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OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

A R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

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## THE OUTLOOK.

### An Unmeaning Bill.

If an Englishman wished to understand why the many concessions which Parliament has made to Ireland during the last half century have so signally failed to earn the gratitude of the Irish people, if he wished to know why the best intentioned English ministers have failed as conspicuously as the worst to win their goodwill, he could not do better than study the measure which Mr. Birrell introduced last week. All the characteristics of English pseudo-statesmanship are there, the profound ignorance of the problem, the inability to understand the point of view of any class or sect of Irishmen, above all the absence of any clear objective. The Bill is conceived in the very spirit and power of Mr. Shaw's hero who talks about "the gentleman that pays the rint," and tells the priest that he has the kindest feelings towards Catholics, being "a bit of a Unitarian himself." To Mr. Birrell the Irish problem means no more than the problem of how to obtain the Irish vote without frightening the English Unionists. To solve this problem he produces an inept scheme which can lead to nothing but friction and confusion, worse confounded by his own explanations of its purport. He tells the Unionists that his scheme does not involve Home Rule, and cannot be fairly construed as leading to the concession of Home Rule. He tells the Nationalists, on the other hand, that he does not offer them his plan as a substitute for Home Rule, and that there is nothing in it that conflicts with their eventually obtaining Home Rule. These two statements taken together prove the utter futility of the scheme. The demand of the majority of the Irish people is for an independent legislature. If this demand is a just one and one that we can safely concede, it ought to be conceded, and, if we cannot concede it at once, all our legislation for Ireland ought to have that concession as its ultimate purpose. If, on the other hand, we cannot safely concede it, we ought to find an alternative policy. Mr. Birrell's Bill is neither an instalment nor a substitute. He proposes to set up in Ireland a sort of glorified municipality, partly elected, partly nominated. It will have no legislative powers, even in respect of private Bills, but it will control important branches of administration. It will, however, be subject to the Lord Lieutenant, who will remain the nominee of the political party which happens to be predominant at Westminster. It requires no prophet to foresee the consequences. Mr. Birrell himself tells us that we are not to expect that his plan will satisfy Nationalist aspirations. The Nationalists will, therefore, do their best to obtain for the Council an ever-increasing share of power. The Lord Lieutenant, especially if he is a Unionist, will resist such attempts. The two parts of the new Government will be in a state of permanent war. Every resolution passed by the Council will be vetoed by the Viceroy. Every such use of the veto will further in-

flame the national spirit of the people. The fact that the control of the police and of the courts of justice remains with the Imperial Government will only make the situation more impossible. The armed forces of the Government will have to be used against the body entrusted with its civil administration. The whole scheme will be dissolved in something like civil war. The end may be either a step forward to separation or a return to the severest forms of coercion.

### The Irish Problem.

We are by no means desirous of seeing the Government reduced to choose between these alternatives. The Irish problem is difficult, but not, we think, impossible of solution. The great obstacle to its settlement is the difficulty of getting any party, either in England or Ireland, to support the kind of policy which the situation demands. It is a melancholy fact that every British statesman who has tried to solve the problem on broad and politic lines has only succeeded in wrecking his own career in the attempt. Every such effort has been defeated by a combination of Nationalists and Orangemen in Ireland and of Tories and Nonconformists in Great Britain. Such was the fate of Pitt's scheme for combining the Union of the Parliaments with the emancipation of the Catholics and the public endowment of the popular religion. Such was the fate which overtook the well-meant efforts of Lord Fitzwilliam at the beginning and of Lord Carnarvon at the end of the last century. Such was the fate of Sir Horace Plunkett and of Mr. Wyndham, and if Sir Antony MacDonnell has so far escaped it is by no means certain that he may not be the next victim. The evil has lain not so much in English rule as in Orange rule, in the delegation of English powers to the stupid and intemperate garrison of "loyalists." If this evil is to be cured all the posts in the Executive Government must be thrown open freely to Catholics and Nationalists. The education of the people from the primary to the university grade must be remodelled on lines acceptable to the bulk of the nation, with, of course, every reasonable safeguard for the rights of the Protestant minority. Nor should we dislike the prospect of some kind of State support being given to the Catholic Church, a support which might do much to attach that Church, and, through the Church, the people to the Government. The evils of landlordism, made more obvious to the Irish than to us by the alien breed and religion of many of the proprietors, should be cured, not by the multiplication of landlords, but by the public ownership of the soil, and every effort must be made to stimulate agriculture and commerce by the administrative methods which have succeeded so conspicuously in many Continental countries. The Viceroy should cease to be a party nominee, and should become an independent official, like the Governors of the Colonies. He might be assisted by an advisory Council representative of all shades of Irish opinion, composed largely of delegates from the popularly elected local authorities,

### The Problem of Ulster.

Ulster, or, to speak more accurately, the Protestant part of Ulster, presents a separate problem. This problem was entirely overlooked by Mr. Gladstone, and to his neglect of it the defeat of his plans was undoubtedly largely to be attributed. It is not less conspicuously neglected by Mr. Birrell, who has no hesitation in subjecting Belfast and Derry to the rule of his predominantly Nationalist Council. Yet every reason that can be alleged for thinking that Ireland cannot expect a just or intelligent rule from England is at least as valid against the proposal to rule Ulster from Dublin. The irritation felt by most Irishmen against the Orangemen is perfectly intelligible, for no oligarchy in history has ever abused its power so grossly as has the party of Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. But that very fact, while it makes retaliation more excusable, makes it more probable. No sensible person, of course, supposes that an Irish Parliament or Council would persecute the Protestants of Ulster with fire and sword. But it is only too probable that you would get in Antrim and Down the same sort of un-intelligent, unsympathetic, irritating, and unpopular rule that you now get in Cork and Kerry. Ulster would be to Ireland what Ireland has been to England—a perpetual source of weakness and annoyance. If Ireland is to be governed according to Irish ideas, the necessity of governing Ulster according to Ulster ideas must not be overlooked.

### Peers and People.

Lord Newton's Bill for the reform of the House of Lords, having received little encouragement from any quarter, has been withdrawn, and the country is waiting for the proposals promised by the Government. We are disposed to think that it will wait with exemplary patience, for no one outside the Radical caucuses cares a dump for the sham fight which the Ministers are trying to get up between the Peers and the Liberal wire-pullers, described for electioneering purposes as "the People." There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Government had the majority of the nation behind it in respect of the measures which the House of Lords has rejected. The only Bills which really affected the well-being of the masses, the Trades Disputes Bill and the Workmen's Compensation Bill, the Lords accepted without protest. Of course, if a genuine attack were made upon the privileges of property the case would be different. Then, no doubt, there would be a real conflict between Peers and People—only all the members of the present Government would be found on the side of the Peers! There are many good reasons for disestablishing the House of Lords. But the best, we think, is that their disappearance would be followed by a complete exposure of the hypocrisy of the Liberal Party. So long as the Second Chamber exists, the Liberals can always pretend that its existence acts as a restraint upon their reforming zeal. When it is gone, it will be obvious to all that the main obstacle to reform is to be found in their own selfishness and incompetence.

### Two By-Elections.

Meanwhile, all that can be said about the temper of the country is that ever since the Government started its campaign against the Lords it has done nothing but lose by-elections. Stepney is the latest case. We note that the "Daily News" says that Mr. Ben Cooper did well. This seems a little curious, seeing that his poll fell by 500 votes and that the Tory majority was 300 above that recorded last year, when the Tories had a much stronger local candidate, and only fell 100 short of the majority secured in 1900 at the height of the khaki fever. But in these days Liberals are thankful for very small mercies. Thus it will be remembered the "Daily Chronicle" declared that the result at Hexham, where the Liberals lost half of a 2,000 majority, "wiped out" that of Eye, where they lost the whole of it—a piece of Liberal arithmetic which we confess we find it rather difficult to follow! We are sorry for Mr. Cooper personally, for he is, we understand, a Socialist,

and he has done good work as a Labour member of the L.C.C. But if Socialists and Labourites choose to describe themselves as "Liberals," and so take upon their own shoulders all the load of unpopularity which a Liberal Government seldom fails to accumulate, they have only themselves to thank for the result. The same remark applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the by-election at Wimbledon, which is still pending. The advocates of Women's Suffrage do not seem to us to have shown their usual tactical acumen in running a Liberal-Suffragette candidate against Mr. Chaplin. Tories and Socialists, supported by the women's demands, will probably be alienated by this course; while it is most improbable that Mr. Russell will secure the support of anything like the whole fighting strength of Wimbledon Liberalism, such as it is, for the Liberals are naturally irritated with the Suffragettes, who have persistently opposed their candidates and attacked their Government, and they are quite likely to vote even for Mr. Chaplin, in order to strike a blow against their feminine assailants. If they decided to run a candidate, we think it would have been wise if the Women's Suffrage Societies had run a "Suffragette" candidate, *sans phrase*.

### The Lost Subsidy.

It is no good grumbling at Australia's decision to withdraw her contribution to the Imperial Navy and to devote her energies to building up a navy of her own. It is true that it would be much better, both for Imperial and for military reasons, if all the armed forces of the Empire were controlled from the same headquarters. But we cannot expect the Colonies to accept such a solution unless they are effectively represented on the authority which exercises such control. To tax the Colonies to support our Navy, and yet to give them no share in directing it, would be a proceeding at least as unreasonable as that which cost us our American possessions. Similarly it is extremely difficult for us to ask, as of right, for the support of our Colonies in the event of a war unless we give them at least some share in the direction of our foreign policy. In many recent cases, notably in the settlements of Newfoundland and the New Hebrides, our Colonies hold, rightly or wrongly, that their interests were unfairly sacrificed by our diplomacy. All this points to the urgent need of some form of federation, or at least of the creation of some permanent Board of Control, upon which the Colonies could be represented and whose consent would be necessary to all measures affecting their interests. Such a Board could also serve a useful purpose in enforcing the dictates of the general conscience of the Empire upon any Colony that might attempt to violate its traditions, to reintroduce slavery, for instance, or to oppress grossly its native races. It is curious, by the way, that the champions of aboriginal peoples are so often anti-Imperialists, for it is quite certain that in many cases the influence of the Imperial Government is the only protection of the native against the tyranny of his white masters.

## WOMEN AND PROGRESS.

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## Parliament—In and Out.

### Rural Depopulation.

A rumour has reached the ears of the House of Commons that all is not well with our agricultural population. So Mr. Rogers, the Liberal Member for Devizes, has moved that something should at once be done, by legislation and administration, to save the life of the country. He said that "what was wanted was the creation of a ladder for the rural labourer of capacity," so that he can advance from allotments to small holdings and farms. Sir E. Strachey, on behalf of the Government, said "he sympathised entirely with the view of the hon. member that they should aim at creating a ladder for the agricultural labourer." This is a genuine expression of true Liberal principles. The downtrodden and underpaid labourer is to be given further opportunities for hard work—which is now to take the form of climbing after small holdings. We Socialists are prepared to accept the ladder system, but our ladder will be occupied by landlords—on the way down. Indeed, on consideration, we think we prefer something in the nature of a slide; it is more rapid. A heavily graduated tax on great rent-rolls and compulsory purchase of land by local councils both have the slippery qualities which make for an exhilarating descent. The Labour Party must really formulate and insist on placing before the nation a very definite policy with regard to the problems of agriculture. They must not for an instant accept the Liberal creed that all will be well if a sufficient number of small holdings and allotments are placed on the market. The small holding, by the laws of competition which govern us at present, will be created merely to fall a rapid prey to the larger landlord. We Socialists respect the laws of commonsense, and do not intend to run our heads against them. The question is too big to be dealt with in a short note. It would involve the careful consideration of agricultural education, the organisation (by State officials and the County Councils) of co-operative societies for loans, insurance, buying of implements, sale of produce, and the manufacture of butter; a minimum wage for labourers; village club-houses (where they will sell beer). Then it may be found that small holdings fill a corner of this whole scheme. But the Labour Party must speak with more clearness when it is confronted with platitudes and trivialities, such as a Small Holdings Bill.

### Medical Inspection in Schools.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has just put a very pertinent question to the President of the Board of Education; he asked whether Mr. McKenna "proposed to create a medical department in connection with the Board, and whether this could be done without further legislation." The President had to admit that the Treasury can at once sanction such a new departure. This is important news; if the Government stand still in the face of the overwhelming urgency for action in this matter, then we know that they stand still by deliberate desire. Mr. McKenna said that the question was premature. He will very quickly be given substantial reasons why there should be immediate action. Sir Victor Horsley, perhaps the most distinguished member of the medical profession in this country, has lately addressed a meeting called by the Gasworkers' Union and presided over by Mr. Will Thorne, M.P. and S.D.F., a meeting which commenced by singing "England Arise" and closed with the "Red Flag" (I mention these facts that it may be quite clear that the gathering was not entirely in the hands of the dilet-tanti). Sir Victor Horsley, in speaking to a resolution which accepted the Labour Party's educational policy and also demanded medical inspection of school children, said: "It had been of the utmost interest to them in the British Medical Association to see the result of the last General Election, and most encouraging to know that from one group of members in the House they could expect on questions of public health not mere empty sympathy, but definite support, and

that was the group of Labour members." He then volunteered to go into the constituency of the President of the Board of Education and carry the campaign to that gentleman's political doorstep. This is really the most important political event of late. There is no suggestion that the distinguished surgeon has committed himself to Socialism; nevertheless, for one of the most vital principles of the Socialist policy, Sir Victor Horsley has offered to stand on our political platform. The S.D.F. is to be congratulated on one more sterling piece of work.

### The Melting Pot.

During the past week Parliament has considered the following matters:—The House of Lords Reform Bill, the Irish Bill, the first reading of the Finance Bill, and various matters concerning the Army Bill. It is possible that a passing foreigner might think us a somewhat indiscreet people to throw the Lords, the Irish Constitution, and the British Army into the melting-pot in the same week. Our visitor might almost wonder if we always live at a constitutional gallop, and if we are always bolting towards Utopia with the bit between our teeth. He might want to know why we have got no further on the way, after an odd five hundred years of political enterprises of this kind. Let us explain. There is no real danger; this is not revolution. It is merely a Liberal Government in the throes of the greatest majority of our Parliamentary history; compelled to do nothing in as sensational a manner as possible. Nothing will happen of any importance, except speeches and promises and unsubstantial little changes which have done service many a time before.

### The House of Lords Reform Bill.

Lord Newton's Bill proposes three things:—(1) That only certain peers who have held public offices of State or had been twice elected to the House of Commons before they became peers shall be absolutely entitled to be summoned to the House of Lords; (2) those peers who have not the above qualifications shall choose one-fourth of their number to represent them in the House of Lords; (3) the Crown to be empowered to make life-peers up to the number of one hundred, but not more than ten in one year. Is there any real reform in these proposals? As a matter of fact, their Lordships are already overcome with confusion at their own audacity, the Bill has been withdrawn, and the whole matter has been referred to a Committee, where many noble intentions have quietly passed away. The Socialist has a clear issue before him. Will the reformed House have any substantial increase in its Socialist vote? Will there be any addition to the I.L.P. or the S.D.F. members of the peerage? Will the new body be more likely to pass Socialist Bills than the present peerage? If not, then the Bill will not bring reform in any sense in the Socialist's dictionary. Let there be no delusions in this matter. It is a sham reform, only of interest to those people who do not wish to discuss real reform.

### A Real Political Meeting.

The procedure followed at a recent political meeting held in Blackburn, at which Mr. Philip Snowden was the chief speaker, is worth careful notice; for it was quite a model of tactical propriety and vigorous propaganda. The first resolution conveyed fraternal greetings to the workers of other countries. We practical English must get into the habit of remembering abstract ideas. It may be impossible to express the unity of the workers in the form of a Parliamentary Bill; but it is, nevertheless, one of those universal truths which, after all, have more lasting importance than many things which are decided by divisions in the House of Commons. Then came a resolution demanding the end of Capitalism; again an abstract statement, but essentially necessary to shew quite clearly whither we are tending. Then came a resolution asking for the hard facts of an eight-hour day, the State maintenance of children, the raising of the age at

which they leave school, and old-age pensions. It would scarcely be possible more happily to express our ideal in immediately possible demands, except, perhaps, that there should have been mention of a minimum wage law. Finally, there was carried an emphatic expression of the opinion that all these desires could best be realised by the returning of Labour and Socialist members to Parliament as an independent party. This meeting at Blackburn therefore summed up most of our Socialist theory, our political program, and our Parliamentary tactics.

## The Railway Civil War.

The appalling prospect of a general strike of railwaymen bears eloquent testimony to the splendid organising ability, etc., etc., of the private capitalist. The Post Office manages its quarter of a million employees with comparative ease; but stupidity dies hard, and in modern industry, even on such a scale as that of the railway companies, the administration is governed by ideas that were obsolete a hundred years ago. No fewer than thirty-two of the companies have refused to address their employees through the corporate medium of their employees' representatives. In plain words, the vast majority of railway companies are determined not to know what everybody knows. If there were the slightest probability that Trades Unionism could be stamped out, doubtless the companies would be acting with intelligence. But as, on the contrary, there is every probability that efforts to repress the Unions will send up the membership by leaps and bounds, the sooner the companies recognise the fact the better. Meanwhile, it is intolerable that the public should be perpetually exposed to the terrorism of dislocated traffic simply and solely as a means to the companies' demands. Unless an Arbitration Board is immediately established, with powers to enforce its decisions, the Liberal Government may be regarded as conniving at gross public misdemeanour.

## Russia in India.

Nothing can be more disquieting to Socialists than the news from India, unless it be the reception accorded the news by the British Press. That reception stamps the British public at large as no wiser to-day than it was fifty years ago. Mr. Morley, it is clear, is the last person in the world to act with any genuine intelligence. All he can do is to repeat in word and act the solemn absurdities of dozens of his official predecessors; while the attitude of papers like the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Graphic," the "Standard," and the Liberal "Daily Chronicle" (which had the ineptitude to publish a blatant appeal to British insularity under the title of "Babu Riots") is as nearly like incendiaryism as the difference between government and governed can make it. The fact is that the British bureaucracy in India is on all fours with the bureaucracy in Russia; and the British Press that professes sympathy with the Russian revolutionaries is guilty now of precisely the same conduct of which it cantingly accuses the Russian Government. Mr. Morley is not Pobedonotseff, but the British Press apparently is determined that he shall be. Unfortunately, Mr. Morley seems only too ready to play the fatal rôle.

G. R. S. T.

## Is Kipling a Socialist?

Is Kipling a Socialist? No. That is his failing. But this at least may be admitted—if he is not a Socialist, he ought to be. No living writer has the makings of a better Socialist than Rudyard Kipling. Now, I am not one of those who drum the eminent out of their own battalions that they may fall into mine. It is merely the dithyrambic Socialist who calls anything Socialism and hails everybody Socialists. Why, even the unbelievers outside our gates can do that. Did not Sir William Harcourt say that "we are all Socialists nowadays"? Has not Jesus been called a Socialist? and Edward VII.?

We are no nearer being all Socialists nowadays than Kipling's Tommies are of being all "thin red 'eroes."

Some of-us do our best—the rest are nowhere. It would not do for us all to claim Socialism—we are not worthy. I am always chary about dubbing a man with this finest of adjectives. Plenty may and do vote Socialist. That is a good thing, but not the same thing as being a Socialist. That is what we have got to recognise. Socialism is a state of being. You can't give it—it must be taken—unless you are one of the chosen who are born with it. Then you know its value, and are careful as to throwing it about. You simply get to work.

As to Kipling the matter is much the same. He is one of the chosen, but has lost his way, and he is worth bringing back. Rudyard Kipling is the tragedy of modern letters. With the exception of G. B. S., he is the most distinctive fact in modern English literature. He has genius, ability, imagination, wit, and what has he done with it all? Or, let us be charitable, what has he permitted others to do with it? He has permitted the splendour and goodness of his art to be harnessed to the gaudy chariot of the most sordid ambition that ever usurped the imperial robe. What is the kink in Kipling's mind that prevents his seeing behind the mask of Park Lane Imperialism?

No Socialist, even, has a finer sense of the organic relationship of man to man. Rudyard Kipling knows human worth and values human fitness. He has no illusions about rank. He sees more clearly than any other writer the importance of the man who works. His love of law and order, of discipline and coördination, is so acute that one is surprised that he has not anticipated Mr. H. G. Wells in imagining an Order of Samurais. But he has the right feeling without knowing it. That is the pity of it. Read "A Fleet in Being." If Sidney Webb were an imaginative writer, that is just the sort of thing he would have turned out. But it is in Kipling's poems that his weakness and his strength as a Socialist tendency are most obvious. All his ballads display quite a remarkable faith in the ideas of goodwill and service. All his wrath is vented against those who degrade and abuse human beings. All his enthusiasm is towards the spreading of a gospel that has but one aim—the social welfare of his beloved white men. This faith in the white man is parochial, but one can't have everything. He exposes certain commercial scoundrels, cocks a comic eye at vainglorious and pompous persons, and is tolerant of the passionate doings of men.

But neither he nor his readers understand each other. They think he means music hall imperialism. Then he sings them a recessional. They think he means Park Lane. And he reads them a lesson about play and work. He wants to nationalise the army; his "poor little street bred people" prefer it as it is. They would sooner hire their soldiers than fight themselves. There is something fine about Kipling's desire for a united and powerful Empire. It is as great in its way as Whitman's idea of America. But as America falls very short of what Walt Whitman imagined, so does the politician shopkeeper's idea of Empire fall short of Kipling's. What do they who only think in terms of the currency understand when their poet commands them—

Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.

Make ye sure to each his own

That he reap where he hath sown;

By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

But how, indeed, does Rudyard Kipling think this can be done? Does he properly understand himself? Has he the courage of his imagination? Dare he follow the idea that men shall only reap where they have sown, to its logical conclusion? If not, we must class it among the Sunday virtues. And Socialism has no use for such pious opinions, be they those of poet, priest, or costermonger. Kipling must reduce his imagination to practical politics. This would bring him into alliance with the future and with us. There is no future for any social idea but ours. Kipling has to recognise that fact. Our cause goes marching on. Will he make us a marching song? Or is he content to remain the bard of the forlorn hope jingoism of Park Lane-cum-Throgmorton Street?

E. H.

## The Restoration of Beauty to Life.

### III.

I ANTICIPATE the retort that the Arts and Crafts have been unable to make headway because of its attitude towards the use of machinery. I reply that such an assumption is unfounded. The attitude of the Arts and Crafts towards machinery is by no means a case of fanaticism. The point of honour with the movement is not the abolition of machinery, but the raising of the standard of design; and machinery is objected to just so far as its abuse stands in the way of this desideratum. On the other hand, its use is not objectionable where it does not affect the design, as in the case of simple furniture. What is more, machinery has all along been employed in a limited way by many members of the movement in order to reduce the cost of production. The reason it has never been used on a more extended scale is only the absence of a large and regular demand and of the active co-operation of the middleman. As a matter of fact, however, the middleman is just as powerless to co-operate with the craftsman as the craftsman is to get along without it. The first difficulty is the impersonal control of modern industry. The workman is controlled by the foreman, the foreman by the salesman, the salesman by the manager, and the managers, in their turn, are controlled by the shareholders. The result of this is that no one feels himself in a position of authority. Approach one of these big firms with any proposition, and you realise the utter hopelessness of it. You might just as well approach a Government department with the idea of getting them to introduce legislative reforms when the Government has a large conservative majority behind it. A Government department will only change when sufficient pressure can be brought to bear upon it from outside. It is precisely the same with large businesses. Unless you are in a position to enforce your demands there is absolutely no prospect of ever obtaining them. From top to bottom, the personnel of such businesses is composed of men who reflect the existing social order, and are as incapable of change as it is possible to imagine man to be. Nor is this the only difficulty. The encouragement of Arts and Crafts products is outside the range of ordinary business, because placing them on the market would involve a revision of prices. The commercial man of to-day does not make a business pay by charging always a certain percentage over cost as profit, but by manipulating prices in such a way that profits are artificially created. Profits are taken off some things and put on others as expediency for the time being dictates. Taken in the aggregate, simple things are sold below their otherwise normal market value, while elaborate things are sold above it. The prices for these latter are about the same as should be paid for genuine handicraft, but as it is really only a commercial faked substitute which is supplied, it can be made to yield a handsome profit to the dealer. It is thus that Arts and Crafts commodities are impossible commercially all along the line. The middleman dare not encourage the simpler types of work, because he would be encouraging the use of just those things on which he is unable to get any profit; while he is unable to deal in the more ornate genuine work because it cannot be made to yield him the percentage of profit which he expects to get from such work.

### The Way Out.

A consideration of the foregoing difficulties should convince any man that the desired change will not be brought about by the ordinary operations of demand and supply. Fairness to the middleman compels us to admit that the placing of Arts and Crafts commodities on the market is not what may be called a legitimate business risk. And now, when attempts have been made and have failed time after time, it is not likely that others will be ready to try the experiment. The Arts and Crafts has reached its present position entirely by the efforts of men who have approached the work in the spirit of reformers; but experience proves that

there is a limit to the possibilities of reform by craftsmen in their private capacity. The time is therefore ripe for the matter to be taken up by the reform movement. The restoration of beauty to life demands an understanding between the artist and the public, not only in respect to its æsthetic philosophy, but also in respect to the economic conditions which surround the pursuit of Art, for until the public are familiarised with these, not much support will be forthcoming. The circumstance that the market value of commodities in our day bears little or no relation to the actual cost of production, which obliges the craftsman to adopt a different scale of charges from those obtaining in the trade, has operated in a great measure to destroy public confidence in the sincerity of the movement; for I have no hesitation in saying that the grudging support accorded to the movement by the public in the majority of cases is not to be accounted for by the assumption that the public cannot afford to pay, but because they imagine the craftsman is making a mark of them, and extorting fancy profits. Hence I affirm that, until a propaganda movement is undertaken on behalf of the Arts and Crafts by the reform movement, the public will never take the movement seriously as a force of social reconstruction.

### Ways and Means.

Passing on to consider ways and means of bridging the gulf which separates the artist from the public, the first fact it is necessary to grasp is that a propaganda movement will not at first reach the ears of the wealthy, who support the decorative and higher forms of craftsmanship, but will be taken up by the middle-class social reformer, who, as a rule, has not much spare money at his disposal. On the principle, therefore, that it is impossible to have cream without milk, the supplying of his needs should be our first aim. This, it appears to me, would be most effectively met by the creation of a supply of simple furnishings as near as possible to current market prices. The reason why no manufacturer has done this before is that in the ordinary way of business it would be impossible for him to produce them in sufficient quantities to make it profitable. This difficulty of creating a demand could be overcome by building and furnishing specimen houses in all important reform centres, which, being open like museums, would be a means of educating the public. This, I believe, would have the desired effect. My experience is that, while it is impossible to argue with people respecting taste, nineteen people out of twenty will instantly recognise the beauty of a simply furnished room when they see one. Only a very small percentage of people ever have seen such a room; with the result that as they are unable to visualise a completed scheme, a piece of simple furniture looks strange to them when it is isolated in a showroom. Hence they refuse to buy.

Needless to say, all this needs money, and much money, too. At the same time I am far from being certain that the proposals I have made could not in the long run be made to pay by selling the work on a scale sufficiently large to boom the movement. It is no use to approach the problem in the spirit of the five per cent. philanthropist, who persuades himself that an enterprise is not on a sound basis unless it be self-supporting. In the long run it may be true; but it is not necessarily true at the start. Industrial conditions are to-day abnormal, and what may pay when they become normal again will not necessarily pay the pioneer who works to bring such conditions about. What we have to do is to get the pioneer work done whether it pays or not. But in the meantime it is the work not the remuneration which should be our first consideration, and the capitalist or philanthropist who supports us should realise that, too. Money has been made during the last century by dragging down the quality of production, and some of it will have to be sunk if the standard is again to be raised.

A. J. PENTY.

(Author of "The Restorations of the Gild System").

THE END.



## The Liberals and Adult Suffrage.

So long as the movement for the removal of the electoral sex-disability was conducted on the old conventional and ineffective lines, no serious effort was made by politicians to frustrate it. Serious effort was not needed. A pretence of support and sympathy, backed by a little trickery, and both accompanied by good-humoured amusement, were found sufficient to block the women's path. But the present revolt among women has raised a new spirit, in which there is anger and some measure of fear. From this spirit has come a conscious effort to combat the institution of political sex equality. The forces which have been roused to active antagonism by the new rebellion only lay dormant before its day. Though they were not evident to the unsuspecting they existed as strongly. They were accompanied, however, by a comfortable sense of security, by the conviction that women would ever remain the property and dependents of men. There was no need for an active organised opposition to women's demands, so long as there was no danger of them being granted. A privileged class that is not threatened with any loss of privilege does not arm itself. It has no need of new weapons, though it may amuse itself occasionally by making a pretence of clangour with the old. So that in the past the Rip Van Winkle arguments annually rehearsed in the Lower Chamber annually put the women's movement into its proper place. But to-day there is danger to the anti-feminist forces. They have against them a live movement in which they see a portent of the end. And they are beginning to marshal their forces and to find modern weapons with which to overthrow the wide-awake and persistent enemy.

To their aid in this extremity has come Sir Charles Dilke with his motley Radical and Socialist following. He has pointed the way for the Liberal party for a long time. But as the old ruts were more easily followed and more congenial, the average politician kept to them and found them sufficient. The line of opposition indicated by the Radical baronet was adopted only by certain sections of the Labour and Socialist organisations in which class antagonism and economic theory are disproportionately strong. The ordinary Liberal politician had no strong belief in democracy, and he valued liberty merely as a word on which to hang a moving peroration to a speech. He had no need to shelter his opposition to sex equality behind any intellectual structure; and it was impossible for the group of Radical thinkers, of which Sir Charles Dilke was the chief, to adopt the fallacies or tricks of other politicians. Their expressed convictions committed them to the principles on which women based their claim to liberty. Yet apparently they viewed sex-equality with feelings of disfavour. For instead of giving their whole support to the movement for its establishment they instituted an absurdly illogical opposition between adult and women's suffrage. "We are democrats," they said in effect, "and we believe in sex equality, but we cannot support its establishment until the whole system of government is completely democratised." Through their leader a "hardy annual" measure was introduced into the House of Commons as an expression of this position. But it was a merely personal performance—finding no support, either in the House or in the country—and having no significance in politics. Only to women who were alert it always pointed the way to the last possible, and most dangerous, form of opposition. Their fears have been realised. The Liberal party of to-day is definitely changing its position from one of mere verbal support or opposition to women's suffrage, to one of actually professed enthusiasm for full democracy on the "all-or-nothing" basis. The incidence of this new enthusiasm—of its birth and expression—is full of sinister meaning. Thus the newly awakened spirit only found voice when the women's demand was too loudly insistent to be any longer ignored. It continues to be voiced only because that same demand must be recognised. It is only voiced in connection with that demand. In the space of a few months the

policy has sprung from insignificance to the position of an almost official party attitude. It was tentatively suggested by Liberal speakers and papers before the last suffrage debate in the Commons. Then it received the blessing of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

From the politician's point of view the policy is one which has many recommendations. It allows for a pose of righteous and high-minded belief in women's claims, calculated to bring credit to the politician and disunion into women's ranks. It provides opportunity for awakening, and pandering to, class feeling, and furnishes for the demagogue a counterblast to be used against the demand for equal voting rights. It allows for the present popular deprecatory pose with regard to the existing "property" basis of the franchise. It opens the way not only for an indefinite postponement of women's claims, but for the effective buying off of masculine support by franchise extensions which will leave women in a worse position than they have ever occupied before. For these reasons it has been adopted. The whole question of democracy—of adult suffrage, of triennial Parliaments, of second ballot—has been raised to confuse the issue, so that the political equality of the sexes will first be lost sight of and finally be indefinitely postponed. In spite of its recommendations to the party politician the position is absolutely untenable. It is illogical, inconsistent, and politically unsound. The arbitrary exclusion of women from equal voting rights with men is a wrong, apart from, and utterly unremedied by, any alteration of the basis of citizenship. By an absurd misinterpretation of words in our present laws woman is declared incapable of exercising the function of voting. The removal of that absurd misinterpretation which places an artificial disability upon all women, is not only the primary object of women suffragists, but is an essential step towards democratic government. Whatever the basis of representation, no woman can benefit by it until women have been declared, equally with men, capable of exercising human rights. So that all opposition to the immediate establishment of sex equality on the part of democrats is inconsistent, unless, indeed, it is a proof that they are really supporters of an aristocracy of sex. Such a deduction is almost inevitable when the incidence of the agitation is considered in conjunction with the inconsistency of its supporters. The final proof of the antagonism of these professing democrats to the principle and practice of sex equality is furnished by an analysis of the course of agitation which they recommend to women suffragists. They ask women to make their rallying cry the cry of adult suffrage. The dangers of such a course are manifest, even to a superficial observer. Such a demand would obscure the issue of sex equality, on which women's fate depends. It would unite in one solid phalanx of opposition many differing sections of politicians who would oppose and cancel each other in the divisions of a logical step by step policy. It would place men, backed by votes, in the same army as voteless women, and leave the latter and weaker section to be sacrificed in the inevitable compromise. As in America, Belgium, and Austria, the women's agitation on such lines would provide only manhood suffrage, and women, after a long period of working and waiting, would be granted doles of votes piecemeal, the principle of sex equality being established only after many generations. For once manhood suffrage is established the difficulties of the establishment of sex equality are increased a thousand-fold by the preponderance of women over men.

These facts and considerations are the moving force of the Liberal adult suffrage movement. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Thomas Glen-Coates, Mr. Holt at the Hexham bye-election, the "Daily News," and other Liberal papers and politicians, have taken up this cry because they are opposed to the equality of the sexes and dread the establishment more than they dread the most revolutionary demand of masculine democracy. They are wise in their generation. Would that the political Socialists of the day were equally far seeing.

TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG.

## THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"The Russian Revolution," by Leo Tolstoy. (Free Age Press: Everett and Co. Sixpence.)

HERE is a book by the greatest living writer, on the most important event of our time, and—to tell the truth—it is disappointing! It consists of four separate articles enforcing a view of the situation which not one Englishman in a thousand can accept. Nevertheless, it is well worth reading; for it flings down a stimulating challenge to some of our most deep-rooted convictions, besides telling us Tolstoy's opinion of the present state of Russia. He says:—

"It is impossible for the Russian nation to continue to submit to its Government, because having freed itself from the prestige which has hitherto enveloped the Government and having once understood that most of the miseries suffered by the people are caused by the Government, the Russian people cannot cease to desire to free themselves from it. Besides, such a Government as gives security and tranquillity to a nation no longer exists in reality. There are two envenomed and contending parties, but no Government to which it is possible quietly to submit."

Yet Tolstoy is anxious that his countrymen should not be persuaded to imitate the Western world and adopt Constitutionalism; an evil, in his opinion, even greater than they now endure. After denouncing autocracy, he proceeds to say:—

"Still less reasonable would it be for the Russian people to enter on the path of the Western nations, since the deadliness of that path is already plainly demonstrated."

Constitutionalism, let us remember, is still on its trial. The East, containing the great majority of the human race, has not adopted it; neither, for the most part, has Africa. Germany and Russia take it only in small doses, as a medicine containing dangerous poisons. In South America it alternates with Dictatorships; while in North America it alternates with Tammany rule. We who live in the Constitutional fringe of Western Europe are apt to assume that Constitutional Government has succeeded; but there are many men—Tolstoy among them—who tell us that it is a fraud and a failure. Tolstoy says that the transfer of power from autocrats to representatives of the people, was made in order to abolish certain evils, and that it has completely failed to do so:—

"Have the Western nations, travelling for centuries along that path, attained what they strove for? Have they freed themselves from the evils they wished to be rid of? . . . Among all nations . . . the chief and fundamental calamities from which the people suffer, remain the same: the same ever-increasing, enormous budgets, the same animosity towards their neighbours, necessitating military preparations and armies; the same taxes; the same State and private monopolies; the same depriving the people of the right to use the land (which is given to private owners); the same enslaving of subject races; the same constant threatenings of war; and the same wars, destroying the lives of men and undermining their morality. . . . Is the life of the majority of the people in those (Constitutional) countries more secure, freer, or, above all, more reasonable and moral? I think not."

Constitutional Government, let us frankly admit, has not been completely successful. Fully to justify its existence it must do much better in future than in the past. If it continues to devote so large a part of its energy to animosities and human slaughter, I expect a rapidly increasing number of people will adopt Tolstoy's belief that we should be better off without any Government at all; for, as he says:—

"It could never enter the head of any ordinary scoundrel to commit all those horrors—raids, quarterings, hangings, solitary confinements, murders in war, and plundering of nations, which have been and still are being committed, and committed ostentatiously, by all Governments."

Among intelligent people it is unendurable that an obsolete patriotic superstition should set up a rigid barrier between our "friends" (those ruled over by our King) and our "foes" (those ruled over by anyone else). In an Empire such as ours, which has grabbed 4,000,000 square miles of territory within the present generation, one continually needs a new atlas to find out who is the "friend" one must love and who the "foe" one must hate! Preparations for human slaughter, from 1895 to 1905, increased in Europe quite out of

proportion to the total increase of wealth. Common arithmetic shows that such "progress" leads towards destruction, and Tolstoy's objection to it is reinforced by the common sanity of men who refuse to ruin their business by devoting to the payment of extravagant insurance premiums funds that can better be used for the conduct of affairs.

But the flaw in Tolstoy's statement of the case is that he treats as absolute a matter in its nature comparative. He asks: has Democratic Government freed humanity from its ills? He should ask: has it increased or decreased those ills? And, especially: is it training men to be more competent and honest, or less competent and honest in dealing with public affairs? Tolstoy has, or thinks he has, a panacea for our ills. We need only, he says, abolish Governments and the thing will be done.

"Why! the Russian agricultural population need only cease to obey any kind of force-using Government and refuse to participate in it, and immediately taxes, military service, all official oppressions, as well as private property in land, and the misery of the working classes that results from it, would cease of themselves. All these misfortunes would cease, because there would be no one to inflict them."

Holding this view, he is naturally impatient with the toilsome and wavering progress of democracy. In fact, he denies that it makes any progress; we of the Western world are in "a still worse condition" than the Russian peasants. Now I join issue with Tolstoy on two points: 1, as to the primary use of Government; and, 2, as to the condition of the constitutionally governed countries.

1. Men have devised Government because in the absence of external authority they found it impossible to carry on social life. Where there is no visible Government and no Courts to which to appeal in case of disputes, there is no definiteness, and no one knows what to expect of his fellow man. A man may own a spade unselfishly—in order to dig potatoes for other people. But if no one owns it people are almost sure to quarrel about it. This is the real, ultimate explanation of the existence of Government, law, and property (whether personal, communal, or national), and Tolstoy blunders when he says to all Governments:—

"Your only desire is to maintain yourselves in the profitable position in which you are established." And again, when he adds:—

"In representative Government not only is it possible that power will be seized by cunning, immoral and artful mediocrities, such as various Prime Ministers and Presidents have been, but the construction of those Governments is such, that only that kind of people can obtain power. . . . Always and everywhere a Government, by its very nature, must put in the place of the highest, eternal, religious law (not written in books, but in the hearts of men, and binding on everyone) its own unjust, man-made laws, the object of which is neither justice nor the common good of all, but various considerations of home and foreign expediency."

Tolstoy's great fault is his readiness to over-simplify. He sees how far existing Governments are from perfection; and he condemns them, much as a child might condemn the earth because it grows weeds as well as flowers, and more weeds than flowers. He will not see that Government is an expedient (often a very rough expedient) to accomplish a necessary end, viz., to make definite the relation in which men stand to one another.

2. I have left myself no room to deal with my second point; but it hardly needs arguing. No one who will glance down a list of our exports, consisting as it does chiefly of such items as coal, iron, steel, and manufactures thereof, will believe that Tolstoy deals fairly with the matter when he says that the things we give in exchange for our imported food are "for the most part unnecessary and depraving, such as alcohol, opium, and weapons."

As I put down this interesting book, the words of an American reformer come back to my mind: "There is a common sense in the mass of mankind, which we cannot afford to despise, just as there is sure to be an eccentricity in the differing and reforming individual, which we, perhaps, do well to challenge."

AYLMER MAUDE.

## COURT THEATRE. Sloane Square, S.W. VEDRENNE-BARKER PERFORMANCES

This Evening at 8.30 for 9. Evening Performances, and Matinee Wednesday next, May 22, at 2.10.  
"VOTES FOR WOMEN" By Elizabeth Robins.

VEDRENNE-BARKER MATINEES. Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

May 17, 21, 24, 28, 31, at 2.30, PRUNELLA: or, Love in a Dutch Garden.  
By Laurence Housman and H. Cranville Barker.

# THE NEW AGE.

MAY 16, 1907

## EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

From and with this issue of THE NEW AGE is incorporated THE LABOUR RECORD, till lately edited by Mr. Pethick Lawrence.

## Why I Joined the Fabian Society.

FROM the usual intorsion of mixed motives which blind the judgment of most of us when we decide to take any definite step, I can disentangle, in my own case, one strong, thorny strand that constitutes my chief reason for joining the Fabian Society. It is the same reason that impelled me, as a small boy, to fly to pens and paper out of school hours; and it crystallises itself as a most urgent and clamant need of self-expression. I have always wanted (in the Cockney phrase) to have my say. I have never been satisfied to accept as final the views of any other human mind. This is perhaps my arrogance—I am still quite young—but at any rate it is a part of me that I cannot dispense with, though I have sometimes wished I could. I can remember (this by way of elucidation of my meaning) that my first schoolmaster told me that "a, an, and the" were distinguishing adjectives. I accepted his definition of "the"; but I wanted to know more about "a" and "an." As words they did not seem to distinguish at all. They seemed to be mere abbreviations of "any." And I told my schoolmaster so, and asked him why they were dubbed "distinguishing." And he was merely peevish and impatient about it, and angry with me . . . as was also a certain L.C.C. school teacher when I put the same question to her a week or two ago, and found that the old mystery still remains unsolved, in spite of many improvements on the old methods. "Well, anyhow, we have to teach the children that," she answered resentfully. And, oddly enough, her resentment was not directed against the responsible educational authorities, but against me. She is one of those who will never join the Fabians, though it is quite conceivable that she might become a member of the Society.

But I am glad that I am not asked why I became a Socialist. Because I never did become a Socialist. I was born so. The slow agony of a gradual winning-over to the cause has never been mine, nor the quick ecstasy of a sudden conversion. I have never had to argue with myself against my own prejudices or to disabuse my mind of any prepossessions. Before the Fabian Society was, or any other existing Socialist body, my faith was fired and I was hailed—under a pardonable misapprehension, since there was no more extreme term of reproach to apply to me—as a little Radical. It grieved me, as a child, to be called that. For I seemed to be the only one of my kind in the world; and that is an awful fate for a boy. I tried to dissemble; but my difficulty was that when I slurred over what seemed to me the barely debateable tenets of my creed and only advanced those which my reason told me were quite unassailable, I found that I was a worse little Radical—that is to say, a better Socialist—than ever. It was not until I had put away childish things and taken off my coat to work for my living that my Socialism was fired and fused in the furnace of hot opposition. It was not until then that it got itself its proper name and most improper description. I am writing of only twenty years ago; but, looking

back, it might be two centuries, for all the average working-man in the South of England knew of the aim and purpose of Socialism in those days. I was accused of all manner of blood-guilty desires and incendiary tendencies. That I and my kind preached peace and order to a mob engaged in a wild and furious melee, in which they tore and rended one another for no cause, no quarrel, but only because, somewhere high above them, hidden behind the smoke and dust of battle, a devilish music was being played to urge them on to mutual destruction—this seemed to them the wickedest kind of anarchy. It was hard to make oneself heard above the shrieks and groans. I stood among my fellows, screaming and brandishing my fists, our en-crimsoned faces close together, and none of us could catch the meaning of any of the others' words because of the horrific din that was going on all around, stunning and deafening us; and so we mistook one another for threatening enemies, though actually we were yelling friendship at one another all the time, if we could only have heard and understood. I hope this picture—of ineffectual goodwill and fruitless well-meaning endeavour—will appeal to some other young men and women who are passing through a similar experience even now. It is a most trying period, in every sense of the phrase. It tried and tested and proved the strength of my own Socialism. But it weakened me for a while. It left me tired, exhausted, indifferent, and—worst of all—rather ashamed of myself. I recalled my late unseemly excitement—which was really only the scarlet efflorescence of a young enthusiasm that must needs flame out gorgeously before its brightness faded and it began to bear seed—I recalled my noisy violence with an uneasy feeling that I had made a very complete fool of myself. When I was asked whether I still believed in Socialism I could answer, quite honestly, "Yes"; but I answered pompously that I no longer cared to identify myself with all the crude nonsense that was preached by a lot of half-educated and undisciplined boys as Socialism. It gave me a sensation of sweet, weariful superiority to talk in that way, though I was not aware that any least change had taken place in my opinions since I also had been one of these same contumacious boys whom I was now insulting with my airs of middle-aged tolerance.

But obviously such a parlous state of mind as that could not endure. Self repression breeds cynicism; and I take it that no forward movement has any use for cynics. My old need of some means of self-repression began to cry out again, and would not be stifled. I felt that I must become articulate or perish of a sort of mental apoplexy. I numbered several Fabians among my friends; and, being my friends, they were all men after my own heart. They seemed to have found an outlet for each new freshet of their altruistic zeal, which conferred on them at once a dignity and a sanely humorous elevation of spirit that were the very things I lacked and longed for. They did not rage or fume, or flounder and flop about, or insist upon themselves unseasonably. But their Fabianism seemed to leaven all that they said and did with a salted, healthy savour of self-respect and self-contentment. They seemed to be at peace with themselves and their neighbours, even whilst they were in battle array. Their armour hid their wounds and scars. And having flung their gauntlet down, they had a warm hand of flesh to extend to a brother if he showed the least disposition to grasp it. I did. And that is all.

One word more. On reading over what I have written, I discover that, whilst I seem to have surveyed a wide belt of country, I may have failed, after all, to indicate the path by which I have wound my way to the Fabian Camp. It is usually in some such haphazard wise, however, that recruits do present themselves at headquarters of any guerilla force and ask to be enrolled: lost and faint and weary and in fear of their souls' lives, they come in their rags and tatters, with broken weapons and bleeding limbs, praying only that the strength of their manhood may be restored to them and their courage rekindled by a quiet hearty welcome.

EDWIN PUGH.



## Morocco and the Straits of Gibraltar.

### II.

WHEN the Moors left Spain they left behind them not only their buildings, but many of their customs and institutions; and to-day the considerable seclusion of the women in South Spain, and the jealousy with regard to their appearance on the streets, may be traced to that cause. In the Andalusian towns and villages generally the barred and trellised lower windows, behind which the women peep and peer, are remindful of the screens of the Moorish harem; and in Tarifa it is said the women go even farther than in Morocco, covering their faces all but one eye—but (it is said) they are so handsome that with that one eye they do more ravage than the other Spanish women with two!

Tarifa in old days was also celebrated for ravages of another sort. Commanding the entrance to the Straits, it became the resort of pirates, who plundered vessels going to and fro, and this plunder, it is said, became such a recognised institution that in some cases it was changed into regular tax or "tariff." Later on the Moorish pirates, making their harbours and strongholds on the coast of Morocco, at Salli, Laraiche, and other places, and supported by their own Sultans, were a terror and a pest not only to all Mediterranean traders, but to the coasts of Spain and France and as far as Devon and Cornwall. It seems hard to believe that Moorish piracy only came to an end about 1822, when the British Government made a treaty on the subject with the Sultan Sulaiman II.

But piracy was not the only danger of the Straits. The navigation of these waters was, and still remains, perilous. Owing to the saltiness of the Mediterranean being greater than that of the Atlantic, there is a constant interchange between the two seas—surface water flowing in from the Atlantic and a more briny current at the same time flowing out below. These currents, of course, are complicated by the tides; and when violent winds are added, the sea may become very rough and nasty, and navigation correspondingly difficult. Fogs, too, are common. When the east wind, or *levante*—which the Britishers call "Levanter"—blows, everyone at Gibraltar gets ill-humoured and complains of headache. A cloud hangs over the top of the Rock like a great pennant, and sometimes descends as far as the town below. Often then a sea-mist fills the Straits, from which the Spanish and African mountains may stand out purple in the sun; but the ship below is lost in fog, and in the narrow waterway, amid conflicting currents, may easily find itself upon the rocks.\*

Standing here, on this African hill, and looking at a scene which, as I say, shows so little of change since the earliest history, one cannot help feeling the romance of these Straits, as the entrance to that wonderful sea of fable and story—the cradle of all our Western World—to which, indeed, there seems nothing on the globe to be compared. Here to our left—and on the other horn, as it were, of a crescent of yellow sand which hems in a little azure bay—lies Tangier, a luminous, blueish-white cataract of flat-roofed houses, descending a hill to the sea. Beyond, a few miles distant, is Cape Spartel, the square and jutting north-west corner of Africa, and beyond that opens wide the immense and trackless Atlantic. One can realise how to the early peoples dwelling on the Mediterranean shores here were indeed the Pillars of Hercules—the bounds which the Sun-God set to his own travels, and beyond which none might venture.

One can appreciate the courage of those early navigators who at length faced the dangers of the Straits, and the great and unknown ocean—as of Hanno, the Carthaginian, who somewhere about five centuries

before our era crept, with his "sixty ships," round the African shore, perhaps as far as the Gulf of Guinea, founding colonies as he went, and returning with tales of crocodiles and river-horses and the authentic word "Gorilla."

On the hill of the Marshan, behind and above Tangier, just at the edge of the cliff, and commanding the view of the Straits, are twenty or thirty Phœnician tombs or graves—oblong chambers cut in the solid rock, all lying east and west, and with well-cut ledges or rabbets for the lids. The lids are long since gone, and the graves themselves are full of grass and weeds. But these, perhaps, were some of Hanno's companions or of those who first voyaged along the coasts of Spain and France, and dared the terrors of the "Bay," and came as far as Cornwall for tin; or who (according to Herodotus) first circumnavigated Africa. For, says Herodotus (IV., 42): "Neco, King of Egypt, when he had ceased digging the canal leading from the Nile to the Arabian Gulf, sent certain Phœnicians in ships with orders to sail back through the Pillars of Hercules into the Northern Sea (the Mediterranean), and so return to Egypt. The Phœnicians, accordingly setting out from the Red Sea, navigated the Southern Sea; when autumn came they went ashore and sowed the land, by whatever part of Libya (Africa) they might happen to be sailing, and waited for harvest. Then having reaped the corn, they put to sea again. When two years had thus passed, in the third, having doubled the Pillars of Hercules, they arrived in Egypt, and related what to me does not seem incredible, but may to others, namely, that as they sailed round Libya they had the sun on their right hand. Thus was Libya first known."

That the Romans and Carthaginians went far beyond Cape Spartel and dotted the coast and inland regions with their settlements is well known. Pliny placed the Gardens of the Hesperides in the fertile region near El Araish, now called Laraiche; and besides Laraiche, in Fez, Azila, Tangier, Rabat, and other places, plentiful evidences of Roman and Punic occupation remain.

With regard to the Carthaginians, Herodotus tells a curious story of primitive commerce. "The Carthaginians further say that beyond the Pillars of Hercules there is a region of Libya (Africa) and men who inhabit it; and that when they arrive among these people and have unloaded their merchandise, they set it in order on the shore, go on board their ships, and make a great smoke; and that the inhabitants seeing the smoke, come down to the sea, and then deposit gold in exchange for the merchandise; that the Carthaginians then, going ashore, examine the gold, and if the quantity seems sufficient for the merchandise they take it up and sail away; but if it is not sufficient they go on board their ships again and wait; the natives then approach and deposit more gold until they have satisfied them. Neither party ever wrongs the other; for they do not touch the gold before it is made adequate to the merchandise, nor do the natives touch the merchandise before the other party has taken the gold" (IV., 196). We must remember that Herodotus wrote some 450 years before our era. The story may not be strictly reliable (though it has authentic parallels), but at any rate it conveys to us a pleasant sense that commercial honesty was thought *possible* in those days.

From Cape Spartel the immense outlook on the Atlantic is impressive. The limestone rocks are cut in the most fantastic forms by the everlasting spray. A light-house and a signalling station (maintained by the joint Powers) give warning to ships and tidings to all the world of their passage to and fro. The coast here turns sharply southward, and for 1,500 miles there is not another lighthouse; indeed much of the coast beyond Morocco—the Iron Coast, as it is called by sailors—is still almost unexplored and unknown. It is curious that Columbus should have sailed for the New World in August, 1492, less than a year after the flag of Ferdinand and Isabella waving on the Torre de la Vela over the Alhambra had signalled the downfall of the Moors. Yet the connection between the two events is not so remote as one might imagine. It is not too much to say that if it had not been for the Moors Columbus would never have sailed. At a time when

\* It appears that the inflowing surface current tends to keep to the African shore, and that the outflowing under-current comes partly to the surface along the Spanish coast.

Christian Europe was still lost in Stygian darkness in matters of science, it was only in countries like Spain, which had come in contact with Saracenic culture, or among maritime folk like the Genoese or Venetians, that larger ideas prevailed. And already for some centuries, while the Northern nations had never got beyond the flat Earth of Cosmos Indicopleustes and the Early Fathers, the Moors of Andalusia were teaching geography in their common schools by means of globes.

The Arabian Khalif Ali-Mamum had long ago (in 830 B.C.) caused a degree to be measured on the shore of the Red Sea, and computed the earth's circumference at 24,000 miles; and even more than a thousand years before *that*, Eratosthenes, at Alexandria, had done the same thing. So long had the tradition of true science been, as it were, lost to Europe by the downfall of the pagan world. Of course, in the time of Columbus all men of thought and learning knew well enough that the earth was round; but it was only in a country like Spain, which had come under the influence of the East, that the notion was widely enough accepted to afford support for a project of exploration; and even there, as we know, Columbus had to wait nearly twenty years for that support to become practical.

Anyhow, one realises, looking out over this vast expanse of sea, that it was a bold thing even for a man like Columbus to adventure himself indefinitely over its extreme horizon—and that, too, with a posse of ignorant mariners, who could not possibly understand the justifications of his confidence. Even though there might be the certainty of the earth's roundness, and though there actually was some conception of gravitation current, this latter was too vague not to leave considerable doubt as to what would really happen on the nether quarters of the globe—whether the waters of the sea "beyond the baths of all the western stars" might not indeed wash the ships down into space; and so forth.

It is strange, I say, to stand here, and to realise that it was the Moors and the Moorish science and practical acumen that made the voyage of Columbus possible, and opened out to Europe the great new world of America and modern life; and then to see how this same people to-day, having handed the torch on, is content to return, as it were, to the twilight of its own earlier time. We turn round and look inland; and there, on the lower slope of the hill, is a man bare-headed, and with a short cloak on down to his knees, ploughing with a single yoke of oxen. His plough is a mere pointed stick or branch of a tree. Over the clods he treads with bare feet and legs; while behind him large white birds (the sacred ibis) forage in the upturned soil. Farther on, along a narrow hill path, goes a similar figure holding a lamb round his neck by the legs, and followed by five or six sheep. Such figures seem to carry one's thoughts back to the farthest beginnings of history.

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## DRAMA.

### An Orgy of Frohman and the Bijou Theatre.

FOR a mere individual critic with a sheet or two of paper and a fountain pen to criticise Mr. Frohman is, I feel, presumptuous. It is as though some little water animalcule in a river should dare to cock up an eye and gaze on and criticise a gigantic human form upon the bank. To do Mr. Frohman justice a battery of typewriters and a big gun megaphone or two would be the least requisites. And yet I am in some doubt on the matter. We may want this play, and Mr. Frohman "presents" us that play. But we do not necessarily go in our thousands to see that play, and it does not necessarily pay. And the question is whether Mr. Frohman "presenting" us with anything we choose to demand with sufficient vigour is not more likely to give us good plays than the manager whose control is not so far-reaching and so wide, and whose interests are more bound up with his prejudices and limitations. Perhaps this is too philosophical, but something must be done after an Orgy of Frohman. The orgy began happily by a quite innocent visit to "Brewster's Millions." And far be it from me to say a word to dissuade anyone from going to that performance. Mr. du Maurier says "old chap" in a quite fascinating way (during the week I have had great difficulty in keeping "old chap" out of my correspondence), and there is a very pretty scene on the top deck of the yacht "Flitter." This scene is reminiscent of delightful tropical nights, and is so suggestive of all kinds of possibilities that one half expected something to happen. Instead of which, some machinery under the stage began to tip the actors backwards and forwards like a see-saw.

The plot of the play is, by the way, seriously immoral. At this time of day it is not allowable to treat of the chucking away of millions without any realisation of the fact that three millions represent a value improperly taken from the men and women who make it. Money is life, and life insists on responsibility; to treat of money as though it were a counter for the pleasure of fools is to perpetuate the fata morgana of riches, charity, and luxury. Very much the same criticism must be made of "A Royal Family," in which the web of delusive appearances is woven of a mixture of mediæval romance and modern snobbery. This kind of thing won't do in a country which has just returned thirty Labour members to the House of Commons, and is waking up to the meaning of Socialism. One single phrase from a street corner Socialist's speech would blow "Brewster's Millions" and "A Royal Family" into a thousand atoms. It makes no difference that Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. du Maurier did their best as actors, and that Miss Alexandra Carlisle looked quite charming (Miss Carlisle apparently did not trouble to do anything else); actors and actresses cannot act plays that do not exist, and to rely on an exhibition of interesting personalities is only likely to pay in exceptional cases.

Having got thus far, I thought I might as well do the business properly, and went off to see "Strongheart" at the Aldwych. Hence the philosophy of Frohman's potentialities; because "Strongheart" is a play the interest of which depends upon an essentially real situation in modern life, the intermixture and conflict of different series. Consequently there is something for the actors to do—and they do it. There is a lot of football in "Strongheart," so I shall be excused for using football slang in expressing my admiration for the vigour with which the play was acted. They did put some "beef" into it. And Mr. Edeson, Mr. Breeze, and some others put some very fine acting into it, too. Whenever I think of race-prejudice and marriage, I am always reminded of the sad story once told me of one whose life had been blighted by having fallen in love with a man whose great-grandfather subsequently turned out to have been a cannibal Maori who had dined off early New Zealand settlers. And the lady found herself unable to marry a man who had this double strain of white blood flowing in his veins.

Consequently race-prejudice strikes me as a comedy-motive, whereas Strongheart is tragedy. But if it is to be tragic, then the theme is treated in too light a manner. The tragedy of race-prejudice should have a more real background, on the lines, say of a money-worried lower middle-class family. In "Strongheart" a young man is worried about 3,000 dollars. Make it three and the worry serious, and then attention will be gripped. Only three dollars between a man and the fury of the outside world, and you've got drama ready made. \$3,000 is mere finance.

To complete the orgy, I should have ended up at the Comedy, and found out what Mr. Frohman "presents" as "The Truth," but my heart failed, and I set out to seek for a real play in the Bijou Theatre, in Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. It just happens that I did not know where the Bijou Theatre was—no doubt, a disgraceful admission. I had heard of Bayswater, and took the Tube there, and then proceeded to hail a cab and voyage in search of adventure through marvellous dark, tree-lined streets, and deep violet skies, with pale lemon stars in them, and mazes of twinkling palaces, and hurrying and lounging people, and all the exciting marvels of our city. But the cabby didn't know where the Bijou Theatre was, neither did the policeman, neither did the theatre ticket agency. And so, finally, I got there by dint of gesticulated directions. And the brown cab horse had such waggish ears and stepped so fantastic across the street squares that I was half sorry to arrive. Being there, I found a most excellent play by Mr. Monck being acted. It is called "The Hour," and deals with the theological, emotional, and moral conflicts in a country parson's family. Every Socialist interested in real plays—it is running this week—should go and see it. The faults of construction were as plain as pikestaffs, but after a Frohman orgy how blessed the virtues. And the virtues outweigh the faults ten to one.

On the occasion I was present the audience was small, select, and critical, and in every way difficult to play to, but the play and the acting together completely surmounted these difficulties, and created an illusion even Frohman might envy. To criticise at length would need half this paper, and it's not necessary. Go and see for yourself. Even if you agree with me that part of the problem of the play is a problem we have surpassed you will enjoy the acting, and especially, where all were good, the acting of Miss Clare Greet and of Miss Lucy Wilson. But then they've got something to act. "The Hour" is preceded by a one-act play by Arthur Symons, which is interesting, but hardly dramatic. The simple yet imposing scenery and the beautiful language are delightful and restful and real, but the poem does not touch on our modern life, and it is the new synthesis of that we need, not the beauty of a past age.

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## ART.

## The New Gallery.

THE New Gallery has announced its twentieth Summer Exhibition. One wonders if its directors are still burning with the ambition of twenty years ago, when they founded the gallery which was to be called "New." That adjective was to express all those naughty feelings towards "another place," as they say in the House of Commons. However, time has had its usual soothing effect, and the difference between Burlington House and this place is mainly a matter of size. So the bulk of the pictures need not detain us; but there are, I venture to think, at least three works of real importance. First, there is Mr. Austen Brown's "Getting Home" (113). It shows two French peasant women returning to the village after their work in the fields. The artist saw in this event a truly magnificent image of subtlest colour and light, a wonderfully blended scheme of reds and blues, whites and browns; in the women's dress, the cottage walls and windows, in the village street and the sunset sky behind. There is not a suggestion of striving after effects either of colour or composition; it seems quite certain that this event just happened so. And yet it was only the mere outline of the scene that really happened; the picture is the creation of Mr. Austen Brown's brain, where he shows us what we could never have seen had we been there, without his imagination and brush. That is why this picture stands out with distinction from most of its fellows. It creates a new imaginative fact; they repeat what we can see for ourselves. It is the artist against the reproducer.

The second picture is Mr. Charles W. Bartlett's "A Festive Dance" (201). It is a masterly realisation of a Breton village dance from the point of view of a participant. The figures in the foreground approach life size, and the atmosphere of a crowd is sustained to the back of the canvas. There is not a figure in it which does not breathe with distinctive life and personality. As in Mr. Brown's picture, there is no sign of a conscious composition; here again it just happened so. Mr. Bartlett pitches his colour in a much higher key than the quieter intensity of "Getting Home." In both cases the result is colour and not bright paint; a distinction not successfully drawn by many men.

Thirdly, I fancy the finest portrait in this exhibition is Mr. Harrington Mann's "Kathleen" (161). I know that it is surrounded by the works of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Lavery, and I repeat my statement. Mr. Mann has the two essential qualities of a great portrait painter. He shows respect for his subject; he remembers that he must create a work of art as well as reproduce her image. We have here harmony of colour: and that quiet dignity of repose which has been, if you think of it, an element of all great portraits since the days of Jan van Eyck. There is that sense of lastingness, against which Mr. Lavery's portrait (160) by its side seems a transitory sketch. Then look at Mr. Sargent's Dr. Warre, the late Head-Master of Eton (211); of course it has all the terrific force of its full length reality; it is probable that no Etonian of the last generation will enter this room without a quick spasm of recollection, each after its kind. But is this a triumph for art? It seemed almost an impertinence to stand before this dignified gentleman and look up his number in the catalogue. But Art is more concerned in suggesting the ideal than in reminding of the real.

There are a dozen other pictures which should be carefully observed. A beautiful landscape by Arnesby Brown (48) and one by Miss Beatrice Bland (119) with a big sense of atmosphere. Mr. Fred. Hall weaves an orchard, ducks, and sunlight into the united whole of a vivid impression. Mr. Mark Fisher's (208) is what he has often painted before, and is therefore good. There is a deal of breeze in Mr. Leslie Thompson's "On the Links" (192), and much soft moonlight in Mr. Peppercorn's "The Pool" (169). G. R. S. T.

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## BOOK NOTES.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's literary output is one of the prodigious things of recent letters. He must write with as much ease as a fluent speaker talks. Otherwise it were impossible for him to maintain, at so fine a standard at least, those streams of prose which run with such constancy through the columns of the Saturday "Daily News" and the "Illustrated London News," not to mention the numerous articles and reviews contributed by him in other places. G. K. C. supports in a very practical way his own dictum that it is doubtful whether we can have too much of so good a thing as journalism.

There is, however, one side of Mr. Chesterton's journalism, which increases so formidably as to fill one with alarm. I refer to the growing tendency of enterprising publishers to command his services as a preface writer. If things go on at the present rate, he stands in danger of becoming the Prologue to all the books that are issued. The Chesterton preface is becoming a habit not only with the ubiquitous reprint, but with new books as well. Even Maxim Gorky was not sufficient in himself. Among the latest announcements are his prefaces to the "Everyman" Dickens, and now comes the news that he has written an introduction for Mr. Wellwood's finely printed and rubricated edition of the "Book of Job."

Mr. Chesterton, apart from journalism and preface-writing (her next-of-kin), is both versatile and prolific. He has published volumes of poetry, essays, biographies, short stories, and a fantastic novel, to say nothing of his entertaining and original pencil sketches which add to the humour of some of his own and other people's books. He is a dramatist also, though what has become of his long-promised play, "The Devil Among the Cattle," I do not know. His next book, which is nearly ready, will be a fantastic romance entitled "The Man Who was Thursday." It is mainly about Anarchists, and there may be expected many diverting incidents from the history of a club in Topsy-turveydom.

English readers of Nietzsche who do not read German or French have always been handicapped by the incompleteness of the translation of his works. This is probably one of the reasons of our ignorance of this great philosopher. Mr. Fisher Unwin is shortly to add to the four volumes he has already published Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil." Whilst being duly thankful for this small mercy, Mr. Unwin might have earned the further gratitude of students, and incidentally benefited himself financially, if he had first issued the epoch-making essay on "The Origin of Tragedy." It is to be hoped he will consider the publication of a translation of this work.

The sudden death of "Ian Maclaren" is the loss of a personality rather than a loss to literature. "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by far the best of his fiction, is already a thing of the past. Dr. John Watson as a man had fine sincerity, kindly humour, and a wonderful capacity for work and for getting work out of others. He was a delightful lecturer, quietly eloquent, and shrewdly humorous, putting into such outmoded subjects as, for instance, the "Homely Virtues," a force and interest worthy of a much better cause.

The need for laughter is well served by that very American quantity, Mr. George Ade. It is becoming quite a habit to look to the States for this social ingredient, especially if one is not beyond a broad smile or even the physical exercise of the guffaw. The announcement of his latest book, "In Pastures New" (E. Grant Richards. 6s.), reminds me of his earlier "Fables in Slang," which, in spite of a certain shallowness of thought, a kind of much ado about nothing, displayed something like genius in its use of the col-

loquialisms of Chicago which at times assume the importance of a patois.

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In the lane which runs beside "Wyndham's" and the "New" Theatres from Charing Cross Road to St. Martin's Lane, there is a bookshop with the legend "C. Cannon" over the window. The proprietor of this establishment is Mr. D. J. Rider, a man with a wide knowledge of modern literature which is reflected in his excellent stock. The book hunter may pursue his quarry here in peace and with satisfaction, and if he is as fortunate as I have been he will rarely leave the premises without some worthy addition to his bag.

H. J.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "The Art and Crafts of Old Japan," by Stewart Dick. (T. N. Foulis. 2s. net.)
- "I go a Walking Through the Lanes and Meadows" and "Through the Woods," by Rev. C. A. Johns, F. H. Caruthers Gould, and others. (T. N. Foulis. 2s. 6d. each net.)
- "Modern Thralldom, a New Social Gospel," by Dr. W. Hampson. (Wells, Gardner, and Darton. 1s. 6d. net.)
- "The Unemployables," by Edmund Kelly, M.A. (King. 6d. net.)
- "The Compensation Act, 1906. Who Pays?" by A. Clement Edwards, M.P. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "French Poems for Children and Beginners," selected by A. Thirion, LL.A. (Hachette. 6d.)
- "French Irregular Verbs arranged without Abbreviation for Schools and Private Students," by A. Thirion, LL.A. (Hachette. 6d.)
- "Shakespeare," by Walter Raleigh. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)
- "The Evolution of the Soul," by Harold Monro. (Samurai Press. 2s. net.)
- "Root Principles in Rational and Spiritual Things," by Thomas Child. (Allenson. 6d.)
- "The Growth of Christianity," by Percy Gardner. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

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## Help for Poor Britain.

PROGRESS, it is urged, has made our social question perfectly simple, and anyone approaching it from the outside, free from party bias, would see clearly that we have but to stretch out our hands to obtain deliverance from the greatest ill under which we suffer now. Our means of production have increased enormously, but, instead of working together to produce to the best advantage, and sharing round on some equitable basis, we make production depend upon demand, and then compete with each other to demand as little remuneration as possible for our labour; thus great productive powers are rendered useless to the masses of the people, and we are producing, as calculation shows, a small fraction only—perhaps one-tenth—of what we might. The moment we realise this latter fact we see how simple the whole social question may be after all. There may be no need whatever to divide wealth, to attack vested interests; but merely to devise a better system, under which we will use our now paralysed productive powers, for the good of the workers. It may be necessary to nationalise, for instance, some of the land in order to do this; but if it is to establish a better system under which more wealth will be erected, we may compensate fully for what we take.

But can we set this idle machinery of production to work to benefit the workers, and settle the problem of poverty, without taking a penny from anyone? Not only can we do it, but we cannot long delay to carry out certain reforms which will incidentally have this result; the force of events, in fact, is going to bring us a remedy to the present paralysis of our productive machinery, whose manifestations we see in slack and overstocked trades, and people half-employed and unemployed.

We have become a nation of town-dwellers; we must therefore design our towns so as to put an end to the present crowding. A nation of town-dwellers must have healthy towns, whatever else it has or has not. Now the gardens round the dwellings, which we want primarily for health, would incidentally solve the economic problem. With modern means of production working people having access to the land could organise themselves into guilds to produce co-operatively practically all that is necessary; thus settling once and for all the questions of unemployment and provision for old age, and settling for ever the question of a living wage; and they could demand a steadily increasing wage which would be good for everyone, including the capitalists, because it would mean more trade. We have the United States to show us that where wages are high, all classes are prosperous. But how are we to house the whole nation in Garden Cities? What nation could bear the cost of it? A simple calculation shows us that the only question that arises is by how many hundred per cent. rehousing the working classes would be worth the money it would cost, even from the purely financial point of view—the sum, by the way, would be rather less than the Boer War cost! In the first place it is a question whether the money would not be all recovered by the increases in value of cultivated land due to a better distribution of population (see Professor Gide's article in May "Garden City"); and in the second place the cost would be saved over and over again in the saving of expenditure on the social failures and criminals, whom our towns produce in such abundance, and again by the extra productiveness of labour under the healthier conditions. We have no space here to go into the calculations, but all is worked out. Our social question, then, resolves itself into this: We have become a nation of town-dwellers, we must therefore make our towns habitable; and, doing this we will, incidentally, put every other problem on the way to solution. By the generosity of Mr. George Cadbury and others copies of this summary from THE NEW AGE will be reprinted for distribution, and a copy of the book containing the calculations, "Administrative Efficiency," Swan Sonnenschein and Co., will be forwarded at half price (6d.) to anyone enclosing this slip with the order.

J. W. PETAVEL.

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AFTER Garden City—Garden Suburbs, Garden Villages and other Garden Cities. The First Garden City at Letchworth has been a great educational influence, demonstrating in a very concrete manner that some of the more serious of our social ills, and bad economic conditions, are capable of redress without any resort to methods which the moderate type of politician defines as revolutionary or dubs as impracticable. Nevertheless, a real revolution has, during the last three years, been taking place. The problems of Land,

Housing, Slums, Urban Congestion, and Rural depopulation, with all their lesser and concomitant problems, have suddenly leaped into a prominence. The building of the Model City at Letchworth has been a powerful object-lesson in revolutionising public ideas on these questions. The Press of the country bears daily witness to the fact that the ideas that led to the formation of, and are associated with, the present Garden City, are being either discussed or put into practice in almost every part of England by Municipalities, City Councils and social enthusiasts. The Garden City movement has done as much as any other movement to focus the public and official mind upon the "condition of England" question, and the result is visibly seen in the many schemes of town planning, housing experiments, garden suburbs, villages, etc., that are springing up in so many quarters.

Garden City is now practically an assured success and this success has proved that even on ordinary commercial lines it can be made to pay to build towns on sanely organised and harmoniously designed lines; to house people so that they have an abundance of fresh air and sunlight; and to so regulate the conditions of both urban and rural existence that a sweet, wholesome and freer life is not only possible, but easy of attainment. The transformation of six square miles of purely agricultural land—as at Letchworth—into a thriving industrial town, has proved what a valuable asset the increment resulting from this transformation can become; and when the administration of the town is—after a moderate 5 per-cent. return has been paid to capital—entirely in the interests of the community, even more striking results will follow. The slum and over-crowding problems solve themselves because the administrators limit the number of houses per acre, so that over-crowding is impossible. The gain from this simple regulation is immense, and is seen in the improved health and well-being of the inhabitants, the poorest of whom enjoy healthy conditions such as are possessed by the man in a well-to-do suburb.

The removal of factories and industries to the new centre assists the regurgitation of the industrial population from urban to rural or semi-rural districts. Incidentally, the recent tendency towards industrial decentralisation, which has—owing to causes entirely associated with the rapid growth of towns—been making itself manifest, can now be organised and regulated on lines which are an improvement on the present spasmodic and ungoverned methods. The retention for agricultural purposes of two-thirds of the area of the whole estate on which the model town is being built, not only arrests rural depopulation and makes the life of the agricultural labourer less barren by reason of his proximity to the City life, but also furnishes him with a market for his produce at his very door. Garden City, therefore, touches on the vexed question of railway rates for agricultural produce.

The money which the pioneers of the Garden City movement invested in the scheme at Letchworth will very shortly now be earning a dividend, and Garden City is yet in its infancy. This means that the multiplication of Garden Cities and Garden City schemes throughout the land is only a matter of a few years.

FRED. W. ROGERS.

## WHILST PEOPLE ARE PREACHING ABOUT THE SOCIAL MILLENNIUM GARDEN CITY HAS BEEN GROWING.

The Garden City Experiment at Letchworth has already clearly demonstrated that

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has been subscribed by the shareholders of FIRST GARDEN CITY, Ltd., to enable the model city at Letchworth to be developed, but more capital will be required if the scheme is to be carried through to a successful conclusion. Apart from its Social and Economic aspect, the transformation of SIX SQUARE MILES of agricultural land into a THRIVING INDUSTRIAL TOWN is sound commerce; and the directors have full justification for believing that the rapidly growing income from the Estate will overtake the expenditure, and the full cumulative 8 per cent. dividend be paid. For Prospectus and Illustrated Literature apply—

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible.*

*Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.*

### THE DIFFICULTIES OF TEMPERANCE. TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your contributor, G. R. S. Taylor, frankly acknowledges that "the Liquor Traffic, unbased on any fundamental human necessity or healthy requirement, is doomed," but tells us that "The Socialist regards the shops where the Liquor Traffic is carried on "as the working man's club," and would "place it in the hands of the municipal councils."

Any attempt to lessen "the difficulties of Temperance" by assisting to increase the sale of alcoholic drinks will be like the task of Sisyphus. TRUTHSEEKER.

### A CITIZEN ARMY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been proud of THE NEW AGE, but last night I saw your new issue for the first time. In it I find: "We must have an army," "the whole population must be provided with arms, and properly trained in their use." This you say is Socialism. Then I say: "Get thee behind me Satan." It is the doctrine of hell. To refrain, to endure, to suffer, is the most difficult thing on earth, but it is brave, noble, magnanimous. "It would cost our life," you say. Let it—it would save the world. J. S. GREENWOOD.

### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

"If we cannot have a Parliament of the Empire, how can we hope for a Parliament of Man?" you ask. The plea that Imperial Federation is a stage towards International Federation sounds plausible. But is it valid? Will it not rather raise yet another barrier? Why seek to gather the Canadians to ourselves sooner than the French, the Australian before the German? Some common stock and language and literature are the sufficient reasons, we are told. But these do not prevent the cordial dislike English and Americans have for one another. A common language did not stay the prohibition of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the States. Is it not rather community of spirit that is the real basis for mutual attraction? And in this respect Western Europe, including Britain, is more united, than is England and its outlying dominions. When a Prussian assures me that "The Doctor's Dilemma" was the event of 1906, and the finest play ever produced, I recognise a kindred spirit, whom I commiserate in having missed the second act of "Major Barbara." When a Frenchman is as keen as myself about the discoveries of Pastor Gregor Mendel, I have found a friend. To please a Belgian who would destroy the Musée Wiertz, I am prepared to swallow a glass of faro. With a Socialist from any part of the world I have at once a basis for a common understanding. But what is in common between an English Socialist and General Botha, or Dr. Jim or Sir Wilfrid Laurier? It is a queer obfuscation that regards the citizens of Melbourne, or Auckland, or Quebec as broader minded and less parochial than the Londoner, just because they are thousands of miles distant. If London is 11,400 miles from Melbourne, Melbourne is even further away from London, as everyone realises as soon as he arrives there.

In sober truth the average Englishman fears the colonist, who in return despises the English. We have the pretence of power without the reality. When Natal goes a Zulu hunting we blubber and keep the condemned natives alive just a few hours longer. Then we defer to the "man on the spot," mindless that he is only a man on the spot.

Whilst liberating ourselves from the Bethelism of the Liberal, do not let us tumble into the Jingoism of the Tory. Socialism is something apart, that alone holds out the wherewithal of a real and lasting union between the peoples.

M. D. EDER.

### Answers to Correspondents.

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

J. T. (Godalming).—The subject is extremely important; but what do you propose? Sermons are no good.

H. C. W. (Buckhurst Hill).—"Prayer-worn knees and a rusty hoe, Never raised a big crop yet."

R. U. V.—Thanks. The best defence of Socialism at this moment is attack.

S. W. Hartley (Wallington).—Many thanks, but not suitable. Edgar Robson (Southsea).—Of course not.

James Walsh (Glasgow).—Thanks for reminder. We agree, and shall do our best to fall in with aims of the Scottish Patriotic Association.

A. Jones (Exeter).—We have still a few copies of our issue of May 2, with report of Samurai Conference, post free 1½d.

L. A. (Liverpool).—Join your local Fabian Society. You will meet kindred spirits there who will no doubt give you some useful propaganda work to do. Then there is the excellent Clarion Club in Harrington Street.

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Printed and Published for the NEW AGE PRESS, by A. BONNER, 1 & 2, Took's Court, Fumival Street, E.C. Edinburgh and Glasgow: JOHN MENZIES & Co. Agents for South Africa and Australia: GORDON & GOTTCH, London, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa) CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.

All communications respecting Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, J. H. GORING, 72, Fleet Street, London, E.C.