THE OUTLOOK.

The Conference Again.

The full report just published of the proceedings of the Colonial Conference will do the Government little good. It is true that the sensational reports of "scenes" to which we have been treated turn out generally speaking to have been either unfounded or grossly exaggerated. But the Ministers evidently did not make a very good impression on the nation's guests, nor do we fancy that the report of their speeches and interjections will do them a very good impression on the nation. Their fault did not lie in their rejection of the Australian proposals. The Premiers are sensible men, and they knew before they started to attend the Conference that the Home Government was pledged to the maintenance of Free Trade. It was the tone rather than the sense of the Ministerial declarations that was resented, and the resentment is not without excuse. It was indiscreet and perhaps improper of Sir William Lyne to describe Mr. Asquith as creating the impression of having been briefed against the Colonies, but, after reading the Chancellor's speech, we understand perfectly what he meant. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd-George have the air of trying to score off Mr. Deakin and Dr. Jameson, as they would have tried to score off Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Bonar Law. In the House of Commons this is well enough; it is part of the political game. But it is out of place at an Imperial Conference. It would have been wiser had the Government simply said that they would gladly listen to anything the Colonial representatives had to say on the subject of Preference, but that their election pledges forbade them even to consider the imposition of a new tariff on foodstuffs. That would have settled the problem and created no ill-feeling. Incidentally the report completely vindicates Mr. Deakin and others from the charge brought against them in the Liberal Press of using unfairly their position in the country to make Protectionist speeches. For we see that Mr. Asquith deliberately challenged the Australian Premier to convert the Mother Country to his policy. He cannot complain if the challenge was accepted.

Liberalism and its "Pecker."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, addressing a rather gloomy conference of the National Liberal Association at Plymouth, told his audience that what "kept his pecker up" was his certainty that the mass of the people were behind him. We have no wish to laugh at Sir Henry. Faith—the simple, trustful faith of childhood—is a beautiful thing. Not that Sir Henry can give no reason for his conviction. He gives a reason which may be expressed in syllogistic form. The people of England do not like cleverness. The Government is not clever. Ergo, the people of England will like the Government. We admit the first premise with regret and the second with hearty enthusiasm; but logical experts will have no difficulty in pointing out the fallacy of the conclusion. It does not follow that, because cleverness is often unpopular, stupidity alone will suffice as a passport to popularity. And, if we may turn from Inductive to deductive reasoning, the evidence of by-elections does not seem to lend much colour to Sir Henry's view. In point of fact, the whole of the Premier's speech, and indeed the whole of the proceedings of the N.L.F., were an exhibition of the operation known as "whistling to keep up the courage." Everyone knows that the enthusiasm which brought the present Government into power is utterly dead, that it is almost as unpopular as Mr. Balfour's Government was two years ago, that almost every Liberal editor and almost every Liberal M.P. freely expresses in private his disgust and disappointment, and that the House of Lords can succeed in forcing a dissolution it will become the most popular institution in the country, but it is to be noted that for all Sir Henry's confidence in the support of the people, he has no immediate wish to put his theory to the test of a dissolution. Speaking at Exeter on the morrow of his Plymouth speech, he hastened to disclaim any such intention. "There is no reason in the world why we should be hustled and hustled into a General Election. It seems to me it would be the worst thing of all if we were to allow the House of Lords to dictate to us in this respect." We quite agree: a General Election would indeed be "the worst thing of all" for the Liberal Party at the present moment.

The Wrath to Come.

But unpopular as the Government is to-day, its unpopularity is nothing to the unpopularity it is likely to incur during the next twelve months or so. For the Nonconformists have so far triumphed that they are to be compensated for the loss of Mr. McKenna's Bill by the introduction of a more comprehensive Bill next year. Moreover, the Prime Minister tells us that what can be spared from this Bill will be devoted to a Licensing Bill—a "better Bill and a more effectual Bill than that Bill that should have submitted this year." For "better" we may, of course, read "worse," and for "more effectual" "more puritanical and oppressive." It is not difficult to forecast the result. The Peckers will undoubtedly rejoice both Bills, and will once more challenge the Government to a dissolution. What will the Ministers do? To accept a second rebuff on the Education question will be impossible. Yet it is conceivable that two more unpopular issues on which to face the electorate than the two chosen. The Government will go down and its great majority will melt like snow. Our only fear is that the Tories will reap the fruits of its defeat. The true principle of what is called "the swing of the pendulum" is not so well understood as it might be. A Liberal majority is returned to Parliament under the impression that it will promote the interests of the people. By the time six years have passed, it has become obvious to all the world that the Liberal Party is a fraud and a failure. The Liberals suffer defeat at
the polls, and are replaced by the Tories. In another six years it becomes clear that the Tories are equally a fraud and a failure. But, meanwhile, a forgetful electorate has allowed a considerable whisper among the Liberals to fade from its mind. The Liberals are again elected, again opposed, and so the game goes on. It is a clever trick; and secures to the propertied classes an uninterrupted enjoyment of power at the expense of a little sham fighting among themselves. Plainly, the Socialist criticism of existing Governments, whether Liberal or Conservative, must become even more ruthless and unremitting.

Where is the Postal Committee?

One of the grossest betrayals of Labour perpetrated by the present Government will be found in their treatment of the grievances of the postal servants. So far as we know, the matter has not been even referred to in the Press, but it is high time that the truth should be made public. The whole history of the affair is significant. At the last election the Liberals professed the utmost zeal for the employees of the Post Office, and the Postmaster-General promised a full and impartial inquiry into grievances. This fact, coupled with the unsympathetic attitude of the Tory Postmaster-General, secured in the main the postmen's vote to the Liberal Party. They delayed fulfilling this pledge till the pressure upon them became irresistible, and then, before they appointed a Committee, they did their best to pack it. The Opposition nominated Mr. Claude Hay, an advanced Tory Democrat, whose unwavering support of the postal servants had brought him into frequent collision with his own party when it was in power. The Government, in defiance of all Parliamentary traditions, refused to accept the nomination, and its representatives went round the Lobbies canvassing reactionary Tories and endeavouring to induce them to withdraw Mr. Hay's name. This extraordinary procedure, Mr. Buxton avowed, with more frankness than discretion, that his objection to Mr. Hay was that the latter was an avowed champion of the postal servants' claims. Fortunately a Tory-Labour combination forced the Government to yield. A Committee was appointed, upon which Mr. Hay and Mr. Wardle, representing the Labour Party, had seats. So much is generally known: we now come to the startling part of the story. The Committee met last year, and went through a vast amount of evidence, all tending fully to confirm the justice of the workers' demands. It completed its labours as far as the hearing of witnesses went before the end of last year; all that remained was to consider its report. This year it has met once, formally, to appoint a Chairman. Since then it has never been called. The fault does not lie with the members of the Committee; the Tory and Labour representatives have clamoured for a meeting. But the Chairman alone can summon one, and the Chairman in this case (Mr. Hobhouse, a member of the Government) absolutely refuses to do so. The reason of this is clear enough. If this whole Committee were to meet, its Report would be almost certain to recommend that no Report shall be presented to the Government. The Government is that no Report shall be allowed to appear till after the production of the Estimates. Thus the matter will be postponed for another year, by which time the Government will have dissolved on the Education Bill or some other barren issue, and will have opportunity of shelving the whole question, perhaps for ever. Mr. Hay, we are glad to see, has put down a question on the subject, and we hope that the Labour Party will not be behindhand with its protest.

The Jarrow Election.

We hope that every Socialist will make a determined effort, if the choice of Mr. Pete Curran for Jarrow. Mr. Curran is one of those veterans of the movement, to whose impulse and enthusiasm the very existence of a Labour Party is largely due, and whose need of recognition has been all too small for their deserts. He is, moreover, an outspoken and uncompromising Socialist, who may be relied upon to keep his less advanced colleagues on the mark. It is difficult to prophesy, especially when one is far from the seat of war, but Mr. Curran's prospects look bright enough, if he receives anything like adequate backing from the party. He polled 5,093 votes in a straight fight with Sir C. M. Palmer last year, and it must be remembered that the latter was a quite exceptionally strong candidate, the largest employer of labour in the locality, and received the official support of Tories as well as Liberals. Mr. Curran's present opponent has no unparliamentary antecedents. Mr. S. L. Hughes is a sprightly enough journalist, but he does not carry big guns. Moreover, there is now a Tory in the field, and it would be a delightful reversal of parts if in this instance the Tory "let in" the Socialist. Altogether we may say that all that is wanted to secure Mr. Curran's return is hard work, enthusiasm, and adequate support, personal and financial. We hope they will be forthcoming. Considering Mr. Curran's services to Socialism and to Labour, it would be a disgrace to us all if they were not.

The Moderates and Socialism.

The present Moderate majority on the L.C.C. was returned, we are told, "to put down Socialism." It is true that the avowed Socialists in the Progressive Party (Mr. Headlam) and the Liberal Party (Mr. S. L. Hughes) did their best to pack it. The Opposition nominated Mr. Claude Hay, an advanced Tory Democrat, whose unwavering support of the postal servants had brought him into frequent collision with his own party when it was in power. The Government, in defiance of all Parliamentary traditions, refused to accept the nomination, and its representatives went round the Lobbies canvassing reactionary Tories and endeavouring to induce them to withdraw Mr. Hay's name. This extraordinary procedure, Mr. Buxton avowed, with more frankness than discretion, that his objection to Mr. Hay was that the latter was an avowed champion of the postal servants' claims. Fortunately a Tory-Labour combination forced the Government to yield. A Committee was appointed, upon which Mr. Hay and Mr. Wardle, representing the Labour Party, had seats. So much is generally known: we now come to the startling part of the story. The Committee met last year, and went through a vast amount of evidence, all tending fully to confirm the justice of the workers' demands. It completed its labours as far as the hearing of witnesses went before the end of last year; all that remained was to consider its report. This year it has met once, formally, to appoint a Chairman. Since then it has never been called. The fault does not lie with the members of the Committee; the Tory and Labour representatives have clamoured for a meeting. But the Chairman alone can summon one, and the Chairman in this case (Mr. Hobhouse, a member of the Government) absolutely refuses to do so. The reason of this is clear enough. If the whole Committee were to meet, its Report would be almost certain to recommend that no Report shall be presented to the Government. The Government is that no Report shall be allowed to appear till after the production of the Estimates. Thus the matter will be postponed for another year, by which time the Government will have dissolved on the Education Bill or some other barren issue, and will have opportunity of shelving the whole question, perhaps for ever. Mr. Hay, we are glad to see, has put down a question on the subject, and we hope that the Labour Party will not be behindhand with its protest.

A National Festival.

When all is said and done, the most exciting event of this week to the great majority of our people was probably Orby's victory on Epsom Downs against odds of more than ten to one. There is no need to raise puritan solemnity over this fact. Horse racing probably does, occupy a disproportionately large place in men's minds, but in itself there is no particular harm in it. From the point of view of the democrat the turf has its fine aspect in that it is the prince and pauper in a common enthusiasm, that it is our one form of festivity which is national, and not distinctive of a class. Even against the gambling incidental to it there is
really very little to be said. Gambling as it is practised on the Stock Exchange is really mischievous and anti-social, for it involves gambling with other people's means of livelihood. But, if a man finds himself in possession of some spare money which he may legitimately spend on his own amusements, on a box of cigars, or a half empty bottle of wine, and he thinks he will get more amusement by risking it on the chances of a horse-race, we have never been able to see that there is anything immoral in the operation. What a Socialist may feel is that the immediate plateau of the immense popularity of the racecourse is a regret that so much wealth should pass from pocket to pocket without any gain to the community. If the nation owned Epsom racecourse it could put a stop to "webbing," and all the incidental dishonesty which now adheres to the sport, give the public fairer odds than the bookmaker, and reap a handsome dividend to be used for public purposes. But that would involve the "recognition" of gambling. As the modern English view (analogous to the doctrine of the Christian Scientists) is that a thing does not really exist so long as you refuse to recognise it.

Bebel and the Anti-Militarists.

We are glad to notice that at least one leader of Continental Socialism speaks of the anti-militarist propaganda with no uncertain voice. "The idea," he says, "the anti-militarist propaganda of Herweg are impossible in German Social Democracy. German Social Democracy is opposed to the present military system, but it considers that a military organisation is necessary in the States now existing, so long as all civilised nations shall not have established conventions and institutions which would once for all render war impossible. . . . It is for this reason that the German Social Democracy has inscribed in its programme—first, education which will render all citizens fit for military service; secondly, the substitution of militias for permanent armies. Nor does Bebel leave us in doubt what his attitude will be should a German Emperor make his appearance. "Consequently, if a member of the German Socialist Party propagates ideas and claims analogous to those that Herweg defends, one would be justified in asking, in virtue of the programme, whether such a member still belong to that party? The party could not admit a propaganda which goes directly counter to its programme, which seriously damages the party, and of which the party is in no circumstances unassailable because they are contrary to the interests of our own country." The other day we quoted a fine saying of Jaurès conceived in the same spirit. In the face of what he says hardly anyone can think of universal military training, pretend that it is not necessary in the States now existing, so long as all civilised nations shall not have established conventions and institutions which would once for all render war impossible. . . ." The hearty sympathy of the whole Indian community will be with him in his exile. On May 11 the "Hindu" said: "We find it difficult to write of Lajpat Rai as a "dastardly policy," "a calamitous step," "a piece of mutinous utterance," "a dastardly policy," "a calamitous step," "the heartily sympathetic of the whole Indian community will be with him in his exile."

The New Outlook in India.

The Secretary of State for India made his report to the House of Commons last Thursday on the motion to anti-social, and in consequence gambling with other people's means of livelihood. But, if a man finds himself in possession of some spare money which he may legitimately spend on his own amusements, on a box of cigars, or a half empty bottle of wine, and he thinks he will get more amusement by risking it on the chances of a horse-race, we have never been able to see that there is anything immoral in the operation. What a Socialist may feel is that the immediate plateau of the immense popularity of the racecourse is a regret that so much wealth should pass from pocket to pocket without any gain to the community. If the nation owned Epsom racecourse it could put a stop to "webbing," and all the incidental dishonesty which now adheres to the sport, give the public fairer odds than the bookmaker, and reap a handsome dividend to be used for public purposes. But that would involve the "recognition" of gambling. As the modern English view (analogous to the doctrine of the Christian Scientists) is that a thing does not really exist so long as you refuse to recognise it.

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cill in London. Mr. Morley has done his best, but is he not too late? The latest cables tell us that the Indian Press unanimously calls the proposals 'monarchical,' and that the Anglo-Indian Press is divided. A year ago even such reforms would have been useful. To-day the new national movement, which includes a marvellous coming together of Mahomedans and Hindus, and which the "Times" alone in London seems to know much about, may be utterly beyond such minor influences. For good or ill the Swadeshi (Own-country) and Swaraj (Self-rule) propaganda has taken hold of people of all classes and religions in India. Hindus and Mahomedans, Sikhs, Bengalis, Marathis, Madrassis, are all becoming fully of a new patriotism and of a desire to rule themselves. All the talents of all the Imperialists in all the Empire will be needed to deal with the situation. What can be done with millions of people who feel that no country is the world the British "Motherland," is the question. We need a clear vision of noble duty and a firm principle of action must be England's in this crisis? Otherwise, "If we persist in the lazy policy of treating them like children and insist in the lazy policy of treating them like children and insist, we can see he has no principle of policy to guide him with the rising hope of Nationality and led by some of the ablest and most unselfish Agitators the Empire has ever produced. We may not like this new spirit. Our Press Agencies may keep the facts from us. But the local government bodics into honorary competition with one another. Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt, Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. Gladstone, that the Indian Press unanimously calls the present "Times," and there are a few signs at any rate, to have thoroughly enjoyed itself. The practice, again, of a good many cities of holding an annual parade day for horses has had an excellent effect on the treatment of horses. To see the carefully daily engaged in polishing the innumerable brasses on their horses' harness is to recognize at once the magic of praise. In short, public praise is the great engine of public progress.

An Agricultural Suggestion.

Mr. Sidney Webbe made an excellent suggestion in his pamphlet on "Twentieth Century Politics." Why should not, he said, the Local Government Board avowedly put all the local governing bodics into honorary competition with one another. A good deal of the British public is now cottoning to the notion of municipal efficiency? . . . . Why should not, he said, the Local Government Board put all the local governing bodics into honorary competition with one another? And, therefore, is intended to utilize the enormous force existing in public praise, and to turn it in the direction of human social reform.

A year or two ago in one of the sea-side places on the east coast of England the deplorable condition of the four-footed donkeys of pleasure attracted the attention of an extremely practical lady. Humanitarian tracts, she recognised, were quite useless against the evil; nor was she disposed to waste her time in eloquent harangues of the donkey-owners and donkey-buyers. What she did was to organise a committee, with a noble lord as its chairman, and to offer prizes for the donkeys which should be in the best condition at the end of the summer season. The success of the scheme was such that during the whole season not a single case of cruelty was observed; and at the close of the term every donkey on the sands appeared, from external signs at any rate, to have thoroughly enjoyed itself. The practice, again, of a good many cities of holding an annual parade day for horses has had an excellent effect on the treatment of horses. To see the carefully daily engaged in polishing the innumerable brasses on their horses' harness is to recognize at once the magic of praise. In short, public praise is the great engine of public progress.

The obvious conclusion from such examples is that whatever we need is a sensible application of the axiom. What public praise has done for horses and donkeys might very well be done for the suggestion of creating a new department in the entries for the next Agricultural Show. The
Royal Agricultural Society will hold its annual show at Lincoln at the end of this month; and the King has promised to attend. The various departments include, at present, such areas of agricultural work as horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, and butter. Well, we present to the Society the suggestion that they should in future open a department (under the head of live-stock, perhaps) for agricultural labourers. Anybody who knows our agricultural system knows that of all the live-stock on a farm the agricultural labourer is at present the least satisfactory. From whatever point of view he is regarded, his condition is infinitely worse than that of the horse or cow. They have their meal in due season, and are for the most part well fed, well housed, and well-cared for. And the annual exhibition of the work of them is not only good for the best, it is good for all of them. One prize pig in a village is a model to which all the local pig-farmers refer. That pig is Greenwich time for a whole county. The merits of that pig flow over, as it were, to pigs in general; and the whole standard of pig life is raised. And surely the same effect might fairly be expected from the presence in a village of a prize agricultural labourer. Suppose that Lord Yarborough, or Lord Coventry, or any other aristocrat of the Agricultural Council, were to institute in a friendly way such a competition as we have suggested, is there any doubt that the condition of agricultural labourers would be improved? On the contrary, we confess) that the Parish Council, under the proposed Small Holdings Bill, themselves went into farming, they foresee a really healthy competition between public and private agriculturalists for the best specimens of labour.

Of course the objection may be raised by incorrigible idealists that such a competition would be degrading to humanity. But there is not the least reason why it should not be good politics. Many people would feel rather queer on first beholding pens at the Agricultural Show filled with men, alongside of pens of pigs and stalls of cattle and horses. But if the men were as good in their way as the pigs and horses in their way, the first shock of incongruity would give place to that noble glow of which Matthew Arnold used to write. Besides, we are not sure that we should insist upon pens at all. If there are pens for pigs and stalls for cattle, why should there not be at the show cottages for men? We should be very glad at any rate for some such place, and the Advertiser and The New Age would be happy to collect subscriptions towards a prize for "Best cottage of agricultural labourers."

Medical Inspection in Schools.

One of the most important and certainly one of the most significant events of the week, was the medical inspection of teachers. The deputation, for which Sir Victor Horsley spoke, was both influential and representative, and it did not hesitate to tell McKenna that all the religious squabbles the various brands of politicians find so important, were as nothing compared to the importance of providing a Medical Department to deal with the health of school children. As Sir Victor Horsley pointed out, we do not at the present time even know whether our compulsory system, with its close crowding of children, its strain and its standard system, is not directly injuring the whole race. One point at any rate is clear. The aggregation of children in large classes in ill-ventilated schools leads directly and inevitably to the spread of infectious diseases. Measles and whooping cough, the most fatal infections, are still unnotifiable; we have not yet got to that. But all our most necessary and sanitary apparatus in the case of other diseases, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, only serve to display the magnitude of the trouble, not to prevent it. Our school system is one of the biggest obstacles in the way of healthy childhood. Does the school system stand equally in the way of education? There is a smouldering discontent among the workmen about it in much pretense, and so little reality. We remember vividly a scene in a school in London where the head teacher was displaying the objects used in the teaching of physiology. They consisted of the ribs and backbone of a bloater for the fish kingdom and of a row of bobbins on a string for the higher vertebrates. Schools differ, of course, but the picture of the worked mistress teaching an underfed child with the aid of the backbone of a bloater remains.

That in our schools practically no attention is paid to health has been a commonplace of the medical profession. And now because the profession is getting tired of procrastinating politicians and demands that something be done, McKenna plainly complaisant that Sir Victor Horsley who spoke to a Medical Department to the Board of Education at the sword's point. Why not the scalpel's point, by the way? The medical profession use scalpels, not swords, to cut up dead things.

Sir Victor further demanded that a knowledge of hygiene should be made a special point in the training of teachers. To both demands McKenna suggested patience. The significance of the matter is that it is precisely impossible to get patience. We have long been of opinion that if the knowledge of the special professions could be allied with the enthusiasm and driving power of the Socialist movement, nothing could arrest a speedy triumph. If the medical profession is now waking up to the fact that it is the custodian of a vast amount of knowledge of health and insanitary conditions will not allow it to apply to everyday life, then politicians may begin to wake up. The knowledge of the doctor, of the chemist, of the engineer, of every kind of man who works out the application of scientific knowledge to daily life, in nowadays largely useless, because it cannot be applied. All our vast reserves of knowledge are accumulating like storm waters behind a dam of political stupidity and sinister suave officialism. Now the dam is getting unsafe, our business is to break it down, and when it does break there will be a slump in political "patience."

The Ague of the Capitalist.

This "Financial Review of Reviews" has been widely advertising the fact that its current number contains an article by Henry Lowenfield on "The Investor's Defence Against Labour's Attack upon Capital." Such a title almost raises the hope of a declaration of the class war from the other side. But the article itself is disappointing; it merely propounds the benefit of the prudent capitalist a system of "hedging," whereby he may save himself a loss through depreciation of stock. Socialism, says Mr. Lowenfield, is growing in England, and as a consequence British stocks are going down. During the past decade they have fallen consistently, as have Swiss stocks. But Socialism is never equally rampant in all countries at the same moment. Thus French stocks during the same decade have remained steady, and German and Canadian stocks have been rising. Hence if the careful investor distributes his money in various countries he will be safe and at the same time, since foreign stocks in general pay higher interest, his income will probably be increased. That is the gist of Mr. Lowenfield's advice, and doubtless it is sound enough; although, if it were followed widely, it would certainly cause a more sudden and serious depreciation of our gilt-edged securities than any which has occurred owing to Socialism. That, however, doesn't concern us. Socialism hardly wants the support either of "prudent capitalists" or of financial tipsters; and their views as to the effect—inescapable and sinister—of Socialist legislation on the stock and share market are matters of absolute indifference to us.

The contention that the fall in British stocks is due to the advance of Socialism is quite quibbled by the Stock Exchange when it can. But as Mr. Lowenfield's own diagrams show, when the rate of fall during different periods is examined, in this connection we cannot refrain from quoting a recent statement by the Bank of England, "The chart tells the truth. To explain the fact that German gilt-edged securities have not been adversely affected by the much
more imminent fear of Socialism over there, they urged that the position was different, since in that country the Government had the profits of the railways to fall back upon! The point, however, is not worth pressing, since if Socialism cannot be shown to have injured the shareholders in the past, it is only because so far its scope has been limited. The interesting thing from our point of view is that at last our aims are obtaining recognition. "Labour," says the Editor of the "Financial Review of Reviews," in a prominently displayed advertisement, "now seeks to deny that Capital has a right to a living wage. Capital must starve in order that Labour may flourish." The gentleman who can write such an appeal should be congratulated for his enthusiasm in the foundation of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Capitalists. The fact of the matter is that the possessing classes—investors, large and small, product and speculative—are waking up to the realisation that Socialism is not a Mutual Benefit scheme as far as they are concerned; and although we cannot say that the class struggle is likely to be recognised, it is certain that the issue is being cleared, and that all this sort of thing helps to clear it. As for those financial Cassandras who are only precipitating the doom which they seek to ward off,—"more power to their elbows," say we.

C. D. S.

A Note on Human Nature and Socialism.

It is not usual in the atmosphere of an average audience for the speaker to be wonted as if by magico the fair land of abstraction. Yet this curious experience befell me recently. Speaking to a small company on the economics of Socialism I was embarrassed by a retort that to arrive at Socialism when we had radically altered human nature. Trite and irrelevant as the remark appears in print, no appropriate answer suggested itself at the time. Afterwards, in a leisure moment, it appeared to be worth while to consider the subject candidly and without bias.

It is obvious that to define Socialism in the strict sense as a form of government based upon the nationalisation of economic rent, in the same way as we might strictly define Liberalism as government by abstract propositions, would result in leaving human nature perfectly unmoved. Yet such a procedure would savagely destroy the country. For the average man usually conceives of Socialism as of something vaguely altruistic and sentimental, and at the same time destructive. It is this ambiguity of conception that is responsible for the delusion that Socialists are robbers and idealistic dreamers. Some slight justification for this attitude is to be found perhaps in the composition of the Socialist party itself. To the Social Democrat the universe appears without moral form and void, a sinister, blind machine, relentlessly grinding surplus value out of human beings; the present fabric of society is to be overthrown and destroyed, to be replaced by an industrial commonplace frankly secular and utilitarian. To the Christian Socialist, at the opposite pole, the ethics of the market-place are an abomination, and political economy inspired by the devil; poverty, sweating, over-crowding, and the other glaring evils of our civilisation, are to be gradually abolished, because they are so many hideous blots upon the face of the earth, midway, like Mahomet's coffin. is the Fabian, utilising the analytical precision of the one and the fervour of the other, endeavouring to encompass some small practical results while it is yet day. An even more immanent ground on which Socialists of every school may gather—the economic ground; and on this ground no Socialist need ever fear to give battle to his opponents. Indeed, since modern capitalism, with the blessing of political economy, has rapidly reduced the bulk of our countrymen to a condi-

tion of wage-slavery, the instinct of self-preservation has made it a matter of life and death to Socialists to risk their all on the economic issue. And, as our Editors have justly reminded us, the economic battle is won.

Even if it were not so, since the appearance of Mr. Bernard Shaw's Fabian Essay on Economics, it is not too much to say that the so-called science of political economy, with its gorgeous platitudes and elephantine deductions, will never again be taken seriously. Socialists can never over-estimate the debt they owe to Mr. Shaw for his robustious dissection of the antiquated humbug. For what Mill and other humane economists dared barely whisper, in the study he boldly shouted from the house-tops: that to solemnly describe the struggles of the landless and helpless mob for bread and shelter as illustrations of the working of eternal economic laws, is to expose the whole foolish paraphernalia to the open derision of mankind. We are admonished on high authority that it is a man's duty first to gain a competence and then begin to practise virtue; while mere observers of human actions agree that mankind continually oscillates between two contradictory forces, the instinct for self-preservation and the instinct for sympathy. The instinct for self-preservation is concerned chiefly with our efforts to gain a competence; and the instinct for sympathy is at the bottom of our lame attempts to improve the world. Curiously, it is noteworthy how these two instincts are the impelling forces of the Socialist movement to-day.

These considerations throw a wholesome flood of light upon the subject under discussion; since that our opponents mean by asserting that human nature must be entirely changed before we can arrive at Socialism is simply that the average man has become so case-hardened by his competitive life as to be almost incapable of any genuinely spontaneous altruistic impulse. Of many this is no doubt largely true. But it is even in a greater measure true that not one man in fifty has had the moral courage and honesty to trace this melancholy result to its proper source, instead of loosely charging it upon human nature.

Yet almost every disinterested observer will agree with Johnson and Burke that there is far more of generosity and good will in the world than one could hope to expect. It is as certain as anything in the nature of speculation can be that if some of our talented Fabians would bend their energies in the direction of tracing the fundamental and necessary connection between the institution of private property and competition, the result would be gratifying and almost overwhelming. For man does not compete because he chooses, but because he must. He is essentially a sociable animal; and, as the very name implies, a sociable man must be a Socialist.

The conclusion would appear to be that Socialism, so far from conflicting with our natural instincts, is directly inspired by them, and is, in reality, an inevitable phase of social evolution moving along the lines of least resistance. To the great majority of the nation—-to the middle-class man, harassed and insecure, gloomily apprehensive of the future; to the labouring man, exploited and contended during his working life, to be finally cast out into the gutter, the instinct of self-preservation can breathe but one message. Then, the solution having been found, and the conviction established that our equalled misery is in the nature of things themselves, but merely the relic of an antiquated and mischievous institution, the way is cleared and the ground prepared on which to lay the foundations of a just and worthy civilization.

Even our aristocratic possessing class, should they survive into that better day, might fulfil their natural function by becoming, as Matthew Arnold fondly hoped, an enviable model of culture and manners.

FRANK HOLMES.
The Figure Habit.

It is a distressing peculiarity of figures that the larger they are the less meaning they seem to have. Thus the difference between two and three persons is one that the most love-sick of noodles is capable of appreciating; but the difference between seventeen hundred and eighty thousand million pounds of pounds standing so incomprehensible to even a mathematical-minded of rabbis may be pardoned for failing altogether to grasp it.

Personally, when I am confronted with these stupendous amounts I feel towards them very much as I can imagine an averagely intelligent sheep-tick must feel toward the sheep in whose fleece he is browsing. I am utterly incapable of getting any adequate idea of so much bulk. And I am not very ashamed of this disability; because I happen to know that even the farmlabourer, who can really think imperially in pints, is apt to talk loosely sometimes of fifty thousand and sixty thousand hogsheads of beer when discussing the drink problem, with no more due sense of the copiousness of the sublime material he generalises about than a shrimp has of the immensity of the ocean in and out of which he skips and dances. If I were told that the sun was ninety-four million miles distant from the earth, instead of—as I believe it is—only ninety-three million miles, I should feel not a little startled, and so long as my own patch of country did not grow perceptibly colder; and yet, you know, a million miles is quite a long way. It is much longer, for instance, than a two-mile trudge through the rain, late at night, when one is tired and hungry, and has a loose nail in one's boot. Yet it does not seem so.

This is a point worth considering when one is dealing in round numbers. It is so well worth considering that I am willing to ask those who dabble in figures to pause awhile ere it be too late. Over-indulgence in statistics may grow into a degrading habit, like over-indulgence in strong drink. It may addle the brain, it may sap the morality, it may even, I am persuaded, undermine the physical health of the victim. I am aware that this last possibility may seem a little remote and far-fetched, and that I may be suspected of dragging it into my argument in order merely to perfect my analogy. But this is not so. I am quite sincere in endeavouring to realise that there is indeed an essential difference between seventeen hundred and eighty thousand million dollars' worth, instead of the hundred million pounds' worth, instead of the hundred and sixty millions' worth which would be nearer his just share. What does eight million pounds' worth of champagne signify to the man who lacks the price of half-a-pint of four ale? It is not figures but fancies that appeal to the popular imagination.

And, to my mind, so long as your fancies are firmly based on facts and buttressed to the four winds of criticism by irrefutable logic, you cannot indulge in too many flights. Pictures are far more interesting to the average child-like person than any tabular statement, and usually more informative. Bellamy's "Looking Backward 2000" has made its thousands of converts to Socialism where Rowntree's and Booth's Reports have made their scores. One has only to stand in a crown gathered round a speaker to realise that it is the deals in mere figures his listeners yawn; but when he gives them visions they are rapt in attention.

It has always been the dreamers, rather than the mathematicians, who have helped the world along. And afterwards, when question-time comes, it is usually found that figures are the only things that seem to challenge the speaker's conclusions—they are the only weapons whereby an unscrupulous opponent can hope to snatch a victory. But the broad principles he has laid down; and the results he has depicted as possible, are more sure of the truth of my contention. These men have all visions they are rapt in attention. . . .

And yet . . . is their case so very different from that of the lecturer or author who reels off figures from the platform or the point of his pen and sends his audience or his readers reeling, too, if they try to withstand the devastating results of his ingenuity? The effect achieved in either case is equally one of blind, dull, incomprehending acquiescence in what seems an inexorable and immutable law, on the part of the units who each, as individuals, contribute their infinitesimal quota to these unwieldy calculations. One goes empty away, as well from the statistician as from the milliardaire.

Not always, of course. To deny that figures have their use and value in the settlement of eternal problems would be like trying to demonstrate that one can measure out quarts of milk by means of avoiduous weights. But one does not employ a gallon measure to serve a customer with a half-pint. And that is my point. Figures only carry significance when they are relative. It is thus quite wise to deal magnificently in hundreds of millions of pounds when one is speaking of a few tens of millions of people. But it is not so wise to assail the citadel of the people's unintelligence with marshalled ranks of figures outnumbering the sands of the sea-shore for multitude; or to hurl at a mixed audience of three or four hundred souls, all told, concrete blocks of statistics that merely serve to confound them away with what little sense they had knocked out of them. Some regard to proportion must be observed if any immediately useful results are to be obtained. You are far more likely to command the man, to convince him, and to make him believe; by a skilful butting and a persistent bashing of the many rows of figures to them, and nothing more. It is just the sight of those figures which delights them.

And yet . . .
Socialists are actually agreed on one point only. That comprehension is beginning slowly to dawn on the economics that Private Property is the root cause of only on one or two points. Our view, indeed, is that point, however, has a magnitude of which only the dim shock some of our readers into attributing Toryism to sorts of vital matters really are. From the complaints ing dissidence is, however, by no means the moral our writers. The moral to be drawn from this simmer-

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by no means confined to professed Socialists) must seek support elsewhere and in other political parties, if need be. That, in fact, is what the Fabian Society has consistently done. Till the formation of the I.L.P., the Fabian Society had no political organ for the applications of its economic dis-

Our discussion must be kept at all costs; and if that should prove incompatible with a Socialist Party, it is the latter that must be sacrificed.

Meanwhile, however, there is not the slightest reason to fear that Socialist legislation will be thereby delayed. Mr. Wells affirms, on the contrary, that an enormous impetus would be given to Socialist legislation by the continued propaganda of ideas. Moreover, on the single point of agreement so far reached by Socialists, a political party has been already formed. On the settled economic basis of Socialism, the Labour Party has taken its stand in the House of Commons, and may be trusted to maintain and increase its power. In short, the one indubitable and dogmatic conclusion of the Socialist discussion of the last fifty years has at this moment a political party to speak for it and to work for it. What more could an avowedly Socialist Party do?

We are, of course, aware that on dozens of issues the Labour Party is no more Socialist than the Liberals or the Conservatives, or even than the Socialists themselves. The members of the Labour Party are not Socialists on the subject of Marriage, for example, or on the subject of War, or on the subject of Imperialism. And they are not Socialists on these subjects for the simple reason that there is no definite and authoritative Socialist view of any of these things. Hence it follows that on all subjects outside the one common basis of Socialists, namely, the economic basis, groups of mem-

The New Age, we might almost conclude that Social-

THE NEW AGE.

A Socialist Party.

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JUNE 13, 1907

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We need not draw the attention of our readers to Mr. Wells' article on the future of Socialism in England. Attention is certain to be paid to whatever Mr. Wells writes; and on the subject of Socialism a double interest attaches to his opinion. Moreover, as most of our readers know, a long and complicated discussion has been taking place in advanced Socialist circles during the last eighteen months, in which Mr. Wells has both nominally and actually had a large share. The issues of that discussion are not yet as clear as they might be; but they have reached the stage, perhaps, at which they can be usefully discussed in the The New Age.

As we said in our first issue, while the economic battle of Socialism is won for ever, there are innumerable important questions on which Socialists as a whole differ quite as widely as Liberals or Tories. Nobody knows better than the Editors of this paper how widely divergent the opinions of professed Socialists on all sorts of vital matters really are. From the complaints we have received from dozens of disgusted readers of The New Age, we might almost conclude that Socialists are agreed about nothing at all. So multiform and variegated is the Socialist mind that on quite elementary questions, such as temperance and the need for a citizen army, our most moderate proposals appear to shock some of our readers into attributing Toryism to our writers. The moral to be drawn from this simmering disagreement is, however, by no means the moral likely to be drawn by non-Socialists. It does not signify in the least that Socialists are agreed about nothing; but it does signify that Socialists are agreed only on one or two points. Our view, indeed, is that Socialists are actually agreed on one point only. That point, however, has a magnitude of which only the dim comprehension is beginning slowly to dawn on the general mind. It is the discovery in the sphere of economics that Private Property is the root cause of Poverty. If the whole Socialist movement were suddenly to subside and leave no more trace of itself than that single proposition, the germ of that idea would be sufficient to transform the economics of every society of the future.

Thus it is in no sense deplorable that Socialists should be agreed on only a single proposition of such a magnitude. What would be deplorable is that the same free discussion which led to the discovery of this economic axiom should be prematurely abandoned and made impossible for the discovery of similar axioms in other than purely economic regions. And since it is in advanced Socialist circles alone that such questions can be seriously, frankly, systematically, and publicly discussed, the preservation of that free atmosphere of discussion is essential to the future of Socialism. But does anybody deny that it is highly probable, as Mr. Wells contends, that the creation of a definitely and avowedly Socialist political party would necessarily imperil just that freedom of discussion which is so essential to sound conclusions in the future? The consideration of Socialist Party interests would undoubtedly prove no less hampering to the free co-operation of individual Socialists' views than the consideration of Liberal Party interests proves to individual Liberal views. The conclusion is this that a free platform for Socialist discussion must be kept at all costs; and if that should prove incompatible with a Socialist Party, it is the latter that must be sacrificed.

Meanwhile, however, there is not the slightest reason to fear that Socialist legislation will be thereby delayed. Mr. Wells affirms, on the contrary, that an enormous impetus would be given to Socialist legislation by the continued propaganda of ideas. Moreover, on the single point of agreement so far reached by Socialists, a political party has been already formed. On the settled economic basis of Socialism, the Labour Party has taken its stand in the House of Commons, and may be trusted to maintain and increase its power. In short, the one indubitable and dogmatic conclusion of the Socialist discussion of the last fifty years has at this moment a political party to speak for it and to work for it. What more could an avowedly Socialist Party do? We are, of course, aware that on dozens of issues the Labour Party is no more Socialist than the Liberals or the Conservatives, or even than the Socialists themselves. The members of the Labour Party are not Socialists on the subject of Marriage, for example, or on the subject of War, or on the subject of Imperialism. And they are not Socialists on these subjects for the simple reason that there is no definite and authoritative Socialist view of any of these things. Hence it follows that on all subjects outside the one common basis of Socialists, namely, the economic basis, groups of mem-

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The Socialist Movement and Socialist Parties.

There seems to be a very considerable amount of confusion at the present time between two related, but in their nature, very different things. The first of these is the Socialist movement, the development in the public mind of a complex, systematised idea and purpose, the idea of an organised civilised state and the collective purpose to realise this. To this movement it seems to me a man may well subordinate the whole of his political activities. The second is the effect of the organisation by political organisations. These attempts are something altogether smaller in nature and claims than the movement. For my part I have never at any time regarded them with enthusiasm. If I have come to regard them with interest it is an unwilling interest arising from my general realisation of how greatly they hamper and confuse the Socialist movement. If I have changed in my attitude towards them it is a change from an easy indifference to a clear and definite antagonism. I do not believe there is any practical good at all to be achieved at the present time by Socialist politicians working in a party professing to be a Socialist party, and I believe they may do an enormous amount of mischief to the Socialist cause.

But that checking of the free intellectual development of Socialist achievements. It means nothing of the socialist direction by political organisations. These attempts are something altogether smaller in nature and claims than the movement. For my part I have never at any time regarded them with enthusiasm. If I have come to regard them with interest it is an unwilling interest arising from my general realisation of how greatly they hamper and confuse the Socialist movement. If I have changed in my attitude towards them it is a change from an easy indifference to a clear and definite antagonism. I do not believe there is any practical good at all to be achieved at the present time by Socialist politicians working in a party professing to be a Socialist party, and I believe they may do an enormous amount of mischief to the Socialist cause.

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misunderstandings, but by the open road of teaching—propaganda. Develop by writing, speaking, teaching the socialist habit of mind and socialist ideas in public organisation, and all parties and public institutions that have some measure of party socialists parties and tools. An unassigned and unplagued mass of Socialist opinion will become the decisive factor in every election, and it will do so because it will not be car-marked for the futile purposes of a third party in a hopeless minority. Every candidate will go as far as he can in the direction of pledges to work for an unassigned mass of opinion, and with its growth every party organisation will become more and more solicitous to find candidates of an acceptably socialist quality. Things might easily be brought to a pitch when both Tory and Liberal agents would be writing to headquarters: “Send us a Fabian Socialist. The Socialist vote here is decisive.”

Now this you may say is the old doctrine of permeation of party Organisation. The conception of permeation carries with it to my mind, and I think to many other minds, a flavour of insidious substitution, a suggestion of wire-pulling and trickery, and what I propose is the open and truthful expression of ideas. For the moment, no discussion of the relations of Socialism to politics it must be borne in mind that the Socialism intended is British Socialism and that British Socialism has never to differ very widely from American and Continental Socialism, which is, as contrasted with our own developments of Socialist thought—a conception of class organisation representing the common interests of labour. The Marxist theories of the S.D.F. bring that organisation into line with the foreign parties. But the great majority of British Socialists have not so much given up as refused to accept the entirely uncongenial idea of a class war. Apart from the S.D.F. Socialism has never meant a political party in Great Britain nor the politics of a special class. If now we are to have an answer to this to their socialist involvement with a necessarily heterogeneous and small but futile, but perhaps very active and audible, “middle-class” socialist party, many of those who have hitherto called themselves Socialists to express their participation in the development of a greater Socialist movement. The active side, the creative side, of socialistic sentiment in the public mind may be forced to reconsider their use of the word, and if they do not altogether abandon it—and once assumed it is difficult to abandon—then they will be obliged to express in the clearest and most emphatic manner their severance from any adventure of the kind.

H. G. Wells.

LITERATURE.

The Psychology of Sex.

“Sex and Society.” By Professor William I. Thomas. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. 6d. net.)

Experience of the present and knowledge of the past are the foundations of all sound and salutary reforms. In the demand made by men and women for the social equality of the sexes, both in attack and in defence, what is bad could be made good, what is weak could be made strong, and what is strong stronger, if only the engaged were better grounded in facts and more fully acquainted with the development, rise, and fall of woman in the social economy. To all interested in the question of the nature of womankind, her history, and her future, Professor Thomas’ lucid volume will prove most serviceable. It contains much that is old admirably reviewed, and many suggestive conclusions of the type which will result in the reconstruction of our habits on a more sympathetic and equitable principles. Certain it is that no civilisation can remain the highest if another is not possible to the participation of woman. In all our relations there is too much of primitive instinct, and if women chose to exert the powers they already possess, that for which they ask would be given; the difficulty is that they are a house divided. Take one example; though man is a fighting beast, war would cease to-morrow if the women of all nations were so to decree. As it is, civilised women too often applaud when the conquering hero comes home, instead of keeping him at home and pining his claws.

We have preferred to quote at some length, as this is a volume so tightly packed with good meat that any extract would be dry; it is a book best spoken for itself in samples. Professor Thomas’ work should stand on the bookshelf of the Socialist, check by jowl with Bebel’s “Die Frau und der Socialismus.”


This volume consists of a series of ten lectures, written but never delivered. Popular in form, they are yet the serious work of a devout scholar, who pours the wealth of his learning into the elucidation of a great and difficult subject. The title is rather misleading; “Christianity and Culture,” which is the real theme, would have been better and more accurate. Dr. Gardner states that “it is the historic working of the spirit of Jesus Christ which I have to trace, how ever slightly and imperfectly,” and the message of Christ is “to discern the will of God, to love the will of God, and to do the will of God.” The contact of Christianity with non-Christian culi which it has encountered in India is estimated, and its relation to the great and difficult subject of the foreign and related ideas is considered. A “baptism” into the spirit of Christ. Dr. Gardner passes in review the contributions of Judea, Greece, Asia, Rome, under Christianity, and the influence of Christ on European thought is examined. Christianity critically in relation to the rise of organisations within the Church and the ideas for which they stand. He passes-on to what is described as Medieval Theocracy, and thence to a brief consideration of the religious aspect of the Renaissance. There
BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Briton's First Duty," Introduction by Lord Roberts. (National Service League. 6d.)

"Derelict." By William J. Locke. (Newnes. 6d.)

"A Shropshire Lad." By A. E. Housman. (E. Grant Richards. 1s.)

"The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." By William Blake. (E. Grant Richards. 6d.)

"King Leopold's Soliloquy. A Satire." By Mark Twain. Illustrated. (Unwin. 6d.)

"Towards Woman's Liberty." By Teresa Billington-Greig. (Garden City Press. 6d.)

"Sex and Society." By William I. Thomas. (Unwin. 6d. net.)

"The Four Philanthropists." By Edgar Jepson. (Unwin. 6d.)

"Army Reform and Other Addresses." By the Rt. Hon. Richard Haldane, M.P. (Unwin. 7s.)


"Bach." By Rutland Boughton. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (Unwin. 1s. 6d. net.)


"Sweden's Rights," a volume by Mr. Anders Svenske, which Mr. Unwin will publish at once, and discuss. Dr. Garnner brings his work down to the end of the Reformation. The last chapter in the book is on Christianity and development. It is here, while examining Newman's aspect of the same idea, that he comes to close quarters with Prof. Erhardt's "Katholizismus," and the twin terrors from which as a Romanist he continually flies—Individualism on the one hand and Subjectivism on the other. His opinion on the former and latter is as follows: "Socialism is worth reading for readers of The New Age. He says: "It must be allowed that excess of individualism, alike in politics, ethics, and religion, has produced among the northern nations and us its own fruits. "Dr. Garnner perceives that the natural revolt against this is "in the direction of some form of Socialism." Thus: "We see the Socialist leaven working on all sides of us, often in a very imperfect and illogical way . . . All that we have at present to note is that, supposing a modified Socialism to be a need of the time, the Roman Church is certainly not the body to which reformers would look for the provision of a remedy. Just so or to any other ecclesiastical organisation either. Socialism is of the essence of Christianity. Its ethic and its outlook transcend any one Church, and make for the most realistic realisation of the conclusions drawn under the name of Socialism in and in terms of human brotherhood. I hope the hint Dr. Garnner throws out of dealing with "Christianity and Culture" on our own lines will take practical shape sooner than he thinks possible. The growth of Christianity will be warmly welcomed by cultured men and women.

BOOK NOTES.

Mr. Laurence Currey, in his important book entitled "The Governors and London," (Unwin, 1s. 6d.) does not follow in the track of the ordinary historian. He makes a departure which, if it is not, he will be made often enough in the future by those who take up his book, and who will no doubt be the common sense of Englishmen, deliberately allow these evils to continue. And the figures of infant mortality give the worst part of the trouble; for, as Mr. Sims Woodhead quotes in his introduction to this book, they tell us the conditions which bring about these high figures of infant mortality are not inevitable, and the remedies are known. Yet we, who pride ourselves on being a nation of scientists, give this judgment: "It appears from the figures of infant mortality which, it is hoped, will be made oftener in the future under the auspices of the Commonwealth of Learning, and its true training, by the author of "Women and Economics." To this reprint a brief Introduction is supplied by Miss Margaret McMillan.

Those who are in search of literature bearing upon questions relating to Socialism, cannot do better than write to the Secretary of the Fabian Society, 5, Clement's Inn, for the Society's new tract, "A Guide to Books for Socialists." This excellent production is not a Bibliography like "What to Read?" (Fabian Society, 6d. net.), but a short descriptive essay on the books which are needful to a proper understanding of Socialism, and its value is enhanced by the classification into sections to which the subject may be considered, for, instance, Science, Politics, Economics, etc.

The first number of the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" (Constable, 2s. 6d. net) contains among many items of interest, such as an article on "Introductive Literature," by A. C. Benson and "Some Lessons in History," from the United States, by the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Russell, a hitherto unpublished essay on "Social Freedom," by John Stuart Mill.
Man and Superman.

The fascination of "Man and Superman" is that it is a play about which one cannot come to a conclusion; at least a conclusion in which any other person will agree. It is such great art that one demands not art but stark reality. 'One dislikes in Anna Whitefield, as I do in John Tanner, the woman who believes in the woman's mission to capture her predestined mate that she casts aside pretence, convention, and even hypocrisy in order to do so. And in the very arguments pro and con it becomes obvious that one is discussing not a fiction but a personality. There is Ann Whitefield, and as Dona Ana says in the Hell scene, "if you don't like it you can lump it." Yet may one suggest it is curious that Shaw should bolster up his argument with analogies drawn from the bee and the spider. "To go to the bee, thou poet, consider her ways and be wise" is excellent philosophy in proper perspective, but not philosophy for anti-vivisec tionists. John Tanner, on the other hand, while much more superficially real, I find exceedingly hard to believe in. The "man possessed with the passion for divine contemplation and creative activity, this being the secret spring of the desire of love to interest him permanently," as Don Juan is described and Tanner imagined, does not exist in that simple form. There is some moral, perhaps physiological ingredient, in his composition which Shaw does not hint at or attempt to explain. Love satisfies no one permanently, neither Don Juan nor the respectable suburban clerk on £2 a week. Their differences are not in the failure of love, but in that while the clerk is satisfied with one or two experiences, Don Juan goes from one experience to another to his life's end. The difference, in fact, is one of energy and capacity for life, "the passion for divine contemplation and creative activity" is denied the clerk and given Don Juan, as to Goethe, because Don Juan has the greater vitality which among other things demands greater love.

Doubtless Nietzsche, Ruskin, Renan, and others one could name, had the philosophic and artistic passion without the desire of Don Juan experience. That proves only that these men had heightened the vitality of one aspect of their lives, at the expense of others. Many philosophers have had very bad digestions, but a bad digestion is as much a handicap to a philosopher as to a soldier an aridity of loving is worse still. Indeed, although Shaw has described John Tanner into the arms of Ann Whitefield at the end of the play, one cannot acquit them entirely of the dark ages notion of the antipathy of true life for love. Shaw, and he is quite aware of it, is a puritan. Has he done violence to his puritanism? The passion isn't there. It may be a woman outside the bounds and influences of this Victorian conception is struck out in the idea that Ann, or rather Dona Ana, may, as Woman Immortal, bear the Superman to the Eternal Father."

Apart from this discussion I must confess I found the Hell scene, given separately at the Matinée, a little wearing. There is really such a lot of it, and as the Statue of the Commander and the Statue of the Devil on the other hand, Don Juan's speeches are so long. Then the mechanism of the performance was not perfect. The stage itself in exquisite dress in the middle, Don Juan on one side, and the Statue and the Devil on the other, this was a wonderful picture. But to keep the lights burning in the theatre is a mistake. The speeches are long, and one needs every adventitious aid to one's imagination. It is only distracting to sit in the light looking into darkness, and to be all the time conscious of the faces of those round about. People may smile or frown beside one, and it all disturbs: to shut them out by darkness and yet preserve the illusion of the stage is surely not impossible.

"The speeches are lengthy; one is obliged to follow very closely, and two hours' close attention are a strain, so that at the end of the scene I was waiting in a state of quite mild curiosity to see how Dona Ana would cross herself and say: "I believe in the life to come. A father—a father for the Superman." But when she did say it, standing up, and in some mysterious manner suddenly shining out so that one caught one's breath, she then crossed herself, and in a loud voice "I believe in the life to come. A father—a father for the Superman," the conception of "Woman Immortal, bearing the Superman to the Eternal Father," was as much realised as I suppose it can be. Miss Lillah McCarthy did I didn't know, but I know I'm going again, if I have to stand in a hair shirt with my shoes full of peas, just to try and find out. And on consideration, what a really wonderful feat this Hell scene is. It lasts two hours, the discussion is abstract, the views expressed are often violently anti-conventional—and yet everyone stays on. Had an inferior dramatist attempted the same thing the audience would have dissolved in yawns and laughter.

Despite the length of the Hell scene, it would be worth trying as an experiment to run the whole of Man and Superman at once. Both parts of the play are gain, and if Chinese audiences can stand 24 hours of acting surely we, with proper intervals, could stand 51. To attend "Man and Superman" in three acts one evening and the Hell scene the next afternoon does not give quite one the sense of the play, nor does it enable one to compare the acting in the two parts as closely as desirable. And the acting is nearly as good as one would expect. But I find it unfortunate, that when I am just beginning what I have to say, I have come to the end of my space. So the very great interest of Mr. Robert Loraine's acting of it with Granville Barker's will have to remain. But, oh Jerusalem! how the Court actors are dishing all the other theatres and other styles.

L.T. HAJER GUNSLIE
M. Raoul Puguo: Artist.

When M. Raoul Puguo stepped upon the platform at the last Symphony Concert I made up my mind to judge him by the best suburban standards available. To experienced music lovers he is, of course, a well-known personality; to many who industriously attend concerts for reasons other than artistic, he is not accounted among the elect. Taking the standard adopted by these folk, what is to be made of M. Puguo? To begin with, M. Puguo did not look like a great pianist. His hair was not long, nor was he clean shaven. He wore a longish beard, and his hair was unobtrusively brushed off his face, instead of being in picturesque disarray. This, one must admit, was in itself a grave disqualification. But there is worse to tell. In place of the dreamy, distraught, and haggard appearance which we associate so sensibly with real musical genius, M. Puguo looked cheerful and sleek. And—orresco, — like Strephon in "Jolanthe," he was inclined to be staring. Carefully schooled in all the outward and visible manifestations of genius, I realised a terrible sinking at heart, which was intensified upon noting the look of disapproving scorn with which many soulful-eyed young men among the audience regarded him. Quiet, cheerful-looking, stout, middle-aged—could anything be more commonplace? I thought of the famous Q—whose passion for owning locks and sad, sweet smile; of the famous O—whose passion for the yearning gaze upon the mural decoration of the hall was in itself an inspiration.

Disillusionment proceeded apace. The score of the Mozart Concerto was upon the platform, like manner he found the place. When the orchestra started he seemed quite interested, and marked time with his head. By rights he should, I know, have looked utterly unconcerned, and have wiped up his tears with the air of one who awakens from a dream. I felt that rarely had I heard so perfect an interpretation, so suave and delicate an emphasis of the melodic phrases;

On the grounds of psychology, sociology, and art, I beg you to make the experiment. The transition is almost startling in its reality. There is a sentence in the explanatory notes at the end of the catalogue (which is illustrated and annotated) which runs: "on the opening of the symphonic gates, the air is charged by the tinkling of innumerable silver-toned little bells." There, I think, you have an accurate description of the total effect of the remarkable exhibition. The ordinary canons of art seem outside the question in these pictures which appeal to so many sides. If Mr. Tornai's dreamland be all a freak of the imagination—and I am too content to make investigations—the large proportion of the pictures can stand simply as works of art. His colour is overwhelming, and scarcely ever crude. He ranges from the pure impressionism of such pictures as "Edge of a Lake" (39) and "A Garden" (40) to the massive realism of his large "Princess Visiting a Temple" (72). He is rarely anything but decorative; and, if, once or twice, he almost crosses the line of artistic reserve, as perhaps in (66) and (34), then he is altogether a monster as an illustrator of strange lands.

There is one picture at least which challenges comparison with the masters; I mean the "Japanese Girl-Study" (41). In richness of colour, depth of tone, and certainty of drawing it would recall several of the great portrait painters if it were possible to imagine how Franz Hals, for example, would have faced an Oriental subject. But, as I have said, if you do not care for good Art, then you can look on Mr. Tornai's picture as sociology. One hears rumours of new sects arising in England; there is one picture, "Beggars in Disguise," which may be of interest to some. The note in the catalogue says: "These men are the issue of Samurai-families who have lost their wealth, and are the victims of the reforms of recent times. There are many of these curious beggars, and they all seem to thrive. They hide their heads in baskets.

Life is an uncertain thing; one meditates on the sight of a distinguished novelist and his friends—a route down—under baskets. Writing of Japan reminds me that there are some, excepted fine colour-prints to be seen just now at the Artificers' Guild in Maddox Street. Mrs. Austen Brown, [Mr. Sarby] and other well-known artists are demonstrating the wide possibilities of colour-block work of this kind. The rich tone of some is most beautiful; and there is one moonlit landscape by Mrs. Austen Brown which is a perfect poetic thought.

G. R. S. T.
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.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Of the two issues in question, the one which should be decided with the least possible delay is the removal of the sex disability, first, because it is the one which has the better chance of success at present; next, because it is the more pressing need, the political disability affecting more than half the population, while that of property affects only a small minority of men, who, by a slight turn of fortune's wheel, may become voters at any moment; and last, because once this battle is won, any extension of the franchise must include women as well as men, and the path will be clear to adult suffrage.

No one can regard such women as Miss Bondfield and Miss MacArthur as anything but proved champions of the working woman's cause, and genuine adult suffragettes as distinct from manhood, lost sight of the fact that they consider the movement for the removal of the sex and property disqualifications at the same time, we must regard them not only as enemies of the enfranchisement of women, but as short-sighted advocates of their own cause.

R. BARRETT.

* * *

TOLSTOY AND REVOLUTION.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Mr. Maude says that "The Russian Revolution," by Leo Tolstoy, enforces "a view of the situation which not one Englishman in a thousand can accept."

I quite agree that the primary use of government is to make definite the [a] relation in which men stand to one another. I also agree that "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."

I wish Maude had been as particular to put the indefinite article in front of "relation," for it makes all the difference.

Now, what common sense is it that governments cannot afford to despise? What relation existing among men is it that governments make definite? Precisely that sense and that relation to which eccentric reformers, the world over, make their appeals. Eccentricity means deviation from the centre.

Men have deviated from this centre. They have become eccentric, that is, the right relation, made common a very bad sense—a selfish sense, which governments and reformers do not despise, but cultivate. Therefore, as Maude points out, it is difficult to carry on social life without some sort of understanding. Men whose relationships are selfish are at war with one another, and perpetual warfare is unbearable. But men think it to their interests to support a system of so-called protection—the State.

But the most cunning have seen that in the general limitation of liberty a special license was granted to them, which accounts for the periodical outbursts of indignation and the substitution of new cunning and selfishness for old. This corporate selfishness is what constitutes the whole of our judicial and political institutions.

One man, Tolstoy, recognises a common law for humanity—the law of love. He realises, furthermore, that there is a common sense in the mass of mankind which reverences this law. He tells men it is unreasonable that they, knowing with goodwill towards one’s neighbour is right, should act as though the inhumanly instituted laws for systematising selfishness were necessary to establish welfare.

Eccentric reformers tell him his ideas are abstract and impractical. We few individuals do well to challenge their eccentricity.

* * *

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF NONCONFORMITY.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

I desire to call your attention to two issues on 30th, the first paragraph of which is headed "The Irish Fiasco." Refer-
ring to the Education Bill of the Government, which the Lords rejected last year, you use these words: "For this reason, the Peers were threatened with all sorts of reprisals, but they have escaped with complete impunity, because the collapse of every popular agitation on the subject has been made clear, even to Ministers themselves, that nobody cares a damn about their Bill and that the failure of their attempt to establish Nonconformity at the expense of Anglicans, etc., etc., etc.

I should like to be informed on what ground you assert that the late Bill established Nonconformity. I cannot find
Why does India belong to the one composite group prepare for war against the other? Close with.

In either of the two first cases it is only very partially to denote race affinity, traditional affinity, or subordination not seen. It is not clear whether this "have seen" is meant whom we have seen, whilst those outside the Empire we had to the same King and Government, or "governing classes."

Practical questions as the British Empire and the preparation that

Criticism. I think it was in the first number of the new series for war is praiseworthy, though in doing so you challenge that

Is base and social, is not the same true of their patriotism? And if patriotism may justly be praised in spite of their
desires; they are the material upon which reason works. You cannot demonstrate the validity of primal human desires; they are the material upon which which reason works. I cannot prove to Sharp that he ought to feel the faintest interest in the human race; while neither of us can prove that we are right in desiring to live at all.

But, primal human desires being conceded, I should have thought that if any sentiment were rationally explicable, it would be the sentiment which attaches a man to the community without whose protection he could not enjoy half a sense, of course, all sentiments are irrational, or, as I should say, "super-rational." You cannot prove to me that I ought to feel the faintest interest in the human race; while neither of us can prove that we are right in desiring to live at all.

"R. M." makes a distinction between patriotism and nationalism—the truth is that both are opposed to a healthy condition of mind—both imply invidious distinctions.

Europe is an armed camp to-day because of nationalism, and war is possible between nations because the passions of the peoples can be so easily roused under the sentimental and unreasonable impulse of patriotism.

Both blind men's minds are muddled by the real enemies of democracy. The possibility of a European war will be of academic interest only when the workers of each nation perceive the identity of their interests, and the true position of their common enemies—the capitalists.

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