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MR. BLUNT

AND

AN INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by

A. R. ORAGE and HOLBROOK JACKSON

EGYPT.

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The WHITE-HALL

COSSACKS.

By

Dr. HADEN GUEST.

THE OUTLOOK.

From the Bastille to Riga.

It was singularly appropriate that the great meeting of protest against a Russian alliance should take place upon July 14th. For it was on that date that over a century ago the French people seized the Bastille and gave the signal for that uprising of the spirit of Europe the end of which is not yet. The Bastille, according to the researches of the latest students, appears to have been by no means an especially unbearable place—nothing resembling the horrible infernos where women are tortured and outraged to this day by order of the Tsar. For the taking of the Bastille was nevertheless one of the landmarks of the world’s history, the first declaration of the war which France waged on behalf of human freedom. And throughout that war and ever since Russia has played the Ahitophel to France’s Ormuzd. It was by the Russian snows that the armies of the Revolution were at last stayed; it was Russia that for half a century held Europe down under the heel of her kings; it is from Russia (as Mr. Belloc has put it) that “an unknown rule and the advance of relentless things menace Europe now.” It is safe to say that the destruction of the Russian autocracy would mean far more to Europe than even the French Revolution did. Not only is the Empire a much vaster one, but, while the French Revolution was in the main political, the Russian revolution will almost certainly be social and economic also. It is impossible to estimate the effect upon the balance of forces of the substitution of a Democratic, perhaps of a Social Democratic, State for the immense military tyranny which for so long kept the West in awe. Those Englishmen, therefore, did well who assembled on Sunday to protest against their country repeating Pitt’s disastrous blunder and helping the Tsar and his agents to strangle the nascent liberties of the Russian people. Considering the shortness of the notice, and the difficulty apparently experienced in advertising the meeting, the demonstration was an extremely effective one, and its unanimity and enthusiasm must, one would suppose, make Sir Edward Grey pause before he commits us to a policy disastrous alike to our interests and our honour.

The Police and Disorder.

Who is responsible for the proceedings of the police after the Trafalgar Square demonstration? We confess that they appear to us utterly indefensible. At the conclusion of the meeting in the Square the assembly was invited by a speaker to march down Whitehall and demonstrate in front of the Foreign Office. The police made no objection to this, indeed we understand that their permission had been given; and they themselves accompanied the procession along Whitehall. Yet, when the destination was reached, and Mr. Jack Williams attempted to address his followers, he was violently pulled down, and, immediately, without warning or provocation, a posse of police charged the crowd. We can say with the authority of eye-witnesses, that there was absolutely no disorder on the part of the demonstrators previous to this wanton provocation. As a matter of fact, there was hardly any disorder even after it, except such as was caused by the police themselves. Yet several quite peaceable persons, including women, were roughly handled, and a red flag was captured and torn up—a perfectly indefensible affront which might easily have caused a serious riot. Really the police ought to be taught their business better. Their encounters with the Suffragettes have made them the laughing stock of the country; yet in that case they had more excuse, for their opponents were deliberately bent on provoking a conflict. On Sunday, on the other hand, the crowd was perfectly orderly, and only wished to do what the police had given them permission to do. There is not the slightest doubt that had the police refrained from interfering the crowd, after giving its “proans for Grey,” and reaffirming its resolution, would have dispersed quite quietly. As it was, the guardians of order narrowly escaped provoking a dangerous fracas, and succeeded in giving the people of England another illustration of the devotion of a Liberal Government to the ideal of personal liberty.

Colne Valley Next.

The splendid victory of Pete Curran at Jarrow should encourage the Socialists and Labourites of the Colne Valley to work with a will for the return of Mr. Grayson. It will be a harder job than the last, but with adequate energy and efficiency it ought to be done. Mr. Grayson has a special claim upon the support of Socialists all over the country, because he is not only an outspoken and unflinching Socialist himself, but is running under the auspices of a Socialist Society. Socialists and Trades Unions are working loyally together in Colne Valley, as they did at Jarrow, but, if the Socialists wish their principles to become and remain the guiding principle of the Labour Party they must show themselves able and willing to supply an adequate backing for their own candidates. We therefore urge every Socialist throughout the country to consider what he can do to make Colne Valley as big a triumph as Jarrow—and to do it.

A Word to Dr. Clifford.

Does Dr. Clifford still profess to be a Socialist? We believe that he is still a member of the Fabian Society, which ought to be a sufficient guarantee. But, if he is a Socialist, how does he justify his repeated efforts to secure the defeat of Socialist and the election of non-Socialist candidates? At Jarrow a letter from him recommending the electors to vote for Mr. Hughes was widely used to damage Curran’s candidature. Nor is this an isolated case. At the General Election he intervened at Bradford to support an exceptionally re-actionary Liberal candidate against so excellent a Labour and Socialist representative as Mr. Jewett. At Huddersfield, again, Mr. Sherwell made great capi-
tal out of the Doctor's blessing, and the majority being a very small one, it is almost safe to say that his intervention lost the Labour Party the seat. The same thing happened at Jarrow, and will doubtless happen at Colne Valley. We have no objection to Liberals supporting Liberal candidates, and if Dr. Clifford has now become a Liberal pure and simple he had better say so. For this treacherous back-stabbing by a member of the Fabian Society is unendurable. Dr. Clifford has gained much reputation and influence by his alleged Socialist sympathies. The Fabian Society has itself added to that influence by publishing a Tract by him, which, we have understood, is a large sale. It is intolerable that the influence so gained should be used to damage Socialist candidates. The reverend gentleman should either cease from these disloyal escapades or resign from the Fabian Society and declare himself a Liberal and an enemy of Socialism. Until he does one or the other, we shall consider his political conscience badly in need of repair.

Honours Rooted in Dishonour.

We are unfeignedly glad to see that the Liberal Party still contains a few persons not impervious to the disgrace of our present method of bestowing "honours," and not afraid to express their disgust at it even when their party is in office. We congratulate Mr. Lea upon his courage and independence. Of course, he is being abused violently in the Liberal Press, and the orthodox Liberals in his constituency are grumbling at his conduct in recognising the infallibility of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But we ought all to be grateful to him for having dragged into the light the sort of scandal that is becoming more and more common every year. The knighting of Sir James Smith, late chairman of the Prime Minister's election committee and a director of the Ayrshire Foundry Company, when that body, by the Premier's own admission, fraudulently supplied the Navy with a defective rudder, was a particularly disgraceful case. But the real evil lies deeper. Everyone knows perfectly well that titles are cynically sold by all Governments in return for contributions to the war-chest of the party. We are glad to note that in the course of the debate no less an authority than Lord Roberts quoted with approvingly from Mr. Quelch's tract "Social Democracy and the Armed Nation." That is a very notable sign. In a few years, we fancy, the nation will be filled with intelligent Socialists desiring above all things a democratic army, and practical soldiers desiring above all things an efficient army, will be so formidable that no combination of Tories and duffers of class privilege will be able to stand against it.

The Peers as Democrats.

The two paradoxes of the week are Mr. Balfour's appearance as a brilliant exponent of Socialist economics and the appearance of the House of Lords as the true custodians of the Army Bill. We are glad to note that in the course of the debate no less an authority than Lord Roberts quoted approvingly from Mr. Quelch's tract "Social Democracy and the Armed Nation." That is a very notable sign. In a few years, we fancy, the nation will be filled with intelligent Socialists desiring above all things a democratic army, and practical soldiers desiring above all things an efficient army, will be so formidable that no combination of Tories and duffers of class privilege will be able to stand against it.

When is a Pledge not a Pledge?

Unfortunately, Mr. Lea's independence of mind and conscience is rare in the Liberal Party. Most Liberals are apparently willing to follow Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman whithersoever he may lead them over mountains of broken pledges and shivered principles. The legal abortion was pretty conclusively this week when the question of the Education Bill was before the House of Commons. Those whose memories go back beyond the last General Election—apparently the memory of the average Liberal member stops long before that date—will recall that the existing sugar import duties had at that time to excite as much horror in the Liberal mind as the prospective tax on bread. We were told that it was destroying a prosperous industry, throwing thousands out of employment, and imposing an intolerable burden on the consumer. When the General Election came, hundreds of Liberals pledged themselves to repeal the tax. Yet, when Mr. Harold Cox moved to repeal it, Liberal after Liberal rose and said that it was perfectly true that he had promised to support the repeal of the tax, yet he thought that the best way to secure that repeal would be—to vote against it! We cannot go into all the arguments by which this remarkable conclusion was reached, but nobody who has studied the speeches of Mears, Roberts, Richardson, Hemmerde, Maddison, and others will dispute the accuracy of the above summary. It was suggested that the sugar tax had to be retained in order to afford the promised "nucleus" for Old Age Pensions. This, of course, is exactly what Mr. Chamberlain said about his corn tax: and who does not recall the storm of indignation and derision with which that suggestion of his was greeted by Liberals and Free Traders of all shades? The fact is, of course, that the money wanted for Old Age Pensions could be found to-morrow if the Government made up its mind and taxed the unearned incomes of the rich men who are nearly all the rich men would leave the party. And where would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman get his next batch of Peers from?

Tests and Training.

On the whole, we think Mr. McKenna should be congratulated upon his efforts to free the training colleges from religious rates. We do not share the Non-conformist superstition that it is wicked for the State to support "denominational" teaching, and we utterly disapprove of the policy embodied in the two Education Bills by the present Government. But the training colleges are in a different position. The last two or three religious societies have a virtual monopoly of the means by which teachers are trained for work in the elementary schools is at once an oppressive burden on prospective teachers and a fatal obstacle to the growth of national education. We do not say that Mr. McKenna's solution is the best possible. We should prefer to see all training colleges brought under national control, with such provision as may be necessary for special denomination. But the struggle against ecclesiastical monopoly, we are entirely with the Minister.

The Extension of Landlordism.

We are glad that the Government stood up for the rights of the commoner. We are sorry that Mr. Jesse's attempt to save British agriculture by turning big landlords into small ones. Nothing, we conceive, could be more fatal than to hand over the land absolutely to the Commons will allow the provision to stand. We are glad that the Government stood up for the rights of the commoner. We are sorry that Mr. Jesse's attempt to save British agriculture by turning big landlords into small ones. Nothing, we conceive, could be more fatal than to hand over the land absolutely to
small men, as irresponsible as the old landlords and even less intelligent. If we are really to redeem our agriculture, it must be by a vigorous and well-conceived scheme of State organisation and encouragement. And this will be permanently impossible if every petty farmer is to be despised over his own fields. Moreover, the peasant would not long remain owner. England is not France, and even in France the system seems to be breaking down. In England, a highly industrialised country protected by tariffs, a peasant proprietary, if started, would almost immediately be bought up by money-lenders, and the only result would be the substitution of a much worse and harsher system of localised labour for the feudal survivals of the present time. The Government, backed very-ably by Mr. Masterman, secured the rejection by the Committee of Mr. Collings' proposal, and now we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that whatever land is taken from the landlords will go to the people and not to a new privileged class.

Indian Opinion Ignored.

As regards India, again, perhaps the worst feature of the situation is that the development of Indian opinion is being kept carefully from the knowledge of England. What does India herself think?—that is the first question to be asked and the last to be answered. Reuter and nearly all the other correspondents give nothing but Anglo-Indian views—most of the Indian correspondents, indeed, are on the staffs of Anglo-Indian newspapers. The Indian papers, which papers lately have been beating New York at the game of journalistic debasement. Venom and lies, false rumours and violent attacks on the Indians—these have been for over a year the characteristics of the Anglo-Indian newspapers. The Indians, however, are not told in England, but the deadly work has been going on, as can be proved. On the other hand, nothing has been heard in England of Indian Press opinion of late. A few months ago, for example, the most extreme vernacular papers—the body of moderate and responsible opinion has not been allowed to echo through the cables, and England is made to believe lies, lies! It is a terrible scandal, and a disgrace to an Imperial people. It must be made known that—leaving out the extremists and one or two well-flattered Indian Princes—the vast majority of moderate politicians in India have turned dead against the Secretary of State, the late Mr. Seddon, Mr. Deakin, and other Colonial statesmen, and are amenable, if not the finest statesmen the Empire has ever produced, and they are being ignored insultingly. There are evidences at hand that India's feelings are being hurt beyond remedy, because at a crisis like this we have not the courtesy or the Imperial good sense to consult the chief Indian publicists in the provinces concerned. Why do we honour so highly such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, General Bothe, the late Mr. Seddon, Mr. Deakin, and other Colonial statesmen and so vilify dishonest men of India, their equals, if not their superiors, in political capacity and personal ability? Does Mr. John Morley feel that he must justify his offensive assertion that the Indians could not govern India for a week, by taking care that England shall not know anything of her best Indian statesmen? London for Colonial statesmen and Melbourne for Indian equals; this is not Imperialism; it is madness.

Home Work and Sweating.

NEVER since the time of the Lords' Committee on Sweating has the painful question of home work and under payment received so much attention as it has during the last year or so. A Select Committee of the House of Commons is now examining into the subject, and a Commissioner (Mr. Ernest Ave) has been sent by the Home Office to study the methods of regulation in use in Australia and New Zealand. It will be the duty of Socialists and Labourists when the Select Committee have reported, it is useless to try and forecast the probable lines of legislation; but it may not be interesting to our readers to recall the principal suggestions that have been made. Social reformers are a good deal divided among themselves on this question, as on many others. Some want regulation of wages; others regard it as practically impossible, and believe that the stricter enforcement of sanitary law will indirectly tend to raise wages. All are agreed, however, that the main source of difficulty is, first of all, the weak and unorganised condition of the workers themselves, who, from lack of combination, and the fact that they are usually put down lower and lower rates of pay; if they stand out for more, someone else, in their own phrase, will "go behind them," and take the work for less. This evil has been attacked with great vigour and determination in Australia on two distinct lines of action, which may be summarised thus:

**New Zealand Plan.**
Instituted by Mr. Pember Reeves in 1894. Based on trade unionism, but any seven workers can register as a union, and have their wages and conditions of work regulated by a conciliation board backed by a court of arbitration, whose decisions have the force of law.
Supported by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Clementina Black, and others.

**Victoria Plan.**
Instituted in Victoria, Australia, in 1896. Based on special boards, consisting of elected representatives of employers and employees, which are to be formed in any industry, and have power to fix wages, piece or time.
Supported by Sir Charles Dilke and the Anti-Sweating League.

Both these methods appear to have worked well, and have been adopted, and, in other Colonies, the New Zealand plan in New South Wales and Western Australia and the Victorian in South Australia. A Bill on Victorian lines has been several times introduced in our own House of Commons. Mr. Aves and the Select Committee cast the probable lines of legislation; but it may not be interesting to our readers to recall the principal suggestions that have been made. Social reformers are a good deal divided among themselves on this question, as on many others. Some want regulation of wages; others regard it as practically impossible, and believe that the stricter enforcement of sanitary law will indirectly tend to raise wages. All are agreed, however, that the main source of difficulty is, first of all, the weak and unorganised condition of the workers themselves, who, from lack of combination, and the fact that they are usually put down lower and lower rates of pay; if they stand out for more, someone else, in their own phrase, will "go behind them," and take the work for less. This evil has been attacked with great vigour and determination in Australia on two distinct lines of action, which may be summarised thus:—

**Mr. Tennant's Bill.**
Would render the employer of home-workers responsible for the sanitary conditions in which they work, just as the occupier of a workshop is responsible. Administration in the hands of local sanitary authorities.

**Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Bill.**
Would introduce a system of licences or certificates, to be issued by the State, and be run out by home workers, and in default of which no employer may give work out. The control to be in the hands of the factory inspectors, who would have to visit and inspect home-work places before granting the licence. Interim certificates to be granted until the inspection has been made.

Both these plans have their good points, and both of course are open to criticism. Mr. Tennant's Bill aims at checking and improving, and strengthening the present system, under which local authorities collect the lists of outworkers, and are supposed to inspect their homes, a duty which is efficiently carried out in some cases and is utterly neglected in others. Mr. MacDonald's Bill is more idealistic, and would introduce a new system of central control which would probably be far more efficient than anything we have at present; the obstacle is the great number of inspectors that would be required, and the difficulty of inducing the Treasury to grant the salaries. It is a pity that neither of these Bills includes
the admirable suggestion made years ago by Mr. C. Booth and Mrs. Sidney Webb, as a result of their joint work in East London, viz., that the landlord as well as the employer should be made responsible for the relations and a double system of registration should be introduced, the landlord having to register the tenement let as a workroom, the employer the outworker employed. This double registration would present two great advantages: 

1. It would make things considerably less pleasant for the owners of sweating dens.

2. L. H.

Mr. Balfour and Land Values.

We only wish that all Socialists had the grasp of Socialism displayed by Mr. Balfour in his speech on the Scots Land Values Bill on Wednesday of last week. In a brief but incomparably lucid criticism of the Government Bill he effectually destroyed the whole single-tax theory by exactly such arguments as were long ago put forward by Mr. C. Booth (No. 1); arguments, too, which assume the thoroughly Socialist contention that all value is a social and not an individual product. The following is an extract from the "Times" report of Mr. Balfour's speech:

"In a civilised community nothing was of value to the owner except through the exertions of the society in which he lived and the predecessors of that society. The taxes were all inheritors of wealth; even weekly wage-earners were inheritors of wealth, or a subsistence to which they had only in part contributed. Let them take the case of a retail tradesman who owned a house in a thoroughfare that became fashionable. His business opportunities grew and he made a great deal of money by the mere accident of the situation. His wealth was as much due to the society in which he lived as that of the owner of any site in the centre of the Metropolis. Who contributed to this unearned increment? How, gentlemen, sometimes talked as if the people who made the unearned increment of a plot of land in a town were the other citizens of the town, and they only. That was a proposition which no man would believe who grasped the fact that more than the citizens then living had been concerned, and that it was not the community who collected the rates and benefited by the rates who alone had to do with this social development. What would Glasgow be but for the general system of which it was part? Workers in every part of the world contributed to its development as much as the citizens of Glasgow. The doctrine of unearned increment, if once really understood, would be seen to have unexpected consequences."

Too many earnest reformers having tracked the economic dragon to its lair in the land have hastily concluded that all the wealth of land and the appropriation by the community of "unearned increment" of land value would prove an effective remedy for most of our economic ills. And doubtless if land were the only form of capital, such a remedy might be completely successful. But exactly to the extent of civilisation, the forms of capital become more and more complex; and though their roots are still in the land, their industrial branches are far enough away from it. In "Facts for Socialists" (Fabian Tract No. 5), we are told that of the total annual produce of the United Kingdom (1,800 million sterling) the total rent-roll of lands, etc., amounts to only 290 millions, or about one-sixth; while interest on capital as distinct from rent on land is estimated at an annual total of 360 millions, or one-fifth of the annual produce. This being the case, it is obvious that however damping the tax on land values may be made, still greater areas of capital will be left comparatively free. In short, the single-tax is only a partial tax.

Mr. Balfour. It will be seen from the above extract, therefore, took up a perfectly sound position. He asked, in effect, why land should be taxed and capital in another form be left untaxed. If all value without exception is a social product, then all values without exception are amenable to communal taxation, and it proceeds to communal ownership. That, in a word, is the Socialist position; and we are glad to see that Mr. Balfour intimated the practical application of the theory, however, he was not, of course, inclined to make. That, as he justly recognised, was being undertaken by the Liberal Government. Yet it surely is as plain as a pikestaff that sooner or later the Government that begins with the taxation of land values on the assumption that value is a social product must continue with the taxation of all values and end with their appropriation on precisely the same assumption. As Mr. Balfour remarked: "the doctrine of unearned increment, if once really understood, would be seen to have unexpected consequences." We cannot admit, however, that in the discussion it was the Government that was being ridden by theory and Mr. Balfour who was driving at practice. Obviously, in fact, the very reverse was the case. Theory—ridden as Liberalism undoubtedly is—ought to have shown there were sound reasons of fact for the Bill. That no less than two hundred and fifty municipalities had petitioned in favour of such a measure was argument enough without a single theory; and, moreover, we are pretty sure that the Lord Advocate of Scotland had no complete grasp of the theory of social value. As a Single-taxer he was, in fact, disqualified from the possession of the complete theory; and hence he fell an easy prey to Mr. Balfour's more thorough-going conception. On the whole, the discussion was an example of the ease with which a bit of Socialism may be made to look slightly ridiculous. The complete Socialist theory; and the method of Mr. Balfour may be paralleled by the uncompromising methods of doctrinaire Socialists, who employ the whole force of their theoretical strength to squall the Government and make it look slightly ridiculous. We welcome the measure which is intended to follow the present Bill; and hope that the same will be extended to England as soon as possible.

Mark Twain.

It is strange that the land which takes itself most seriously should have dealt up with the man who has set the whole world laughing. Yet this strange trait of Mr. Balfour's is only superficial. America seems to be set apart by destiny for big events, and its large seriousness naturally makes it possible only for humour of the giant order to survive. So we have Mark Twain, a child of the land of the biggest things on earth, bestriding the Atlantic like a colossus, whilst the two hemispheres roll about him shaking with laughter. Mark Twain is the entente cordiale of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The interesting consideration in reference to Mark Twain as an American is that in literature America has produced only two heroic things which are absolutely indigenous. It has produced great derivative writers such as Poe, Emerson, and Thoreau; and its minor derivative writers are to be counted by the score. But when it comes to personality in letters we suddenly find our range narrowed almost to vanishing point. Great as are Emerson and Poe, they are a continuation of the European tradition; they might just as easily have been the products of London or Paris. But there are two American writers of the first order, who can hold their heads up among the best of the Old World and yet retain their individuality. One of them was the good grey poet, Walt Whitman, and the other is Mark Twain.

These two have been, in common, with the notable exception of that sense of humour which is supreme in one of them. "Leaves of Grass" is as serious as the Bible; indeed, it is more so, for it is doubtful if Mark Twain in everyone's estimation was the equal of Whitman, a feat he performed in reference to the Hebrew scriptures. What Mark Twain and Walt
Where Socialism was Tried.

II.

What is a Socialist organisation of a city? The ownership and operation of land and capital collectively by the city, for the good of its citizens. Did Athens under Pericles have this? No student of Boeckh's "Public Economy of Athens," nor one who can put together the statements of hundreds or thousands of passages in the classic Greek authors, can well deny this. Athens owned lands, mines, forests, farms, houses, markets, which it worked, under one form or another, for the profit of the citizens. Its citizens did not support the city; the city supported the citizens—at least all such as needed support. Out of the revenues derived from its possessions, Athens practically guaranteed to every citizen a livelihood. Have we not here the essence of a very complete Socialism? Yet how truly this prevailed in Athens can be seen only as we enter into some detail.

It is necessary to make some distinctions. There was in Athens no attempt at any community or even equality of goods. Aristotle scoffed at such ideals, and Aristophanes burlesqued them. Athens was not communistic. But then this is not Socialism. Socialism and Communism are distinct. Once again, Athens was not Socialist in any modern ethical sense of the word, as based on ideals of human brotherhood or theories of universal rights. The fellow-citizens of Socrates and of Plato's Symposium were no socialist theories. The individual, pure and simple, they did not recognize. He was an end—a no-man. He was an idiot. Athens's Socialism was distinctly selfish. Her citizens instituted it simply because they believed it to be for their own interests. It was of the city, for the citizens, and for no one else. Athens, even less than Sparta, Athens in which the poorest inhabitant had no share in it. Slaves were not citizens, and scarcely considered human. Economically they were not men and women, but marvellous tools worked strictly for the citizen. They were a part of the capital of the day—as Aristotle distinctly asserts—and therefore, like other capital, often owned by the city and made use of for the citizens. Here is no modern ethical Socialism. Nor any more was it "scientific" going to "Das Kapital." In many respects it was not a formal Socialism at all. Yet, in spite of all this, how virtually and radically Socialistic it was we must now see.

It practically asked from each citizen according to his ability, and gave to each according to his need. This was accomplished in the main by two institutions: the so-called "liturgies," seeing from the rich gratification for the less fortunate, and above all by the "theorica," or daily money payment for public service, given to any citizen who wished it, and in quantity sufficient to enable him to live upon it in respectability and ordinary comfort. It was this that made Athens Socialistic, and was introduced by Pericles, as we may clearly learn, among other sources, from Aristotle (Politics II, 12) and Plato (Gorgias, 575). We will consider this further in its place.

The dicasticon was the daily money payment, first of one obol and later of three, to any Athenian citizen who did duty as a diescur or juror in the multitudinous courts of Athens. One obol was the cents—seemingly a small affair, and yet, as we shall see, measured by Athenian prices, sufficient to maintain life in respectability and comfort, and paid sufficiently frequently to form, Mahaffy tells us ("F. Greek Life," p. 68), an income on which must depend "the present citizens lived." It was paid for this purpose. Athenian courts were held not only for her citizens, but for all the allied cities subject to her leadership. They were therefore numerous and frequent. Aristophanes tells us that six thousand persons received the dicasticon each day, supporting perhaps thirty thousand persons (including wives and children), or some third of the free population.

And this payment was only the principal one of several similar payments. It was for service in the courts; but for attendance at the ecclesia, or popular assembly, to which also any Athenian citizen could go, there was another payment, an ecclesiatic of one obol at times from one to nine obols (twenty-seven cents). Moreover, the city saw to it that her poorest citizen could enjoy the drama and the religious festivities, both of which were considered municipal functions which it was important that every citizen should attend. Therefore the poorer citizens were paid a theoricon of two obols for the drama and various payments for the different religious festivities which in Athens were more numerous than in any other city. Xenophon indeed tells us that festivals like the Panathenaea and the Dionysia were more for the benefit of the poor than for worship of the gods. At some of these festivities three hundred obols were given at once to the poor. Distribution of corn was of frequent occurrence.

These payments were for any citizens; but to especial classes were given special and larger sums. Those elected to the Boule, or Council, were, of course, paid, as were all attorneys, clerks, soldiers, policemen, and minor officials of every kind; so also were orators, poets, singers, artists; to the orphans and widows of soldiers, to the unfortunate and disabled, abundant pensions were extended. No citizen of Athens who was in health and willing to do a little service for the State had any need of continuing in want.

And see what these payments meant. Professor Boeckh, in his "Public Economy of Athens," estimates that prices in Athens, under Pericles, were at least ten times lower than in modern times. He who received three obols a day, therefore received the equivalent of ninety cents today. He probably received vastly more compared with modern city prices. Demosthenes speaks of a little house worth seven minae (about $126). Houses could be bought for half that, or rented for five dollars a year. An ordinary slave could be produced for seven dollars; meat prepared for dinner cost half an obol, and a warm drink, a chalcus, or half a cent. A fashionable tunic could be bought for two dollars, and a summer garment for four. The simplest, yet beautiful and durable. Demosthenes, with his mother and sister, were brought up on seven hundred drachmae a year ($126). It must be remembered, too, that the greatest Athenian poet of all, Homer, received, in the simplest, last way. Therefore those who were paid their three obols a day could not only live, but live as did the best.
Whence did this money come? Largely in Socialist ways. The foundation of the Attic treasury was the State-owned silver mines at Laurium, worked or leased for the profit of the city. Besides these the city owned lands (farms and building lots), forests, pastures, salt-works, markets, storehouses, other buildings, and leased them or worked them with slave labour for the common good. Next to these the sources of income, peace and war, was the tribute paid by the allies, subject in reality to Athens, by her colonies and conquered territories. Beyond this were the taxes on the large foreign population of Athens and the duties on imports and exports. Athens paid no tax, except, perhaps, one on slaves, though all paid dues or fees for services in the courts. Such were the main regular sources of Athens's revenue.

But this was by no means all. The rich were made to pay, not indeed taxes, save on slaves, but the liturgies mentioned above. There were payments, virtually compulsory, made from time to time by wealthy individuals to establish and endow games, banquets, festivities, literary or musical contests, and largely for the benefit of the poor. Such were the Choragia or musical contests between drilled choirs, the gymnasias or gymnastic contests, the theatres or State festivals.

And be it remembered that all this expenditure for the poor was Socialist, not given in charity. The citizen worked for his pay. It was not the panis et circus of the Roman imperialism. Athens was democratic, not paternal. So far as her free citizens went she was fiercely democratic. Says Bluntschli ("Theory of the State") : "Democracy found its most logical expression in Athens. The Athenian citizen who wished it was allowed to devote his life to money-making, business, or gymnastics, and was for a different audience. The drama, supported by the State, was trained to judge. The drama, supported by the State, had no need of being ruled by the box-office, and the plays given were to go to the best, and judge the best, became capable of the best. Hence the "Medea," "Electra," the "Prometheus Bound." It was so with architecture, with sculpture, with oratory. It was, above all, so with philosophy. The poorest Athenian citizen could go to Plato's Academy or Aristotle's Lyceum. Artisans could talk with Phidias and cobblers with Sophocles. The City-State thus made possible and called out in every citizen the disposition to know and follow the Best. Now, this system of payments began, it is known, with Pericles; it ended in the downfall of Greece at Chaeronea. But why, shall we be asked, did Greece fall? For many reasons. Greece was not moral. Her Socialism, we have said, was selfish. Her public men were often corrupt, her private wealth impure. Greece, too, was not Socialist. She was at best but a loose federation of competing republics. She fell before a united Macedon, even as Macedon fell before the larger unity of the Roman Empire. But did the Socialist Socialism in Athens? And while it endured, did it not produce an individuality unequalled in the world? (The End.)

The Sword of Laughter.

Many of us want other people to grow in grace, and then we are called philanthropists or heroes; some of us want to grow in grace ourselves, and we are called artists, egotists, or saints; and we are rebuked by other people who want to improve everything but the improvers. Someone writing a parody of Mr. Shaw in Punch a year or two ago, said, "what you preach; to do so is to hold up your theories to obvious ridicule." But how much more interesting life would be if people left off preaching altogether, and told us what they practise instead. How still more delightful if we could, like saints, fulfil our own aspirations, instead of asking other people to fulfil them for us; if we could shed a blessing without speech and sanctity without the laying on of hands. A genuine autobiography, such as Boswell's "Life of Johnson," or Cellini's "Autobiography," or Saint Augustine's "Confessions," seems to me worth all the other books in the world. But it is a great human tragedy that the more interested people are, the more ashamed they are of their really interesting qualities. They are ashamed of our inconsistencies; and it is through our inconsistencies that we alone can learn the reality that lies behind human delusions. It is because we have not the courage to face our own complexities that we are still almost entirely ignorant of the real nature of the human mind. We don't want to study bald lists of the symptoms and vagaries of people under medical supervision, but we do want to know the alternate personalities of our ordinary clever and apparently sane people. We want to get the histories of people's experiences just in the right perspective that makes them forgive themselves, and make the complex consciousness of understanding the true relation of their most outrageous and incongruous thoughts.

There are hundreds of people who are perpetually analysing themselves and making mutual confessions of great pictorial interest, artists in description, who can seize all their most fleeting emotions, make dramas, draw murals, and justify their own conduct. But we want something deeper than this. The Jester Critic tells us more than these people can understand, because he sits above self-justification and drama. He laughs at the melodramas of the emotions; he weeps at the jests of the low comedian; he sneers alike at the waltling of the sensualist and the ignorance and hypocrisy of the moralist. All alike are shattered by his laughter. Like the great Messenger of the Apocalypse, the Jester Critic has come, and a sharp two-edged sword—the sword of laughter—goes out of his mouth. This deep-cutting sword.

This master, this old whizzer, this sand piper, This edge that's greyer than the tide, this mouse That's gnawing at the timbers of the world, Destroys the clamorous dreams of visions which hide us from ourselves. Let men take this magic sword that comes to us from heaven like a Promethean gift and laugh at ourselves until we see clearly by the light of laughter's sunshine. We pose as persons, individuals, with unlaughed convictions. We forget that our convictions are subtly changing all the time in order that they may suit themselves to our own weaknesses and oppose themselves to the weaknesses of other
people. A few violent changes from success to failure and from poverty to wealth will show anyone that convictions are as changeable as circumstances. The most ignorant man in the world is the man that has refused to observe the working of his own mind. We are all aware of mental changes in others, but very few of us can examine our own weakness, our own natural instability. We must make ourselves skilled in the gymnastics of the mind, and learn to fix it for a few moments in order that we may practise the only vivisection that is of any use—the vivisection of our own hypostatic, timid, introspective souls.

How those mighty changes, for which so many of us claim immortality, shrink and wither in our grasp! We wonder what there is worthy of immortality about these wayward creatures that we can almost laugh out of existence at the first breath. And who are we that laugh at them? Something so far beyond them that the whole of humanity and life seems like a speck in the immensity of our understanding.

We who perceive these things are the swords-man, the Son of Man, that holds the keys of Hell and of Death. We are the Being that can tell the truth and make the life of man worth something more than a revolution and a fall; and it is through the Saint and the Fighter within us that we may learn to realise this mystery of the Son of Man.

If humanity is a bridge between two existences—as great teachers seem to say—it is strange what small interest, but in the whence and the whither. We scarcely ever think of great issues; we are absorbed in providing for our children or getting rid of our slums. It seems almost incredible how we can neglect the wisdom of Life so absolutely as we do for what we call practical things. Newspapers, new books, new societies are all absorbed in keeping the machinery of life in working order, but they don't seem to think it matters in the least what the machinery manufactures as long as the wheels are oiled and the noise goes on. Imagine for an instant that a very simple change took place in human relations, and we each knew exactly what the other thought or what might become of us. Suppose hypocrisy became impossible; suppose we each stood revealed in the midst of our innumerable moods capable alike of vices and virtues, extravagances and meannesses, infidelities and devotions beyond belief; how terrible, how tragic, and, above all, what a farce life would seem to us English.

The other day I was in a theatre where the play acted was just such a tragic farce as life would be if no one was a hypocrite, or if there were no public opinion, no journalism, nor us by our daily papers. But the audience felt themselves patriotically involved, because the play happened to be about Ireland. The English laughed and the Irish howled. But the facts were real, the critics of naked humanity—and the Irish howled because they understood the tragedy of farce, and the English laughed because they can see the farce of tragedy. This play is a new revelation of the great force that is gathering power day by day. That force has grown from contemptible beginnings; it has wandered in pot-houses and in the hearts of the vulgar. It has blasphemed in "Kundry," but the lovely, living miracles of youth and hope and joy and truth?

"What of the child I gave?"

"Hast thou been diligent to foster and save The life of flower and tree?"

"How have the roses thiven,
The lilies I have given.
The pretty, scented miracles that Spring And Summer came to bring?"

"My garden is fair and dear,"

"From thorns and nettles I have kept it clear— Close-trimmed its sod,
The rose is red and bright,
The lily give delight; I have not lost a flower of all the flowers That blessed my hours."

"What of the child I gave?"

"God said to me,"

"The little, little thing I died to save,
And gave in trust to thee?"

"How have the flowers grown
That in its soul were sown,
The lovely, living miracles of youth And hope and joy and truth?"

"The child's face is all white,"

I said to God,

"It cries for cold and hunger in the night;
Its feet have trod the pavement muddy and cold;
It has no flowers to hold,
And in its soul the flowers you set are dead."

"Thou fool!" God said.

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**THE NEW AGE. July 18, 1907.**

**Russia in Trafalgar Square.**

It must be admitted that the brutal police charge on the peaceful demonstration on Sunday was an ironic comment on the object of the meeting. A number of English patriots, incensed at the idea of the foul alliance of their country with a set of brutal butchers calling themselves the Russian Empire, endeavoured by the only means in their power to attract the attention of the English people to the abomination into which, they said, they were being bound with his rotten bonds. Nor is there the slightest doubt that the Russian bureaucracy may raise further sums to pay its agents to shoot, scourge, imprison and torture a whole people. Doubtless our wiseacres smugly try to believe that the Socialist protest arose from a hysterical and neurotic morbidity of temperament. The statesman, they fancy, may safely ignore the screeches of a pack of women! But our charge against Sir Edward Grey is not that he is a Machiavellian schemer but that he is a grossly incompetent bungler unfit to hold his office for a single moment.

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Sir Edward Grey's policy is not the policy of a cool calculating and callous statesman, intent upon his personal dignity. But that he is a grossly incompetent bungler unfit to represent to our degradation begins already to stink in the nostrils of genuine patriots? It is not as if we had anything to gain, though the gain of the allies would compensate us for the loss of our national soul. But England has nothing to gain, and everything to lose.

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Is a Political Socialist Party Necessary?
A Plea for Inactivity. By Clifford Sharp.

So far as this controversy in The New Age has gone at present, it is somewhat difficult to gather what are the points which are really at issue. Mr. Wells, in his opening article, was chiefly concerned to express his distaste for politics in general. To him the field of politics is a jungle of strategical wiles and expediency, of pledges and misunderstandings; in short, a more or less dishonest sort of business which no creatively-minded Socialist should touch. To Mr. Hobson, on the other hand, politics is a very great deal of time, money, and brains. To attempt such a project without devoting all the available means justified his much wider assertion that Socialism needs no party of its own at all, and can attain its ends by speculation and discussion, without conversion to practical politics.

But suppose my view is wrong, and Mr. Chesterton is right, what does his proposal for an independent Socialist party mean? Someone has got to organise it, and there can be no doubt that the Fabian Society is the most effectual one yet invented. There is one more factor that will force the new movement to organise itself, however, and that is the increased popularity of Mr. Chesterton. His programme, he says, is intended for the working-man. It is the programme of the man in the street to-day. It is the programme for the age of the millennium, the science of human organisation and progress, noble in practice as in principle. As for Mr. Chesterton, he takes all this academic discussion for granted, and proceeds to consider practical details, the shortcomings of the Labour Party, and the need for a middle-class organisation.

Personally, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Wells. It is clear enough that the more an individual concerns himself with practical politics the less he retains the capacity for thinking freely on the broader issues and implications of the question. And it is even clearer that when a Society enters politics and turns itself into anything like an electoral organisation, it inevitably has to prohibit all independent thought that is worthy of the name. Speculation and discussion give way to tactics, and the virtue of virtues is no longer originality, but mere capacity for thinking freely on the broader issues and implications of the question. And it is even clearer that whenever a Society enters politics and turns itself into anything like an electoral organisation, it inevitably has to prohibit all independent thought that is worthy of the name. Speculation and discussion give way to tactics, and the virtue of virtues is no longer originality, but merely the willingness to sacrifice private opinion to the decisions of the official leaders. But, while admitting this much agreement with Mr. Wells, I cannot agree with the final conclusion to which he comes. It seems to me that he has made out a strong case against the Fabian Society as such entering politics, but he has by no means justified his much wider assertion that Socialism needs no party of its own at all, and can attain its ends by the super-imposition of its ideas on the existing bodies, the Co-operative organisations. This generalised question, however, was dealt with pretty completely by Mr. Hobson last week, and it is my intention to discuss rather Mr. Chesterton's appeal for a Socialist party independent of Labour.

Now, there is one point on which I think I may safely say we are all agreed. We all want to see in Parliament men who hold our views; and I think most of us go further, and look for an organised Parliamentary party definitely committed to Socialism. The real issue, in so far as there is an issue at all, is as to whether we are to be content to make the most of the Labour Party, or whether we are to set about organising an avowed Socialist party at once. Mr. Chesterton declares emphatically for the latter policy. He regards the Labour Party as unsatisfactory, mainly for one reason, because it is not a Socialist party, nor likely to become so; and, secondly, because middle-class men do not find its atmosphere congenial, and do not care to be financially dependent on the trade unions.

Now, the first objection I cannot regard as a serious and pressing one at the present juncture. It is true that the Labour Party, as constituted, is really a Trade Union party. It is almost entirely dependent on the trade unions for funds, and about 98 per cent. of its million affiliated supporters are simple trade unionists. But it is equally true that a considerable majority of its members in the House are avowed Socialists, and not one is actively opposed to Socialism. This is a very significant fact, and one which I cannot help thinking Mr. Chesterton overlooks. He pointed out, indeed, the sheer waste of time and money in merely attempting a temporary phenomenon, and quotes Mr. Bernard Shaw in support of the belief that as the Labour Party becomes more firmly established it will also become more Socialistic. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, is based on no apparent facts, and I, in my comparative ignorance, am just as likely to be right in forecasting exactly the reverse. I am as convinced as it is possible to be in the matter of prophecy that as time goes on the trade union leaders, and consequently the Labour Party, will become and more Socialist, and I think I have grounds for my belief at least as good as any which have been advanced against the opposite view. Mr. Chesterton states that political trades unionism may co-exist with implacable opposition to social doctrines of the Socialist programme. Well, I am not prepared to deny this, since it is obviously a fact that it does co-exist at the present moment. But when he goes on to support his statement by saying that a certain trade union, which is affiliated to the Labour Party, is opposed to "so mild an instalement of Socialism as the prohibition of child labour," I must point out that that is hardly a fair way of stating the facts. Mr. Chesterton must surely be aware that the opposition of the cotton spinners to the abolition of child labour is in no sense whatever opposition to Socialism. As an argument for his case it is worthless: it is merely opposition to one particular measure and comparatively small item of the Socialist programme, and all it means is that these people are not yet educated up to the point of being ready to sacrifice their immediate self-interest for the sake of the commonweal; and I am sure Mr. Chesterton himself is not likely to have been educated so far as to be ready to sacrifice his immediate self-interest to anything like an electoral organisation, it inevitably has to prohibit all independent thought that is worthy of the name. Speculation and discussion give way to tactics, and the virtue of virtues is no longer originality, but merely the willingness to sacrifice private opinion to the decisions of the official leaders.

Now, my contention is that, although political trade unionism as a fact is a middle-class affair for the most part, there are certain individuals with anti-Socialism, yet the two things are so obviously incompatible to an ordinarily intelligent man that the leaders of the trade unions, who are, after all, people actuated by the spirit of the workers, do not find its atmosphere congenial, and do not care to be financially dependent on the trade unions. The two things must go together. There is no conceivable thing that can keep them apart, except a prejudice against the word "Socialism," and that prejudice cannot possibly survive long among the leaders, middle-class men do not find its atmosphere congenial, and do not care to be financially dependent on the trade unions. The two things must go together. There is no conceivable thing that can keep them apart, except a prejudice against the word "Socialism," and that prejudice against Socialism, yet the two things are so obviously incompatible to an ordinarily intelligent man that the leaders of the trade unions, who are, after all, people actuated by the spirit of the workers, do not find its atmosphere congenial, and do not care to be financially dependent on the trade unions. The two things must go together. There is no conceivable thing that can keep them apart, except a prejudice against the word "Socialism," and that prejudice cannot possibly survive long among the leaders.
energy of a comparatively small Society to it could only end in a fiasco. So it will mean that the special research and education work which has been the function of the Society since its foundation must go by the board. And such a state of contact is hardly justifiable for the sake of getting a few middle-class men into Parliament as long as there is hope in the Labour Party. And so I venture to suggest that nothing should be done at present towards the formation of an independent Socialist party. Let us give all our energy to the discovery of some recruits to the Labour Party; and if the Fabian Society has possible sources of revenue which would suffice to start a Socialist party, why shouldn't those sources be tapped at once? In order that the Fabian Socialists may enter the House of Commons as members of the Labour Party, but independent of trade union funds?

I am quite prepared to admit that, in spite of the strength of my case, I may be wrong in thinking that the Labour Party is going to develop towards Socialism. If so, then it will become necessary to form an independent Socialist party. But there is no need to anticipate that necessity. At the present moment it is impossible to be at all certain how the Labour Party is going to develop. Mr. Chesterton doesn't know, Mr. Shaw doesn't know, Mr. Keir Hardie doesn't know, and although he is on my side, the mother of prophecy, and therefore inactivity is the safest policy. Mr. Chesterton, with obvious sincerity, claims any kind of hostility to the Labour Party; but the fact remains that a declaration of independence on the part of Socialists at the present moment would be as just a declaration of war on the Labour Party as the labour declaration of independence a dozen years back was a declaration of war on the Liberal Party. The split may have to come, but who wants to take the onus of making it? It is easy enough to emphasise the difference between Socialism and Labour policy, but if we are going to do any good with Socialism, let us at least have the wisdom to establish the fact to the British people that this difference is an ugly thing; a generation which remembers the gallant deeds done at Abu Klea, McNeill's zareba, and which, at the same time, is prepared to reconcile its difference with the part of Socialists at the present moment would be as just a declaration of war on the Labour Party as the labour declaration of independence a dozen years back was a declaration of war on the Liberal Party.

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Mr. Blunt and Egypt.

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If we could draw upon the experience of the Sphinx, it is probable that we should find that from the distant day when the first plough was used to turn the dark Nile mud into gold, curiosity has been the ruling passion of man; affected by his environment, the Sphinx might well add "especially curiosity about Egypt."

Mr. Blunt has come forward, in 502 octavo pages, to satisfy the curiosity of his generation by lifting the veil which shrouded things Egyptian some 25 years ago. He has unburdened his conscience, he has beached some reputations, he has shown himself to be a man of high courage and tolerant judgment, but where are we, after all, when all is said and done? What have we gained by reading his book?

He has shown us diplomacy with its mask off to be an ugly thing; a generation which remembers Bismarck knew it well, what of that? He has shown us a great English statesman unable to reconcile the deeds with his words; well, we have long known that it was not in Europe alone Gladstone proved Gladstonianism to be a sham. Where does Mr. Blunt lead us?

For it is this: that a civilisation which is built upon commerce, bonds, and the traffic in blood which these terms postulate is the root evil of the world. The tragedy of Egypt under ismail, as painted for us by Mr. Blunt, lives in our mind today, with the pictures given us by Milner, Colvin, and every other man who has dealt with the affairs of the Nile Valley since first the Turk laid hands upon it, and it only differs in degree from the picture which will eventually be painted of the state of Germany, England, France, and every other nation which has taken its ease in the pleasant pastures of international finance. Whether it is the feliah of the Nile Valley or the peasant of Champagne, the workers have everywhere to pay the price. Does Mr. Blunt know, although he is on my side, the mother of prophecy, and therefore inactivity is the safest policy. Mr. Blunt's panacea for the woes of Egypt was to let Arabi alone, in the hope that the reformation of Egypt from within would do precisely what English rule has done, make earlier the appearance of the part of Socialists at the present moment would be as just a declaration of war on the Labour Party as the labour declaration of independence a dozen years back was a declaration of war on the Liberal Party. The split may have to come, but who wants to take the onus of making it? It is easy enough to emphasise the difference between Socialism and Labour policy, but if we are going to do any good with Socialism, let us at least have the wisdom to establish the fact to the British people that this difference is an ugly thing; a generation which remembers the gallant deeds done at Abu Klea, McNeill's zareba, and Omdurman, where black man and Arab showed their admiring enemies who courage can do to ennoble a cause. In all probability, if we could plant the dream of the fellah's mind, we should find agreement with the dictum that to save man is poverty, a sin he has no mind to commit.

Mr. Blunt and Egypt.

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The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt.

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REVIEWS.

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In founding the basis of a regenerated Egypt upon a reformist basis, Mr. Mahomedanie M. Blunt has allowed his warm sympathies for the East to blind him to the lessons of history, and to lead him to build upon that which is most unstable, though alluring, soil, pure hypothesis. Islam the conqueror, Islam the scourge of half of three continents, Islam great and brutal we know, and in certain moods admire—as one admires a volcanic eruption—but Islam the healer of wounds, the patient builder, abreast with natural science, and applying it to the increase of the material well-being of subject races, is an Islam about which history is dumb. As we know it, Mahomedan civilization is as grossly commercial (where it is not frankly, brutally, militantly) as that under which we regard it, Egyptian civilization, where fields have improved and wisdom has evolved—then real experience for experiments not sanctioned by history are rash things to try. We none of us like being under the surgeon’s knife, but if circumstances force the matter, we generally try to have the operation performed by the best surgeon. It is feared the surgeon that should have practised his profession and acquired a certain skill on others before plunging his knife into our own body.

Much of Mr. Blunt’s book is disdained by personal attacks on those who served the cause of Egyptian freedom, and his friends to the fiasco of Tel-el-Kebir. The results achieved by the bondholders will be ruined, too.” As a matter of fact, no one was ruined. It is to be feared that Mr. Blunt will go down to posterity—particularly Egyptian posterity—as an “awful warning” against mixing sentiment with statesmanship. As a writer of history he seems to have failed owing to a want of balance and perspective. To those, however, who prefer passionate pleading for a lost cause to a reasoned judgment of why the cause was lost his book may be commended.

The Arts and Crafts of Old Japan. By Stewart Dick. (Foulis. 2s. net.)

Mr. T. N. Foulis of Edinburgh publishes a capital monograph on the “Arts and Crafts of Old Japan” which should be read by every student desiring a well-written and comprehensive introduction to the subject. The author, Mr. Stewart Dick, deserves wide recognition for a work of uncommon distinction.

It is pleasant to turn to the Japanese convention and to consider the spirit and nature of art which has been the vehicle. In the first place the Japanese have at some time really realised the fugitive nature of the inspiration. They imagine an unseen force, and his delicate water-colours, limns you the familiar scenery of Japan, but with all the perspicacity etherialised; the innumerable hills, the sea like a mist in the hallowed of the world, and above all the white-capped Fuji Yama. There is something almost like the hand seen in a dream from the scene depicted, but instead of his drawing becoming thereby simply objective, it develops a unique and profound subjectivity, which is, in the best sense of the term, nothing less than complete spiritual identity with the things whose mind has transfigured into subtle temperament images. For you must know the Japanese artist does not make sketches on the spot. His drawings are made from memory, and therefore in a very real sense may be said to express emotion and nature.

How peculiarly temperamental is the Japanese line! By what psychic process has the genius of the race been impelled to affirm itself in those sublime interior, where brush or pen express in so exquisite a manner the delicate sensory impressions of a people more susceptible to beauty than any nation, and in such a way as to give a spiritual Art symbolic. Man’s eternal affinity with things of which we are not, his prodigious ancestry relating him to all creatures that have ever lived, is now up in him vague apprehensions of forms and concepts for which he can only find expression in those lines and shapes which maintain a happy equilibrium with his all compelling emotions.

Alfred Bruneau. By Arthur Hervey. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

The latest subject of this interesting series of “Living Masters of Music” is a composer whose work is familiar to the keenest consideration. Owing to lack of enterprise on the part of our orchestral companies and opera syndicates, he is almost unknown to those of us, tied to the dull routine of daily events which he moved and had his being, falsified by the relentless logic of facts almost before the ink had dried.

For instance, on June 22, 1882, we read “I am certain that if England lands troops anywhere in Egypt the Sultan will proclaim a Jehad, and the Mussulmans will rise in India.” Yet Tel-el-Kebir was fought and won by an English army on Egyptian soil without these gloomy forebodings being realised. Again, on July 10, Mr. Blunt complacently notes that “for England the outlook seems very bad. It will probably lead to a war with France and the loss of India.” Of course we read of the bombardment of Alexandria. “It is evident that the Egyptians fought like men, so I fear nothing. They may be driven out of the forts and out of Alexandria, but Egypt will not be conquered. Your Frenchman has gone to Port Said, and it is impossible that there should not be an European war.”

Though in the heat of controversy, Mr. Blunt may at the time have regretted that the prophecies above noted were wrong, but he can hardly be anything but satisfaction to think that the Egyptians fought like men, and that the bondholders will be ruined, too.” As a matter of fact, no one was ruined.

The above extracts will show how little to be done without more appreciation of the situation formed at the time by this self-appointed adviser of the Egyptian national movement. A man so little able to grasp the significance of cause and effect in Egypt in 1882 that he can only see to his heart’s content the gloomy prospects of his country’s soil, he is the worst adviser the Egyptian leaders could well have had. To have helped, let us hope less materially than he seems to claim, his friends to the fiasco of Tel-el-Kebir is not good for self-aggrandisement. It is to be feared that Mr. Blunt will go down to posterity—particularly Egyptian posterity—as an “awful warning” against mixing sentiment with statesmanship. As a writer of history he seems to have failed.
quotes largely from the composer's own writings upon the subject of this much-discussed convention. For instance, every sensible man, he says, understands that the musical dramas must have a grand passion, movement human and not of formulas conveniently modifiable according to the desire of the interpreters; that the arbitrary reign of the castrato, the coquet with vocal ornamentation, so absolutely inhuman, is only the same way for liberty in the arrangement of scenes, tableau and cutie works. And in discussing the advantage of prose over verse the composer claims that it gives a "liberty of spirit, liberty of inspiration, liberty of art, liberty of forms, liberty complete, magnificent, definite." His operas are discussed in detail, and upon the whole the work makes very enjoyable reading, and has the fascination of a Baedeker, and is certainly devoid of criticism.

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

A book which has not yet been seen Bach will cherish this little handbook. It is the work of an enthusiast to whom Bach means everything in music. Personally, we should be inclined to cavil at the author's charming theory of Bach's indebtedness to the Lutheran spirit of his age. His music was a rebellion against Romanism than it was a rebellion against Hellenism. Mr. Rutland Boughton has a poetic mind, but he has not yet shaken off the prejudices of the Sunday School.

MARGINALIA.

Now that Nietzsche has entered the sphere of general discussion it is natural that publishers should find a growing demand for works dealing with the philosophy of Egoism, and Mr. Fifield is doing a service by issuing a translation of Max Stirner's "The Ego and His Own." This is the first translation of Stirner to be published in England. Will the books on these lines be the issue of some of the works of Ragnar Redbeard?

Max Stirner is of course pre-Nietzschean, the above-mentioned work having first appeared in his native country, Germany, about sixty years ago. English readers, however, have had in recent years of making acquaintance with his views by means of translations issued in America, where there always seems to be a public for ideas which are just off the beaten track.

It is not generally known that there is quite a literature of Egoism in the States. True, it is not always of the best order, but it is quaint and generally amusing at its worst. Some of the periodicals devoted to its study are fearfully and wonderfully made; one of these was called "I," but whether it still asserts itself, or whether it has gone the way of many inferior sheets I do not know.

England has had but one consciously and deliberately egoistic journal. This was "The Eagle and the Serpent," and it led a chequered and stilted career in the later eighties and the early nineties. Its octavo pages sometimes appeared in the conventional typographical form, "justified" at each side, at others the right-hand side of the page tailed off like type-writing, giving the print the appearance of blank verse. It was in these pages, however, that many English people first learned of Nietzsche, for, besides freely quoting and discussing this philosopher, one number contained Thomas Common's translation of the "Prefatory Discourse" of Zarathustra.

"The Eagle and the Serpent" was always fortunate in its correspondence. It had eminent readers and a valuable trick of beguiling them into its controversies. In this way, it managed to print letters from many of the leading modern thinkers, among whom may be mentioned Alfred Russell Wallace, Bernard Shaw, W. H. Mallock, Ernest Newman, E. Crosby, Harrison Kidd, and Morrison Davidon. These letters were dealt with under the heading "Benevolence and Maledictions," and with the numerous and excellent sketches from Nietzsche, Stirner, Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, Thoreau, and others, which formed a liberal part of the paper, "The Eagle and the Serpent" was well worth the threepence asked for it.

America gives us many things, but probably the most far-reaching contribution to the world is its extension of the English vocabulary. The Americans have a positive genius for slang, and who shall say after all how much of any language was not originally of this order—for it must be remembered that what we call slang is not only the variation or vulgarisation of accepted words, it is often the creation of new ones. America is not content with tampering with the constitution of our spelling, she is often guilty of the revolutionary act of creating new words. I have just happened upon "woosy" in an American magazine; this charm-
at the same instant. With the corner of my eye I was struggling to throttle insane policemen (parts well acted by the division) who were struggling to throttle me, and to the point, and the interjections only favourable. Messrs. Hyndman, Nevinson, Cunninghame Graham, Fisher Unwin, Aylmer Maude, Jack Williams, and others spoke. Mrs. Despard and Miss Maclean spoke for the women, and Messrs. Cecil Chesterton and Haden Guest for the Fabians. Some of the speeches were long, and the proceedings lasted from 3.30 until about a quarter past five, the audience growing continually and getting more enthusiastically in their reception of the denunciations of the proposed Russo-English entente to which they were treated. The crowd was wonderfully peaceful and wonderfully stage managed, the motif of the first act being a general feeling of congratulation that we were not as the Russians living under the lash of tyranny. The row of policemen guarding the front of the plinth lent an air of realism to the motif; one felt that the policemen were friendly to the people and not as in Russia, their enemies. As I was doubling the function of dramatic critic with that of a small part in the production, my view of the performance may be a little biased, but the impression I received was that this first scene was, if anything, rather too peaceful and tame. A resolution was put and carried in the usual way by an enormous majority, and one half expected the curtain to be rung down. Then, however, Mr. Smith, of Manchester, stepped forward and proposed a march to the Foreign Office, and the scene closed with waving of bannock, saluting, and the steady forming up of a procession of several thousand marshalled by Inspector Jarvis. Up to this time there had not been enough action in the piece, and, knowing that the Foreign Secretary was not in town, one felt that it was probable the next scene would be a rather tame affair, concluding, perhaps, with a few "groans for Grey." The second scene was opened with an explanatory dialogue between Inspector Jarvis and some of the leaders of the demonstration; this it was made clear that the procession would not go down Downing Street, and would disperse peaceably after passing a resolution outside the Foreign Office. The entente with the police motif was further accentuated by Inspector Jarvis agreeing to these plans, and himself marching at the head of, and directing, the procession, while the police had plenty of time to order up reinforcements to line the route and even get some mounted men. By this time the procession had started singing the "Red Flag," "The Marseillaise," and other Socialist songs, and with banners flying and the bright dresses of women here and there made a good show stretching from the Square to Downing Street. All seemed quite peaceful and wonderfully stage managed, the motif of the first act being a general feeling of congratulation that we were not as the Russians living under the lash of tyranny.
allotted to Inspector Jarvis. All through the play the Inspector was the common-sense considerate officer, and at the moment of the Jack Williams coup he was to be seen despairingly attempting to make his mad policemen let go and cease their frantic endeavours to create a riot. Inspector Jarvis was not, however, second-rate, and despite the fact that Jack Williams, in a very battered and breathless condition, was allowed to get up on the railing and put his resolution of "Three groans for Grey", the police persisted in keeping the crowd's feet off the horseback, and moving them violently on. But the groans for Grey were given. This part of the scene was, if anything, rather too full of action, and as I was taking a part myself I was not able to see everything that went on here and there over the whole sweep of Whitehall was little knots of struggling men, women, and police. In one knot the police broke a barrier pole round a woman's body and knocked her about, in another a young fellow had his banner destroyed, his collar torn off, his hat torn to rags, while he was thrown outside the crush in a mazed condition. In another knot the police were so violently maltreating a man that his wife and a woman friend threw themselves on the police in order to aid him. Some of the crowd rescued one woman from the police and picked up the other from where she had been thrown under their feet. Altogether we had a rather wild performance, which, while the blues and red of action could be followed. The main idea of the scene seemed to be to show how much like Cossacks the police could behave, and how very badly they could lose their heads. In this they succeeded admirably as the spontaneous cries of "Cossacks" from everywhere in the crowd testified. During the row the police carefully abstained from arresting any English people (the report that The New Age critic had been arrested being an error), but they collared two Russians who were unable to speak a word of English, and decorated one of them with a nasty blow over the eye. The scene ended with the loudly-cheered exit of Jack Williams on the top of a bus and the conveying of the prisoners to Cannon Row. At the Police Station there was an epilogue in the waiting-room, where a few people had congregated with the idea of bailing out the prisoners, and a representative of the Press Association was given the outline of the whole story. With the bailing out of the prisoners the performance ended. But I have a postscript to add. What is the meaning of the entirely garbled reports which have appeared in the Press? The "Daily News" alone is comparatively accurate. Have the reports been police-inspired, or have they been Government inspired? Are we so far compromised with Russia that Grey, who lied to the House of Commons about Egypt, is bound to do anything to please Russia? Whatever the explanation, the accounts in the Press, by leaving out the point that the police started the riot, and by putting the whole business from the police point of view, cannot fail to favourably impress Russia and very unfavourably impress all who took part in Sunday's demonstration. We, at any rate, do not intend to have an entente with all who took part in Sunday's demonstration.

Mr. Ricketts is concerned with types and abstract forms. His art is more dramatic, if more restricted than that of his companion; his pictures, with certain preferences; and, it must be granted, a hint of man-nerism, create a scene with all its emotions, design, colour, and movement being used in the service of imaginativeness and control. In such a study (No. 5), how splendid and how living is the design, and how large the sentiment expressed through the passages of strong colour and the arrangement of the light, with the line of lifted hands raised to the edge of the picture and the strident cries of protest against the fine sky, all the expression and incidents are finely imagined, the design governing both drawing and colour, so that the picture's appeal is neither fragmentary or accidental, and expresses the larger uses of its drama, not small details of contour.

All great art exhibits this quality of the design controlling drawing and colour, and this to the untrained at times may seem to give distortion. Yet, be it remembered, only a timid or a fatuous eye is charmed with unrelieved accuracy. This living force of design is present in all Mr. Ricketts' works; he seems instinctively to avoid the modern. These pictures might well be deseg as great frescoes, they look crammed in their modern frames.

Mr. Shannon's energies cover a wider field; he is more concerned with individuals, and especially with the structure of the human figure, less with the type. Several of his pictures, for instance, the splendid "Hermes with the Infant Baucus," and "The Lady with a Feather," one has seen before. This last picture is the one example in the present exhibition of Mr. Shannon's scholarly portraits. It is painted with the skill and care that all his pictures are, and expresses the skill in line, the skill of an artist of supreme gift of ignoring the trivial—the passing; and this is gained without any sacrifice in the likeness, any device in the costume. Certainly among modern painters Mr. Shannon has the best claim to the secret of Velasquez in the quiet splendour with which he realizes his designs.

Imagination is the driving force in Mr. Shannon, as it is in Mr. Ricketts, though the statement it gives is different enough. Here, too, is the art of design that creates the expression; but the word design must be given its old Renaissance significance. And it is this quality, I think, which we feel is permanent in these pictures, and which links them to the past. And so much is this true, that even pictures whose theme is of to-day, such as Mr. Shannon's "Fisherman's Family," "The Linen Bleachers," or the tender and exquisite pictures on the motives of the toilet (Nos. 9 and 12), are seen as an important force that has directed the point of view and controlled the work.

Yes, it is a curious emotion that these pictures bring, evoking so many strange memories of beautiful things seen elsewhere, that yet here are new. You look at No. 1, Mr. Ricketts' "Descent from the Cross," and you are in Venice with Veronese; you catch, too, a note of the rhetorical manner of Titirietto in Nos. 5 and 6. You see Ziegler's "Descent from the Cross," No. 7 and added to all this, he is a writer on art of supreme discernment. Recently he has become a sculptor of some importance; eight are shown in sensitive and emotional work that give a clear statement of his art.

Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon at the Carfax Gallery.

An hour spent in the quiet and sympathetic atmosphere of the Carfax Gallery reminded me again of the truth that the cours of art is a spiral of ideas that goes by every five and twenty years, and each offers in art a goal struggled for, perhaps reached. In this recurring rush of personalities, the men of kindred Shannon are of this company. They live together and are difficult to tread.

That the roots of art spread far. A little world of ideas day's performance with more action in it still.
of which England is the nation of consummate cant. (Vide a unanimous world.) When I see the same deputation which protested against Living Statuary protesting against the Living Slavery of Sweaterling, then I will believe in the humanitarian fervour of Silvester Home and his allies. Till then, their action must appear as mere dog in the mangerism.

C. GASGOCHE HARTLEY.

A SOCIALIST PARTY.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

With respect to the recent articles that have appeared in THE NEW AGE on the formation of the Socialist Party, as one who claims to have a very fair idea of the working-class thought in the North of England—say one class— I think I may safely say that what the average Socialist wants in the North is the integration of the Socialist workers of every class into one fighting force before the next election. Mr. Hobson has satisfactorily disposed of the attitude of Mr. Wells in your last issue. Mr. Wells was about ten years too late with his article. The Fabians must enter the political arena. Mazzini wrote: "Without education you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil; you cannot acquire a true knowledge of your rights, you cannot attain that participation in political life without which your complete emancipation is impossible." If the Fabians believe this it is their duty to enter the political field, and why not through the Labour Party? Cecil Chesterton says the Labour Party is not Socialist. The Labour Party is not a Society is only yet in the making, and (here differing slightly from your editorial remarks) though it will prove reactionary for a time when the Liberal-Labour men join it, this should not be for long. The men in the North are far ahead of their leaders in this respect. The Labour Party needs strengthening and stiffening, and it ought to be the policy of the Fabians and the Social-Democrats to do this instead of commenting so much on its weaknesses. The Trade Unionsist has been converted to Socialism, the name will soon be changed if necessary. Is not the real reason at the bottom a little class prejudice? The party that has admitted brain workers of the type of Snowden and MacDonald is broad enough for Socialism.

LIVING STATUARY.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

The obvious reply to Mr. Greenwood is that the music-hall is not the home. The conventions of the one cannot and should not apply to the conventions of the other. We have had quite enough public domésticity, as the result of which England is the nation of consummate cant. (Vide a unanimous world.) When I see the same deputation which protested against Living Statuary protesting against the Living Slavery of Sweaterling, then I will believe in the humanitarian fervour of Silvester Home and his allies. Till then, their action must appear as mere dog in the mangerism.

J. W. ERNEST BELL.
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