THE OUTLOOK.

Planning an Empire.

Now that the incidental festivities, dinners, speeches, and entertainments by rival political organisations, with the newspapers appealing to regard at the most striking features of the Colonial Conference, are drawing to a close, it may be well to consider how far that Conference has gone towards doing what it was intended to do. The talk before the Conference, the talk implicitly before us all, is nothing less than the creation of a British Empire. At present, of course, no such Empire exists. All that exists, either legally or actually, is the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its Colonies and Dependencies. Of these Colonies and Dependencies some are ruled bureaucratically from Downing Street, others are self-governing, and are bound together only by a common allegiance to the Crown, a faint and ill-defined suzerainty exercised over them by the Parliament in which they are not represented, and by a certain sentiment of unity, which a common tradition and (in most cases) a common language bring to them. We do not wish to understate the importance of this sentiment, without which indeed permanent union would be impossible. But a sentiment too weak to find expression in concrete organisation is not likely to be strong enough to outlast the wear and tear of centuries. It seems clear that, if the Empire is not to go to pieces in the course of the next hundred years or so, means must be found to bring its parts into closer relation with one another. This is a problem worthy of far closer attention from Socialists than it has yet received. For us the barren negation of the old RadicalLittle-Englandism is impossible. If we accept it we are false to all our traditions. If Imperial Federation is impracticable, the Federation of the World of which Marx and Lassalle dreamed must be even more impracticable. If we cannot have a Parliament of the Empire, how can we hope for a Parliament of Man? If a man love not his brother whom he has seen, how shall he love Humanity which he has not seen? Moreover the predatory Internationalism of Capital will force us into Imperialism, as it forced the older Socialists into Internationalism. How helpless would a host of small and romantic Nationalities prove when confronted with all the powers and principalities of cosmopolitan finance? Only a Socialist Federation—a Socialist Empire—could face them without flinching.

A Brixton Budget.

Seldom has there been a measure so characteristic of its author as Mr. Asquith's Budget. It is an undeniably clever performance, as safe, astute, and diplomatic as utter lack of sympathy and imagination can make most sections of the community as possible without exciting the apprehensions of any. For "the City" there is the reduction of the National Debt, with its promise of an improvement in the price of Consols. For the middle-classes, whose 'bitter cry' the Opposition was bent on exploiting, there is the discrimination of the Income Tax, with its relief for the smaller earned incomes. Yet this discrimination has been so contrived as not to scare wealthy Liberals, whosecessation would deplete the war-chest of the party: for the discrimination is effected by taking off and partly putting on, so that the immense tribute of rent and interest will continue to be appropriated without diminution for the private use of a class. At the same time the conditions of payment are to be made more stringent and harder of evasion, so that the Chancellor may hope to gain by stricter enforcement almost as much as he will lose by his small but well-advertised merces. Meanwhile the working class, unreleaved by the tax on the people's food, at which the Liberals wax so indignant when other people propose them, are to be placated by a promise of Old Age Pensions—in the distant future. And Mr. Asquith sets aside 1,500,000 to provide a "nucleus" for the purpose and to prove the sincerity of Liberal intentions. We are disposed to regard this "nucleus" as the cleverest thing in the Budget. That the Liberals have the remotest intention of granting pensions to the veterans of industry we do not for a moment believe. The dodges is both cleverer and more economical than that. We take it that Mr. Asquith will continue to do out of the "nucleus" to the rate of a million a year until such time as the party is prepared to face a General Election, and that the Government will then go to the country with the cry that, if the Liberals cannot, they must not interrupt the good work andmust send Codlin, not Short, back to power to complete it.

Broadening the Basis.

But what will the Tories be doing the while? They will hardly, we imagine, tamely suffer the issue to be shifted from a number of questions on which they are quite likely to win, to a single question on which they would be almost certain to lose. They will not dare to attack property; they will not dare to raise duties. Even in a fat year like the present they can make no new sources of revenue. What are they to do when the lean years come? They will then be faced with a revived agitation in favour of Tariff Reform as a means of raising revenue, strengthened by their failure to take off the existing good taxes. How many years' purchase would they give to Free Trade under those conditions? All this only emphasises the importance of keeping the Socialist fiscal
policy in the forefront of our programme. We alone can really "broaden the basis of taxation," not by juggling with import duties, but by securing as much as possible of the 100,000,000,000 which is annually paid to the idle classes in the form of rent and interest. A propaganda on these lines is especially needed if we are to secure more recruits from the middle class, in which hostility with which that class regards Socialism is in great part due to the fact that, when the governing class is forced by pressure from below to pass Socialist legislation, it generally contrives to throw the whole cost on the middle orders, and then turns round and assures its victims that they are being robbed in order to fatten the greedy and idle working man. Thus is the working part of the community divided and ruled. If we can once bring home to the mind of the average middle class ratepayer the fact that his grievances (often real enough) can be redressed by shifting taxation from his shoulders to the shoulders of the possessors of large unearned incomes, we shall find him much more amenable to reason on the theory and practice of Socialism.

Militarism and Anti-Militarism

Mr. Haldane's Army Bill has provoked many protests from various quarters, and from no quarter have the protests been more vigorous than from the Labour Party. There is undoubtedly much in the War Minister's scheme which deserves condemnation, yet we cannot think that Socialists have, in general, adequately thought out the problem involved. Too many of them write and speak as if the question were not worth considering, or use language implying that the country could be safely left without any means of defence. This is absurd. One need not be a Jingo to see that in an age when nations exist they must be prepared to resist by force if necessary the wanton aggression of other nations. And it is rather illogical for Socialists to deny the possibility of such aggression on the part of other nations when they are continually accusing their own of habitually practising it. We must have an army, and we may be sure that the British people will refuse to entrust power to any party that will not promise to provide one. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald sees this clearly enough, and in his speech on the Bill we can find little or no trace of the sentimental type of Anti-Militarism. Yet even Mr. Macdonald, though he said some excellent things, did not make it quite clear what sort of an army he wanted.

The serious objection, from the Socialist point of view, to any augmentation of our present standing army is not that the army is eternal, for this is a view only compatible with Tolstoyan Anarchism. Nor is it that the army costs a lot of money, for the Socialist, knowing how vast is the quantity of wealth to be got from the land monopoly as the Settled Temperance Policy of the London County Council has upon the fortunes of the land or as in South Africa. Now this is an objection which no mere reduction of the army will remove. Even the abolition of the army would not remove it, for the rich could always hire private armies to defend their interests, as in effect they do in America. The only remedy is the remedy we should apply in the case of the land or the industrial machinery—to make the army national and democratic and transfer its control from a class to the whole people. Exactly how this is to be done is a problem which requires very careful thought. But certain conditions stand out as essential. The whole population must be provided with arms and ammunitions of the best possible quality. They must be the freest possible facilities for promotion from the lowest to the highest grade. An army so organised would be a formidable barrier against the expression of a much more effective fighting machine than our present army has proved for purposes of national defence. It is noteworthy that the two armies which, organised at the shortest notice out of the rudest materials, broke all their enemies in pieces were armies of a democratic type—the army of Cromwell and the army of the first French Republic.

Woolwich and Retrenchment

An incidental example of the difficulties in which the Labour movement involves itself by its tendency to adopt the Liberal policy of "retrenchment" is afforded by the case of Woolwich. The industrial prosperity of Woolwich depends mainly upon the activity of work at the Arsenal, and the activity of work at the Arsenal depends upon the public expenditure on armaments and military stores. While the South African War was raging Woolwich was enjoying unparalleled well-being. Since Vereeniging its fortunes have been declining, until now the "economies" of the Liberal Government have brought them down to starvation point. Nor can the Government hold out any prospect that the process will stop; indeed, the Prime Minister told the deputation which waited upon him that still more dismissals were in view. Now, doubtless it is very selfish and unenlightened of the poor Woolwich worker to object to being starved to make a Liberal surplus. Doubtless he ought to think with tender gratitude of the threepence which is to come off the income tax of the doctor and the stockbroker. But, perhaps, if our own wives and children were starving, if we had to choose between the workhouse and emigration to some distant colony, our own appreciation of the beauties of Liberal finance might decline. We might vote for the party that promised a large expenditure and perhaps a war or two! Of course for the immediate purpose the right line for Socialists to take is to demand more work for public and less for private yards. But in the long run we shall have to recognise that towns like Woolwich live by military expenditure, and that no party that advocates the unlimited reduction of such expenditure will, in the long run, lose the dockyard towns. If reduction of expenditure were a Socialist principle, it would doubtless be our duty to face our people and make up our minds to it. But it is a Liberal principle, and we can with a clear conscience throw it overboard.

Land or Liquor

The Government has apparently made up its mind, after much hesitation and much pressure from both sides, that it will put its money on Land this session rather than on Drink. And herein they are wise in their generation, for the Land question is becoming more and more the centre of the Liberal Party programme. The Government is likely to be of the most humanitarian kind, and will have about as much effect upon the land monopoly as the Settled Temperance Policy the Government has brought them down to starvation level. Nor can the Government hold out any hope for the landlords, even if it be a sham attack. The only real popular enthusiasm ever excited by Temperance Reform is enthusiasm against it. Doubtless the case might be different if the Government would face seriously the problem of the Drink Supply, would set up national breweries, guarantee pure beer, and a standard level up the public houses, and convert the huge profits of the drink trade to public uses. But we know perfectly well that for our present rulers "Temperance Reform" would mean some timid and meaningless compromise between the present system and Prohibition, such as buying out one publican at the public expense and making a present of his business to the publican opposite, or allowing wealthy distillers to suppress public houses and so concentrate all the drinking in the slums, or telling people who want to get drunk that they must be careful to get drunk before ten o'clock at night, or telling people who are quite satisfied to get a glass or two of beer on Sunday that they must lay in a Stock on Saturday night, or depriving thousands and thousands of girls of their means of livelihood because Dr. Clifford is troubled with nightmare visions of their abandoned immorality. Let us be thankful that the proposed Licensing Bill has apparently perished in the womb.
LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

It is very pleasant to hear that a new Socialist review is going to be started, but you must not underestimate the difficulties, especially for a review which intends to represent no special direction in Socialism.

* * *

P. KROPOTKIN.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

I send The New Age sincere wishes for its success, and here is my subscription for a year. What better proof can I give of my sincerity? H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

PRESIDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL FABIAN SOCIETY.

I will not express my approval of THE NEW AGE in the past, and have been from the first open to this new venture, and have fresh hopes for the many young and vigorous minds in the Society who are now seeking (and needing) the discipline of written expression. My warmest good wishes.

* * *

H. G. WELLS.

COUNCILLOR WILKINS (Derby).

Please accept the congratulations of an old subscriber in the important changes you propose making in taking over The New Age. If, as I trust, your aim is to unite "all who serve on behalf of all who suffer," then your idea of Socialism will include Individual Liberty and Individual Advancement.

* * *

W. G. WILKINS.

MR. HUBERT BLAND.

The project cannot fail to be of use. At the present moment there is something more urgently needed than (a) the systematic bringing to bear on each social problem of the whole accumulated stock of knowledge and (b) the scientific investigation of the various unsolved problems which confront the Collectivist. What is most delaying progress to-day is our lack of knowledge. If we knew more things would move more rapidly.

* * *

S. W. PEASE.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

I am extremely glad to hear of your venture. A journal inspired by the Fabian spirit, but not controlled by the Fabian Society, is just what the Socialist movement has badly needed. A year hence, I hope to acclaim your success as cordially as I now greet your enterprise.

* * *

HUBERT BLAND.

I am very glad to hear of your venture. A journal inspired by the Fabian spirit, but not controlled by the Fabian Society, is just what the Socialist movement has badly needed. A year hence, I hope to acclaim your success as cordially as I now greet your enterprise.

* * *

THE LATE EDITOR.

I am very glad to send my best wishes for the future success of The New Age. A change of editorship generally means some change in the point of view, the disquieting of old readers, and the finding of new friends. I hope those who have so loyally stood by The New Age in the past, and have been faithful to the paper in storm and stress, will continue in their following, and that many fresh readers will be found.

The New Age remains independent of mere party politics—that is the thing to note. There must be, because there ought to be, room for one weekly independent review not run in the interests of a party or a clique.

* * *

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS.

You are going to make a most valuable, interesting, difficult, and, I think, a most successful experiment. Socialism in England has long stood in need of what you propose to give it—a Review which, without being official, shall be representative, and which shall reflect itself primarily not to propaganda nor to politics, but to the development of Socialist thought. Particularly attractive, I think, should be your handling of contemporary literature and art.

* * *

E. NESBIT.

Almost every Socialist of my acquaintance has, for the last few months, been seeking to establish a Socialist paper—some Socialist paper. Now you have got in ahead of the rest of us, and you have my warmest congratulations, as well as my best wishes. I did want to run a Socialist paper myself; but I am sure that you will do it better than I should have done it, and if I can do anything to help in any way I hope you'll let me.

* * *

E. NESBIT.

CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

Your new venture has my heartiest goodwill. Socialism, as an ideal, holds the field. But it can only do so through that in it which is idealistic. In this alone lies its practicality. It has no motive force except through moral idealism. It is, therefore, of vital importance that it should keep itself clear, and pure, from all contamination of lower motives. You will, I gather, direct your energies to this aim.

* * *

H. S. HOLLAND, Canon of St. Paul's,
Socialism and Democracy.

Democracy, which is only the political device of elective institutions, has no more necessary relationship with Socialism than walking has with any given place. If you want to reach a distant point, the particular mode of locomotion which you adopt depends obviously on the extent of your freedom of choice. If only walking is open to you, then you must walk or stay where you are. If all modes are open to you, then you can choose according to your fancy or according to your need. It is precisely the same with Democracy in relation to Socialism.

"No one," says Sir Robert Giffen, "can contemplate the present condition of the masses of the people without desiring something like a revolution for the better." Such an end, in fact, is piously or savagely, imaginatively or practically, desired by everybody capable of entertaining an idea beyond his own personal security.

Ever since the facts have been recognised, reformers of all kinds have been tumbling over each other's heels in an ecstasy of zeal to abolish them. And the only difference amongst reformers is the question of the method of their abolition. How are we to get there? And here we come to the question of Democracy.

Now it is quite conceivable that an aristocracy might organise industry vastly better than a democracy. It is probable that under the Feudal System, and certain that under the autocracy of Alfred the Great, the mass of society would be at least ten times better off than they are at this moment. Aristocratic statesmen like Plato or Lord Shaftesbury have always tried to impress on their peers the necessity for the largest interpretation of Noblesse Oblige. And genuinely aristocratically-minded men, who realised the responsibility attaching to all privileges, natural or acquired, have always been loud in their demands for an active aristocracy, capable of organising a people for its welfare.

From many points of view an aristocracy even such as ours is incomparably better placed for engineering Sir Robert Giffen's revolution than men of the middle or working classes at this moment. Aristocratic statesmen like Plato or Lord Shaftesbury have always tried to impress on their peers the necessity for the largest interpretation of Noblesse Oblige. And genuinely aristocratically-minded men, who realised the responsibility attaching to all privileges, natural or acquired, have always been loud in their demands for an active aristocracy, capable of organising a people for its welfare.

For the truth is that the man in the street, who is the electorate of England, has as little liking as he has capacity for politics. It may be, and, in fact, is, absolutely necessary to transform the man in the street into an intelligent and capable aristocracy would no more tolerate the existence in its community of one starving child than a humane and capable man would tolerate in his house a starving child. The fact that there are any starving people has never yet dreamed of by all the autocrats of the past. Aristocracy, though incapable of maintaining its pretensions of aristocratic govern-
The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

The arrival on the economic platform of the idea that the restoration of beauty to life is a factor of primary importance in the solution of the decay of art not only marks a definite stage of development in sociological thought, but suggests that the time is not far distant when organised effort will be made to promote the revival of the arts and crafts on a wider basis than has hitherto been possible.

Hopeful as such a prospect undoubtedly is, the situation is not without its dangers. A sudden burst of popular enthusiasm for a new idea is, as often as not, followed by its misuse; and the history of efforts to encourage art by the public is no exception. This is amply illustrated by our national system of art education, the establishment of which speaks more for the good intentions than for the intelligence of its founders. By multiplying enormously the number of men who seek to live by art, it has, through the results of all this, cut at the roots of the independence of the individual artist, through whom alone reform can come. So, too, if the annual expenditure upon art were suddenly increased, it would not mean that the men who are the architects of the principle would receive more encouragement, because the majority of them are unknown to the larger public, but rather that popular artists who are in a position to pull the strings would increase their commissions. And as such men generally have more to do than is good for them, the increase in the number of their commissions could only result in bringing down the quality of their work. In a word, the evils of the indiscriminate patronage of art are just as great as the evils of indiscipline.

There is but one way to encourage art, and that is to encourage the right men, and this demands of the patron a measure of knowledge and insight somewhat rare at the present time.

The Architectonic Basis of Art.

How then is reform to come? The answer is by the promotion of an intellectual understanding between the artist and the public. Any encouragement of art in England such as would promote the union of art and life must not commence by an extended patronage along present lines, but must accept as its indispensable basis a wider philosophic understanding of the nature of art and the conditions under which it can thrive. The first principle must be an appreciation of the architectonic basis of all art. Architecture is no less than the trunk of the tree of which painting, sculpture, and the minor crafts are the twigs. Allied to this principle, all the great ages of artistic activity, and is one of the secrets of the wonderful harmony which pervades such periods.

Unfortunately in our day this relationship has been destroyed, and instead of acknowledging their dependence on the trunk, the branches carry on an independent existence of their own. To this cause much of the decadence of modern art is to be attributed. Painting and sculpture, as a rule, have lost all sense of subordination to architecture, and propose to themselves ends which, far from tending to promote a reunion of the arts, increase the prevailing anarchy.

In the acceptance of the principle that all art should recognise its dependence upon architecture we have a standard of criticism by which to assess the value of current works, while in the promotion of their reunion we have a goal towards which to direct our efforts at reform. Viewing modern art from this standpoint, we are unable to give unqualified support to those ideas of art which have been associated with the International Society, and many great reputations will have to undergo considerable revision. Whistler and Rodin are undoubtedly great artists, and have stimulated artistic achievement in many ways. Yet I venture to think that when the time comes to view them from a distance and to assess the significance of their works on the scale of artistic achievement, their reputations will suffer a decline. The general laudation with which the work of these artists has been received is not by any means a healthy symptom, for much of it tends rather to increase than to diminish the prevailing confusion. While, on the one hand, Whistler's ideas of colour and the general decorative feeling of much of his work are valuable contributions to art, on the other hand his little Bethelism, which would exclude everything which is not exactly according to his own dogmas, and particularly his denial of the necessity of a subject to promote anarchy by separating painting from the general trend of the national life, Rodin, again, misses the mark from our point of view, in that his works, in spite of them in many other directions, are totally devoid of any feeling of subordination to architecture, and would be utterly out of place anywhere outside a gallery. This, to me, is the final condemnation of such work, as it is one of our aims to rescue art from the gallery and bring it back again into relation with life.

With respect to their followers, whose work as a rule exaggerates these defects, how many works of the International Society could one live with? For this is the ultimate test of rightness in art. It is in the possession of this quality perhaps more than any other that we realise the difference between the works of the International Society and such men as Maddox Brown, Burne-Jones, Watts and the other great painters who have done so much for English Art. And it is precisely this quality which makes them so reprehensible in feeling. One cannot read of the lives of these men that so far from desiring that their work should be placed in galleries, their ambition was to paint frescoes. The appearance of their works within the four sides of a room was a limitation which the neglect and ignorance of the British Public had forced upon them instead of something they had of themselves chosen. As such their influence tends to promote our desired unity, and is altogether healthy in its effects.

Modern Architecture.

If the architectonic basis of all art is acknowledged as our guiding principle, it follows that the centre of gravity of our movement to restore beauty to life will reside in architecture. And such is the case, for it is in the work of modern English architects that the germ of the art of the future is to be discovered. This is not surprising, when we think of the conditions under which architecture has hitherto been produced. The painter and sculptor produce by withdrawing themselves in a great measure from the world. With the architect, however, it is different. Whether he likes it or not, he must face the battle with ignorance and stupidity as other artists need not; and it is this circumstance which has brought architectural thought into relation with the age.

That the public should have been left in ignorance as to what all along has been taking place in architecture is not surprising, when we consider the nature of the art and the circumstances with which its practice is surrounded. For while, on the one hand, as its executed works are distributed over the country, public attention never gets focussed upon them, as it does on an exhibition of pictures; on the other, architecture is such a very abstract art that it is only in its trimmings and fringes, as it were, that it invites popular sympathy and attention. Moreover, a criticism of architecture is necessarily so technical that the average art critic is utterly incompetent to deal with it.

(To be continued.)

A. J. PENTY.
New Romney and Its Marsh.

There seems slight reason in calling "New" a town which began in Saxon days; perhaps it is sufficient excuse that the age of Old Romney eludes the men who deal with dates. It matters little. The Romneys Old and New are things of the past—the one with its wise old corruptions, the other a tiny town with a great history, and barely two hundred inhabitants to keep the tale alive. Would that Romney and its marsh and all that they contain could dely time; remember that little oasis of the past in a present that is not always beautiful. There is an irresistible allurement in the long level stretches of this land, which is flat as the sea; the timeless uniqueness is on it all. An old saying ran that the world was of five parts and the fifth was Romney Marsh, and it is not to be lightly denied. If you would see this fifth quarter in its full beauty, set out, towards sunset, along one of those winding roads which twist and turn as though they had other intentions than the journey's end. On every side a length of green fields and sheep and ditches of still water. It's as if you go on a warm spring evening, when the lambs are there, you will at last know what it is to be placidly content to live. Your most overpowering ambition will seem a stupid and unimportant triviality that lies before the unsounding age of air and light and space. One more turn in the road, and you will be in the most ancient borough of Romney.

Romney is one of the Five Ports and hath a gate and haven, yea so much that where remembrance of Men Shyppes have cum hard up to the Towne, and cast anchore yn one of the Church Yarde. The Se is now a ii myles fro the Towne, so sore thereby they may not pass the Se, but ther wer iil Great Payches and Chirches sumtyme is now scant one well maintayned. Thus Leland described it in Henry VIII.'s time, and we have there a concise statement of the vital points in the history of this town. Romney was one of the Cinque Ports, which supplied England with its navy in mediaeval times; when the sea no longer came up to the town side, the chief reason of its existence was gone, and Romney quietly sank into obscurity. When we step into the street—it has really only one—of this modest village, we must remember that the mighty who have fallen. This was once the pampered town of great kings who spoke soft words to the citizens of Romney. They called its magistrate "Barons," and two of these sat in each Parliament until the Reform Act of 1832 put them on one side for more modern ideas. At the time of coronation ceremonials it was their privilege to hold the cloths of state above the king and queen; and at the feast which followed they sat on the monarch's right hand. The town became a haven for castaways, and was prepared to give their equivalent in honours and liberties. Cash transactions were not so common then. The whole matter is best read in the stately prose of Edward I.'s charter, which he granted to Romney and the rest of the Cinque Ports in 1278. "Edward by the Grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitaine, to all his faithful subjects greeting, know ye that for the loyal service which our Barons of the Cinque Ports have hitherto done to our predecessor and to us, we have granted to the said our Barons and their heirs, all these liberties and freedoms—"here follows a great list—"so also that the said Barons do to us yearly their full service of fifty and seven ships at their own cost, for fifteen days at our summons." Such was the raison d'être of Romney in its prime.

The town began its life in 741, when King Eadbreht "for the salvation of his soul," gave to the monks of Christ Church at Canterbury "the fishery at the mouth of the Rither, Romney, as far as the marsh which is called Biscoprivie, as far as the borders of South Saxony." The Limene is now the old Rother which runs to the sea at Rye: Biscoprivie is Lydd; and the border of South Saxony is till the border of Sussex, after all these years of change. But if these have survived, we can scarcely say as much of Romney. Its life was as a seaport, and the days came when the sea gave place to dry land. We read of the raging storm of 1287 which turned the Rother into a new channel. This may have been the turning-point to Romney's life, for the river had kept open the way to the sea. But even this was a little matter beside that ceaseless piling up of gravel by the winds and tides of the Channel until at last Romney was no longer a port except in the pages of history.

If you love a tale of great adventures and boisterous human passions, read of the folks of Romney and its fellow-seaports. They were the feared little band of the Channel; and it was not always for national purposes that their ships swept down on the French and even English boats when they came that way. And indeed they did not lack excuse for violent deeds. It was not a soothing sight to see the French ships lying just off the coast with their latest English prisoners dangling from the yard-arms, alternately with dogs. It was this particular act of barbaric defence which led to one of the most remarkable events which have happened on the sea. On an April day in 1356 the navies of the civilized world met together at set purpose to fight a deliberate duel. On the one side the French ships, with their allies from Flanders and Genoa; on the other, the men of the Cinque Ports, backed by the Irish, Dutch, and the sailors of Genoa. The signal for the battle was given in a great gale, which surely helped the better seamen. That as be it, the French and their friends were utterly crushed, and the rivals hated each other more bitterly than before.

The tales of the men of Romney are without end. Even their domestic, everyday life sounds almost romantic—as it is read by a modern, at least. Their methods and rules were not as ours are. There are hints of civic discipline—which we might deem tyranny, because our public spirit is somewhat warped; we are told if one refused to serve the office of Councillor "he shall turn out of his house and shall shut the windows—and so they ought to remain until he wish to set himself right by doing the said duty of Jurat." There was a strong sense of communal action in those days, and the people were always accompanying the town officers on their errands. Indeed, they had a quite unofficial system of their own, as a priest of St. Mary's found to his cost in 1337, for the whole town one day rose and, carrying him outside the gates, slew him, not even deigning to leave postercyly a reason for their action.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

I Know a Wood.

I know a wood where the winds make all day long A sighing sound and a sobbing sound, and keep Their sorrows unassuaged of any song, Their sorrows unassuaged of any song;
I lie in the wood, and look up at the blue sky Between the branches leafy or bare above,
And the heart of the stream is the strange heart of my love.

Grey cascades in the breast of a brown hill Feed the stream that here is friends with me;
And the fishes of Romney are things of the past— The ancient battle goes on by the river's marge—
The sunlight on the plumes of knights and lords, The glancing of lances and the breaking of swords.
I hear a song in praise of them that die. I see the light of the bright flag flown above;
The blowing of trumpets, the clatter and clash of the charge, And the old quest and the old desire is
But the voice of the call, as of old, is the love of my love.

GERALD GOULD.
THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Irish Playgoer and The Playboy.


The current uproar at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on the representation of Mr. J. M. Singe's comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," has had its parallels in both London and New York. But there is a marked difference in the methods of the opponents of innovation in these cities. In Dublin direct action is the favored method. If you consider a play to be unpatriotic, the Irish substitute for moral indignation, you call your friends around you, foregather at the theatre, and pay a person called a critic to voice your moral wrath in the Press. This was exemplified in the early days of Ibsen in London. For days after the first performance of "Ghosts" at the Independent Theatre the dramatic columns of the newspapers were simply an orgy of righteous abuse. A similar thing occurred more recently on the production of Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in New York. Both "Ghosts" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are dramatic statements of unpleasant facts and both Ibsen and Bernard Shaw had a reformatory object in writing the plays.

Now, Mr. Singe may or may not have the reformer's zeal, but he certainly does possess a very keen sense of fact, as well as dramatic power and great charm of style. He is not charged with having offended the moral standards by telling the truth about unpleasant things, but with having told the truth about what are, on the whole, pleasant things. He has given us some remarkably convincing pictures of peasant life in the West of Ireland—but he has not touched up his negative. That is the root of the evil. In giving a picture of a seemingly endless vocabulary of picturesque phrases—phrases which Mr. Singe assures us are transcribed verbatim from the conversation of the peasants. If this be so, let us believe, for the credit of the Irish imagination, that it was only a noisy minority that interfered with the performance of this beautiful play in Dublin. The cattle of the peasants as actors are humorists, without knowing it. Certain passages of "The Playboy" read like parts of the English Bible. There is the same direct and spontaneous beauty of image. And the humour of so gruesome a circumstance as that upon which the play hinges could only have been inspired by a masterly use of comedy.

Christy Mahon, the playboy, woebegone and dirty, arrives unexpectedly at a wayside shebeen, where the master and his chums are on the point of attending the bacchanalian festivities of a wake. The appearance of the weary youth excites sympathy, and when he hints at crime, curiosity. Christy has brought with him the idea of scene under the stern rule of a tyrannical father, and in a moment of passion he has slain the tyrant. He is now fleeing the consequences. "You should have had good reason for doing the like of that," observes the innkeeper.

"Christy Mahon, the playboy, the hero of the situation, "He was a dirty man, God forgive him, and he getting old and crusty, the way I couldn't put up with him at all."

And the dialogue preceding this, in which he gradually reveals the nature of his crime by proudly disavowing association with his oppressor and his crimes, is typical comedy. But the humour of it all is in the observers. The peasants are stating simple facts as clearly as they can. Pegeen Mike, the beautiful daughter of the house, asks him, with romantic appreciation, if he shot him dead. When he used words, such as 'Christy, 'I've no licence, and I'm a law-fearing man.'"

Michael: "It was with a hilted knife, maybe? I'm told, in the big world, it's bloody knives they use."

Christy (loudly, scandalised): "Do you take me for a slaughter-boy?"

Pegeen and all the women fall in love with Christy. He is a "Playboy of the Western World," the strong, intrepid man, the conqueror. Pegeen promptly drops her ordinary lover, and adopts Christy and he her. But he has not killed his father after all. He simply struck him down, and ran away.

The old man revives and gives chase. He arrives with a bandaged head. And Christy, exasperated with the taunts of the people, strikes the old man down again. Then the mob is against him, and seeks his life. Pegeen's romantic conception of murder is out of place in the face of the reality. "There's a great gap between a gallus story and a dirty deed," and she replies to the suggestion that he used a knife. But, as in the case of Christy, the essential thing is that he killed his father; so in this other, the essential thing is that primal woman yields to the strong man; it is force yielding to force and not a peculiarity of Western Ireland. Mr. Singe, like a good naturalist, has simply observed it there as others have elsewhere. Pegeen was not entirely primal woman. Her instincts went out to the man of power. Her imagination invested the killing of a man with the desire of her nature for the strength that could presumably do such a deed. In the face of the actual deed her imagination reacted. But she still desired the strong arm, the intrepid will, and the Irish are to be congratulated.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.
THE NEW AGE.

MAY 2, 1907.

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THE NEW AGE.

MAY 2, 1907

The Future of the "New Age."

In view of the gradual emergence from the tangle of
sociological theory of a distinctly Socialist conception
of Society, the time seems ripe for the appearance of a
weekly Review devoted to the intelligent discussion and
criticism, both of existing institutions and of plans and
organisations for their reform. THE NEW AGE has
been honourably associated in the past with the enthusi-
astic advocacy of the ideals of life. It is therefore
fitting that THE NEW AGE should now become the
critical friendly exponent of the practical steps towards
the realisation of those ideals.

Socialism being in its largest sense no less than the
will of Society to perfect itself, even as in the personal
sense Religion is the will of the individual towards
self-perfection, it follows that all social institutions, to-
gether with the great forces of literature, art, and
philosophy, are to be tested and valued by their service
to this end. Socialism as a progressive will is neither
exclusively deterministic nor aristocratic, neither anarch-
ist nor individualist. Each of the great permanent
moods of human nature, as imperfectly reflected in
the hierarchy of society, has its inalienable right to
a place in the social pyramid.

So long as Socialism is confined to a comparatively
narrow area of human nature, or is predominantly
associated with a single type of temperament, so long
will its success be partial and its failure certain. To
call simultaneously upon the differentiated orders of
"men of good intent" (the phrase is Mr. H. G.
Wells'), and to secure their voluntary co-operation in
the splendid task of creating, framing, and -realising
then in fact, a society which shall be neither pre-
nominally military nor predominantly commercial,
neither hierarchic nor paternal, but a commonwealth of
free and responsible individuals is the immediate
and urgent task of the genuine philosophic reformers.

For, be it noted, Socialism which has its origin in
the will of man, demands sooner or later that the brain
body of man shall be placed at its service, that an as-
rrection of the best intelligence of our day to the service,
not of one isolated impulse of the transforming and
creative will, but to each and every impulse in due
order and proportion, follows as necessarily from the
realisation of the Socialist philosophy of life as the
regime and ritual of the Church followed on the real-
isation of the purpose of the Church.

In this task of co-ordinating both the ideal and the
reforming efforts of men, and of bending them to a
single purpose, THE NEW AGE will endeavour to take
its share. No existing Review, even of the profess-
socialist order, has so far attempted the task above
described. In their respective chosen fields they are
for the most part excellent allies of Socialism, intent
upon the success of their particular cause. But more
and more it becomes clear that, while the Socialism
has immensely gained in intensity by their advocacy of
democracy or of labour, of the rights of the dis-
herited and the wrongs of the poor, the awakening
descendancy of the new society to transform itself will
be carried out by no one of them.

For, as already observed, the Society of the future
is not to be brought about by a single means, nor will
it consist of men of a single type. Complex as Society
as to-day, the Society of the future will be even more
complex. Then the infinite potentialities of individual
differences will begin to unfold, and then, in con-
sequence, the statistical classifications and sociological
formulas of to-day will be obsolete.

But complexity may be chaotic and obvious, or simple
and subtle. A Society outwardly simple and inwardly
complex is, indeed, the vision of the best Utopias.
While, however, the external forms of Society are
perpetually in flux and the best brains of the com-
munity are bent in making the crooked straight, the
inner work of the internalisation of man is con-
stantly being thwarted and delayed. Socialism as a
means to the intensification of man is even more neces-
sary than Socialism as a means of economic poverty.
For while, on the one hand, the
test of a sound Society is that each of its individuals
can truthfully say: 'I wouldn't change places with any
body'; the condition of that soundness, that each of
the universal will of life is the creation of a race of
supremely and progressively intelligent beings. THE
NEW AGE will nevertheless endeavour to further the intelligent appreciation of
that ultimate need of Society. The new Editors will
aim at rallying round them selves the services of the
"men of good intent" of every shade of opinion. Far
from confining the pages of New Age to dogmatic
statements of a too hastily formulated Socialism, they
will maintain the right of intelligence to challenge and
revise any existing formulation.

Believing that the daring object and purpose of
the universal will of life is the creation of a race of
supremely and progressively intelligent beings. THE
NEW AGE will devote itself to the serious endevour
to cooperate with the pur poses of that noble service the help of serious students of the
new contemplative and imaginative order.
First Public Conference on Mr. H. G. Wells' "Samurai."

On Thursday evening, April 11, in the New Reform Club, under the auspices of the Fabian Arts Group, Mr. H. G. Wells conducted the first public discussion on the subject of the Samurai of his "Modern Utopia."

In opening the discussion, Mr. Wells said:

The conversation to night is to be about the idea of the Samurai, an idea which I broached in a book of mine, "A Modern Utopia." Some years ago I made a series of formal and inadequate studies of social development. To them I tried to view the whole social process as a vast conflict of personalities; and so soon as I came to look at social development I perceived that the social process has an air of being aimless, wasteful, and in many aspects cruel, and that there was a crying need to have some sort of plan to which individual aims could be subordinated, which would make the whole process less amiss and less confused. That original impulse of the social process is a vast conflict of personalities, but the process as I have suggested we have got first to form the Socialist State and then to make a propagandist of Socialism. However, the more I thought of the disorder of human affairs the more sceptical I became as to the practicability of the remedy, and this scepticism which I found creeping into my mind was as to whether man's enlarged spirit could make the whole of Society able to sustain a new ordering of life in which the disintegrating forces making for renewed confusion would be subordinated and controlled. Is it possible to educate the community so that Socialism becomes the form of the thought of that community? I am not at all sure that we are going to get Socialism. I am not cock-sure that it is an inevitable consequence of the present condition of affairs. Still, that it is possible to get human beings to work together to an end in which they have faith in the ideas which Socialism means is something concerning which I entertain no doubt whatever. Therefore, at the outset, I was confronted with the problem of the provision of a personal culture which would make this thing which was a dream and an ideal at last a possibility and a reality.

Now that opened up two questions. First, what should be the culture of the citizen which would enable a community to realise Socialism? Second, how to get that culture? It became clear that it was necessary to get people with a fine enthusiasm for social reconstruction, and that it would have faith in the ideas which Socialism inspires. They would need to produce a system of discipline that would serve as reminders of the purpose of life, and having worked out their conception of the Socialist citizen who will fit the Socialist State, that new culture must be propagated; they must try and infect people with it. The question first is to work out the Socialist State and then to make a propagandist of that ideal citizen, so that the number of these self-trained and self-disciplined Socialist citizens may increase and at last become the administrative forces of the reconstructed state. Therefore the literature of the propagandist, as it becomes enlarged, must become the literature of the future; must become the leading thought of the emancipated mind. If we cannot elaborate this system of personal discipline, it seems to me Socialism must remain a dream. Any other system would be a superficial caricature.

In this book, "A Modern Utopia," my Samurai represented the idea which I was suggesting. In Japan, my first crude sketch of the citizen of the Ideal State to come. It was an unsatisfactory sketch, but it appealed to a large number of readers; and their response has been some justification of the attempt. They seem to have gone to work out such a system as I have suggested, we have got first to form out a number of precedents, and in all human experience it seemed that some sort of discipline was necessary. One has to invent a rule for our Samurai, and in that first projection I made the rules fall under three headings:

First. Rules to secure personal efficiency, such as to maintain perfect health, habits of industry, and rules aiming at the physical development of the Samurai, at keeping the Samurai in a condition of courage and nervous fitness. Second. System of rules for the sake of discipline which would serve as a memory for which the order of the Samurai existed. I made some grotesque little suggestions which I think may still have some considerable value--petty abstinences and things to remind the Samurai of some distinction in their order, of having vowed themselves in the direction of social service. I also suggested that these Samurai should wear a uniform which should be distinctive and confined to their order. Under this head the rules would aim at administrative efficiency, at the discipline.
receptive to our conscious endeavours to be good and do right. We shall never achieve any collective result unless some organised effort.

After a lengthy discussion, in which Mrs. Sidney Webb, Dr. Lake of Leyden, Dr. Guest, Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mrs Montefiore and others took part, Mr. Aylmer Maude said: I have listened to this discussion with a certain personal restiveness. The discipline described by Mr. Wells fails ridiculously short of the discipline I have put upon myself. Multiply any one of his disciplines by ten, and I'll undertake to do it on my head. The error is the outcome of the curious habit of supposing that character and morals are simple things; but they are outrageously difficult things. And our absurd method of juvenile education doesn't help matters a bit; it makes them worse. For instance, in the matter of truth-telling, if a child steals a lump of sugar and is asked about it and says "No," it is punished for stealing; if the child says "Yes," then the parents punish it for lying. So long as that kind of thing goes on, truth will be a very rare and difficult quality. Pontius Pilate had the good sense to ask the question—What is Truth? Well, that was a good question, and a very knotty question to answer. It is perfectly true that education ruins two-thirds of our children. In the name of education, we seek to impose on the very weakest members of the community a burden of work that Lord Kelvin would kick against.

I put it to Mr. Wells that the present state of our civilisation is such as to produce just the result of a sort of Samurai idea. Why, every Tory would cordially agree with Mr. Wells: only he would say that in the English gentleman we have already got our Samurai. He is sent to Oxford where he undergoes most of Mr. Wells' discipline, including the cold bath and daily shave. He is duly turned out with a degree certifying his proficiency as a gentleman; and then, in the Church, he is provided with an elaborate system of reminders that he must always be a gentleman and nothing else.

But this is just the very thing that every superior mind does his very best to avoid. I claim to be an undeniably superior person; and my superiority has been shown and won by flying in the face of every single one of these disciplines. As for that system of reminders, there is only one effectual method of reminding people of anything, and that is to tell them in a startling way every five years or so. Tell anybody the same thing three times a day for a year and you kill the very thing you wish to develop. The Church has been taken as an example. But the Church doesn't remind anybody of anything. I am told that in India, where some of the Anglo-Indians can only get to church once in six months, the people positively come to lock up the building and hold no services for six months. I am sorry Mr. Wells abandoned his technical training for his Samurai. I think he should put it in again. It is vitally important that people who are to become rulers should know from experience how to earn their own living. It is no use having good intentions. Everybody is positively bursting with good intentions, but very few know how to carry them out. Then, you say that our organisation is the result of some organisation of our theories. We've got to conceive of God as a powerless power unless it operates through man. Just as steam is no good without the steam engine, so the will is useless without man. Man is the only possible exponent; he is God in operation. This belief screws up the sense of responsibility and self-respect. We want to organise Being. If we are told that God is almighty and almighty and that man is nothing, a sensible man sits down and does nothing; but if he believes that God is no more powerful than himself he buckles to and does some work.

As for the Samurai Press, you know perfectly well that if the Samurai were instituted to-morrow the first rule that they would make would be to compel members to

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wear a starch collar and change it daily. The fact is we are suffering from a universal aspiration to be ladies and gentlemen, and while we are doing that we can't expect to be any better.

Mr. Edward Carpenter said that the heart of Mr. Wells' proposal was this: How are we to get the Socialist idea into the people at large. Mr. Wells suggested an order of Samurai. But the great danger was prigs and priests. The main way of inculcating the spirit of the common life was by education. The children were to be got hold of. He had observed the pride children took in looking themselves useful. It wasn't necessary to discuss theology; the fact of solidarity was enough. In a thousand ways our essential unity was demonstrated. But this fact and sentiment of common life had been veiled by excessive individualism; and it needed to be nourished and reproduced in modern life. A voluntary Socialism was the heart of the matter. Once get that and forms would not matter. The more they varied the better.

Mrs. Sidney Webb said that all the good in the world had been done by either priests or prigs. Most of the great reformers had been consummate prigs. A prig was a person selected by himself to guide the world. The French encyclopaedists were prigs. The Benthamites were a set of prigs who gathered round the two consummately priggish Mills. The Fabians were prigs. Mr. Shaw was a prig. Mr. Wells was a prig. Her husband was, perhaps, the best prig of the lot. But it was only when discipline was lost that priests became false priests, and prigs became a nuisance. Socialists would not succeed till they had become practical mystics. There was one maxim which summed up for her the whole rules of physiology and economy—no one should ever consume anything that did not add to efficiency.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The New Spirit: A Selection from the Writings and Speeches of Bipinchandra Pal." (Calcutta.)

"The Moral Damage of War," by Walter Walsh. (Boston, U.S.A.)

"Proposals for a Voluntary Nobility." (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)

"Thoughts on Taxation arising out of the Tariff Question," by John C. L. Zorn. (Elibingham Wilson, 2s. 6d. net.)

"Britain's Hope. An Open Letter concerning the Pressing Social Problem, to the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.," by Julie Sutter. (Clarke, 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Old Faith Restated," by Rev. James Hyde. (Warne, 1s. 6d. net.)

"Heavenly Truths in Earthly Dress." Readings for Children, by E. K. Hyde Watson. (Stock, 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Epistles of Paul the Apostle, being a restoration of St. Paul's letters to their original form," edited by J. S. Foster Chamberlain. (Stock, 3s. 6d.)

"John's Revelations, the vision of St. John interpreted," by J. S. Foster Chamberlain. (Stock, 6s.)


"From the Isles," by Arthur Davison Ficke. (Samurai Press, 2s. net.)


"The Dust which is God," by Ralph Straus. (Samurai Press, 2s. 6d.)

"The Little Foxes," by Katharine Burdill, illustrated by H. C. Preston Macoun, R.S.W. (Foulis, 1s. 6d.)

"From: " (E. Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.)

"From: One Man's Hand to Another," by G. H. Breda. (Clarke, 6s.)

"The Blossoming of Tansy," by William Platt. (The Celtic Press, 2s. 6d.)

"The Glen O'Weping," by Marjorie Bowen. (Rivers, 6s.)

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Puck and the Sunday Theatre.

The worst of criticism plays is that one has to think about them. Most plays either disappear or leave a handful of unpleasant stuff behind them. Of course there is another way—the usual way of playing—and that is to lock all doors of the mind and open an illusion chamber called the Theatre, where common sense is frankly abandoned in favour of an elaborate set of rules and regulations, conventions and situations out of a manipulation of which "pleasure" is extracted. Whence the very well-known, and as beer is beer also, the complete exploitation which is the general lot of its authors by being unemployed.

This cardial fact about the theatre there is no escaping. In a world of exploited, used-up men and women, the only chance of success is to exploit their overwhelming necessity for temporary oblivion of their surroundings. People go to the theatre "to be amused," and anyone who attempts to wake them up and interest them in the real play and real acting which will make them think and feel is making a call upon exhausted energies, probably incapable of response.

But although we systematically overwork, underpay, underfeed, and underspoon our vast bulk of population, we, at least, are a Christian country, and we have a Christian Sunday. On this Sunday and on Sunday evening after the workers have rested, is the chance of the real play and the capable actor.

If anyone doubts this elementary explanation of the failure of the general public to appreciate good plays—that it is due to chronic physical and mental exhaustion—then compare the gallery at the Court Theatre, where real plays are produced, with the gallery at a theatre where frothy musical comedy is on tap. The difference is one of money and social status—that is, of leisure and space energy. The Court gallery consists of people just a little out of reach of the narrow morality of the Colonial Broker and the free and spacious morality of the artistic set.

Well, if morality is to be free and spacious, it cannot be narrow, and this means that the approval of the narrow moral will not be vouchsafed.

In the last act "Puck," the owner of the chateau, arrested his just-about-to-elope-friend with "What do you think I'd let you go off from under my roof with my guest's wife?"

Mr. Locke can't have it both ways. He wants to write for exhausted people, let him work the beer-engine for all it is worth; if he wants to write for the less tired, let him eliminate the contradictions of his characters and make his fantasy, where Colonial Brokers shall be human and Puckish, less narrow and more human and fanciful still. But with the second act my hopes began to droop, and when at the end of it a large number of young ladies in short and flirly skirts came on and turned in their feet in more colonial feet fantasy, I was obliged to admit that this was the old business all over again.

About the third act there were some particularly painful features. By the time Mr. Locke had given up all idea of supplying real fantastic comedy, and was in his shirt sleeves working the bar engine to supply his customers as hard as he could go. Linelight, dulce words, and soft music were mixed in a sandvich of the usual variety, but there were some quite unnecessary flavourings thrown in. For instance, the fantasy of the piece depends largely on the contrast between the narrow morality of the Colonial Broker and the free and spacious morality of the artistic set.

Well, if morality is to be free and spacious, it cannot be narrow, and this means that the approval of the narrow moral will not be vouchsafed.

L. HADEN GUEST.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.
BOOK NOTES

The publication of a book by Mr. Bernard Shaw is an event in the world of ideas second to none in importance, and we are glad to be able to give some details of his latest work, which is now in the press and nearing completion. The volume will be entitled "John Bull's Other Island" and will contain three plays, the two named in the title and the short jeu d'esprit on the sentimentalities inspired by "How He Lied to Her Husband." These three plays, as in his other volumes, will serve Mr. Shaw as an excuse for a series of those prefaces for which he is famous and by which he makes clear or cloudy, according to the quickness of his reader's wit, the philosophic view for which his plays stand.

"John Bull's Other Island" has a long introduction, named "A Preface for Politicians," in which the playwright-philosopher gives his ideas on the question of Home Rule for Ireland and upon some recent events in England on the right of the politics of the play and the controversy it raised. "Major Barbara" is prefaced by an article in several chapters, entitled "First Aid to Criticism." This promises well, when one remembers how the critics fell over each other in "Major Barbara." The Salvation Army, Anarchy, and Christianity come under review in this preface. And most interesting of all, Mr. Shaw gives an account of the origin of his ideas. He confesses to having been influenced by Charles Reade. He repudiates the allegations so carelessly made that his philosophy is derived from Stirner, Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer, by showing that the ideas of these philosophers are all to be found in our native books; and that they have been imported from Germany neither by himself nor by any other English thinkers. The preface to "How He Lied to Her Husband" is chiefly about "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but none the less interesting on that account.

Now that so much interest is being taken in the more remote and philosophic aspects of Socialism, especially those questions, most difficult of all, bearing upon the relationship of the individual to the State, it becomes a matter of urgency that a cheaper issue of Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" should be brought out. Mr. Humphreys, who is the holder of the copyright of this important essay, would be conferring a benefit upon students of modern political ideas if he would bring out a shilling edit. Meanwhile those who require the essay will have to continue referring to the "Fortnightly Review" of February, 1891, in which it originally appeared, or buy-to continue referring to the "Fortnightly Review" of February, 1891, in which it originally appeared, or buy-

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For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors on one side of the paper only.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—As many of your readers are in sympathy with the humanitarian movement, I use the columns of your paper to bring out one or two small inaccuracies in the appreciative notice of the Humanitarian League which you lately quoted from the "Humane Review." The "Humane Review" is there spoken of as an organ of the League. In reality it is a quite independent publica-
tion, conducted by individual members of the League's Committee.

I would further explain, as there is some confusion on this point also, that the honorary secretaries of the League are Mr. Henry S. Salt, and that Mr. Joseph Collinson and the Rev.
J. Stratton are honorary secretaries of the Criminal Law and Prison Reform Committee and of the Sports Committee respectively. —Yours faithfully,

A MEMBER.

THE NEED FOR A SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—One need not live in an atmosphere of specialised political and social argot to be aware of the rate of movement of socialistic theory, nor the fact that there is no party or scheme in existence to-day which can express the principles which are now receiving, and will receive more largely, the common consent of all clear-minded and simple-natured men. Socialism in England has been described as a philosophical system. Because of the need for collective identity and expression there is the real danger that a middle-class Socialist movement will be set up solely for the purpose of expressing the ideas of left-wing radicals. Without some central body of power and influence to guide and regulate it, a disorganised movement is bound to fail. The Independent Labour Party is the only body which can express the ideas and aims of all the socialists who are working together for the same movement.

Now strangely enough, in spite of it all, there is no party which is working for the principle of a state-owned system as yet. The Socialist party is very much in need of a strong leader who can act as a guide and a centre to the scattered forces of our army. It is the duty of every socialist to support the Independent Labour Party, and to vote for a Labour candidate at the next election. It is not a question of simply supporting a political party, but of supporting a movement which is working for the welfare of the working class.

Yours faithfully,

J. T. WOOD.

THE CO-OPERATIVE QUARRIES.

No ordinary significance attaches to the announcement that Co-operative Production is to be expected to play a larger part in the economic development of the country, and that it is hereafter to be regarded as a major feature of "business"—the inferior position of the worker. Co-operative Production seeks to change this. It gives the worker direct interest in the concern, and makes him the master of one or two small inaccuracies in the appreciative notice of the Humanitarian League which you lately quoted from the "Humane Review." The "Humane Review" is there spoken of as an organ of the League. In reality it is a quite independent publica-
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Yours faithfully,

J. T. WOOD.
Answers to Correspondents.

The Editors will take all reasonable pains to answer enquiries bearing on the subjects treated in their pages.

H. A. Jones (Everton).—There is no other means of gaining admission to the Stranger's Gallery of the House of Commons than by a permit obtained from a Member. The Member of your own particular constituency will readily grant you the necessary permission—especially if you are a voter or say you are.

T. T. B. (Peterborough).—You are quite right; the Labour Party is not Socialist—but its brains are.

Enquirer (Margate).—"The League of Youth" is a play by Ibsen. Perhaps you mean "The League of Young Liberals." The headquarters of this organisation are, New Reform Club, 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.

Fordred (Cambridge).—Yes, the "Fabian Essays in Socialism" is still the best introduction to the subject. See also Blatchford's "Britain for the British," and Bernard Shaw's "Commonsense of Municipal Trading."

H. G.—Verify your quotations. What Shaw did say was "that Socialism must be carried out by Socialists," because "Socialist Progressivism without Socialist finance means public bankruptcy and furious political reaction." See "Clarion," April 5.

C. S. M. (Liverpool).—An elementary sense of loyalty would have made your letter impossible. A soldier who tells the truth to an enemy is shot! Try to realise that the army of reform is an army with enemies and on campaign. Personal discipline is indispensable. See our Report of the Samurai Conference in this number.

G. Stephenson (Newark).—Thanks for good wishes.

J. H. Payne (Rotherham).—We will keep our eye on these things, and deal with them from time to time.

Mrs. E. M. Southey (West Brighton).—We note your remark re National Defence League.

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