
**The New Age**

**An Independent Socialist Review of Politics, Literature, and Art**

Edited by

A. R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

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**The Outlook.**

**Socialist Foreign Policy.**

Socialism is necessarily international; about that, there will be no dispute among Socialists. But we doubt whether all those who repeat the statement fully realize its implications. By Internationalism we mean the recognition of the fact that the war between Socialism and Anti-Socialism covers the whole area of our civilization without regard to political frontiers, and that a position taken or a check sustained in any part of the field affects for good or evil the fortunes of the whole campaign. When once we have got a firm grip of this conception we shall realize how absurd it is to suppose that the foreign policy of Socialists must, in consequence of their Internationalism, be peculiarly inactive and non-resisting. It must, in consequence of their Internationalism, be peculiarly alert and spirited. Non-Intervention was the natural policy of the Cobdenite Radical, who believed that the only object of diplomacy was the promotion of trade. But for the Socialist, who realizes that the fate of his most cherished ideals is staked on the event of contests carried on in distant lands and under alien flags, non-Intervention would be a suicidal absurdity. What the Socialist has to do is to apply the Socialist test to every event in international politics. When he has made up his mind on which side in a disputé the interests of Socialism lie, it is his duty to see that the influence, the resources, and, if need be, the sword of his own country are thrown into that scale. In a word, the English Socialist must try to put England at the head of the Labour interest throughout the world, and to see that wherever reaction is dominant the oppressed shall be able to look to England as their protector and liberator. But this obviously implies that England shall be in the van of social progress.

**Let Him be Anathema.**

The case of Russia, brought home to all our consciences by E. Nesbit’s stirring and powerful appeal for the international outlawry of Czardom, is one very much in point. As regards Russia, we cannot, if we would, be non-interventionists. If the English democracy refuses to support the Russian democracy against its oppressors the English capitalist will have no hesitation about supporting in a very practical way the oppressors against the democracy. For what more effective help can we give to the Czar than to lend him money and sell him arms and munitions with which to oppress his people? Meanwhile our diplomatic courtesies continue to give the sanction of our countenance to the vilpest tyranny that is known to civilized man. The hypocrisy of the Liberals in this matter passes all previous records. Had one-twentieth part of the horrors proved to have been committed by the servants of the Czar been alleged to have happened in Armenia or Macedonia, the whole Liberal Press would have sent up a howl of execration; would have made war upon his people? Meanwhile our diplomatic courtesies continue to give the sanction of our countenance to the vilpest tyranny that is known to civilized man. The hypocrisy of the Liberals in this matter passes all previous records. Had one-twentieth part of the horrors proved to have been committed by the servants of the Czar been alleged to have happened in Armenia or Macedonia, the whole Liberal Press would have sent up a howl of execration; would have clamoured for the expulsion of the Sultan "bag and baggage." Yet the deliberate torture and outrage of young girls under the direct sanction of the Czar’s Government cannot move them to urge even a moment’s suspension of the "friendly understanding" which we are told exists between our Liberal rulers and the tormentors of Maria Spiridonova. Is there any difference between the case of Turkey and that of Russia? Yes: there are many differences, and all of them are favourable to the Czar. Some of the atrocities committed by the Turks were probably due to the weakness of their Government and its inability to control its own troops and agents; so much excuse can be alleged for the misdeeds of the strongest and closest bureaucracy in the world. Racial and religious feuds partially explain the disorders of the Ottoman Empire; in Russia all races and creeds are kept down under the heel of a common tyranny. Finally, the evils of Turkish rule stop at the Turkish frontier. Turkey could not, if she would, aspire to the evil eminence to which Russia has attained—that of being the champion and protector of misrule all over the Continent. Why then does the Liberal Press, which waxed so eloquent over the Armenian atrocities, hear so meekly of the more sickenning atrocities of Riga? Is it because Turkey was a small and weak power, which it was easy and safe to bully, while the military greatness of Russia, though it collapsed like a pricked bubble before Japan, is still sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey? In any case, Socialism is no respector of persons. It tells the Czar that he stands condemned by the conscience of the civilized world, and that his people must be free to carry the sentence into execution.

**The Empire and Preference.**

There was a certain unreality about the discussion at the Imperial Conference of Mr. Deakin’s proposals for preferential trading, because everyone knew that they could have no practical issue. Whether these proposals are good or bad in themselves, it is quite obvious that this Government, having come into power to defend Free Trade, could not without cynical impropriety even take them into consideration. It is true that Peel was returned in 1841 to defend Protection and that six years later he and his party repealed the Corn Laws. But even he allowed a decent interval to elapse, nor is his fate, with the scattering of his own party which it involved, likely to tempt others to imitate his example. There is no justification for the change of Corn Laws without a corresponding change of Protection. Mr. Deakin, it is true, has urged the interest of his party. But the protectionist interest is a limited one, and it is the interest of the world at large that is involved in the case of Turkey and that of Russia? Yes: there are many differences, and all of them are favourable to the Czar. Some of the atrocities committed by the Turks were probably due to the weakness of their Government and its inability to control its own troops and agents; so much excuse can be alleged for the misdeeds of the strongest and closest bureaucracy in the world. Racial and religious feuds partially explain the disorders of the Ottoman Empire; in Russia all races and creeds are kept down under the heel of a common tyranny. Finally, the evils of Turkish rule stop at the Turkish frontier. Turkey could not, if she would, aspire to the evil eminence to which Russia has attained—that of being the champion and protector of misrule all over the Continent. Why then does the Liberal Press, which waxed so eloquent over the Armenian atrocities, hear so meekly of the more sickenning atrocities of Riga? Is it because Turkey was a small and weak power, which it was easy and safe to bully, while the military greatness of Russia, though it collapsed like a pricked bubble before Japan, is still sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Edward Grey? In any case, Socialism is no respector of persons. It tells the Czar that he stands condemned by the conscience of the civilized world, and that his people must be free to carry the sentence into execution.

**The New Age.**

Page 25.

**Morocco.**

By

EDWARD CARPENTER.
parts of the Empire come under a different head. There is no reason why these should not at once be carried into effect. Indeed, it is along these lines that we fancy the real solution of the problem of preference lies. Why should we not have an Imperial mercantile marine, carrying goods between the principal parts of the Empire at rates covering only the bare cost of transit, and so giving an effective preference to Imperial trade without the need for any imposition of import duties? Such a scheme objectively violates the abstract economics of Free Trade, as do the Factory Acts, as would a Minimum Wage Law. But it is not open to any of the practical objections which were felt to Mr. Chamberlair's views on this score. Mr. Balfour's speech at the Albert Hall marks the final stage of his conversion to the Chamberlainite policy. The "ifs" and "whens" disappear, and he declares, without qualification, for a tariff which should include duties on foodstuffs not at present taxed and a preference to Colonial over foreign produce. Moreover, the speech marks a change not only in Mr. Balfour's views, but also in the direction of the Protectionist campaign. The Unionist leader laid it down that he would vote on a preferential protection of the home producer against foreign competition, not to any great extent on the need of consolidating the Empire, but on the need of finding new sources of revenue. This is precisely what is to be the new appeal to which it is hoped may succeed better than did those upon which Mr. Chamberlain relied. Intellectually considered, the ground now chosen is much weaker than that previously occupied. From the Socialist point of view there was much more to be said for protecting the British producer against unregulated competition or for encouraging the production of wealth within the Empire than for using a tariff as a means of raising revenue. For to raise your revenue, as Mr. Balfour recommended, by duties "on articles of large consumption," whether such articles be tea, tobacco and beer, or corn and meat, is to place the heaviest burden of taxation on the poorest class of the community. Moreover, it is clear that in so far as such taxes are a source of revenue, they cannot be effectively protective or preferential. For the object of protection and preference is to drive out foreign goods, and if they are kept out no revenue can be derived from them. Nevertheless, the new cry may prove a very effective one for the Tories to use against the Liberals. For the Liberals have no alternative to offer. They cannot tax the poor, and they dare not tax the rich. In the long run, it is quite clear that we shall have to choose between the Tory policy of taxing "articles of large consumption" and the Socialist policy of taxing large accumulations of property.

General Botha and the Randlords.

General Botha undoubtedly deserves all the good things that have been said about him since he arrived in this country. At the same time, it is interesting to note that his reception by the Rand magnates at the Savoy leaves us a little uneasy. The speech which he addressed to his hosts contained, it is true, little or nothing to which complaint could be taken, but the enthusiasm with which such "Imperialists" as Sir Julius Wernher and Mr. Eckstein greeted the new Premier of the Transvaal was rather disquieting. A friend of mine, a Dutchman, who had lived for many years in South Africa, told me that he had been depressed opposition to the Chinese labour. "Take your Chinamen," he said, "and let us keep our negroes." An understanding between the Boers and the Randlords on these terms is quite within the bounds of possibility, but such an understanding would be unable to anything that the Transvaal or of the English-speaking proletariat of the Rand. It must be remembered that the Dutch and the mineowners have one interest in common. The miserable proportion of white labour in the mines would mean to the former a British majority in the electorate and to the latter the "trail of the serpent" of Trade Unionism and all the perils referred to in Mr. Percy "Bunyan's" famous of constructing us more, our food would cost us less. The cost of the construction and maintenance of such a fleet might be borne proportionally by the whole Empire, or, if this were done, it might be borne by the United Kingdom, and be regarded as a set off against the preference which the Protectionist policy of the Colonies enables them to give in their markets.

The Resurrection of Tariff Reform.

The proceedings of the Primrose League demonstrators last Friday prove very conclusively that the Tariff Reform agitation was by no means so effectually killed by the last General Election as most Liberals were disposed to believe. Mr. Balfour's speech at the Albert Hall marks the final stage of his conversion to the Chamberlainite policy. The "ifs" and "whens" disappear, and he declares, without qualification, for a tariff which should include duties on foodstuffs not at present taxed and a preference to Colonial over foreign produce. Moreover, the speech marks a change not only in Mr. Balfour's views, but also in the direction of the Protectionist campaign. The Unionist leader laid it down that he would vote on a preferential protection of the home producer against foreign competition, not to any great extent on the need of consolidating the Empire, but on the need of finding new sources of revenue. This is precisely what is to be the new appeal to which it is hoped may succeed better than did those upon which Mr. Chamberlain relied. Intellectually considered, the ground now chosen is much weaker than that previously occupied. From the Socialist point of view there was much more to be said for protecting the British producer against unregulated competition or for encouraging the production of wealth within the Empire than for using a tariff as a means of raising revenue. For to raise your revenue, as Mr. Balfour recommended, by duties "on articles of large consumption," whether such articles be tea, tobacco and beer, or corn and meat, is to place the heaviest burden of taxation on the poorest class of the community. Moreover, it is clear that in so far as such taxes are a source of revenue, they cannot be effectively protective or preferential. For the object of protection and preference is to drive out foreign goods, and if they are kept out no revenue can be derived from them. Nevertheless, the new cry may prove a very effective one for the Tories to use against the Liberals. For the Liberals have no alternative to offer. They cannot tax the poor, and they dare not tax the rich. In the long run, it is quite clear that we shall have to choose between the Tory policy of taxing "articles of large consumption" and the Socialist policy of taxing large accumulations of property.
NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Was it worth while fighting General Botha, with the trivial inconvenience of two hundred million pounds expenditure, all that we might get the Transvaal and invite him to sit next Lord Roberts at the Guildhall Banquet? It seems such an indirect way of gaining our ends.

A Departmental Committee has just finished the important public business it began in 1905. Its duty was to safeguard the status of baronets. Imbued with the spirit of the age, these gentlemen have fought to organise their trade union on firmer lines. The cotton operatives have the right to pure air in their work-shops; surely the inhabitants of Debrett have an equal right to protect themselves against insanitary ped- dlees. The Committee reports that 5 per cent. of the 1,200 baronets are not really entitled to be members of the union. A Radical paper has unkindly used the words "bogus baronets."

The opposition to Socialism is rapidly being left in the hands of millionnaires, slum-dwellers, and their representatives in Parliament. There was a conference on hygiene and temperance last week, at which Sir John Gorst announced from the chair that a "great obstacle to reform was the selfishness of the property class", which practically meant the Legislature and Administration of the country. He did not know anything more remarkable than the extent to which baronetcy and county council primary and city council came to the opinion that it was far better to let the child population of the country starve than to run the risk of having to pay for their food out of the rates." Sir Lauder Brunton then gave the following resolution: "This conference is of opinion that to meet adequately the responsibility of the State towards school children it is essential that a medical department should be instituted in the Board of Education."

The Coal Smoke Abatement Society has just held its eighth annual meeting. It was a gathering of experts from many departments of work: Sir William Richmond, Sir Fred. Treves, Sir Thomas Barlow, and the Bishop of London. The Chairman told the members that the prejudice against their Society was disappearing. After eight years of labour these estimable men have aroused a suspicion in the public mind that dirty smuts and yellow fog may not be desirable accompaniments of a town life. Sir William Richmond went on to say that the Local Government Board was "an incomprehensibly inert body, which does not fulfil the duties relegated to it by Act of Parliament." He added that smoke was doing serious damage to "the country's immortal works of architecture." And Sir F. Treves pointed out that it was playing havoc with our mortal lungs.

One does not always welcome new Socialist organisations. But the Teachers' Socialist Association, which has just been born at Oxford, is a legitimate outburst of originality. The bearing of Socialism on education is a subject which demands special treatment, and the problems raised can only be settled by those who really know what they are speaking about. It is field for the expert. For example, the opinion this new Association holds on Mr. Rea's Education Bill before Parliament should be an invaluable guide to the Labour Party.

Our new Ambassador in America must be hard put to for ideas. At a banquet of the Chicago Commercial Club he is reported to have described that body as "in reality an association of poets and philosophers who devote themselves to the adornment of Chicago and the amelioration of its social conditions." That kind of remark is tolerable as persiflage at a private drawing-room meeting; but it is lamentable that Professor Bryce should have nothing better to say.

It is good news that The New Age is not merely to live, but to be rejuvenated. In the past, courage and honourable service to progressive movements have distinguished it; may the future add success and wider influence!

Owned and edited by two members of the Fabian Society, it may become a useful, if unofficial, auxiliary to that society!

The Press of London is grouped as though on purpose to leave space for a Review which will represent progressive Socialist thought, but, not being troubled to determine the nature of or to rigidly dogmatise economic theory, and not being completely absorbed in current politics, will take wide views, and follow closely the progress of thought in relation to the organisation of human Society.

A. Y. MAUDE.

Politics must increasingly deal with the elevation of the standard of living, with equality of opportunity for all the people and the betterment of those conditions which most intimately affect mankind.

JOSEPH PELS.

The moral to be drawn from the indigestible visit of the Colonial Premiers would seem to be that Hearts across the Sea will not stand hands in the pocket.

EDGAR JEPSON.

I am glad to hear that The New Age is to be rejuvenated. I am sure there is a wide field for a paper which shall express the spirit of the age and crystallise into definite and stimulating counsels the vague aspirations towards a saner, pleasanter state of things, which are so many minds to-day. I wish you every success in that endeavour.

Above all, don't let the paper be amateurish and faddy. Socialism wants a wider interpretation. It must not be associated with Jaeger clothing and vegetarianism.

H. HAMILTON FIFE.

The arrival of the Labour Party in the House of Commons having at last secured popular recognition of the need for an economic minimum, should set the Socialist at liberty to discuss the higher issues of reform. How much of the distrust of the Socialist movement by the intellectual class has been due to Socialists' neglect of art and philosophy? I. J. PENNY.

Mr. Bernard Shaw will lecture in the Kensington Town Hall on Wednesday evening, May 15th, on the "New Theology." This lecture is important in the light of the recent theological controversy, and something in the nature of a definite statement of a Socialist's creed may be anticipated. The proceeds of the lecture will go to the Metropolitan Council of the I.L.P., to further the movement for securing the feeding by the L.C.C. of the underfed children of London.

All Socialists, and thousands who are not Socialists, will hear with the deepest regret and anxiety of the serious illness of Mr. Keir Hardie. No man can occupy the position of a party leader without incurring criticism, and Mr. Hardie has been pretty well criticised in his time, both by opponents and supporters. It is perhaps well that a young and vigorous party should criticise its leaders freely, but our freedom in this respect may sometimes appear to lay us open to the charge of ingratitude and disloyalty if we do not duly temper it with an acknowledgment of our obligations. And in the case of Mr. Hardie it is difficult indeed to acknowledge those obligations adequately.
The Difficulties of Temperance.

On a memorable occasion, almost exactly three hundred years ago, Sir Toby Belch first stated his views concerning the Liquor Traffic. He said: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" The argument showed that close grasp of practical affairs which is only possible in a poet's mind. Nothing of any real importance has been said on the subject since that day. At least, that is the impression one gets from a study of the latest literature and political debates. I have before me the tracts and pamphlets issued by the United Kingdom Alliance, which is an important Temperance organisation. They are an astounding revelation; they show a weird misconception of the facts, inability to value the evidence, a childlike failure to distinguish cause from effect. Their whole case has certainly a fragment of commonsense; the desire to stop excessive drinking is shared, one hopes, with all people professing a minimum of culture. It may even be frankly acknowledged that "the Liquor Traffic, unbased on any fundamental human necessity or healthy requirement, is doomed." Its destruction is just as imminent as the annihilation of the irrational. The temperance habit is the fetish-caste and the base habit of watching horse-races. But as a practical attempt to deal with a present problem the Alliance presents a tottering case. We are told that "this traffic is the husband of all evils, and that the chief function of, law and civil government to prevent." We utterly refuse to believe this statement. As a factor professing to explain the chaotic state of our social organisation, we believe that it is a matter of commonsense to show that because the consumption of alcohol, whether in large or small quantities, is a trivial insignificance, it is a great ocean of division, the ocean of commonsense, we venture to think. (By the bye, we claim control of that sea.) In practice the difference works out thus: To stop the people spending too much of their time and money in the pursuit of intoxicants we Socialists declare the urgency for healthy houses, proper food, reasonable hours of work and play; and seeing that none of these things can be obtained under the capitalist system, we advocate the abolition of that system. The Alliance, believing that men will get better houses and the rest as soon as they cease to waste their money on beer, concentrate their whole force on stopping the sale of that influent fluid. To us the social problem, in its material aspect, is the overthrow of capitalism; to the Temperance party it is the overthrow of the liquor trade.

The Alliance campaign is conducted, we gather, along two main lines: the medical threats and the appeal to democracy. There have been published lurid books and pamphlets dealing with the medical aspects of the case after the manner of the great French realists. The public has placed before it in vivid language and in dramatic form the untellable possibilities of gin-drinker's liver. The various organs of the body are discussed seriatum, and it appears that, each and all, they are mere playthings in the presence of a little spirit. These are all probably sound scientific facts; and one's first impression is that it is only a matter of passing on the information, and the world will be terrified and convinced. But there are innumerable persons who spend their days and their nights before the above unsightly medical facts, and for all their pains the consumption of alcoholic liquor per head in the United Kingdom during 1904 was more than it was twenty years before, and the intervening period shows figures which apparently rise or fall as good or bad trade gives the people more or less money to spend. The logic of the medical man is itself a weird misconception; the heroic indifference of the drinker in the face of peril. Whether we like it or not, the truth has to be faced; our fellow-men are prepared to die young in defence of the liberty to drink beer. The Alliance relates with pride that "Plato made a strict injunction that newly-married people must not drink alcohol in any shape or form. Unfortunately, we have to deal with people who insist on disregarding nine-tenths of the wisdom of philosophers. The Alliance, with a reminiscence of Socrates, announces, "by far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water with a little sugar." Possibly, but man and woman denies itself that luxury and asks for more. The party of Temperance has realised that the medical argument is insufficient by itself. They have therefore invented Local Option. The literature of the United Kingdom Alliance is largely based on the statement that that unerly entity, the democratic voice, will close the public-houses and cease drinking if it be only allowed to speak. The belief of the Alliance is apparently an illusion. (By the bye, the United Kingdom Alliance says that men become drunkards because their whole social surroundings are unhealthy. The United Kingdom Alliance will have it that the social surroundings are unhealthy because men think it due to lack of customers.

But the Socialist must flatly refuse to discuss the problem of the Liquor Traffic from the point of view of the National Temperance Alliance. Their remedies of medical advice and democratic polls will have their due effect, perhaps, in some districts; but the Socialist, with his usual respect for hard fact, recognises that it is the working man's club. The Alliance wants to abolish it: we intend to place it in the hands of the municipal councils with instructions to spend just as much money on finding further attractions as they can wring out of the wealthy ratepayers. At all costs, the people's place of social resort must be provided with the least of everything which please the happiness of its clients. If they demand the Daily X-- and beer instead of lemonade and the "Spectator," we will face the consequences. Abstinence from alcohol will follow the appreciation of more subtle pleasures; prohibition will be easily obtained. Again, there are total prohibition towns where the proportion of arrests for drunkenness is far higher than in cities. There is a recent report which states that the consumption of beer is increasing in the United States. And yet "the foundation policy of the Alliance is the suppression of the liquor traffic by the operative will of an enlightened people." It is magnificent, but is it war? When the people are enlightened teetotallers the public-house problem will have somewhat solved itself by lack of customers.

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The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

II.

If the germ of the art of the future is to be found in the works of modern architects, it must still be con-

fessed that the number of men to whose work this would apply is somewhat limited. This is not the fault of the architects but of the public, who give very few

an opportunity of doing their best work. Probably not more than 10 per cent. of potential architectural

capacity ever reaches expression under existing social conditions, and although many men of exceptional ability and fortu-
nate circumstances can triumph over the obstacles of modern life presents.

The exact nature of these difficulties will perhaps be most readily understood by a comparison of the con-
ditions under which architecture was produced in the Middle Ages and the conditions which prevail to-day.

Architecture in the Middle Ages was understood and practised as a great co-operative art. The architect,
as understood to-day, had not come into existence; for a knowledge of art was not then the exclusive pos-
session of the architect, but was a common pos-
session of the whole people. Every craftsman was then to some extent an artist, while every artist was a crafts-
man. When any building was erected it was the custom of each craft to supply its own details and ornaments, prior to being given to the master mason or carpenter, as the case might be, who planned the building and exercised a general control in addition to the

ordinary requirements of his craft. Such were the conditions under which our cathedrals, abbeys, and churches were built, and such is the secret of the wonderful beauty, variety, and richness of thought with which such buildings are endowed. But how different to-day! Instead of working on his building, sur-

rounded by a number of capable craftsmen able and willing to co-operate with him, the modern architect is shut up in an office miles away from his build-
ings. Not only is he denied the co-operation of the crafts-

men, but he has to work under the contract system, which makes his interest opposed to his. Again, the wages of whom he has to make use are not only ignorant of how to design their own details, but are for the most part incapable of interpreting a drawing of anything which is not mechanical in its form. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the architect. Under such conditions, he is not able to make use of the entire range of architectural forms, but must limit himself to the use of such as may be easily interpreted from a drawing. As it happens that many of the finest qualities of architecture do not easily interpreted from a drawing. As it happens that many of the finest qualities of architecture do not admit of this treatment, it is difficult for the architect to avoid getting a mechanical feeling into his work.

The Arts and Crafts Movement.

It was the desire to restore the conditions under which medieval architecture was produced which led to the formation of the Arts and Crafts movement. For though the movement sought to extend the principle of uniting the artist and craftsman to every branch of architecture, it was well to remember that the movement was primarily architectural. The great majority of the best craftsmen the movement produced were originally architects, and to this day the making of architectural accessories is the mainstay and support of the move-

cent. Though experience has proved it to be imprac-
ticable for the architect to resume his function as master craftsman, many architects have used their position for the support of craftsmen who have embellished their buildings in various ways. Unfortunately, eco-
nomic conditions have compelled many of these craftsmen to become semicommercial and to become designer-
craftsmen, leaving workmen who work they supervise, the only exceptions to this rule being a few men who are possessed of private means.

Not only is a return to the conditions of the Middle Ages the most practical idea, but it is also neces-

such as cottages—receiving much thought and atten-
tion. Only a very small percentage of such work finds

its way at present into the hands of architects, while

architects, in their turn, cannot afford to give it proper

attention out of the commission they get. An archi-
tect's commission on such work is partly consumed by

office expenses. The commission basis of architec-
ture was established when only large buildings found their way into the hands of the architect, and when he was required to do only a tithe of what is now days expected of him; but the growth of the contract system and of building regulations probably doubled or trebled his work, while his commission remains the same. Large buildings may still be made to pay by sweating the assistants employed, but on the smaller works the system of commission absolutely breaks down. Now this is a serious matter. It means that there is a limit placed to the possibilities of reform by the architect and that there is no prospect of him ever being able to grapple with the ugliness which fills Suburbia. Hence,
while the architect generally sympathises with the public in their desire to have homes at once simple and

beautiful, every such house he undertakes at the pre-

sent must be more or less at a sacrifice to himself. The

conclusion is that until we can get a supply of crafts-

men or housewrights (as Professor Lethaby aptly calls

them) who are paid on a time basis, there can be no

prospect whatever of such work receiving proper attention.

The Movable Crafts.

Difficult as are the conditions of architectural prac-
tice under the existing industrial regime, the difficulties are increased tenfold when we consider the problem presented by the movable crafts. The archi-
tectural crafts have been able to make some headway, as we have seen, owing to the circumstance that they could count on the support of architects who were capable of creating the market for them. But with the movable crafts it is different. The craftsman in this sphere must find his market by selling direct to the public, for he is

unable to secure the support of the middleman through whom in other circumstances he would sell. This makes his problem a very difficult one, because, as the patrons of such work are scattered over the country, it is impossible to localise demand outside of the West End of London, and as rents and other establishment charges in this quarter are extremely heavy, it is only by having a huge turnover, with big profits, that

expenses can be paid. The consequence is that outside of the architectural crafts scarcely any headway at all has been made. A few men exceptionally placed have managed to establish themselves outside the metropolitan centre, supplying the necessarily limited connoisseur public, while certain crafts, as, for instance, jewellery and book-binding, have been taken up as hobbies by a host of amateurs. As serious efforts at reform, however, they are no longer attempted, the obstacles to be encoun-
tered being such as could only be overcome by craftsmen with great capital behind them.

(To be concluded.)

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The Fellowship of Birds.

Have you ever imagined a birdless wood? A wood with tall trees and rich undergrowth of shrubs and brambles, with mossy paths and dim spaces dotted with the leaves of many summers; with the swift movement of our shy native rodents; with the needle-shrill cry of some startled weasel or stoat, and the sound of some rustling of the leaves, a great stillness! Like many familiar things, birds are not properly recognised until they are absent. But they are seldom entirely absent, and we must imagine a birdless wood, in order to realise such desolation. Before we can properly realise the place birds have in our hearts. For of all wild things, birds have the strongest hold on the human emotions, not only in association with woodland places or fields, but in towns and in the abysmal streets of great cities. They have stolen into our very consciousness, and their images have become indispensable symbols of intimate and kindly intercourse. Why this should be so it is difficult to say; just as it is difficult to say how it is that man has any feeling of kinship with nature at all, considering that most of his civilised actions avoid her. There is something in a bird, something at least in the smaller British birds, which supplies some element of grace. Birds seem to have been created by nature to bring solace. Their song is an accompaniment to the rhythm of the heart, and the imagination finds a parallel in the gift of flight. The formalities of both science and religion are involved with this mysterious power. The scientist desires the mechanical wings of the airship, and the religious man would become an archangel. The poet recognises his share in the nightingale's song, the sky-lark, and the thrush, and the poet's kinsman, the lover, sees in the beloved form of a bird.

A great many birds give us the same delight as you and I do. In London, perhaps, is an indication of their charm. They appear to retain for a longer time than the quadrupeds the inconsequential abandonment of youth. Like Peter Pan they won't grow up. At an advanced age, even so ancient a fowl as a rook will continue to look childlike and bland. This is probably subterfuge on his part, but it is charming, nevertheless. Even the desolate caged at the Zoo, sitting dolcamente on their absurd imitations of the Grampians or the Rockies, sometimes have the same expression. This semblance of eternal youth not only attracts those whose imagination leans towards youth, but it is at the root of the kinship between birds and children. As soon as a child can discriminate between objects it will clap its hands joyfully of three years gambol in the midst of a flock of white pigeons. The beautiful birds which most of us feel with the feathered world. And since we dare not be free ourselves, we find a vague joy in imprisoning the free. But the fellowship of birds is free. The free soul feels joy if the wild bird will take food with him or if the nesting bird does not leave her young or eggs at his approach. He owns the very root of that abomination of caging them. It is at the very root of that abomination of caging them.

Euphoria.

There is a garden, made for our delight,
Where all the dreams we dare not dream come true.
I know it, but I do not know the way.
We slip and stumble in the doubtful night,
Where everything is difficult and new,
And clouds our breath has made obscure the day.
The blank, unhappy towns, where sick men strive,
Still doing work that yet is never done,
The hymns to Gold that drown their desperate voice:
The weeds that grow where once corn stood, alive,
The black injustice that puts out the sun,
There is our portion, since they are our choice.
Yet there the garden bows, with rose on rose,
The sunny shadow-dappled lawns are there.
There the immortal lilies, heavenly-sweet.
Oh roses that for us shall not unclose!
Oh lilies that we shall not pluck or wear!
Oh dewy lawns untrodden by our feet!
THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.  


The most ardent friend of the Labour party may perhaps be forgiven if he has been feeling some misgivings as to how Mr. Keir Hardie and his followers would deal with the Empire, were they called upon to form a Government to-morrow. Labour leaders are as far as possible free from the narrow parochialism which it is the special province and intention to solve that they have had little time to define their attitude towards those questions of world politics which occupy so much of the attention of other politicians. For part I con- clude that up to the present I have found it impossible to characterise the Labour party in terms of that traditional Little England ideal of nationalism; with internationalism perhaps in the background of the future, and Imperialism nowhere. One feared that they were possibly out of touch with that very real and deep-rooted national sentiment which the commercial Jingo has so successfully misappropriated and exploited during the past decade. Moreover it appeared, superficially at least, that the very characteristics which were the Labour leader's qualifications as a social reformer might prove vital disqualifications when it came to deal with the Colonies. Great respect for tradition is the last thing one expects or desires to find in a Socialist representative, but in the Minister of Imperial organization it may conceivably be the first. The Empire—or if you will, the Federated Union— is a complex union unique in traditions, traditions of common ancestry, common institutions, common literature, common standards of justice and political freedom. And if it is to remain united this species of tradition must have an even more real recognition in the future than it has had in the past. Mr. Macdonald believes in maintaining the Empire and strengthening in every way possible the real bonds between ourselves and our Colonies. Yet to confound his position with that of the commercial Jingo by calling be the first. The Empire—or if you will, the Federation— makes one's meaning clear by using some such qualification that up to the present I have vaguely credited to Mr. Macdonald, in insisting that natives must be directly protected by the Home Government unless or until they express for tradition is the last thing one expects or desires to find in a Socialist representative, but in the Minister of Imperial organization it may conceivably be the first. The Empire—or if you will, the Federated Union— is a complex union unique in traditions, traditions of common ancestry, common institutions, common literature, common standards of justice and political freedom. And if it is to remain united this species of tradition must have an even more real recognition in the future than it has had in the past. Mr. Macdonald believes in maintaining the Empire and strengthening in every way possible the real bonds between ourselves and our Colonies. 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no real control over Government. The effective use, or misuse, of governing machinery has been in the hands of the landowning, employing, and lawyer classes. The history of the use of this power, which still remains in their hands, against the disfranchisement of women is a history of political intrigue and betrayal, of contemptuously given and carelessly broken pledges. It is a history in which the chief figures—the political gentleman with his tongue in his cheeks, and the diplomatist—pretently for liberty—send the fire of rebellion through the veins of self-respecting women. There have been friends of women's liberty even among politicians. The political gentleman, or a number of some of them have been worthy of admiration. Even in the House of Commons there have been men who have not attempted to deceive women by a canting pretence of benevolent chivalry, nor to ridicule them in jests which depended for their doubtful humour on an unhealthy mental attitude towards sex and physiology. But with members of the best club in Europe these have been the prevailing attitudes, when, after the manner of clubs, women's claims have been considered. Both attitudes are directly traceable to the position of wealth and opportunity occupied by the governing classes. By the law, and in the minds of the mass of men, women are still regarded as a kind of property. This is especially so in the case of married women. The condition is, of course, mitigated or intensified by the nature and quality of the personal relation between husband and wife. But the ownership feeling exists, and has its legal justification in the laws of the land. In the working classes evidence of the non-recognition of women's home labour, which is regarded as compulsory and is unpaid. The position of the married woman of this social grade approximates closely to that of a life-indentured serf. In the wealthy class the property-feeling finds other avenues. More than among any other class, there exist here two kinds of women, who may be distinguished as protected and unprotected. The protected woman is expected to provide graciously over a household and to produce heirs, and is treated with an outward show of conventional respect. The unprotected woman is expected to be purchasable and entertaining, and is commonly treated with a familiarity and ridicule which in the coarseness of their contempt are akin to savagery. In the attitude of opposing Parliament in the atmosphere of the House of Commons, the influence of each of these two classes of women has always been evident. On something like forty occasions resolutions or legislative proposals have been put before the House. The atmosphere, with a few early exceptions, has been one of insulting and irresponsible amusement, in which a minority of chivalrous idealists have floundered hopelessly. The debates have been farcical. The tactics which have accompanied them, and rendered them futile, have been characterised by a petty and contemptible meanness. Every sharp practice and quibble, every loophole and trick, every method of evasion, blocking, and talking-out, which Parliamentary machinery made possible has been employed. Behind these tactics the two forces of proprietorship, which have influenced the superficial aspects of the debates, have been at work. They have produced an instructive record of defeated women's suffrage measures. Bills, Resolutions, and Amendments were defeated (by special canvassing and broken pledges) in 1867, 1870, 1875, 1879, 1884, 1892. Blocked (by various ingenious tricks at different stages) in 1867, 1871, 1883, 1884, 1887, 1890, 1891, 1893, 1897, 1900, 1907. Talked-Out (generally in presence of majority of pledged supporters) in 1877, 1902, 1905, 1906, 1907. Such is the record of the Parliamentary performances of the leisured classes with reference to the removal of the sex-disabilities.
Morocco and the Straits of Gibraltar.

I.

This view of the Straits of Gibraltar from the hills near Tangier is very fine. In the clear air, the little streak of sea, eight miles across, which divides Europe from Africa, does not seem very far. On the right, as one looks towards Spain, and, not far off, Jebel Musa (commonly called Ape's Hill by the Gibraltar folk) pushes forward into the sea—a craggy limestone mass some little distance from the island and feet high and the extremity of a chain of mountains which, extending inland, form the Anjera district of Morocco. Opposite to it, and rising to nearly, though not quite, the same height, the Spanish hills between Puerta Caracaro and Tarifa stretch like a wall along the shore. Between rolls the blue water flecked with white, and glancing in sun and wind. This is the true Straits; and it looks wild enough, and might seem, except for ancient Moorish watch-towers dotted along the hills on either side, unhonored since the farthest history. To cross this little belt of sea is to pass from the modern Western world, with its restlessness, to the primitive East, practically unaltered for thousands of years; it is to leave the painful uniformity, which in bowler hat and black coat, boasts the name of progress, for the glittering kaleidoscopic multiplicity and variety of form and colour which glories in its own antiquity. And where, on one side, a few miles inland, the motor-omnibus rushes by on its twenty leagues journey from Algiers to Cadiz, on the other, she shows in her bare legs and feet, and just a twist of string or cloth round his head, leans on his staff—a truly Biblical figure—and watches with strange feelings the huge lines of steamers from Algeria, from Tunis. She bears her fagot load, like the voice of a creature in pain, sounding through the sea-mist which covers her from sight.

When the great ship rounds into the Bay of Algiers, just before reaching Gibraltar, and casts anchor under the rock whose base is lost in a thick mass of masts, barracks, narrow streets, and gardens of tropical vegetation, and whose summit bristles with great guns—it has already crossed the Straits proper, and is in the Mediterranean. The distance between Gibraltar and the fortress of Ceuta (opposite it on the African coast) is fully fifteen miles; and neither the British nor the Spanish have any reason why the distance or "command the Straits," as they are sometimes supposed to do. However, the pleasant fiction helps no doubt to bring rain from the pockets of the taxpaying public in both countries. The real use of the coaling and refitting station for our vessels in the Mediterranean—whether in war or peace—but as it has lately been discovered that the present doocyards there could easily be knocked to matchwood by modern long-range guns planted on the Spanish hills, the plan is being adopted of building fresh dockyards (at enormous cost) on the reverse or eastern side of the Rock, where they will be practically invisible, except from the sea. The game goes on, and money pours out.

From where we stand near Tangier, Gibraltar is distant some twenty-five or thirty miles, and the Rock (1,400 feet high) appears as a faint purplish outline, through the obscurity of its guns across the water can be heard plainly enough at dawn and sunset, and on occasions of practice or salute. Ceuta, the other rock, we cannot see for the protruding mass of Jebel Musa. Most cities of ancient times had a sizeable fort on the sea side, and Shallot, in the hillside was the habitation on the near Spanish coast, is the little town of Tarifa—its white lighthouse and tiny, ancient fortress and dwellings dimpled into the brimming, dancing waters, seem to possess a curious effect which the rocks and meaness of the earth lends. To the west of Tarifa a yellow sandy patch some miles in extent is seen on the hillside, protected by vegetation, and looking as if it had stayed across from the Sahara. This is the spot, according to popular tradition, where in 710, Tarif with his five hundred Arabs, landed and began the great career of Moorish conquest in Spain. Tarif, of course, gave his name to Tarifa. But it is curious and confusing—that Tarik should have landed in the very next year (711) at Gibraltar, and similarly left his name there! However, there is a certain appropriateness in the whole arrangement—though no doubt quite unintentional. On the right of the chief road with a force of Arabs at Tarifa and Tarik landed with a larger force of Berbers at Gibraltar, and these joint forces, Arabs and Berbers, swept over the whole Peninsula. Musa, the Arab Governor of North Africa, had despatched these forces and backed them up, stands represented by the rock Jebel Musa, which from the African side overlooks both Gibraltar on the one hand and Tarifa on the other. Ceuta to bears its part. For even in those remote days, Ceuta was a fortress, an outpost of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, but as a Christian colony allied to Spain, and the legend runs that "Count Julian, the Governor of Ceuta, sent his daughter Florinda to Roderick's Court at Toledo to be educated among the Queen's waiting-women. The maiden was very beautiful, and the King, forgetful of his own son, had bound him to protect her as his own daughter, put her to shame. Julian, infuriated, made common cause with his natural enemies, the Arabs, filled Musa's ears with tales of the beauty and richness of Spain, and directed him to invade and conquer the land. Thus the four great natural features of the Straits—Ceuta, Gibraltar, Jebel Musa, and the Mountains of Tarifa—are associated with the first great entrance of the Saracenic power into Europe—that power which in so strange a way and by so circuitous a route brought to our medieval lands and folk the culture, poetry and art of the East. The East was completely defeated in a battle by the western sea, not far from Cape Trafalgar, and in the extraordinarily brief space of twenty years the United forces of Arabs and Berbers, coming from the road that had ravaged Spain, crossed the Pyrenees, and penetrated right into the heart of France. The battle of Tours was fought in 732, and from that time for over seven centuries Mahometanism ruled in Spain, or over a large portion of it—establishing its Sultains and Khalifs at Cordova, then allowing Seville, Cadiz, and other cities to rise in prominence, and finally, about the middle of the fourteenth century, retiring to Granada before the growing Christian power—till at length, in 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella, of pious memory, planted their standard on the top of the Alhambra rock, and drove Boabdil and the remnant of his "barbarians" back across the Straits into Morocco.

The history of Mahometanism is very remarkable. For centuries the Arab peoples—always very tribal and in a sense factious with their tribal gods, idols, customs, and superstitions, had occupied the Arabian deserts. Mohammed, by a stroke of real genius, inspiration, and devotion to what he thought a great cause, united them with each other, and against the growing Christian and Jewish, who had already penetrated even to the neighbourhood of Mecca—united them under the conception of the one wise and just god, Allah, and himself as his prophet. Mohammed died in 632. A few years later and the BABiAN Jedidha had become a great power, threatening the Christian lands, and ruffling the treasures of the old Roman and pagan world to build up a civilization of their own. In less than a century they were pouring through Spain. In 785 Abderrahman I. began building the great mosque at Cordova, and that mighty forest of eight hundred columns became a museum drawn from the known world—pillars from the ruins of Roman, Greek, and Christian temples, surmounted by capitals of endless diversity, Roman, Corinthian, Byzantine, and a debased medieval work. On this foundation, timidly at first, Mohammed, the architect and the Moslem architects grafted their own horseshoe arch, elaborate archaenque work of walls, and shell-nuancing of roofs, a new style of architecture to the world; till in the tenth century they produced that perfect work the third mihrab or shrine (still standing in the Cordovan Mosque), and thence...
long series of charming and dignified palaces, towers, and mosques, culminating in the Alhambra, in the fourteenth century. During the same period and in a similar manner Arab mechanism incorporated the culture generally of the earlier world—the medicine, the mathematics, the astronomy, the geography of Alexandria and the Ptolemies; the weaving and pottery of Byzantium and the iron and steelwork of Toledo and Damascus; the dresses, the laws, the institutions, the fountains, baths, and aqueducts of the Romans; the philosophy, poetry, and music of the Greeks and of its own. and all adorned all these arts, and gave to them a touch and impress of its own. The Courts of the Andalusian Khalifs were an astonishment to travellers—at a time (900-1000 A.D.) when Europe was groping its way in dirt and ignorance—for their splendour, their wealth, the rich fabrics and textures, the walls of marble and gold, the fountains, the gardens, the universit., the precious books, the public baths, the ingenious and artistic manufactures and industries. And if (according to the manners of the time) Almanzor might hold it a pastime to crucify his enemies, or Mo'temid, of Seville, to keep a flower-garden at their heads, there was still hardly a Khalif who did not cultivate letters or music or poetry in his more serious moments. Whatever detractions may have to be made on account of the love of exaggeration in Arab historians (and histories generally), the fact remains that a vast portion of the culture and enlightenment of Christian Europe came from the Moors in Andalusia up to the fourteenth and even the fifteenth centuries. Then they collapsed. Their glory, their power, their art faded. Their progressiveness ceased. And, driven across the Straits, they relapsed again into their primitive condition, and lived again the old warring factional tribal life of early times, with some small differences, much as they still do to-day in Morocco.

It is a remarkable story—this outburst of vigour and power, and intellectual and artistic life during eight centuries—this rapid blossoming of the Arabian and allied races out of their primitive roots and then their relapse again: and one cannot but ask what is the meaning, what was the cause of it? Was it that the religion of Islam, lifting the warring, tetchicth tribes into a grander conception of life, at once gave them larger, nobler activities? Or was it that by simply uniting them (as against Christians and all outsiders) it effected the same result? Or was it that the conquerors contrived, as it were, the germs of culture from the conquered, and that they grew immediately in the new soil made rapid and phenomenal growth? Or was it, again, merely an illustration of the fact that races, or varieties of the human race, have their periods of florescence and wide diffusion and decline—just as varieties of potato or strawberry have? It would be hard to limit the explanation to any one, or even, perhaps, in all four of these causes. But one can see that Mohammed's conception of the religion of Islam was an immense advance beyond the superstitions of the early tribes, and that, therefore, as long as this conception was vital and active among his followers, it was capable of itself in higher forms of life, and one can see also that the unity attained under early Mohammedanism must have formed an important element of progress by the fact that the break-up of the Moors in Spain into factions and sects under the later Khalifs became the signal not only for their defeat by the Christians, but of their degeneracy in art and science. To-day there is a University of Fez, in Morocco, but the students (so I am told by an educated and traveled Moor) read their classics in an otiose way, and learn what they do learn merely by rote (like the children reciting the Koran in the schools). There is in the land no effective discussion of philosophy or religion; there is no movement of any kind in art or science; the study of economics is unknown; what there is of architecture is but a reminiscence of the days of the old; there is no thorough literature or journalism; agriculture and mechanical industry are few and simple; and daily life has gone back, for the most part, to the primitive type of early times.

(To be continued.)

EDWARD CARPENTER.
Mr. Max Beerbohm's Caricatures.

Mr. Max Beerbohm is a gentleman who devotes much time to a careful examination of his friends and the nobility; he puts down the result on paper, with a brush. "Lest there should be any failure in getting a speaking likeness, the artist puts down, also, his subjects altogether flatteringly. The latest victims are now dangling round the walls of the Carfax Gallery; and on this particular occasion the Home Secretary has relaxed the usual rules forbidding public executions. When Mr. Beerbohm starts work on his enemies it is probable there will be a riot.

I may have been mistaken, of course, but my distinct impression is that the lips on the wall moved when I entered; and a gentle murmur reached my ears—the somewhat petulant voice of those who are weary of endless explanations. "You will understand," the lips said, "that this is all a joke; we're not really like this, at all; we don't mind in the least, ourselves, but you will understand, won't you?" I think Lord Ribblesdale seemed to be trying to explain that he really had feet, though the artist had forgotten them; Professor Ray Lankester that his face was not all chin; Mr. Gilbert Chesterton that—; but the demons of laughter had me in their grip, and I heard no more. I delivered myself into Mr. Beerbohm's keeping, saw just what he wished me to see, shook with mirth, and was utterly convinced. And you, dear sirs on the wall, it pains me to tell you that at last the truth is told; you are discovered, body and soul; and if I had my way, the man who hunted you down would be appointed Public Caricaturist to the World.

When the laughter has been stanchèd, it is worth considering what a vast intellectual force this jester really is. He gets a man before his eyes, and with a few brushfuls of paint informs the people at large what are the essential points about this person, physically and mentally. He works with a heroic disregard for the trivial detail, he has an overwhelming respect for the vital fact. If you imagine that an artist must possess the properties of an anatomical draughtsman, then Mr. Max Beerbohm will not satisfy your taste. I can only refer you to the museum at the Royal College of Surgeons, where they will sympathetically discuss Lord Ribblesdale's claim to feet. Yet this caricaturist, in defiance of the laws of anatomy, manages to tell everything one cares to know of his subject, and, it is possible, sometimes a good deal more than they care to have told. He drives home to his audience the main elements which make up Mr. Birrell, Mr. Haldane, Mr. H. G. Wells, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Lord Lytton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Balfour, and the rest of them; grossly exaggerates these elements, perhaps, in order that even dull people may not miss the point. And the non-essential elements, which might confound the onlooker, Mr. Beerbohm kindly omits. But perhaps you may think that this is taking a caricaturist too seriously. Yet there is no more serious profession than teaching the public to laugh. The Public Health Department of the future will have its bands of jesters as well as its inspectors of drains. Therefore it is not altogether flatterly to say that Mr. Max Beerbohm often makes us stop our laughter that we may think. Look at his "Mr. Charles Boyd receiving a Rhodes Scholar." The suggestion of momentary emotion with which the white secretary of the Trust receives the black man is a quite extraordinary something beyond the comic in "The Marquis de Sade" standing on the site once occupied by the statue of John Brown, and meditating, "Tout passe." But there are morbid thoughts when one can laugh.

ART.

MUSIC.

A Symphony Concert: And Some Reflections.

It has been said that whereas other arts may appeal to the intellect as well as to the emotions, the appeal of music is purely emotional. There is only a half truth in this statement. It is true that music lacks the intellectual definiteness which we find in literature and painting; and the latest victims are now dangling round the walls of the Carfax Gallery; and on this particular occasion the Home Secretary has relaxed the usual rules forbidding public executions. When Mr. Beerbohm starts work on his enemies it is probable there will be a riot.

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DRAMA.

Mrs. Wiggs and Ordeal by Dancing.

My first impression of Mrs. Wiggs has been very favourable that I really shall have to go again to see what I've missed out. The play is not high faluting and didn't touch or solve any problems. But it is jolly.

By contrast with a number of severely, gentlemanly plays I have seen it glows. And yet there is not much of a play; it needs quite a feat of memory to think of the plot. But that doesn't matter. The life of the 'Cabbage patch,' a triangle of ground bounded by railway lines and inhabited by very poor folk, is made interesting in itself. The first act in Mrs. Wiggs's kitchen, where the people are like real poor people and the kitchen like a real kitchen, is far away the best, and if only the dramatist had stuck to her guns and made the seriousness real as well as the comedy it would have been a piece of first-class work. Unfortunately, as soon as it comes to a question of the serious side of life, the dramatist allows the clever hood of melodramatic fiction to peer out, and destroy illusion. But the actors do not. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, as Mrs. Wiggs, would humanize an Adelphi monster by gotten of limelight and real rain, while the comedy of Mrs. Eckhorn (Miss Grace Griswold) and Mrs. Schultz (Miss Bertha Livingston) so appealed to me as to make me quite incapable of any serious appraisal. The dancing of Mrs. Hazy (Miss Grace Griswold) was a little oversized. It was funny to see a gawky ugly person dressed as a bride in borrowed window curtains, but it is savagely funny. Miss Louisa Closser got all there was to be got out of the part; but if the vigour of humour had been softened, Miss Hazy had would have had a better chance.

I happened to be reading the plays of Ibsen the other day (an author who quite considerably disturbed our parents' minds at the end of last century), and found that they produce for the most part a quite sombre impression. As far as Ibsen's revolt against certain narrownesses and restrictions on life are concerned, he has no message for us, because our lives are founded on the established success of that revolt. The great drama remains, but it is sombre—and life need not be! Coming down from Ibsen and the region of the Hyperboreans to Mrs. Wiggs one can see in this play the suggestion of a possible new type of drama altogether: a drama that shall be as determinedly real and human towards which Mrs. Wiggs aspires. In a sense Mrs. Wiggs is a good play. It is good partly because of the not accidental circumstance that the author has had the sense to go to the lives of the very poor for artistic material. But (as Nietzsche was in the habit of observing when he had one of the bad nervous headaches) it is human, if it cannot it is a pretence of the imagination.

If a play can dance and be dignified, then it would be humanized by a dance, and a large number in consequence destroyed. The starched stiff-limbed dignity of quite a large number of dramas I could mention would be dissolved in a cataclysm of laughter if their characters were compelled to dance.

The ordeal by dancing is not at all a bad ordeal for plays and other serious things—politicians, for instance. If a play can dance and be dignified, then it is human, if it cannot it is a pretence of the imagination. Not that the dancing must necessarily be on the stage, it may be potential, but if the vigour of humour had been softened, Miss Hazy had would have had a better chance.

Coming down from Ibsen and the region of the Hyperboreans to Mrs. Wiggs one can see in this play the suggestion of a possible new type of drama altogether: a drama that shall be as determinedly real and human as Ibsen and yet attain that light and spaciousness towards which Mrs. Wiggs aspires. In a sense Mrs. Wiggs is a good play. It is good partly because of the not accidental circumstance that the author has had the sense to go to the lives of the very poor for artistic material. But (as Nietzsche was in the habit of observing when he had one of the bad nervous headaches) it is human, if it cannot it is a pretence of the imagination.

One of the pleasantest features of the first act was an al fresco dance of the wedding guests. It was spontaneous and bright and at the same time gave scope for a certain kind of broad clowning humour that is very effective. As a matter of fact, a certain amount of clowning about is an essential method of human expression. It is a relief from the intensity of our advanced thoughts to gawk and gambol. And just as certain primitive emotions of liking and friendship can only be expressed by large gestures, slapping on the back, and earthquaking guffaws, so certain primitive social emotions of delight in one's friends and neighbours can only be expressed by dances. That stage dances are very often not so expressive is a rather severe commentary on our lack of social relationship. Ballets are only too often mere massed voluptuousness, reminding me always of the quaint words of a Victorian poet:—

"The lilies and languors of virtue,
The rose and rupture of vice."

Not that there is a suggestion of this kind of thing about Mrs. Wiggs's dance; it is just square fun. Why not have more of it? No play without a dance would be perhaps too hard a saying. It would be difficult, for instance, to fit one conveniently in "Ghosts," or in Shaw's "Man and Superman." But many plays would be humanized by a dance, and a large number in consequence destroyed. The starched stiff-limbed dignity of quite a large number of dramas I could mention would be dissolved in a cataclysm of laughter if their characters were compelled to dance.

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BOOK NOTES.

For a long time there has been a need for a restatement of the Socialist idea in reference not only to the political and sociological movements of the day, but to the various methods of propaganda both of the past and present. There are perhaps not three men in the Socialist movement who could give us quite the sort of book that is wanted—a volume that should combine the best qualities of readable scientific treatise, a vivid historical narrative, and dispose of—the stock objections of the opponents of Socialism. Arrangements are being made for the appearance of the work, in the first instance, as a serial in a popular magazine. Afterwards it will be issued as a companion volume to Mr. Wells's other sociological works. A sixpenny edition, it is hoped, will follow. But it would be a still greater advantage from the point of view of propaganda if Mr. Wells could be induced to issue the volume in the first instance, at some such convenient price as 2s. 6d. net; 7s. 6d., the original price of "Anticipations" and its companion, "The Modern State," from his reach of the majority of students. And, by the way, when are we to have a sixpenny edition of "A Modern Utopia"?

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged upon an important imaginative work. In fact, this has been in hand intermittently ever since "Kipps" appeared in 1904. The title of this book is not yet settled. It is, of course, a novel with a number of very carefully sketched characters, and more about love than in any of his previous novels. The hero, it may be hinted, is not unconnected with the patent drug trade, and the scenario will be associated with modern commerce.

Readers of Mr. Haldane Macfall's clever brochure on "Whistler" will be interested in the same author's volume on "Ibsen," just issued by E. Grant Richards at 5s. net. Mr. Macfall has a trenchant and graphic pen and a style which, if not quite lucid, is picturesque and suggestive. He is a critical impressionist, with a personality which gets into his words. This is always more effective than the portly sentences of the academic scribe.

The Fabian Tracts are classical among works of their kind. The latest number is a welcome contribution to social science by Mr. Sidney Webb, entitled "The Decline of the Birth-Rate." It is largely a review of the findings of a sub-committee of the Fabian Society appointed to deal with the subject. The name of Sidney Webb on the title-page is a voucher for the social science by Mr. Sidney Webb, entitled "The Decline in the Birth-Rate." It is largely a review of the latest number is a valuable contribution to the student and reader of classical literature that this indispensable translation is to be included among the dainty volumes of Messrs. Longman's Pocket Library. Two other forthcoming volumes of this series are Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart" and "Apologia pro Vita Sua," by John Henry Newman.

Considerable interest attaches to the publication, through Mr. Fisher Unwin, of Mr. W. E. A. Axon's book, "Cobden as a Citizen: A Chapter in Manchester History." The book is the outcome of the rediscovery of Cobden's lost pamphlet, "Incorporate Your Borough," issued in 1845 at the time of the agitation for the incorporation of Manchester. The tracts, strange to say, has been quite lost, and several interested people have been looking for it since 1852. The pamphlet will be reprinted in Mr. Axon's book, together with a record of Cobden's work as a citizen; for, like Mr. Chamberlain Cobden entered public life through the then humble door of the municipality.

Mr. T. N. Foulis, of Edinburgh and London, has come to the front in the last few years not only as the publisher of some books of remarkable interest, but also for the quite exceptional beauty of type and format of the books issued from his press. Foulis make a special appeal at this time of the year, when the vision of brightening fields and lanes gives the majority of us a desire to become field-naturalists. These books are entitled "I Go a-Walking Through the Lanes and Meadows" and "Through the Woods." As implied by the titles, they describe a country walk, and indicate by word and picture the natural objects of interest. The numerous photographs by Mr. Charles Reid are masterly and delightful.

Edward Carpenter has reissued in a revised and extended form his excellent authority, his "Jolius." It was a happy circumstance that inspired Carpenter with the idea of compiling such a volume, and its value will be recognised by all those who know his devotion to the idea of comradeship and his researches into the near and remote ways of love passing the love of women.

In my reference to the Doves Press last week I ought to have mentioned Mr. Emery Walker's association with Mr. Cobden-Sanderson in this work. Mr. Walker is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's partner, as he was also closely associated with Morris at the Kelmscott. Indeed, both the Kelmscott and the Doves Press (the latter of which is, of course, still happily in existence) owe an incalculable debt to Mr. Emery Walker's fine taste and exceptional knowledge and experience of printing.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Jolius: an Anthology of Friendship." By Edward Carpenter. (Second edition, enlarged. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.)

"Sir Galahad of the Slums." By J. W. Mackail. (By J. W. Mackail. (By J. W. Mackail. (By J. W. Mackail. (Gibbons and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)


"The Animals Sunday Rest." By Hallie Killick (Mrs. Esdras Miles). (Celtic Press, IS. 6d.)

"Morality and the Perfect Life." By Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton, M.I.C. (Celtic Press, 6s. 6d. net.)

"Incorporate Your Borough." By Mr. H. G. Wells.

"The Aran Islands." By J. M. Synge. (Gibbons and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

"Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" has been out of print, and consequently the query of the book-hunter and the collector. So it will be good news to the student and reader of classical literature that this indispensable translation is to be included among the dainty volumes of Messrs. Longman's Pocket Library. Two other forthcoming volumes of this series are Richard Jefferies' "Story of My Heart" and "Apologia pro Vita Sua," by John Henry Newman.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

I.—The Fabian Secretary.

The Fabian Society, it may be noted, is the oldest Socialist society existing, for it was in October, 1883, that Mr. Pease's rooms in Osnaburgh Street, that a little group of men and women decided on the need of a society to preach Socialist truth to the world. Among those who attended the earlier gatherings were Miss Kate Gradwell, Miss Besie Ford, Miss Isabella Ford, Havelock Ellis, Miss Adams, J. L. Jowett—who had been forced, on account of his Socialist views, to resign his post of classical tutor at Eton—William Clarke, and H. H. Champion. Although Champion attended no meetings after the society was definitely launched, it was he who moved a momentous resolution, the adoption of which decided at once the whole future of the society as working definitely for economic reconstruction. Those who wished to emphasize the personal and ethical side of the new movement, formed, as a separate society, the New Fellowship, to which many Fabians belonged so long as it existed. Champion's motion was that: "The society is an undertaking that the Co-operative system assures the happiness and comfort of the few, at the expense of the suffering of the many, and that society must be reconstructed in such a manner as to secure the general welfare and happiness. Once provided with this firm and logical Socialist basis, it was not long before the society began to attract those keen brains which have ever since been placed at its service. Within three years of its foundation, Mr. Pease had shaken the dust of the London Stock Exchange from his shoes, and had taken his place in the ranks of the proletariat as a working cabinet-maker. In the same year he had acted as chairman of the National Labour Federation, he was elected honorary secretary of the Fabian Society, but it was not until four years later that he took up his present post of paid secretary.

Although Mr. Pease's forte is "getting business done," he has served the cause, and still continues to serve it from time to time, both as a speaker and a writer. He is one of those very few persons who speak as they write, and write as they speak. His strength in each case lies in the elements that make him a good secretary and business man, namely, a good grip of the elements that make him a good secretary and business man, namely, a good grip of the central point, lucidity and precision as to details, and power to make his purpose felt. He has of sibly never known the exultant thrill of having pulled off successfully a brilliant and carefully rehearsed peroration; but I doubt whether he has ever known the anguish—not unknown to finer orators—of wondering tersely what he meant to say, and sits down. Recently the Fabian Society spent several nights in discussing its programme and policy. The secretary made one contribution to this lengthy debate. It was on an important point of fact, but his speech was the briefest, as it was the most effective, of the whole debate. In three minutes he had cleared the facts of a momentous resolution of the Labour party which the secretary of the Poor Law Guardians. His speech was promising, for it was in original form, every Act or Ordinance on this subject as far back as the reign of Alfred the Great; but there are some experiences that the bravest man does not speak of. In 1883 he prepared a paper on "Liquor Licensing at Home and Abroad," published afterwards as Fabian Tract 85, and reprinted in 1906. This was followed by Tract 86, "Municipal Drink Trade," published by P. S. King and Son. The Fabian secretary is not only the society's servant, but one of its chief officers, and in that annual election to the executive committee it is always a neck-and-neck race between Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, and himself for the first place. One hears it is said seriously that the Fabian secretary did "the work of a town clerk for the salary of an office boy," and although our epigrams must not be taken too literally, it is yet true that he and other men who yield similar services to progress have duties as onerous as those of many town clerks and great permanent officials, who would be horrified if asked to accept what even the best financed of democratic movements have to content themselves with offering to their chief officers.

Edward R. Pease was born in 1857, being the son of Thomas Pease, of Westbury, near Bristol, a member of the Society of Friends. At 17 years of age he entered the office of a foreign merchant trading with China. After four years' experience he left and decided upon the profession of stock-broking, becoming in 1880 a member of the London Stock Exchange. After four years' experience he left and decided upon the profession of stock-broking, becoming in 1880 a member of the London Stock Exchange. The development of his new views of life made the occupation so un congenial that in 1886 he gave it up. It is interesting to note that in this year he took part in an attempt, not then successful, to form a Russian Federation of Labour. A meeting for this purpose was held in Mr. Bradlaugh's house, among those attending being Mrs. Besant and Stephen. Leaving London for Newcastle, Pease entered the cabinet-making shop of the Household Furnishing Company, a still-existing co-operative undertaking; also later becoming an active director of the company. He was elected honorary secretary of the Fabian Society, but it was not until four years later that he took up his present post of paid secretary.

From the formation of the Labour party, the Fabian secretary has represented his society upon the party's executive. Recently an erroneous impression got abroad that there was a question of the society retiring from the Labour party, but as a matter of fact such a proposition would be quietly laughed out of court, just as the Labour party conferences have with equal decision rejected every suggestion to deprive the Fabian Society of its special representation on the executive. The party clearly recognises the immensely valuable work done by the society both for Socialism and Trade Unionism, whilst the society on its part fully appreciates the handsome manner of that recognition. These cordial relations, it may be said, have been strengthened to no small extent by the esteem in which the society's delegate has come to be held by all the responsible Trade Union leaders.

S. D. SHALLARD.

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TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with interest your comments on the recent Budget; but so far I have not noticed anyone proposing a tax on theatre and Music Hall tickets. Nevertheless this idea has been exploited in Belgium, where a 6d. ticket is charged to adults and child ticket ½d., etc.

If such a measure were in operation, one could imagine there would be less prejudice against such performances as "the Mikado." * * *

J. H. BERRY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an old reader of THE NEW AGE, allow me to say how much I value the truth, independent, and courageous articles on the various Socialist systems which appear in the present issue of THE NEW AGE. With regard to its criticism of current politics, however, I think it fails somewhat in the claim to being independent. The difference only by intimidation. The Socialists' gratitude to the Radicals can never be unity between them while the Socialist works on. The expositions on the various Socialist systems which appear in criticism of current politics, however, I think it fails some-advocacy of universal training in arms. Training in arms General Mercier in our English Democracy!

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Answers to Correspondents.

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

V. N. S. (Peterborough).—No use, thanks. This paper is THE NEW AGE, not the "Old Age." J. C. J. (Liverpool).—Socialism is the communal ownership of land and capital and their administration so as to give the maximum opportunity for individual growth and the minimum of interference with personal liberty. Democrat (Croydon).—We agree. One man is as good as another—and a good deal better, as the Hibernian said.

R. T. (Hull).—You are quite entitled to have faith in the Liberal Party, that is your own look out—but we are not addicted to the gambling habit. J. Jones (Cardiff).—There are about 150 Fabian Tracts; the whole series can be had from this office, strongly bound in cloth, 6d. post free 5s.


B. F. (Hastings).—We cannot change our outlook, but you might change yours with advantage.

D. J. Rider (London); Fred Holmes (Ipswich); George Bedborough (London); H. T. (Booth); A. F. (Leeds); B. Haslemere); Miss Foster (Headingley); J. M. (Etton); H. A. L. (Wrexham); and others.—Many thanks; for good wishes.

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