THE OUTLOOK.

Well Done, Jarrow!

Our congratulations to Pete Curran, and our still heartier congratulations to the constituency which has honoured itself by electing him as its member. We expected him to win, but we may confess frankly that we did not except so triumphant a victory as has been accorded to him. The victory is a victory, not for Labour alone, but for Socialism, whose candidate is 456 votes behind the Conservative, and Mr. Curran is the Socialist who has never hidden the light of his convictions under a bushel. He has always preached his gospel without reservation or evasion, and the event has more than justified him. The attacks upon him from all quarters have, moreover, been attacks upon his Socialism. Sir William Robson told the electors that it was individual energy and initiative that had made Jarrow what it was, but the people who have to live in Jarrow do not take quite so roseate a view of its present state, as does the Solicitor-General, who takes care to live elsewhere. They want Jarrow "made again and made different," and they have sent Curran to Parliament that the process may be begun as soon as possible. They could hardly have made a better choice. Many Socialists have imagined that the chief danger to the Labour Party lies in its being too anxious to dissociate itself from revolutionary ideas, too ready to identify itself with mere Liberalism. Pete is the very man to stiffen its back in these respects. He is an Irishman with his full share of the "Donnybrook" instinct in him—an instinct too little in evidence on the Labour benches just now. He is a Socialist whose Socialism dates from the old days when every Socialist had his back to the wall. We fancy that the time is not far distant when the Liberals, who are now claiming Mr. Curran's victory as a "blow to Tariff Reform," will find that there is more danger to Liberalism in one Curran than in twenty Tariff Reformers.

Cold Comfort.

There is very little comfort to be got out of the Jarrow figures by any of the other parties. The Conservative, despite a vigorous Protectionist propaganda in a constituency in many ways very well suited to it, is nearly eight hundred votes below the successful candidate. The Nationalists have reaped the reward of their folly. It is clear that unless they grossly overrate the strength of the Irish vote in the constituency little more than half of the Irish electors can have voted for Mr. O'Hanlon. The only effect of that gentleman's intervention has been to demonstrate the weakness of the Nationalist party and the extent to which it is losing its hold on the Irish people. But the position of the Liberals, whose candidate is 456 votes behind the Conservative, and 1,224 votes behind the Labour candidate, is most pitiable of all. In vain do the Liberal papers seek to disguise the menace of these figures by adding together the Liberal, Labour, and Nationalist figures and so getting a "Progressive" majority of 6,000. It would be much more reasonable to add Conservative, Labour, and Nationalist polls and declare an anti-Government majority of 7,296. But the real significance of the election for Liberalism lies deeper than any mere juggling with figures. It means that within ten years or so, when the forces of Labour have been thoroughly mobilised, there will be no chance for a Liberal candidate in any industrial constituency. The Conservatives will probably be able to hold their own for a good deal longer, because they can rally the classes who are (or imagine themselves to be) interested in safeguarding property, because Tariff Reform gives them some sort of constructive programme to put before the workers, and because in the last resort they can always fall back upon Jingo appeals. But for the poor Liberal, wherever there is a strong Labour candidate, who knows his constituency and his business, in the field, there is simply no hope. That is one moral of Jarrow; no pleasant one for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the very outset of his pugil crusade against the Lords. With another moral we deal elsewhere.

Three Acres and a University.

Irishmen may perhaps find some consolation for their discomfiture at Jarrow by reflecting on the prominence given to Irish affairs in the House of Commons. This is, as usual, the down-trodden and oppressed nationality contrived to absorb rather more than its fair share of the predominant partner's time. On Tuesday the old problem of a Catholic University was under discussion. As to the reasonableness of the Irish demand in this matter and the expediency of granting it, everyone, statesman, Liberal or Conservative, who has looked intelligently into the Irish question, is agreed. The difficulties in the way are not really difficulties of statesmanship, but difficulties of party tactics. The Conservatives dare not move for fear of the Orangemen; the Liberals dare not even for fear of the Nonconformists. And so the people of Ireland, overwhelmingly Catholic, have still to be content with a University rigorously Protestant by tradition, sympathy and moral atmosphere. The most interesting feature of the debate was the intervention of Mr. Healy, who was characteristically brilliant and vitriolic at the expense alike of the Government and of the Nationalist leaders. On Friday the House turned to the discussion of the Irish Land question. It would seem that the Land Purchase Act of the late Government has failed hopelessly as far as its financial provisions are concerned, that the floating of the loan has involved a heavy loss, and that the new Irish local authorities are faced with the prospect of a crushing burden. It remains to be seen whether the economic results will prove equally disappointing. Recent events in France have shown that a peasant proprietor candidate is under the best possible conditions is liable to produce very unsatisfactory results. Tried in Ireland with a poorer soil, a more restricted market, and a people far less wedded to the land, its break-down seems almost inevitable. The only thing that could save it would be the vigorous action of the

THE NEW AGE, July 11, 1907.

A SOCIALIST PARTY.

AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW
OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

S. G. HOBSON.

A. R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

State in encouraging and organising the industry of the home. And now that the narrow view of Chamberlain on the Nationalist party has succeeded in driving Sir Horace Plunkett, almost the only man of statesmanlike ideas that Ireland can boast, from the control of Irish affairs, and replaced him by so hopelessly outmoded an Individualist as Mr. T. W. Russell, the prospects of the Irish farmer do not look very bright.

**"Taxing the People's Food."**

The Government narrowly escaped defeat on Monday last, and its defeat would have been certain had more than a handful of Liberals respected their election promises. The question was that of the reduction of the tea duty, and no better occasion could be found for bringing the pretensions of Liberals to the test. Throughout the last General Election the dominant cry was that the Tories ought to be driven from office, because they proposed to "tax the people's food." Had there been any sincerity behind this appeal, we should surely have found the Liberals, as soon as they obtained a majority, ready and eager to lift the crushing weight of food-taxation which already exists. But by not doing so, they have put a most effective weapon into the hands of the Tariff Reformers, for, if the common food of the whole people is to be taxed, it matters very little what is adjusted. Mr. Chamberlain was perfectly right in saying that to take a penny or so off tea and put it on to bread, would not perceptibly increase the burden of the poor and might even lighten it. The same is true of any other commodity. "Now, does this mean that it is one of a realisation of the Suffragist demand, "even objection to the intervention of the Suffragettes at Jarrow had any very considerable effect upon the poll, but it has at least drawn from one of their ablest leaders an admission which goes far, we think, to justify the position which we have taken up. Miss Gawthorpe, writing to the Editor of the "Tribune," to correct certain errors which she attributes to the correspondent of that journal, says of certain women voters, that "they readily saw the justice of debarring qualified women from voting, solely on account of sex; on the other hand, seeing that the employment of women's labour is comparatively small in the Tariff Reform movement, they were the responsible supporters of the home, there was need for the disfranchisement of their wives, too."

She goes on to say that, after her explanation of the true meaning of the Suffragist demand, "even the objec-
tors of this type realise that what we demand is equality of voting rights now and in the future—he realises that we threaten none of his rights in any way whatsoever. Now, does this mean that it is one of a man's "rights" to frame his wife's political creed for her, or to vote on her behalf, even though her views differ from his? If so, surely the whole doctrine of sex-

**The Woman Worker.**

This week the grievances of two classes of women workers have been before the public. Two classes, neither of which would stand the smallest chance of getting the vote under the suggested formula. We need not say how thoroughly we sympathise with the protests of the shop assistants against the "living-in" system. This system not only leads to the most insidious forms of sweating, but also destroys the independence of the worker and places him or her wholly under the control of the employer. No doubt we shall be told how much the employees prefer to "live in," and this may be true in some cases, just as it was true in some cases that the negroes of the Southern States preferred slavery to emancipation; but this does not make slavery, whether in its original or in its modified form, the basis for society. Yet, real as are the grievances of the shop assistants, they pale into comparative insignificance beside the horrors revealed by the Select Committee in its inquiry into the conditions of work and wages of those who are called with mordant irony "house workers." We learn that the pay for fixing hooks and eyes on a gross of cards varies from 8d. to 1s. 2d., out of which the operator has to pay for needles and thread and to give a penny to the person who distributes the cards. A woman, with the help of her children, can fasten the hooks and eyes on a gross of cards in about ten hours, and can thus sometimes earn as much as 4s. 3d. a week, though more often her weekly earnings fall below 3s. We read further of young children working at this detestable business from nine in the morning till half-past nine at night, and of children of three years old learning their miserable trade almost before they can walk. Now, we want to ask Miss Gawthorpe, the sincerity of whose Socialism we recognise, just as we expect her to believe in the sincerity of our support of women's suffrage. But how can the policy will do for these women. For it is for these women that we care, and not for the property ladies who are in truth their oppressors. How are they to qualify for a vote on their own account of 4s. 3d. a week? And how are the shop assistants to qualify? No, the Suffragettes have made a most effective point against their opponents by citing the case of the bar-

**Votes for Wives!**

**Two Anniversaries.**

This week has seen the celebration of two historical events, associated respectively with the dawn and con-

**Sir Sydney Olivier.**

None of the birthday honours, to which we referred last week, will, we fancy, interest our readers so much as the K.C.M.G. conferred on Mr. (now Sir) Sydney Olivier. Of his services to Socialism it is hardly neces-

**June 11, 1907**
President Roosevelt on Socialism.

President Roosevelt, who, with a solicitude almost maternal, loves to gather the whole universe under his wing, has done little of the most weighty judg-
mint ever coming from his lips. While officially attending the Jamestown Exhibition recently, he informed his audience that they had developed a superbly self-reliant individualism, and he earnestly hoped that it would never be exchanged for deadening Socialism. Now, the atmosphere of the United States is probably not the medium most congenial for pro-
longed intellectual contemplation, and we should not have serious difficulty in guessing what were his feelings. It was not that the same ideas have been publicly expressed here, notably by two of our most respected and philosophical statesmen—Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Morley. It must be recollected a sign of the progress of Socialism that our opponents, finding that the economic blunderbuss, when it can be persuaded to discharge itself, invariably in-
flicts more damage upon themselves than upon us, are now assaulting us with all manner of metaphysical philosophical objections. Everybody convenient with public discussion can readily call to mind the profound conundrums the Socialist is called upon to answer off-hand, such as: "How do you propose to make every-
body equal?" and "What would you do under Social-
ism if everybody refused to work?"

Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Morley are both adepts at this intellectual pastime, and when they discuss Socialism at all—which is only when they are compelled—this is the kind of nutriment they dispense to their audi-
cences. In Scotland, where they cultivate metaphysics on a little oatmeal, such questions form the staple of political conversation; and our English audiences are rapidly learning from them that the miscellaneous heu-
ting of public men provides an exciting and inex-
orable form of dissipation. Indeed, Scotland has many claims upon our respect and affection. She gave us Mr. Bal-
four—she was the nursery of our political econ-
omy, and produced the one economist whose work can still be read without yawning. It is said that a Jew is unable to make a living there; she possesses very fine roads; and we can still repeat Dr. Johnson's gibes that the best road to a Scotchman appears to be the road to England. Mr. Balfour has long been a thorn in the side of the Socialist Party. His most settled conviction appears to be that things which are equal to the same things are equal to one another; and conversely, that things which are unequal to one another are not equal to anything. His dialectical methods are well known and much admired, both for their precision and subtlety. The doctrine of indifference and religion, he proves that the philo-
sophic doubter ought really to be in doubt whether he doubts at all, or what it is he doubts about. Similarly in respect of Tariff Reform, he has made it abundantly clear that since free imports are impossible alike under Free Trade, Preference, or Protection, the three things (except for electioneering and party purposes) are one and indivisible. To this pronouncement, which must have escaped him inadvertently, every Socialist will de-
voutly subscribe. On occasion (when the audience is suitable) he can handle the weapons of economics with terrible effect. Thus, before leaving office, he ex-
ounced to a deputation of the unemployed the Law of Diminishing Return with such lucidity and severity that his audience turned away from him in disgust—which is precisely what the nation itself did a little later at the General Election.

Mr. John Morley, as the disciple and friend of Stuart Mill, has, of course, nothing more to learn of econ-
omics. For some years he represented Newcastle with
merce." The simile lacked somewhat in finesse, but it served. For such a prodigious threat naturally terrified the numerous Socialists in Tyneside, and they forthwith relieved him of the responsibility of misrepresenting them in Parliament. So he went to Scotland, in the distinguished company of Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bryce, and the present Prime Minister, and if a Scotchman chooses to retaliate with the gibe that the best road for an English Radical (seeking office) is the road to Scotland, we must perform reman dumb. It is with extreme difficulty that we venture with them into the region of philosophy, and it is evident that if our opponents are to intelligently describe Socialism as "deadening," they will be compelled to compare it with something else that is not so. If all the world were Socialist it would be meaningless to apply the word "deadening" or any other adjective to it, since there would be no other system to compare it with. So that President Roosevelt must mean that Socialism would be "deadening" contrasted with the present constitution of society. President Roosevelt may not be acquainted with the methods of industry obtaining in our own country, so we will refer to those of America. Readers of Mr. Upton Sinclair's book upon the methods of the Chicago pig industry—one of the greatest capital-
ialistic concerns the world has ever seen—can have no doubt as to whether the term "deadening" describes that, as it most accurately does describe its products, the Chicago sausage itself. Our critics describe the skilled American workman as grey and old at forty: they have been struck with the hard, concentrated set of their features, as though they literally believed the devil would take the hindmost. They possess no land, they do not even own the tools they work with; and had Karl Marx survived to this day they would have supplied the crowning edifice to his theory of Surplus Value. To the inadequate reward for such superb individualism! Neither does this country, with its own special brand of individualism, fare much better. We are obliged to dwell to the verge of tediousness upon the economic plight of our own nation, with its cities and squalid slums; its woman labour and child labour; its half-fed men, its million paupers; and to protect all these, its tens of thousands of soldiers, who, as far as individualism is concerned, might just as well be propelled machinery. To its moral condition our opponents themselves bear eloquent testimony, for it is this very accusation of rapidly "deadening" that our censors are now so bitterly bringing against us. They do not indeed repeat (as they might do) Matthew Ar-

Neave's

Food

Assists digestion.
Your Infant will require
no corrective medicine if
Neave's Food is given strict-
ly according to directions.
Quickly and Easily
Prepared.
expressively bored. As for the lower classes, they are past saving, except by a miracle: their horizon is bounded by the public-house and football field; they are even new in the very article of death. But not the Socialists, but their opponents who bring these accusations. Father Vaughan is not a Socialist, but it would be almost impossible for a Socialist community to be in a worse case than the Socialist community.

We are thus driven to conclude that institutions other than Socialism are productive of deadening, the chief of which is our present system of competition. It does not pay the rich to pay the poor, but drives them to the pursuit of frivolity in order that they may evade the necessity of thinking; it deadens the poor because in the present it robs them of their self-respect, and in the future of hope; it deadens our statesmen, as much as, instead of inspiring them to words of wisdom and sanity, it condemns them to the public utterance of platitudinous and futile. In fact, as things now are, there is more superb individualism, in a modern machine than in a human being; for while we cannot easily dispense with modern machinery, we can and to an increasing extent do, dispense with human beings. This is one reason why our capital is increasing so enormously, and why our list of unemployed and unemployable increases with such sinister rapidity. And as the superb individualism of our modern machine renders such a quality quite unnecessary on the part of those who work it, but reduces the dignity and the status of mere animal implements, our working classes may one day wake up to the fact that this condition, so far from deserving bursts of Presidential congratulation, will render even a régime of deadening Socialism preferable to it. And then we may hope to find President Roosevelt talking sense about it, and not, as at present, mere nonsense. And since he will find sufficient outlet even for his splendid energy in reforming our spelling and controlling King Tammany and the Trusts, he might in the meantime safely leave the suppression of Socialism to those who understand it—even a little.

A Policy for the Congo.

We are glad to see that the Rev. R. J. Campbell has raised his voice in strong protest against the atrocities in the Congo. The Congolese are of the darker race, and always black, the administration is hopelessly condemned, but is anything going to be done? During the last few years many voices have been raised in protest, enlightened, but how far have they been heard? Inquiry commissions have been appointed, but nothing has happened. We are not aware that during the last week or so anything special has transpired in the Congo. The usual number of men have been shot, the usual number of women outraged and mutilated, and the usual number of children's hands cut off, these things go without saying. They do not affect our appetites, or spoil the pleasure of our cycle Ride on Congo-rubber tyres. But this does not justify the Government in evading their responsibility. For whether we like it or not, whether it is convenient or not, the native peoples in Africa look to England as their guardian against oppression. The Congo question, indeed, is very much more important than the people of the Congo, for it involves the whole matter of our policy toward the native peoples. Have the Government got such a policy? Have they even the beginning of such a policy? We begin to think that the only policy is a mere vestige of the old anti-slave trade days, a vestige fast being reduced to a negative quantity. Liberal and Conservative alike drift on the stream of laissez-faire.

The Peace Treaty with the Boers at Vereeniging was signed without any safeguarding of native rights, the native unrest in Natal was allowed to be fanned into the flame of a war, the foggings and hangings at Delagoa Bay were made the excuse for terrifying the House of Commons into an act of submission to the Foreign Secretary. And meanwhile the Congo rubber business goes on.

The first thing to do is to insist on the Government laying down the lines of a general policy toward the native peoples. These peoples provide enormous and largely exploited areas of cheap labour supply. We must see that their hour is not far off. We must not stand, as do the demoralised markets and depress the standard of living of white men. The natives must be given elementary education, they must be instructed in the meaning of the forms of our life, our government, and the police. They must be asked to co-operate with us in every way for our mutual advantage. But if they are to co-operate with us, they must trust us, and while the Congo exists they cannot. A fight is necessary, and they must be made the excuse for terrifying the House of Commons into an act of submission to the Foreign Secretary. And meanwhile the Congo rubber business goes on.

JULY 11, 1907

Juvenile Offenders.

The question of juvenile crime has received attention recently from various quarters. Nowadays certain fashionable, not to mention philanthropic, people are affected to show themselves much interested in the welfare of the children who happen to come within the social order, and who arc immensely satisfied with their treatment of the young of the class which they consider it is in the "divine right" of things they should exploit and dominate. The notion is yet very much abroa that in all cases of juvenile delinquency brought to the notice of the police courts, punishment, either by flogging or imprisonment, should follow conviction. This is one reason why our "capital" is increasing so enormously, and why our "employment" reduces them instead to the status of mere animated implements, our working classes may one day wake up to the fact that this condition, so far from deserving bursts of Presidential congratulation, will render even a régime of deadening Socialism preferable to it. And then we may hope to find President Roosevelt talking sense about it, and not, as at present, mere nonsense. And since he will find sufficient outlet even for his splendid energy in reforming our spelling and controlling King Tammany and the Trusts, he might in the meantime safely leave the suppression of Socialism to those who understand it—even a little.
of the adult offender. A very large number of the offences which the law takes cognisance of are due to the infringement of municipal and other bye-laws, such as playing football, tip-cat, kicking tin cans in the streets, hanging on tram-cars, and other like offences due to the mischievous spirit of boys under sixteen years. They are really not offences at all, but only what those who framed such laws might expect from what we know of boy nature, and which it is more criminal to prohibit where due provision is not made for healthy recreation. For this reason the statistics relating to juvenile delinquency available through the agency of the Prison Commissioners are to a very large extent unreliable and misleading, and give the impression in many instances that juvenile crime is increasing and more serious than it really is. Again, there is a proportion of juvenile offences which when properly inquired into are mainly found to arise out of the dire poverty and ignorance of the parents, and may be thoroughly and rationally dealt with without resorting to either flogging or imprisonment. Why admit the children of unemployable workers to the degrading influences and associations of the police birch and the prison, whilst in the case of boys whose parents are of the capitalist class justice is supposed to be met by ordering payment of a fine or dismissal for the same kind of offence? Has this supervision been ordered by the magistrates to undergo imprisonment or a flogging by the police? There are now between seventy and eighty inspectorate departments, and the格a;period of training which the Department tolerates are mainly for the purpose of making the children useful and capable citizens.

By which I do not mean that I have been to see "Don Juan in Hell," or indulged in any idle, amusing bafflement invented and perfected so abruptly soon, and had to return upon myself. As far as I can see, nowhere. I have come to the end of it standing anything of this particular problem of poverty. Each cul de sac that I have plunged into has led me, so to speak, down tortuous blind-alleys and back again to my memories of a former state of existence. I seem, now, in my endeavours to restrict his development in crowded city and slum areas. It is in the end wiser and better to spend money on securing proper surroundings than to keep up prisons. In this, as in many other things, Socialists are much more in favour of better than cure, and the provision of suitable housing and open spaces for recreation and games under proper direction will make crime as rare among the children of the workers as it is amongst the children of those who sit in judgment upon them. L. W.

The Instalment System.

I have lately been revisiting the haunts of the damned. By which I do not mean that I have been to see "Don Juan in Hell," or indulged in any idle, amusing bafflement invented and perfected so abruptly soon, and had to return upon myself. As far as I can see, nowhere. I have come to the end of it standing anything of this particular problem of poverty. Each cul de sac that I have plunged into has led me, so to speak, down tortuous blind-alleys and back again to my memories of a former state of existence. I seem, now, in my endeavours to restrict his development in crowded city and slum areas. It is in the end wiser and better to spend money on securing proper surroundings than to keep up prisons. In this, as in many other things, Socialists are much more in favour of better than cure, and the provision of suitable housing and open spaces for recreation and games under proper direction will make crime as rare among the children of the workers as it is amongst the children of those who sit in judgment upon them. L. W.
to the meridian and then down a slow decline to the eventual dark. Theirs is a state of existing from day to day, of living in a series of disconnected, disjointed episodes. There is no increasing purpose in their lives culminating in a ripe fruition of worthy work well done and righteous rest entered into and enjoyed. These happenings seem to live and die—indeed, one may almost say, go to heaven—by instalments. Hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, and very, very occasionally, yearly instalments. Their outlook is circumscribed and meagre where ours is spacious and unhampered. They speak of to-morrow, of next week, as it they imagine were incapable of projecting itself any further into the future than that. As it may be. They seem to have no aims, no goal, no sort of target at all. They are perpetually flinging themselves at each immediate obstacle as it arises in the way of their material well-being, and demolishing it, and leaving the ugly debris to cumber the feet of those who follow. I think I had never fully realised that mankind could be so easily content with a state of being in which there seems to be no room for any large hopes or high aspirations, however vague and impracticable. I think I would as soon be a butterfly fluttering my gay, filmy wings in a passing sunburst, all unheeding of the threatening storm of wind and rain that is to wash me away into oblivion, as one of these febrile, light-hearted creatures. For this is not a life that they lead, as a crazy delirium, in which their visions are never beautiful, never sweet, never profitable, never in the least degree satisfying to any but their lowest instincts.

Figure to yourself a life empty of ideas, of any sense of responsibility or duty, of any beauty whatsoever; void alike of any influences of art or literature, religion or thought, containing only feeling and instinct—these fermenting in a squalid puddle, dull, stagnant, fetid, rank. A life that is an incessant grinding of the feet, a spar above to hold on to, with a revolving treadmill, providing just a feeling of movement under the feet, the feet of those who follow. I think I had never fully realised that mankind could be so easily content with a state of being in which there seems to be no room for any large hopes or high aspirations, however vague and impracticable. I think I would as soon be a butterfly fluttering my gay, filmy wings in a passing sunburst, all unheeding of the threatening storm of wind and rain that is to wash me away into oblivion, as one of these febrile, light-hearted creatures. For this is not a life that they lead, as a crazy delirium, in which their visions are never beautiful, never sweet, never profitable, never in the least degree satisfying to any but their lowest instincts.

And these, we are told, are our fellow men and women. These brutalised, degraded, and deformed shapes are fashioned out of the same flesh and blood as women. These brutalised, degraded, and deformed shapes are fashioned out of the same flesh and blood as our own rhythmic bodies, are God-created and ordained of an inscrutable just Destiny to definite ends, even as ours are. It is hard to believe it. But if it be at all times as simple and direct as possible—unless, of course, one happens to be a genius—let me try to be more explicit.

What I am trying to convey is an impression not easy for one to grasp. I am trying to say that these people of the Underworld live more as the beasts of the field—except that they have only depraved appetites where the beasts have healthy lusts—than as human beings should. I repeat that they live and die by instalments. Each morning they do not renew but enter upon a fresh lease of existence which absolutely expires at night. More than one day’s lease of life is never granted them. It is not surprising, then, that there are some whose mental horizon is bounded by a pint of beer. They loaf about the public-houses all day long on the off-chance of miraculously picking up a copper in some easy for-}

Where Socialism was Tried.

The traveller who climbs the Acropolis at Athens will find that there is only one way of approach to the Parthenon. Seen, near at hand, from any other standpoint, the great temple appears out of drawing. There is, as is well known, in the whole edifice not a single straight line. Everywhere in the structure, from base to pediment, on column and on cella, there are only curves—ekstasis and entasis—the curvings out and the curvings in of matchless lines. Viewed from all points save one, these curves are apparent and seem out of place. even as, from that one point of view, each straight line falls into place, seemingly straighter than straight, and giving to the great building that unequalled life, that sense of lightness and of grace, wedded to sublimity, which modern architecture is never enough even to copy. Cunningly did the artful Greek compel the visitor to take that point of view by creating but one public access to the temple—that just at the right point—and erecting here the Propylaea.

It is the endeavour of this article to approach the social structure of ancient Athens, not from the ordinary, individualistic, nineteenth century point of view, but from the ancient Greek point of view, from that conception of society where, as Professor Ingram tells us, "the individual is conceived as subordinated to the State, through which alone his nature can be developed and completed, and to the action of which all his efforts must be directed."}

We begin by noting that they did, in one way or another, produce marvellous individualities in Athens. Says Dr. Francis Galton, of the highest authority in anthropological science, "A population of the race of Socrates and Phidias, whom the whole population of Europe has never equalled, and fourteen men of an ability of which the Anglo-Saxon race has only produced, in the last thousand years, five equals." He asserts that the average ability of the Athenian race was about as much above that of the

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* Reprinted from the New York "Outlook," by kind permission of the author, Mr. W. D. P. Bliss.
changed, but except during this period what have they produced? Still.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,"
but Marathon to-day has no Miltiades, and his modern successors defend no academies of Plato or of Aristotle, and only the ruins of the Parthenon of Phidias and of Pericles. Byron is right:—

"The Isles of Greece! The Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and song,—
Where Delos rose and Phæbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet!
But all except their sun is set."

The glory of Athens during those one hundred and fifty years is scarcely more marked than the absence of great names in the remaining two thousand eight hundred and fifty years of Athenian history. What cause, then, was there operating during that unique period, but not operating before or since? We know of only one—an essentially and radically Socialist organisation of the city. This did prevail, as we shall see, during that exact period, and that only.

(To be concluded.)

A Hymn for Russians and Others.

Brothers all in sorrow,
Laugh away your idle tears,
Laugh away the wasted years
Of your blindness and your fears—
Gird you for to-morrow.

This we say, this we say, this we say—O, hear it!
Though we all in ruin fall,
'Tis not death that can appeal—
Death's beyond the tyrant's wall
Wherefore should we fear it!

Is your God a savage?
Is your God now no more
Than a bloody Polytheon or Ivan?
Is his mercy unto man
To murder and to ravage?
Then we cry, then we cry, then we cry in wonder:
Christ was none of that God's son!

Infamy of blood and bone!
Hurl that God from off his throne—
Tread his glory under.

We may fail. So be it!
Hell may be our portion when
Day is done, our desponds then
Friends of fire, not cruel men—
Gladly shall we see it.

Hear the cannon, hear the cannon, hear the cannon thunder!
Down beneath their flaming wreath
Laughing go we to our death,
Laughing with our dying breath,
Laugh our chains asunder!

F.ノRES's COttELL.

MEN'S LEAGUE FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

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THE NEW AGE.
JULY 11, 1907.

Jarrow Revisited.

In spite of the number of morals already drawn from the Jarrow election, they have not yet been fully understood. The various party organs, of course, each drew its own conclusion, and generally an entirely unwarranted one. The Carmelites, for example, saw in it a victory for Tariff Reform; the Liberals saw in it a victory for Free Trade; and even the ranks of Irish Nationalists scarce forbore a cheer on their own account. In fact, as in the famous race in which Alice took part, everybody seems to have won and everybody seems to have got a prize. For ourselves, we are quite satisfied with our prize. Mr. Pete Curran is an out-and-out Socialist, a splendid fighter, and a picturesque figure. We should be equally well pleased to man a barricade with him or to discuss with him the clauses of a Parliamentary Minimum Wage Bill. There is not the slightest doubt that he could be relied upon to keep up his end in either field. While, therefore, we have not the least congratulations to Jarrow on its service to Socialism and to Mr. Curran on his election, we may be permitted to draw a moral of considerable importance to those of our readers who are discussing with Mr. Wells and our other contributors the question of a Socialist Party.

The "Times," we observe, pointed out on Saturday one obvious conclusion from the Jarrow election: the political issues of the future would be fought out between Conservatives and Socialists. That appears to us incontestable, both on the ground of the general election and still more on the evidence of Jarrow. There was some legitimate apprehension lest the case of the Liberal Party should prove but a flash in the pan, and that the appetites of Socialist and Labour reformers. On the other hand, we have only to consider the probable victories in minor measures which will whet the appetite of the Socialists, to realise that there are many inspiring defeats ahead of the Labour Party, defeats that will inevitably force the most conservative trade unions into Socialism.

And on the other hand, we have only to consider the probable victories in minor measures which will whet the appetites of Socialist and Labour reformers. On the whole, therefore, the prospects of the Labour Party are in the highest degree promising, and while it is of course true that myriads of outstanding Socialist problems remain to be discussed by independent societies like the Fabian Society, it is nevertheless true that the practical problem of the present day is likely to be carried out mainly, if not altogether, by the present Labour Party and its recruits of the future.

One word to political Socialists. Mr. S. G. Hobson in the present issue of The New Age argues irresistible in favour of Parliamentary action by Socialists. What, we ask, is the obstacle to such representation in the Labour Party? Is Mr. Keir Hardie, for example, less of a Socialist than any other member of the Fabian Society? Is Mr. Curran, or Mr. Macdonald, or Mr. Jowett? A party that is good enough for such Socialists? Are the Labour Programme at its minimum of victory and with defeat. We have only to put the Labour programme at its minimum of the five-point charter—Minimum Wage; Eight Hours Day; Old Age, Breakdown, and Unemployed Pensions—to realise that there are many inspiring defeats ahead of the Labour Party, victories that will inevitably force the most conservative trade unions into Socialism.
A Political Socialist's Rejoinder to Mr. Wells.

In a recent notable article in The New Age, Mr. H. G. Wells strongly condemns the idea of a Socialist party. As one implicated, I am naturally compelled to consider Mr. Wells' views with a keen interest.

Mr. Wells avowedly, as an open and avowed, Socialist candidate. I must protest against this.

Further, Mr. Wells particularly marks me out for censure because I fought a constituency at the last election as an open and avowed Socialist candidate.

It is essential that we should define our terms. In his querulous rejoinder to Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Wells defines politics as "an affair of party organisation and electioneering." If Mr. Wells be right in this, then I agree with his general argument and I can but cry "mea culpa peccavi." But I differ fundamentally from Mr. Wells. To me politics is the science of organising life in harmony with our conception of a well-ordered community. It is the executive side of our ideals. It is the instrument whereby to effect social and economic changes which we passionately desire. It is a rough and ready implement, no doubt; not to the liking of the fastidiously-minded; heavy to the hand and cumbersome in movement; yet, within, necessary to the realisation of our hopes.

His narrow definitions notwithstanding, Mr. Wells is conscious—perhaps sub-conscious—that politics means more than "party organisation and electioneering." He wants us to maintain a steady pressure of "permeation," which he condemns as sapping of wire-pulling and trickery. Mr. Wells wants the "open and triumphant imposition" of Socialist ideas upon existing systems. Incidentally, he too readily assumes that the apostles of "permeation," Mr. Shaw, Mr. Webb, and others have disguised their Socialism. Yet they are known to the world at large as Socialists, quite as much so as Mr. Wells. The truth is that the difference between Mr. Wells' gospel of superimposition and the Fabian policy of permeation is not one of substance but of terminology. The Fabian permeators always imagined that they were engaged in political work, but they rightly rejected Mr. Wells' narrow and inadequate definition of politics. It is obvious that if politics be merely "an affair of party organisation and electioneering," and if the political parties 'will not tolerate any invasion of the legal rights of property, whether in men or in women. As Mr. Wells himself tells us: "they retain their old class or party sympathies and tone... They deny, and deny very strongly, that there is any fundamental antagonism between its [Socialism's] teaching and the direct immediacies and the temperamental and social backgrounds of the established parties." Quite so; knowing their business better than Mr. Wells knows his, the political parties deny that there is any reason why Socialists should form a party of their own. With characteristic naiveté, Mr. Wells falls into the trap. And we need be under no delusion that existing parties will be on the alert to keep their "direct immediacies" well to the front, especially when any substantial Socialist instalment is threatened. They will, of course, be immensely grateful to Mr. Wells for this delightfully new gospel of "superimposition." They know it will butter no parsnips and detach a number of simple-minded Socialists from the stern business of forging their own political machine to secure legislative sanction to fundamental economic changes.

As one implicated, I am naturally compelled to consider Mr. Wells strongly condemns the idea of a Socialist party. As one implicated, I am naturally compelled to consider Mr. Wells strongly condemns the idea of a Socialist party.

Thus I am led back to the conclusion that there is a vast deal more in political action than Mr. Wells imagines. Politics, in fact, lives on ideas, on inspirations, on knowledge, on insight. Socialism, like capitalism, knows no parties. Where capitalism disregards the fulness of time grows Socialism. Mr. Wells tells us that "the great majority of British Socialists have not
so much given up as refused to accept the entirely un- 
congenial idea of a class war." It really requires an 
unusual stock of good-humoured patience to discuss 
such obvious nonsense. Every Socialist recognises the 
existence of the class struggle. Every Socialist, I say. 
The discussion that occasionally rages round the sub-
ject never involves a denial of the existence of a very 
terrible and tragic class struggle, but very properly 
inquires how far it is wise to base Socialist propaganda 
upon it. The purpose of Socialism (on this we are all 
agreed) is to end the class struggle. How could it be 
edited if it doesn't exist? The Labour Party is a political 
expression of the class struggle. The leaders of the 
the Labour Party, however, would be the first to recog-
nise that their work is circumscribed by those "direct 
immediacies" upon which Mr. Wells lays such stress. 
The business of the political Socialist is to give political 
effect to the social and economic changes implied in his 
scheme of life—in short, to make a long line of Socialist 
proposals the "immediacies" of the hour. As long as 
Liberals and Tories are content with a "system of 
ideas" that enables them to extort rent and interest 
from the workers, so long will they evade those Socialist 
changes which cut at the root of rent and interest. 
In the class struggle caused by the reaction of surplus 
value, the Labour Party is quite fully occupied in 
ameliorating, in greater or less degree, the stringent 
conditions under which the worker lives. And so strangu-
ous is the Parliamentary struggle thus imposed upon it 
that it has neither time nor energy to adopt the 
"ampler conception" of which Mr. Wells dreams. 
This is the determination of the class struggle, 
until the Socialist party has grown powerful enough to 
impose terms of peace—terms that shall enable labour 
to reap its own harvest. Mr. Wells cries peace where 
there is no peace. All in vain does he prescribe rose-
water and kid-gloves. . S. G. Honson.

REVIEWS.

Russia and Reform. 

"Russia and Reform." By Bernard Pares, M.A. (Archi-
bald Constable and Co., Ltd. 1Ss. 6d.)

Since Mackenzie Wallace wrote his standard work on "Russia" in 1877 (revised in 1905), no book has 
been published attempting so thorough a study of the 
consequences of that Emancipation as this. Mr. Pares 
not write as well as Wallace, and he has little to tell 
us of the outlying provinces; but as far as Great 
Russia is concerned, the book is a valuable, laborious 
and important work, and therefore not likely to have 
as large a circulation as works in the slap-dash, 
John Foster Fraser style, or those reckless romances 
which Carl Jouhert used to pour forth. It is easier to 
be interesting when untrammelled by facts, and the 
American editor who once remarked to a friend of 
mine: "We like to deal with things that have not yet 
noticed, and on which we can spread ourselves," 
know what pays best. Mr. Pares, dealing honestly 
with things that have happened and conditions that 
really exist, tends, it must be confessed, to be a bit 
dull now and then; and he also sometimes fails to see 
the wood for the trees. For instance, he reports so 
many instances, with people of whom he enquired 
whether the State monopoly of vodka had diminished 
drunkenness, that he reminds me of a certain Count 
Komarovsky, once Censor of Foreign Books, who had 
no read so many anti-religious works that his own be-
liefs became disturbed, and he went about among his 
friends asking their opinions, till one of them declared 
that the Count was evidently "trying to solve the 
problem of the immortality of the soul by universal 
suffrage." Mr. Pares is similarly exercised with the 
opinions of various individuals about the Liquor Traf-
ic; but he never gives us the plain objective fact: 
which is that though (as the revenue returns plainly 
show) the sale of vodka has enormously increased 
during the last couple of years, this is due rather to the 
feverish and abnormal state of Russian life than to 
the monopoly.

Again, on the great question of the poverty and 
starvation of the people, Mr. Pares fails to get at the 
heart of the matter. He tells us, truly enough, that 
the Communal ownership of land hinders agricultural 
improvement; but he does not show how terribly Rus-

sian agriculture has lagged behind that of the rest of 
Europe. He tells us that conscription spreads syphi-
lis through Russia, but fails to explain how great an 
economic burden militarism has been to the country. 
He has much to say about factory inspection, but 
fails to explain that paid journals get an extravagant 
price for every shirt, spade or ploughshare he buys, 
owing to the "Protection" the Government of Russia 
affords to Russian industry; and he leaves the impor-
tant question of currency to be almost untouched. 
There is a good chapter on the arbitrary 
and stupid Censorship, but Mr. Pares does not appre-
ciate the close connection between national impoverish-
ment and the maintenance of that State, Church 
and State. When he goes on to condemn the doctrin-
airism of the Reformers, he fails to do justice to 
the miracle their devotion to liberty and human dig-

tance has accomplished. It is easier to show 
that the Count was evidently " trying to solve the 
problem of the immortality of the soul by universal 
suffrage." Mr. Pares is similarly exercised with the 
opinions of various individuals about the Liquor Traf-
ic; but he never gives us the plain objective fact: 
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during the last couple of years, this is due rather to the 
feverish and abnormal state of Russian life than to 
the monopoly.
tion headed by Prince Serge Troubetskóy, which was received by the Emperor on June 19, 1905:—

The Emperor . . . entered with an appearance of irritation. Prince Troubetskóy did not speak like a democrat, but he came quite close up to the Emperor, and talked in a low conversational voice. One who was present describes his manner as that of a wise father reasoning with a wayward child. The Emperor, at the face of the Speaker changed, and the answer which he made to the speech had perhaps not been anticipated even by himself. After making the inevitable protestation of his good will and expatiating that there could be no break with the past, he said: "Throw aside your doubts; my will, the will of the Tsar, to call together representatives from the people, is unchangeable."

Then follows the touch, never far to seek in Russia, to show what a farce autocracy is in the hands of a Nicholas the Second:—"The Organising Committee of the United Zemstva circulated lithographed copies of the speech and of the answer all over the country; and the Land Captains (Government officials) received orders to confiscate these copies wherever they could find them."

The author again hits the mark by his clear appreciation of the confusion created by the obstacles the central Government has continually placed in the path of Zemstva (resulting ultimately in their control by reactionaries) as well as by setting up the dual authority of Ministers and officials appointed by the Tsar to counteract one another. He goes on to say: "No system is not necessarily a law of divine origin, but it is a practical way of doing business. When we are discussing it, we have to ask, What is the alternative? In Russia the alternative was the supremacy of the Court clique. Even Count Witte, who with all his faults ("he has no principles, only ambitions," was the verdict of one who knew him) was the ablest of recent Russian Premiers, did not know that inflammatory appeals for wholesale vengeance against the Jews were being sent out from the (Petersburg) Police Department itself, where a Gendarme, Komisároff, had been supplied with house-room and a secret printing press for this very purpose.

"Even when, at last, Witte was told of this, all he ventured to do was to dismiss Komisároff, who continued to live at large under an assumed name. "A single public trial of one of the officials who has joined in pogroms would be an immense step in the inevitable re-assertion of his power and of his goodwill, and expatiating that there could be no break with the past, he said: "Throw aside your doubts; my will, the will of the Tsar, to call together representatives from the people, is unchangeable."

The last chapter, a Sketch of the Liberal Movement, is very good. The book on the whole deserves recognition as an really important addition to our scanty supply of reliable books on Great Russia.

AYLMER MAUDE.

Race Culture in Utopia.

"The Demetrian." By Ellison Harding. (Brentano. New York 1907.)

When the postman deposits on my table a weighty volume from America, 1 open it with sinking heart, fearing lest it be another of those dreary Utopian tales of which there are so many unknown writers and so few readers. This volume did, in fact, belong to that category, but the print was large and the first few lines were not repellent. The New York Utopians, when first sighted, were as usual engaged in hay-making, while the staple industry in their country. But they also sing comic songs, and this seemed promising. The ordinary Utopians shun the least suspicion of violence as if sin. And then I began to discover that this unknown creator of Utopias could write a very fair story. The first book a middle-aged man sits up late to read, even though it describes beautiful, stalwart young women and bright-eyed, bronzed young men, all with strange Greek names—Irene, Chairo, Neaera, Ariston, and so on—except one incongruously called Masters.

But the chief interest of this quite remarkable book is its sketch of a really plausible system of race-culture. When the Demetrian has achieved the revolution, they promptly abolished all legal recognition of marriage, which indeed had become a farce as a protection to monogamy, owing to the facility of divorce, even now a notorious factor in the social life of the States. But the women, having votes, and having learned to shoot, proposed to penalize irregularities, and they were able to establish a Dual system for maintaining "the purity of the domestic hearth and its reverential care of offspring, the lifting of motherhood out of the irreligion of caprice into the religion of sacrifice, the exercise in all these matters of the highest because the most difficult of all virtues—goodwill."

The system established was this: the cult, which was a voluntary organisation, with a system of priests and of services, invited certain women to devote themselves to the service of Demeter, just as the Roman Catholic Church has invited men and women to devote their lives to the service of God through celibacy. Acceptance of the mission was entirely voluntary. If the woman, after due deliberation accepted the mission, either from religious devotion to the cause or from desire for children, which does not necessarily involve desire for marriage, the father of the child was selected for her. If she chose she could make his acquaintance, and indeed the relation often ended in marriage. The children and their mothers were cared for by the cult, and, if it was assumed, produced a selected breed, who were not, however, kept in any way apart from the rest. The plan was merely that some part of the race at any rate should be scientifically bred. For the rest, who did not belong to the cult, a provisional marriage system was introduced, lasting in the first case till the birth of the first child, and subject then to dissolution. This was the scheme unfolded in this volume. The story turns on the conflict in the heroine between religious devotion to the cult and her love for a man who desired to marry her. She chose the cult, was cut off by force, but with her consent, by her lover. Then an inscription broke out, and the Demetrians, being Americans, turned on machine-guns and promptly annihilated the rioters. The villain of the plot is the fascinating Neaera, who was a Jewess, and a woman of little minx. The story rather drags at the end through an action for libel and a session of the New York State after an election on the Amnesty Bill, and concludes with the detection of the plot and the acquittal of the lovers. But the reader parts almost regretfully with these breezy Demetrians. Our modern anti-puritans would be attracted by their Greek costumes and their annual bear-hunts and Christmas dinners. Others amongst us would rejoice in the Utopia the Demetrians, being factions brought up machine-guns and even the women formed regiments to suppress a rebellion of preceding Southern Statics, who were too lazy to furnish their quota of wealth to the federal store.

In conclusion, I will only add that the author blunders sadly over the question of money, but by some strange dispensation of providence it is impossible for anyone born an American to understand the elements of the problem of currency.

E. R. PEASE.


If Ireland were like any other country than Ireland, there would be no need of an "Economies for Irishmen," any more than there would be of an "Algebra for Irishmen." Being herself and not another, and curing alleged agrarian problems (as what nation that is a nation has not), there is nothing odd in her requiring an economics of her own. Pat, we observe, is well acquainted with the Irish system, in which Irish politics live and move and have their being; but we are not so sure that his remedy is sound. Collective ownership we are not disposed to believe for all agrarian ills; a great deal depends on the skill with which the land is used. And since in the last resort that land is best formed that yields the greatest equitable distribution being not an agricultural but an economic problem—it is certainly true that collective ownership may not imply the greatest production. On the other hand, Pat seems to admit that private land is better used in Ireland, and suggests what in effect is a co-operative system of small holdings. There is, perhaps, no reason why this should not succeed, provided certain capital is furnished. But plainly it will be necessary to call in the State to provide agricultural colleges, means of co-operation, and even capital, in the forms of machinery and land banks, if this system
is to succeed. And only, perhaps, on the assumption by the Stock of proprietary responsibilities will such be properly forthcoming. "Pata's" book, however, is well worth reading in England no less than in Ireland. We are glad to see that the book has found an editor, but we hope that it will soon arrive at its fortunes. In some respects, it reminds us of Mr. Blatchford's "Married England," which had in it the spirit of a million copies. It should certainly be glad to see a million copies of "Economics for Irishmen" circulated in Ireland and England.

"The New Ireland." By Sydney Brooks. (Maunsel and Co.)

Not only Mr. Brooks, but England, is to be congratulated on achieving at last a plain, readable, and thoroughly sympathetic account of the minds of Irishmen. So many Irishmen have tried and failed to tell England what exactly was the need of Ireland; and so many Englishmen have tried to fail to do the same thing. It has been left to Mr. Brooks to try and to succeed; and we commend this book to every English elector. His descriptions of the various movements in Ireland—Sinn Fein, the Gaelic League, and the Agricultural Society—are marked by admirable insight and shrewd judgment. Several of his prophecies have already, we observe, been fulfilled; and many more of them we hope, are likely to be fulfilled. For Mr. Brooks is an optimist of the right sort. He sees Ireland becoming more Irish daily, and he can put his finger on the very pulse of the new life-force.

"Pilgrimage." By C. E. Laurence. (John Murray. 6s.)

The considerable charm of this novel lies partly in its subtle allegory, and partly in its rare beauty of style. The present is designed as an introduction to the thing itself, and really subsumes the details of the later narrative. As an excellent imaginative justification of the strange tragedy of a life, we regard it as a work of first-rate power. Some such key as is given in the Prelude seems to be required by such a fortuitous concurrence of misfortunes.

BOOK NOTES.

Mr. Henry Frowde, the present proprietor of the famous "World's Classics," has done a service to the reading public in publishing the admirable volumes of this series on this principle at the price of one shilling. In this form these books are quite the best value among the many excellent series of standard books now on the market. The two most recent volumes are interesting reprints of works which had a considerable vogue in the first half of last century. One is the "Suffolk Poems" of Masson, a collection of picturesque old ballads; the other is R. H. Horne's "New Spirit of the Age," a volume of essays, imitating in title and aim Hazlitt's "The Spirit of the Age." This volume is essays on Dickens, Landor, Ingoldsby, Tennyson, Mrs. Shelley, Carlyle, and others.

Kingsway is gradually emerging out of chaos; and it has at last given birth to a shop. This is one of the fine series of shops whose names W. H. Smith and Sons are putting up hand by hand; and every part of Kingsway is admirably arranged for the sale of books, newspapers, and stationery, and there is a display of that new taste in business premises which we prefer to contemplate as a sign of times. There is an entire absence of ornamentation in this modern book emporium, instead of which good workmanship and materials, economy of space and light, coupled with a tasteful colour scheme of dark green and white, with plain oak fixtures, produce, as is usual in such cases, an entirely satisfactory effect. One of the windows of the shop is fitted up in a tasteful colour scheme of dark green and white, with plain oak wainscot, and stained glass, is open free to the public of the Duchy of Cornwall, with its beautiful plaster ceiling, Room, which is supposed to have been the Council Chamber of the clutches of a destructive and thoughtless capitalism, the spirit which prompted the L.C.C. to protect the interesting building has not ended in the Council Chamber degenerating into oak wainscot, and stained glass, is open free to the public of the Duchy of Cornwall, with its beautiful plaster ceiling, Room, which is supposed to have been the Council Chamber.

The whole building has been restored and put into repair; some of the windows have been stained glass with the name of every person interested in London on which, the same body has erected commemorative tablets.

The Socialist movement like the Capitalist movement, is spreading in Japan, and it is well to know that the enlightened government of the Mikado has a deep-rooted objection to Socialist propaganda, which it rigorously suppresses. Its favourite method seems to be pouncing upon the revolutionary newspapers, which are springing into existence in an infinitely resistible way in the large cities, but who are evidently not so sure of their ground as to be in any haste to announce their names, for the book will be issued anonymously.

H. J.

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Drama.

Pawtucket-Toddlers.

The play now being produced at "The Playhouse" is at present called "The Earl of Pawtucket"); the title of my article I suggest as a good alternative and as also conveying a cleverer impression. "Toddlers" has been discontinued, and Pawtucket has begun to run very successfully I am charmed to hear. But there is no sufficiently serious difference between them to necessitate so cruel a separation. Why not give "Toddlers" another chance by making him inherit the Earldom of Pawtucket and follow on his previous adventures by those in this present play? I suggest partly because Mr. Cyril Maude as Toddlers and as the Earl is so exactly the same man that almost in decency some relationship should be acknowledged. Further, by doing so the very complicated plot of "Pawtucket" might be omitted, or at least simplified and a wholly needless tax on the spectators' brains avoided. One must be too careful in a play of this kind avoiding anything which is likely to excite the intellectual faculties, and nothing could be more fatal than any attempt to analyse "Pawtucket." It will bear to be laughed at, but not thought about.

The Earl of Pawtucket is an English nobleman with a real English title (to call him Pawtucket is only a witless name of the author's), and there is no doubt he is the real thing. Desiring to escape from himself he borrows the name of an American he meets in London, and thus disguised flies off to America after a fascinating young lady whom he accidentally comes across. The name he adopts is Putnam, and the lady he follows, is unknown to him, the divorced wife of the real Putnam. The plot of the play is to lead up to the discovery by the earl that the woman he has followed is the wife of the man whose name he has borrowed, and that the man knew it. Pawtucket-Toddlers then asks: "Is that what they call American Humour?" and the climax of the play is reached. After profound reflection, I have concluded that so much plot for even so excellent a jest is a little overdoing the machinery. Beyond the mechanical complexities of the plot the play revolves around the Dundreary-like character of the noble lord. As Americans are compelled by stern Republican necessity to marry English lords, I suppose they enjoy getting playwrights to guy them. Pawtucket-Toddlers is certainly an ass, the vagaries of whose asininity ought surely to have provided sufficient dramatic material without all the overload of mechanism. Never were the great "American humour" jokes, need have been left out. The attempted arrest by the police, the payment of large sums of money to lawyers, etc., etc., could all have been got in as inevitable results of Pawtucket-Toddlers' foolish actions, and with more humorous effect.

The part of the divorced Mrs. Putnam was taken by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who had, however, not very satisfactorily been charmed to hear. But how is Miss Carlisle ever going to learn how to act if she never gets anything more than this to do? Or is Miss Carlisle content to act always in plays that depend on the grossness of their coarse clothes? And have we to maintain the highest efficiency of health and strength. But beware of imitations—which are more fatal than any attempt to analyse "Pawtucket." No medical examination. No other is "just as good." And see that "HOVIS" is on each loaf.

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confidently expect to see Mr. Maude take up politics or some other strenuous recreation merely in order to avoid artistic extinction. A play which deals with real life is capable of such infinite modulation of mood and emotion that a habit can be guarded against, but no one outside the atmosphere of the Carlton or the Savoy could even dream of mistaking "Pawtucket-Toddlers" for the real thing. And to act such things means to reduce one's self to the level of after-dinner mummer to the public.

Earlier on in the week I saw "In the Bishop's Carriage," in Aldwych, which is a title exceedingly irrelevant, as a play about a woman who has one lover and her "reformer" lover. The action is somewhat complex and the general atmosphere too artificial, there are some thrilling moments and some good acting. The woman, Nancy, is acted by Miss Fanny Ward, and the part evidently suits her, her acting in the emotional parts being especially good. One cannot escape comparing the play with Leath Kleschna, or wishing that the bringing together of the criminal and society world could be done in a less conventional manner. Nance's difficulties are solved by the love of Latimer the reformer, and by her own success as an artist. It is one of the rare occasions on which it is obviously only a very local and special solution, and does not give any taste of the real drama of the contrast. Nor does it give any insight into the mystery and pity of the soul of the criminal, by any act differently brought upon by being they are made differently and situated differently. "In the Bishop's Carriage" differentiates criminals and non-criminals by entirely conventional standards.

ART.

The Artificers' Guild Exhibition.

The cause of handicraft, when it is made, as it so often is, both in town and country, the preferer for some sort of glorified bazaar, actually perhaps under "Royal and distinguished patronage," suffers more from the enthusiasm of its would-be friends than it ever can do from the dull common sense of its most practically-minded and "progressive" enemies. But the exhibition now open at Maddox Street bears neither trace nor trail of that serpent which is obviously only a very local and special solution, and does not give any taste of the real drama of the contrast. Nor does it give any insight into the mystery and pity of the soul of the criminal, by any act differently brought upon by being they are made differently and situated differently. "In the Bishop's Carriage" differentiates criminals and non-criminals by entirely conventional standards.

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LIVING STATUARY.

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

“A Living Statuary” is still in the public mind. It may be conceded that the exhibition makes some appeal to the genuine and Beautiful and to some extent cultivates that sense; but no man seriously supposes the merely Beautiful would secure a “living statue” a place in a programme; no man seriously pretends to himself (whatever he may do to his neighbour) that the real attraction is not the sexual one. It may be doubted if the Race is benefited by the sexual excitation of the average music hall public; but, of course, prohibitions and all other tinkering with the sexual question, will but shift the pitch of the pandering.

There is a much more vital side to the whole question. Man is still evolving; to-day that is a truism. Go back to the beginnings, and you may find his ancestor (a good many times great-grandfather) a sort of pervading stomach individual; surviving still, though perhaps not so robust as he used to be, or less mean, less clever, and the rest would not be spoiling our landscapes. Mr. Stomach has gradually got built round with other organs, the sum total of which inspired the Greek sculptor some centuries ago with the notion that he had found Man. The creature, however, had already got a rather elaborate skin, which he could put on and off. Even since, judging from the season’s fashion plates, the creature seems to have been chiefly busy further elaborating it. What a wonder! Now, if you were to be shown an ideal, the very human, by exhibiting a society beauty under the X rays, nor would you be nearer to it if you sent her portrait to the hall manager with pretences.

Born a Class Trick.—that term being applied to Mr. Haldane’s acceptance of an amendment to the effect that no assistance would be given pat to those Radical and Labour members who brought pressure on him. Haldane’s motive is clear, and has no connection with “A Class Army.”—that class distinction which was fighting the remnant of the saurians. His natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté for survival he was fighting, the remnant of the saurians. His skin was only the top skin, from the tailor’s or dress-maker’s, natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté.

You would not think you were showing the ideal, the very human, by exhibiting a society beauty under the X rays, nor would you be nearer to it if you sent her portrait to the hall manager with pretences.

A STUDENT OF “THE ALL-TOGETHER.”

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

I have just read your leader throwing ridicule on those who do not approve of the public exhibition of “Living Statuary.” Suppose, when the Christmas charades are on, a young man with artistic instincts were to induce your daughters and a dozen other young people to come down into your drawing room stark naked, in order to pose as an exhibition of living statuary, would you approve? If not why not?

J. S. GREENWOOD.

A CLASS-ARMY.

To the Editors of “The New Age.”

In your issue of the 27th ult., a paragraph appears headed “A Class Trick”—that term being applied to Mr. Haldane’s acceptance of an amendment to the effect that no assistance would be given to members of cadet corps, or rifle clubs under 16 in elementary government schools. But surely Mr. Haldane’s motive is clear, and has no connection with “A Class Army.”—that class distinction which was fighting the remnant of the saurians. His natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté for survival he was fighting, the remnant of the saurians. His skin was only the top skin, from the tailor’s or dress-maker’s, natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté.

However, I cordially agree with the opinion expressed in the paragraphs under reference that it would have been better had the Labour Party pinned Mr. Haldane to his original policy and insisted on military training being encouraged. "If not enforced, in every elementary school.

This, indeed, is part of the measures proposed by Lord Haldane. Reference should be made to the paragraph, viz., to secure the votes of those Radical and Labour members who brought pressure on him.

Haldane’s motive is clear, and has no connection with “A Class Army.”—that term being applied to Mr. Haldane’s acceptance of an amendment to the effect that no assistance would be given to members of cadet corps, or rifle clubs under 16 in elementary government schools. But surely Mr. Haldane’s motive is clear, and has no connection with “A Class Army.”—that class distinction which was fighting the remnant of the saurians. His natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté for survival he was fighting, the remnant of the saurians. His skin was only the top skin, from the tailor’s or dress-maker’s, natural hairy suit did not even accommodate the décolleté.

However, I cordially agree with the opinion expressed in the paragraphs under reference that it would have been better had the Labour Party pinned Mr. Haldane to his original policy and insisted on military training being encouraged. “If not enforced, in every elementary school.”

This, indeed, is part of the measures proposed by Lord Roberts and the National Service League. The scheme is truly democratic for under it all able-bodied citizens would be liable, high or low, rich and poor alike, and no substitutes allowed. Sufficient training only would be required to enable them to efficiently defend their own homes and houses. The liability would be for home defence only, and there would be no living in barracks. It is, therefore, the very antithesis of the old system of conscription, when men were drawn by ballot, and substitutes allowed on payment. As to so-called militarism, when all are liable to face the music there would be no rushing into an unjust or unpopular war. Those jingoists who shout are probably the last who would care to fight in person, while the true soldier, whose stern duty it is on emergencies to act, fully recognises war’s seriousness.

Again, when all have to give a short time from work to training, the employment difficulty would cease, for all would be in the same boat.

We must all agree, too, that the best men should be officers, without partiality, favour, or affection.

(Col.) F. COCHRAN.

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