the time. Having no evidence, documents forged by the Jesuits are to be brought against him. The prosecution is part of an anti-education campaign. Rome in Spain is a determined, subtle, and resolute foe of all education that is not engineered and directed by the priests, and made contributory to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Will not Mr. J. M. Robertson put a question in Parliament, and, if necessary, raise a debate on the question?

What is done should be done quickly JOHN CLIFFORD.

\* \* \*

IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"Stanhope of Chester" betrays annoyance at something that is happening in Spain. I do not question that abominable things are happening there as well as everywhere else. It is possible that they differ in nature as well as in degree from the abominable things happening in (let us say) Paddington. But I do question the wisdom of "Stanhope of Chester." What, for instance, is all this nonsense about the sodomitical practices of the Jesuits? I have no more desire than had François Arouet to deny that members of the Society of Jesus have been known to occupy their few leisure hours with this unseemly hobby, but I do most earnestly assure "Stanhope of Chester" that it has more amateurs among British officers (or, for the matter of that, French, or German, or Russian officers) than among Spanish Jesuits. Indeed, I have heard it asserted by members of the Church of England that this is rather an Anglican than a Roman idiosyncrasy.

That the Jesuits have used forgeries to sink their enemies I do not doubt, but the Bank of England has used forgeries to sink its enemies—and what about the "Times"? I make "Stanhope of Chester" a present of the fact that Pigott was an old Jesuit boy, as well as a leading light in the pornographic literary world. That there are cruel Jesuits also I agree: indeed, the most viciously cruel educated man I ever met was an Irish Jesuit, but (although he has been recently in Spain) I find it impossible to believe that he would cane women upon their breasts; in point of fact, it has never been the business of Jesuits to cane women at all, and cruelty has never been a characteristic of the Order as an Order. The only connection between the Jesuits and the Spanish Inquisition is that of occasionally falling a victim to it. Does "Stanhope of Chester" see no difference between a Jesuit and a Dominican? And what does he mean by a Jesuit monastery?

In fine, granting that the Spanish time is monstrously out of joint, does he really regard Tommy Atkins as a Hamlet capable of putting it right? And granting that this Protestant Bayard (whom his leaders regard as the mere conscript of hunger and thirst) is capable of "breaking down the gates of Montjuich," will its inmates greatly benefit by sharing the fate of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz?

I am so completely in sympathy with "Stanhope of Chester's" intentions (so far as I understand them) that I am moved to protest against his beating the air.

CONAL O'RIORDAN.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Surely in your Notes of the Week you most unduly minimise the importance of the question of the House of Lords. That New Liberalism which, as you rightly point out, is simply semi-Socialism, can clearly do nothing big till the Lords' powers have been effectively crippled; the mangling of the Housing and Town-Planning Bill is yet one more proof of this. No doubt there are many men in the Liberal Party who are not at all anxious to deal drastically with the House of Lords. But the New Liberalism has captured the party, and the New Liberals are undoubtedly thoroughly in earnest on this matter. By all means let economic questions be kept to the front on Socialist and Labour platforms. But it is precisely on economic issues that we shall before very long have a big fight with the Lords. Perhaps it may still come on the Budget.

N. E. EGERTON SWANN.

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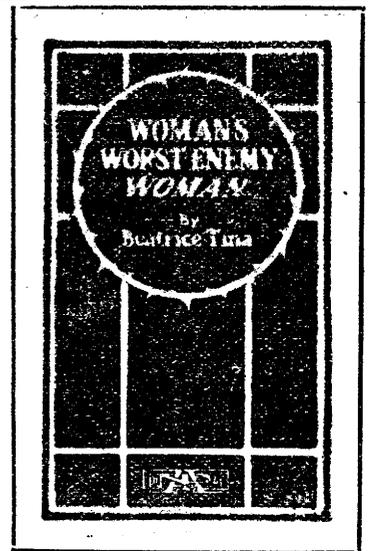
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