THE OUTLOOK.

The Crowning Mercy.

Colne Valley is—well, words are poor things, and they fail us! Even Jarrow, splendid as it was, affords no parallel. Mr. Curran had fought Jarrow before and had secured a big poll; Mr. Grayson was before his constituents for the first time. Mr. Curran’s name is known to the Labour movement throughout the Empire; Mr. Grayson is by comparison a new man. Finally Mr. Curran was backed by the full fighting forces of the Labour Party. Every Grayson received no official recognition, and Mr. Philip Snowden appeared to have been the only member who actually assisted him. In other words, the Jarrow victory was a victory for Socialism plus Labour. The Colne Valley victory was a victory for Socialism pure and simple. Grayson fought the election frankly as a Socialist with the support of the Labour organisations. It is as a Socialist that he goes to Parliament, and his mandate, as he is an industrial constituency, is nothing less than a mandate for social and economic revolution. Such an incident cannot fail to have deep and far-reaching consequences within and without the ranks of the Labour Party. The Socialists have found their feet and proved their strength. They have shown that, standing alone, they can win. And it is pretty safe to say that, when a body of men has shown that, the price of its alliance or support usually rises proportionately. What beside may follow from the Colne Valley election, this result is tolerably certain: that every party will feel that in future it has to reckon not merely with political trade unionism, but with definite Socialist conviction as a force in national politics.

The “Forces of Progress” Illusion.

One incidental fact to be noticed about the Colne Valley figures is that they demonstrate with exceptional clearness the falsity of the idea that Labour and Socialist candidates draw their supporters exclusively from the Liberal camp, and of all the talk about “splitting the progressive vote,” “dividing the forces of progress,” etc., which is based upon that idea. If we compare the result with that of the last contested election in 1900, we shall find that the poll is heavier by some 1,500 votes. These, it may be supposed, went in the main to Mr. Grayson. Assuming this to be so, we may calculate that the Socialist took about 1,500 votes from the Liberal and about 950 from the Tory candidate. This is much what we should have expected, the slightly greater number of converts from Liberalism arising from the fact that a Liberal Government is in power, and that in consequence there are rather more discontented Radicals just now, than among Tories. Had the contest been fought two years ago, we suspect that Mr. Grayson would have secured somewhat more Tory and somewhat fewer Liberal votes. The fact is that the whole theory of “the forces of progress” is founded on illusion. The struggle between Liberals and Tories was not a struggle between Progress and Reaction, but a struggle between two sections of the governing class divided upon quite arbitrary and futile issues, each body of proletarian retainers, who labelled themselves “Liberal” and “Conservative” just as honest workmen, who have never been near either of the Universities, label themselves “Oxford” and “Cambridge” on Boatrace Day. The true fight between Progress and Reaction is not a fight between the forces of Liberalism plus Labour and the forces of Conservatism, but a fight between the forces of Labour and Socialism on the one side and the forces of Liberalism and Conservatism combined on the other.

Preference Again.

The debate on Mr. Lyttelton’s Vote of Censure produced little worth remembering save the spirited interjection of the new member for Jarrow. The Opposition must, of course, have known very well that they would be beaten by a handsome majority, and it is presumed that the object of those who are responsible for the motion was rather to embarrass the Unionist Free Traders than to damage the Government. In this matter they clearly succeeded, as Lord Robert Cecil’s speech sufficiently proves, but it is difficult to see what real advantage they gained. The most material proposal that has come out of the revival of the Colonial Preference controversy is the suggestion of an all-British trade route already made at the Colonial Conference and approved by Mr. Lloyd-George, who finds himself in the new position of an Imperialist combating the Little Engancers of his party. As far as it goes, the idea is an excellent one, and we hope that the Government will persist in it, despite the howls of Mr. Harold Cox and his rump of hopelessly and impossibly consistent Cobdenites. But surely it would be better that the Government should own the new route and work it themselves rather than give a subsidy to a commercial company. Such a publicly-owned highway for our trade would be a splendid instalment of Imperial Socialism, the best substitute for International Socialism which we can get at present. A few such experiments would give us a basis federated on an industrial as well as for political purposes without any of the unpopular drawbacks of Mr. Chamberlain’s policy.

The Hague Humbug.

We have said little about the Hague Conference in these columns because, after its preliminary stages, in sending its grateful acknowledgments to Nicholas II., and inviting the emissary of that humane monarch to preside over its deliberations, we have found it difficult to take its philippic oratory seriously. The event has fully justified our scepticism. Even those who hailed the assembling of the Conference with the highest hopes, are beginning to see that little is likely to result from it. There is clearly not going to be any limitation of armaments. There is not going to be any
effectively strengthening of the hands of the arbitration courts. A few trivial amendments of the laws of naval war seem to be all that is likely to come of the "Crusade of Peace" entered upon with the blessing of the torturers of Maria Spiridonova. The "Tribune" has become despondent, and the next issue of the "Review of Reviews" may prove that even Mr. Stead has begun to doubt—if, indeed, doubt is possible to him—that nothing can be done for the various capital Governments which have fallen in with it, want universal peace on the only condition upon which it is desirable or permanently possible: the condition of universal justice. And we, for our part do not want the "Truce of the Bear," the "Peace with Terror," which the Tsar loves—the Peace of Warsaw and Moscow . . . .

Better War! Loud war by land and sea, War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

Privileges.

It is only to be expected that the two front benches would combine to get rid of the "clerks and local officers. Mr. Macdonald and the accommodating majority of their supporters would combine to vote down the project of an inquiry into his allegations. Neither the leaders of the two oligarchic parties nor their followers, we can well believe, will think of making the dark places of the political secret service should be made light. But that is the very reason why in the public interest there should be a full illumination. The Liberal and Tory recipients of secret service money,—on the one hand, and their supporters would combine to vote down the project of an inquiry into his allegations. Neither the leaders of the two oligarchic parties nor their followers, we can well believe, will think of making the dark places of the political secret service should be made light. But that is the very reason why in the public interest there should be a full illumination. The Liberal and Tory recipients of secret service money,—on the one hand, and their supporters; on the other, are absolutely at the mercy of the secret tribunal that pays him. If the Premier and his henchmen in the Press can see no difference between the two things, we can only imagine that they would see no difference between the conduct of a clerk who takes a salary and that of one who takes a secret commission. As for the other part of Mr. Let's case, that which dealt with the sale of honours, the House was not allowed to discuss it. It appears, however, to be generally admitted that the honourable gentlemen who now rule our country see no shame in selling knighthoods and baronetcies, and seats in the Upper House like so much butter. It appears to us that, if such a state of things is to continue, it would be much better to announce a tariff or put them up to public auction. After all, if public honours are to be a matter of profit: we do not see why the public should not receive the money rather than the fund of the party that happens to be in power at the moment.

The Conspiracy of Silence.

We called attention last week to the astounding ruling of the Speaker which has prevented this scandal from being discussed by the House. Under that ruling it would appear that if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman chose to put advertisements in the papers offering a pecuniary to anyone who would give him £100,000 for his own use Parliament would be utterly impotent to protest against such a proceeding. We really do not think that the House of Commons was ever so securely muzzled as it has been since the Liberal Government came into power. The number of subjects it must discuss increases day by day. Mr. Herbert Gladstone passionately implores the House not to inquire into the Estalji scandal—the crying shame of a man declared innocent, yet discharged after years of service without a penny of compensation. His speech on the subject was exceedingly like some of the speeches of the French Generals during the Dreyfus affair, though, of course, with far less energy, the suspicious danger could possibly be apprehended. We must say nothing about India or Egypt lest our words should induce fanatical Hindoos or Moslems to revol. On the last point we will merely say that it is a question of whether democratic government is worth having or not. There is no doubt that under a despotism you can get a certain swiftness and secrecy which a democracy lacks. But we have deliberately considered the advantages for others which appear to us yet more important. The chief of these is that of full inquiry and free discussion. If there are in India perils which really justify Mr. Morley's policy, let us know all about them. Otherwise we cannot judge whether the action of the Government is guarding against dangers or provoking them. As to the chance of encouraging insurrectionary movements, if any Indian or Egyptian malcontents are provoking such movements, the sympathy of the critics of the Government in this country, we must tell them, we can do so. With cool heads and open minds. We have never expected universal peace as the result of the Hague Conference. Neither the Tzar, nor the pro-Egyptians and pro-Indians would be more helpless than even the pro-Roumanians were to stem the tide. But that is all the more reason for discussing these things while we can do so with cool heads and open minds.

Pensions and the Poor Law.

Mr. Burns' Blue-book on Old Age Pensions contains a great deal of valuable information, but our ultimate verdict upon those responsible for it will be based upon the use to which it is to be put. Is it to be made the foundation of a soundly-conceived scheme of pensions, or is it to be made an excuse for either postponing them indefinitely or palming off some absurdly inadequate "discriminating" plan upon the public? The emphasis laid upon the cost seems to point to the latter intention, though, of course, it may only be pretended to prepare the way for future measures. For ourselves, we are not in the least alarmed to hear that universal pensions would cost over £27,000,000. The nation would always be prepared to find that or a much larger sum for anything about which it was really in earnest—a war, for example. We actually pay annually more than twenty times the amount in life pensions to landlords and capitalists for the pleasure of keeping up a wealthy class. But, if we are to economies, it must be by restricting the pensions to those who have saved money (and therefore need them least) or by making them a new form of pauper relief with all the old circumstances of humiliation and degradation, but without student's us to confront another fact altogether of our present costly, inhuman, and wasteful workhouse system. Mr. Burns, we note, does not believe that we can save more than a million or two from the cost of pensions. The avowed poor law relief by old age pensions, or the unemployable in public employment at fair wages, provide for the regeneration of the unemployable in farm colonies, and so make the workhouse as it exists at present a thing of the past. Mr. Macdonald's new unemployed Bill, which is practically an extension of the original Bill of the late Government, if carried into law, would be a big step to this end. Of course, we know that it cannot pass during the session. Indeed, as things stand at present, a private Bill of such
The New Age

The Industrial Outlook.

The salient fact that emerges from the discussion on the regulation of Home Work and Sweating is the magnitude of the evil and the necessity for drastic action to do away with it. Miss Mary Macarthur has this week been advocating, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, the extension of Wages Boards on the Victorian plan. Any measure which will even in a slight degree improve the condition of sweated workers ought to be supported. Any measure which aims of a minimum wage is better still. But a minimum wage is not necessarily a living wage, and would in any case need a considerable increase of inspection in order to make it operative.

We ought not to forget that Socialists, like other persons, have only a limited amount of human energy. If a Socialist spends all his time upon the advocacy of measures designed to tinker up the present system and make it bearable, he will not have energy to advocate measures designed to do away with the possibility of the present system. And from the Socialist point of view, no regulation of conditions of work, or of Home Work or Sweating, can be said to be satisfactory unless it provides for a method of securing to the worker a regular living wage calculated on a basis of the cost of his physiological necessities. While, therefore, it is the clear duty of Socialists to urge on more drastic proposals. Much of what was advanced Socialistic doctrine 20 or 15 years ago is now a commonplace. Any measure which aims at the establishment of a minimum wage itself as a remedy for sweating, we can only say that to us it appears the only remedy which is in least likely to prove permanently effective. It has been suggested that it would tend to encourage home-work. But, if this were so, the right course would be not to oppose the minimum wage, but to bring home-work under public inspection and control. Of course, this would require increased activity on the part of the Home Office and an improvement and extension of its machinery, but how much this is needed, in any case, was shown in the course of this week's debate on the Home Office Vote. It would also, by the way, require the presence of a Home Secretary of a different calibre from Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in whose hands the most adequate machinery would prove of little efficiency.

Pasha Bailey Bright.

The correspondent of the "Tribune," discussing the Colne Valley election, says:

The return of Mr. Bright had been hoped for, and there had been, at the Parliamentary traditions of an honoured name. But, if the emotion was one of surprise, it would be untrue to say that it was also one of dismay. "Closely connected with the old 'emotions' of the Colne Valley Liberals bore considerable resemblance to that attributed to Pasha Bailey Ben in Sir W. S. Gilbert's hallad—

To say that Bailey oped his eyes
Would hardly paint his great surprise;
To say it nearly made him die
Would be to paint it much too high!

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appealing does the absorption of human energy in that administration, and the more urgent does the necessity for a simplification become. The mere detail work of the 162,000 workshops, 17,000 laundries, and 500,000 out-
workers in the United Kingdom nerve as to be practically beyond the conception of any one person, which means the creation of bureaucratic machinery resistant to all serious changes.

One consequence important matter which comes up in the Home Office debate is that of Factory Inspection. Mr. Gladstone stated that there are 156,000 factories, 142,000 workshops, 17,000 laundries, and 500,000 out-
workers in the United Kingdom and only 168 persons to do the inspection. It is quite clear, therefore, that even our present theoretical level of factory legislation cannot be adequately enforced. In the face of which fact politicians are urging on Wages Boards, Registration of Outworkers, and a number of other projects, all of which depend for their success upon a vigorous sys-
tem of inspection, which at present, neither through the Home Office nor by means of local authorities, have we got. Sir Charles Dilke further raised the question of industrial poisoning, and pointed out that lead-poisoning shows an actual increase over the previous year. This was partially, due to the “progress” of transit in the motor-car industry. Sir Charles also drew special attention to phosphorus poisoning, showed that there exists a cheap commercial substitute for poisonous white phosphorus, and urged the prohibition of this poisonous. While public memories were vivid on the use of the poison, we were only trying to stop the danger by scientific apparatus and special rules. Do not these reflections apply to the whole of our industrial and social legislation?

We have our society organised for the purpose of producing the largest amount of profitable commodities in the shortest time with the greatest percentage of profit to the owners of capital. This reduces 35,000,000 people to a state of savage fighting for food. It is clear, and we are attempting to moralise this jungle by the aid of an estimable Liberal Home Secretary, a reasonably efficient Home Office, and 168 inspectors. Anybody who improves the lot of the workers is worth while for the Socialist. But it is better that he should attack the causes of the evils and abolish them rather than inadequately, and at great expense of money and human energy, try to alleviate the symptoms.

The Lesson of Hollesley Bay.

In a debate in the House of Commons a few weeks ago the President of the Local Government Board made the remark that he believed the farm colony at Hollesley Bay “would go on much better if it had not false friends, who did not go down to see it, or that still larger number who do not hesitate to condemn it without having given it a moment’s serious reflection. Hollesley Bay, it is said, was started to provide a remedy for unemployment, and it has not provided a remedy. For did not Mr. Burns himself say last summer, “in too many cases men who worked on farm colonies sank back to their original position, and were the worse for it having gone through a mistake, and even demoralising process”? Hollesley Bay, therefore, is not a remedy. Of course, it is not; no sane person thinks it is. Nor, for that matter, is emigration, nor labour exchanges. In any case, it could hardly be expected that to put men for 16 weeks on a farm, and then to send them back to the old conditions and the old search for work would go far in “minimising the evils of unemployment.” It does not require an intellec-
tual to see that if you take a dirty man and give him a bath, and then push him back into the mire, the last state of that man will be worse than the first. But I am not concerned to argue here exactly how far farm colonies by themselves could solve the question of unemployment, how far faulty management or re-
pressive supervision might affect their working; or what results any merely palliative measures would give us in our present social conditions. What I desire to do is to lay stress on certain forgotten aspects of the farm colony, and to suggest that all these aspects ought to be considered together in the closest relation to one another.

Now, three of the chief problems before the com-
munity at the present time, it will scarcely be disputed, are how to deal with the unemployed, the overcrowd-
ing of the towns, and the improvement of agriculture. The connection between the two last is a theme which is at present fashionable. Sir Charles Dilke, in his Report on the Lancashire Cotton Famine Relief Works. “This experiment in Lancashire,” he wrote, “ought to inculcate a lesson for future use, namely, that unskilled men may be taught the use of tools when practical means are found to furnish employment.” And, as a “striking instance of the skill some have already acquired,” he mentions how “an experienced Guardian lately laid before his Board a complaint that the dole money, instead of being spent in the town, is employed in the factory operatives, not in farms near by, and there is no reason why the farmer should not be true of large numbers of town-men brought back to the country.

The third point illustrated by the Hollesley Bay experiment is one which is important, not only in regard to the improvement of agriculture, but which also meets the objection so commonly raised against the provision of any State work for the unemployed—the objection, namely, of its unproductiveness. This objection, it is true, is generally founded on a very slight knowledge—perhaps, one should rather say, a culpable ignorance—of the Nonal workshops in the Paris Commune. It is, nevertheless, a favourite argu-
ment against any suggestion of that Socialistic chimer—namely, the right to work. Now, it is far from my purpose to discuss here the doctrine of the right to work; what I would do is to point out that Hollesley Bay is a significant lesson in the possibilities of intensive culture. Of course, it is no new lesson. Every-
one knows something of the maraichers of Paris, of small fruit and vegetable gardens, of the small dairy farms of Belgium, of what has been achieved in market and nursery gardening in many parts of France and the Eastern States of America and, to some extent, in England. Hollesley Bay is an experiment which we need to think over carefully, and see to what extent it can be adapted to our conditions, and, in spite of the many difficulties with which it had to contend, has already made considerable pro-
gress. Many acres of the dullest and most unpromising-looking heath-land have been reclaimed, and, to the astonishment of local wiseacres, have yielded good crops of potatoes. There are gardens upon gardens of
Arguing for Victory.

BROADLY speaking, there are two kinds of argument: the argument, based on conviction, which would persuade; had the argument may be more or less shadowy, which only bids for victory. In the discussion on the need of a Socialist Political Party which has provided such lively reading in The New Age lately, I think there has been too much of the latter kind of argument and too little of the former.

One can agree with Mr. S. G. Hobson that Mr. H. G. Wells has betrayed a certain querulousness in replying to Mr. Cecil Chesterton; but Mr. Hobson himself is guilty of a far worse fault in adopting a view of superior wisdom which is nicely calculated to irritate Mr. Wells and provoke him to reprisals rather than to convert him. And one also feels that Mr. Chesterton has sinned in a similar way in trying to score off Mr. Wells on a charge of inconsistency. (Does not Mr. Chesterton know that to be consistent is merely to admit that one has stopped growing?) And as for Mr. Wells himself, his frequent threats of secession are something as tiresome as the recurring decimal—what, indeed, is easy to maintain—becoming as tiresome as the recurring decimal; they are remarkable. But apart from the transformation of a more or less derelict farm into fertile gardens and orchards, something else has been done. Certain of the men have been selected and settled, with their wives and families, in cottages on the estate. They are to be freed from relief conditions, and are engaged forth to be the tenants of the estate, and to make an independent living as "small-holders." It was hoped that at least a hundred families might be settled in this way, so as to form the nucleus of a really organised community, but this did not command the approval of the Local Government Board, and the "settlers," therefore, number no more than a dozen—a fact which must militate in a large extent against the success of the experiment.

What, then, is the moral to be drawn? Let us grant—(what, indeed, is easy to maintain)—that Hollesley Bay, with all the other works of the Central Unemployed Body, has done little for the unemployed. Can it tell anything else? Is it possible to see in Hollesley Bay the germ of a reorganised system of agriculture, which should be the realising of that pious aspiration, the colonisation of England? There might be a large and immediate extension of such colonies (not managed by a weak, semi-public body, but under a State Department), on which men might be trained for work on the land, for large schemes of afforestation, for settlement in the country on cooperative small holdings, dairy farms, market and nursery gardens, and the like. It would, doubtless, be advisable to grade the colonies in some way, to divide them, for instance, into "elementary" and "secondary" training farms. For it is plain that some of the men would have more to learn than others, and it would be palpably absurd to subject the old agriculturist who was trying to raise himself in the farming scale to exactly the same conditions as the factory worker raw from the towns. In all alike there should be every facility offered to the workers to make themselves proficient—(there is but little of such incentive now at Hollesley Bay)—and, of course, no connection whatever with the Poor Law. The work on a farm colony must be as honourable as to study in the School of Forestry at Oxford. The criticism has already been levelled at the Government's Small Holdings Bill that it will not be of much practical use, because the masses are not fit to be agriculturists. If we are looking to any widespread system of small holdings, there is considerable truth in the criticism—indeed, it might well be extended to include many of the actual farmers of to-day. The sound way, surely, to meet this difficulty is to recognise that agriculture is both a national concern—which, therefore, needs organising on a national scale—and a skilled profession, which, therefore, needs training and experience. All this, it will be objected, would be very costly. True, the initial outlay would be large, but it would be amply and speedily repaid (as is conclusively shown by the example of all those places where intensive culture has been taken up). And we should have the satisfaction of knowing that our money was invested in profitable and useful productions, instead of the melancholy spectacle of unfilled fields and starvation and overcrowded workhouses, which means the waste not only of money, but of the lives of the people.

C. M. LLOYD.
wearingness and dulness are what they used commonly to be mistaken for; signs of probability; that a solemn man is necessarily a sage, and a pompous man a deep thinker, or that a humorist need never be taken seriously. To say that would be to deny the value of those gay and florid notes, those sudden ironic attacks and daring sorties, for which the Fabian Society is famous, and was indeed originally created to pursue. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that a little less glitter and a little more meekness might well be imparted into modern controversy — by Socialists anyway — if only for the sake of those weaker brethren who came first of all to learn, and only afterwards to be entertained—as many of them are now.

Quite a number of those who attend the Fabian meetings, who read the various Socialist organs, and take some pains to understand the Socialist position generally, do so—as they confess—because they love an argument for its own sake and not at all because their sympathies are engaged either way. And their gods are the gay and flippant folk who wield the most caustic pen and employ the most polished and pointed weapons of debate in their speeches, irrespective of their views. We don't want to turn ourselves into a troupe of mental acrobats for the pleasing of these people. If we just gave them pleasure, and that was all, no harm would be done, of course, but some obvious good. But, whilst we please them, we are perplexing and frightening away those who would be our actual adherents. We are to make a show of reforming ourselves and go on as before, as a debauch of pitiable terror. Then, as in the other case, the governing classes get alarmed, they forget all about the foetid morass of hopeless despair, and of unemployed our beneficial influence of Free Trade. The same thing exists just as much in good times as in bad, and, if a year or two of bad trade produces an exceptional crop of the more practiced hands and cynical minds, who, having outgrown their first young fighting enthusiasm, are now content to spar for points with members of their own team, instead of fighting for a knockout with genuine and formidable opponents. There are too many of these exhibition contests. They generate bad temper and bad feeling. Worse, they are a waste of time. And, worst of all, the victory is too seldom with the people who are really more pitiable and too often with the tricky, evasive tactician who plays to the gallery.

Socialism and the Soldier.

There is a marked analogy between the way in which we in England treat the problem of national defence and the way in which we treat the problem of poverty. Our policy in respect to both may be briefly summarised as a policy of indifference mitigated by panic. When a year or two of bad trade produces an exceptional crop of unemployed our governing classes get alarmed, loosen their purse-strings in a fit of panic-stricken charity, and discuss social reforms with a view of buying off the incipient insurrection. As soon as trade revives they forget all about the fictitious nureous of hopeless poverty on which our social system is built, and which exists merely in "good times," as it is called, and, if they happen to be Liberal governments in power, they can look at them and handle them coolly, that they can prove! As the Socialist I hold that the war-time and the "half-time" principle must be made to apply to the problem of defence, just as they belong, there are three very sufficient reasons why Socialists should concern themselves with this matter. They must do so, firstly, because no party which is not prepared to defend the Empire will ever have real confidence of the people; secondly, because, if they leave the problem to be solved by the governing classes and their instruments it will be solved on reactionary lines; thirdly, because a citizen army, such as we have at present, is a powerful weapon in the hands of the rich as against the poorer classes.

This last fact is pretty generally recognised among Socialists, and at the same time with their anti-militarism. They see clearly enough that the army, as it exists at present, is a tool in the hands of the capitalist classes, and its very existence is an army which constitutes the evil, as an army. If we must have an army, it is our duty to reduce it to the smallest possible proportions. But herein lurks a fallacy. To begin with, there is not the slightest reason to think that the mere reduction of the army would make it less dangerous to the people. An army of, say, fifty thousand men, though practically useless for purposes of defence, would be fully as capable of shooting down strikers or overawing a mutinous crowd as an army of a million. Indeed, I am not sure it would not be more so, for the smaller your military caste becomes the more completely it is detached from the body of the people, and the less likely it is to feel its solidarity with those against whom its force is directed.

Nor would even the complete abolition of the army meet the case. For if we give up the control of the money-bags it will always be possible for them to hire private armies for the protection of their own interests, as they do in America. No, there is no solution of the problem along Liberal and Anarchist lines. The only way to prevent the class exploitation of the army is the same as that by which we propose to prevent the class exploitation of land and capital—to nationalise it, to conduct it as a democratic public service, for use, and not for profit.

Mr. Haldane (whose collected Speeches will be reviewed shortly) started with the right idea when he asked for a citizen army. He showed all the characteristic Liberal timidity in his application of it. He dared not face either the outcry of misguided Radicals against the principle of compulsion, or the resistance of the governing classes to real democracy. Moreover, he was constrained by the typical Liberal idea that the first duty of a Minister is to cut down expenses. So that his scheme, however well-intentioned, does not give us what we want; indeed, in some respects, it puts us in a worse position than before.

How are we to get our citizen army? Well, the first step will clearly be to make the elements of military training a part of the ordinary education of the children in our elementary schools. But it is clear that, if such training stopped at the present age-limit of elementary education it would be almost useless for the purpose of forming a citizen army. These young men (there are plenty of other good reasons for raising it), and the "half-time" principle must be made to apply up to the age of, say, twenty. The time thus saved from industrial slavery will be amply sufficient to give the youth of the country a thorough training in the use
of modern weapons and in all that is necessary to make them good citizen soldiers. Such training must be compulsory on all, rich and poor, and there must be no pay-
ment. On the other hand, there need be no barrack life and (except in time of actual warfare) no special military law. The various divisions of the citizen army would be mobilised from time to time as in Switzerland. And there must be an adequate rate of pay for the time so sacrificed. But no man would, under this system, be withdrawn from civil life.

Now, besides providing us with a citizen force capable of a large order to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., of Bristol delivering the Princess Victoria, intend to present 40,000 first political and the other social.

First, it would give an army which it would be practically impossible for the governing classes to use against the people. Even the French conscript, shut off from ordinary citizenship to an extent not contemplated under this scheme, has much more sense of his solidarity with his fellow-workers than has the English soldier, as recent events in the Midland have very clearly shown. What confidence could the capitalists place in the subserviency of a force such as I have sketched, a force consisting of men who had learned the trade of soldiers without even for a moment ceasing to be citizens? Nor is this all. The fact that the governing classes knew that they had to deal with a democracy, armed and trained to use its weapons, would act as a check upon tyrannical exercise of power such as no mere tinkering with the constitution will ever give. It would be worth twenty Reform Bills, with the disembarrassment of the Lords thrown in, as a measure of democratic emancipation.

Nor would the economic consequences be less important. The inevitable result of such a system would be that those responsible for the military organisation of the country would be compelled to become extreme social reformers. No general could possibly allow the human material upon which he must rely to be starved, degenerate, or bred up in slums. The necessity for the feeding of school children, for example, would become as obvious as the necessity for feeding soldiers and sailors is now.

The objection generally urged by persons of advanced views against such a system is that it would encourage "the military spirit." If the military spirit means the ability and readiness to stand up for one's own rights, then I agree that it would be encouraged and I rejoice greatly at the prospect. If there were more of that spirit on the part of our people, there would be less oppression on the part of their rulers. But if the military spirit be taken to mean the spirit that encourages unnecessary wars, I contend that it could receive no more effective check than the knowledge that every citizen might be called to take part in the struggle. The really vile jingoism is a frivolous and irresponsible Jingoism, the gladiatorial emotion which is evoked by reading accounts of slaughter inflicted by and upon other people. It is not the least of the merits of modern armies remains practically the close preserve of the governing classes, we shall have neither an army emancipated from capitalist control nor an army to which each soldier will give the best that is in him.

I am convinced that some such army as I have sketched is the only force ultimately compatible with our democracy, the only force fitted to be the medium of Socialism. There are some Socialists who shrink from the idea of emancipation by the sword. I am not one of them. I do not know—no one knows—how ultimate the cause of the American Civil War, but I know that the democracy which will achieve its deliverance will not be a democracy which shrinks timorously from the sight of blood or the flash of a drawn blade, but a democracy alert, vigorous, tenacious of its rights, bearing not the sword in vain.

CEcil CHesTERTon.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of Cardiff, in order to commemorate the recent visit of Their Majesties and H.R.H. The Princess Victoria, intend to present 40,000 specially designed boxes containing Milk Chocolate to the School Children of that City, and have entrusted the execution of this large order to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., of Bristol and London. Makers to H.M. The King.

Published this week by Author, Didsbury, Manchester. Copy supplied for Postal order, One Shilling, payable to H. Croft Hillier. No stamp payable.

DID CHRIST CONDEMN ADULTERY?

An entirely fresh consideration of Sexual Morality, with incidental discussion of general Western Christianity, and the New Science of Castration.

To which is added a Criticism of Tolstoy's book, "The Relations of the Sexes," sent to the writer by Tolstoy's representative, Mr. Y. Tschersky.

By H. CROFT HILLER.

Colne Valley and the Socialist Party.

The most important contribution of the week to the discussion of "Socialist Party" is, of course, Mr. Grayson's splendid victory in the Colne Valley. The various parties have, as usual, made the best of a bad job by drawing morals more or less flattering to themselves. The "Express" has expressed the secret feeling of most of them that something will have to be done to check the Socialist advance; and we may be sure that there is the slightest ground for the inference that Socialist candidates must henceforth fight independently. At the present moment, the bodies affiliated with the Labour Party, such as the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society, are fully within their rights in nominating and running candidates independently, and in procuring their endorsement by the Labour Party at large. If, for example, Mr. Grayson had secured the sanction and approval of his own organisation, the I.L.P., the Council of that body would have had no difficulty whatever in securing the active consent and cooperation of the entire Labour Party. Primarily it is with the I.L.P. that the responsibility for its own candidates rests; and primarily it will be with the Fabian Society that the responsibility for Fabian candidates (if ever there are any) will also rest. Nor do the financial rules of the Labour Party present the slightest difficulty to candidates of affiliated bodies. If a candidate's slate is endorsed and run by the I.L.P. with the approval of the Labour Party, the I.L.P. can, if it choose, make financial provision entirely by itself; and the same applies to candidates of the Fabian Society. The funds of the Labour Party are necessarily limited, and as certainly it will become progressively difficult to maintain a largely increased membership unless the affiliated bodies bear the expenses of their own candidates. Nobody recognises this more clearly than the Executive of the Labour Party itself. If the number of candidates at the last General Election are to be run at the next General Election, and at least double the present number of members are to be returned, an intolerable strain will be placed upon the Party's finances unless many of the members are privately supplied or supported by their own organisations. And this, we feel sure, will be done without much trouble when the need actually arises.

Meantime there is some danger of avowed and advanced Socialists making too much importance of what, after all, is a simple opinion and has been tabooed on account of his Socialism there would have been cause for alarm. If, again, he had been refused official support on account of any legitimate difference with the Labour Party, it would have been tantamount to write as we do. But the case is neither of these. The Labour Party welcomed his Socialism and has no difference with him except on simple grounds of procedure, which henceforth may be settled by negotiation. The importance of maintaining the unity of the Labour Party is, we hold, so supreme that every means must be taken, short of the betrayal of Socialism itself, to maintain it. And we hope and believe that Mr. Grayson is actually in the House of Commons as in his own constituency.
A MARKET-PLACE IN MOROCCO.

By EDWARD CARPENTER.

T.

The great Sök or Market of Tangier—just outside the city walls—is one of the handsomest and most picturesque of European influences and population present in the town, probably one of the most characteristic and interesting of the markets in Morocco. The European conceptions and standards of comfort and taste of morality and briskness of trade, while it is not, on the other hand, sufficiently intrusive to interfere to any perceptible degree with native customs and methods. Three times in a while the ragged little bands from the neighbouring lands crowd in, with their strings of donkeys or mules or camels; and so the irregular space—200 or 300 yards across, each way—outside the Bab-el-Sök is completely filled by their motley groups. Here, in one corner, is a collection of 20 or 30 tents rudely covered with canvas or thatch, and looking as if they were meant to remain in situ for a few weeks. In the middle there are groups of women squatting on their hams, with little piles of charcoal on the ground beside them, or bundles of considerable size made up in rough nets of string and ready for customers to carry away. These are charcoal sellers; and this is the fuel of the country; for owing to the climate little or no fuel is used for warming purposes, and so for cooking tiny stoves are common, in which charcoal is burned. If the charcoal has been used up in the land, but nowadays at any rate it is not worked, and the consequence is that every tree is sacrificed to make charcoal of. In North Morocco at least this gives a sadly bare look to the country, and the land is covered with gently rising little hills, rarely show a tree, except an occasional grove of olives or a solitary ilex shading a saint's tomb. Here again is a regular lane of vegetable and fruit sellers, with heaps of golden oranges on the ground, and piles of carrots and beetroot and onions and garlic. Here flowers are offered: Here a little farther is a villager or countryman with a bunch of golden cornel flowers—"the Virgin's finger." Here a little naked stepping carefully among the provender, the old negro-woman with wonderful teeth and finger-nails showing so light against her dark brown skin, the brown skins, the black and glittering eyes, the brown hands, the wellossian silken skirts, the brown cotton, the brown wool; and here, in the sun, the brown sheep, the brown goats, the brown camels, the brown mules; and here the brown goats with full udders, some of them being milked; here a knot of men chatting; there a little way off a group of women with pitchers and buckets about a well—some of them washing and hanging their linen on spikes and friends of aloe. Everything has a Biblical suggestion. A population of warrior-shepherds, you would say, these rough men with camels' hair on their heads, with their flocks—not nearly every man carrying a pistol and a knife somewhere about him, or a long gun over his shoulder, instead of a sling. Truly a warlike people, and enjoying gunpowder and a good rough and tumble fight; yet friendly and happy together, because two bodies of rival tribesmen, in the town, and there was some danger that they might clash! Every lad saves his money to buy a rifle nowadays; but if he cannot afford two or three pounds for a smuggled Winchester or Lee-Metford, he contents himself for the time being with an old matchlock of terrific length and efficiency. But the rifle is the universal spread of modern weapons may prove of considerable value some day, even for the Sultan. Trays and stalls of sweetmeats, or of spices and peppers, or of coloured cloths, or yellow and red slippers, or lucky turn-tables with daggers and knives for prizes, attract the motley throng which goes up and down. Here, sitting in the fullest little boxes for shelter from sun and wind, are women selling bread of their own baking—each woman in her own box with the loaves heaped beside her. Like the peasant women in all ages and lands, they do not suffer so very much from the conventions and restrictions which hamper their sisters of higher degree. The futile life of the harem, the agonising foot-binding of Chinese females, the painful etiquettes of Western propriety, and other such disabilities, whether affecting men or women, are felt far more powerfully, everywhere, among the well-to-do. The life of the peasant, in all ages and lands, is much the same, and though hard, and often weary, it is, one may perhaps say, not only the most honest, but the most sensible and natural. Here the hated camera comes along, with a look of disgust in his unbleached cotton, are not very particular about their own baking—each woman in her own box with the loaves heaped beside her. Like the peasant women in all ages and lands, they do not suffer so very much from the conventions and restrictions which hamper their sisters of higher degree. The futile life of the harem, the agonising foot-binding of Chinese females, the painful etiquettes of Western propriety, and other such disabilities, whether affecting men or women, are felt far more powerfully, everywhere, among the well-to-do. The life of the peasant, in all ages and lands, is much the same, and though hard, and often weary, it is, one may perhaps say, not only the most honest, but the most sensible and natural. Here the hated camera comes along, with a look of disgust in his unbleached cotton, are not very particular about their own baking—each woman in her own box with the loaves heaped beside her. 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abusing it may inflict similar and unavoidable injuries upon themselves. The peasant women, as in all primitive society, are largely slaves, hearts of homes. Sometimes, while the husband walks erect beside, they carry loads which would seem quite sufficient for a donkey. It must be remembered, however, in their favour that, the partners are another. The first syllable (much like putting the first word of the sentence) is a right to speak, say "Treated from childhood as inferior beings; imbued with no higher than the power of tempting passion; left in ignorance and servitude; they [the women] are the least progress. Accustomed to be either worshipped or driven, according to the favour or disfavour in which they may be regarded; often having to share and contend for the husband's attentions with a mistress, or perhaps with a house full of female slaves; covered up from the gaze of all in the street; unlettered, untrained, untrusted; the life of a Moorish woman is not far removed from that of a slave, though she be called a Moor. What little one generation learns is lost for lack of the training that only a mother can give.”

Here again is a tiny little tent, so small that there is but one space, with its chains, the resulting influence on the whole may be the less bad—may, indeed, be at the more likely to induce a kind of social paralysis and stagnation. Mr. Budgett Meakin, who from his long residence among them, with rapt interest to a reciter or story-teller, who with prodigious rate, rattling his tale out, and scintillating the lights to paint them. The Moors are not by any means wanting in domestic virtues—as is very evident in the streets from their love of their children; and though I have not penetrated into their household life, it is said that this presents not infrequently a pleasant picture of brightness and contentment.

Nevertheless, and with all that may be said, the fact remains that in this and other Mohammedan countries, one half of the human race is in dire bondage and lack of independence and liberty; and though this half may be one-half, its chains, the resulting influence on the whole may be the less bad—may, indeed, be at the more likely to induce a kind of social paralysis and stagnation. Mr. Budgett Meakin, who from his long residence among them, with rapt interest to a reciter or story-teller, who with prodigious rate, rattling his tale out, and scintillating the lights to paint them. The Moors are not by any means wanting in domestic virtues—as is very evident in the streets from their love of their children; and though I have not penetrated into their household life, it is said that this presents not infrequently a pleasant picture of brightness and contentment.

Votes for Women.
The Case for Women’s Suffrage. Edited by T. F. Fisher Unwin.

Nothing is more eloquent of the chaos of our social life than the fact that women should desire and need to enter into politics. The case for Women’s Suffrage is not really arguable at all. The opposition to it is prejudice, and we might almost say that in a way which is prejudice also. That fact, however, is of no value when we remember that reason is at bottom the handmaid of instinct, and every instinct appears in consciousness as a prejudice. Thus, if the first cotton goods that Europe had seen. Now, with the least edge of embroidery on the neck and an armhole, is a needle of the cotton calico, and offered to us at a commonest Manchester calico, and offered to us at a.

The reply to this line of argument may be read at length in the pages of the present work, which may be heartily commended to Socialists, Suffragists, and to readers at large. The writers with a single exception state their views calmly and fairly, and support them with copious details of past and present history. We could have wished that more of the chapters had been written by men, particularly the chapters on Women’s Votes in New Zealand and Australia. Mrs. Martel, who writes it, is obviously well-equipped, and, as a native of Australia and a prominent Suffragist there as well as here, was certain to speak with authority. At the same time, the greater part of the book is written by some Australian male politician. This may appear as a weak concession to masculine preponderance. The point here is that female leaders are in practice the only ones who might be said to be the propounder of them. As to the wives of those leaders, it is probable that their lives generally are not so bad as the pious monogamist deduces. The Moorish women are largely slaves, beasts of burden. Some of them are an effectual clog on all progress.

The worst as well as the best effects of political legislation precede as well as follow the legislation itself.

Granting, as we do, to the fullest extent the right of women to the vote, there seems to us still to be considerable misunderstanding on the relations of Socialism with Women’s Suffrage; and, fortunately, which Individual Socialists and Individual Suffragists have done their best to increase. Briefly, the points of discussion (for surely there should be no need to talk of differences) are (1) the relation of the Socialist and Suffrage propaganda; and (2) the tactical question of the priority of Women’s Suffrage and Adult Suffrage. Concerning the first, Socialists contend that since their own propaganda is economic mainly, while the Suffrage propaganda is mainly political, there can be no question of the superior importance of Socialism. Politics being, after all, only a machinery designed to bring about the social changes, Socialists are attacking the problem nearest the root in their endeavours to employ the existing machinery. And on the other side, the intrusion of a new political factor into the situation would only complicate the issues.

The reply to the ordinary Socialist view is that sex reform is at least of equal importance with economic reform. Moreover, no genuine economic reform is possible without the political co-operation of women, and this political cooperation presupposes political emancipation. The theory that men by themselves can settle the social problem is perpetually being contradicted by facts by none more than by the present state of affairs which...
has resulted from masculine exclusiveness in politics since 1832. Further, the economic emancipation of men is very likely to perpetuate and aggravate the economic slavery of women, even advocating that Labour reformers acquiesce in a difference between men's wages and women's wages. Finally, the problem of economic freedom is identical with the problem of political freedom, and pre-supposes it. The emancipation of workmen presupposes the emancipation of slaves.

Between these two sets of opinion it is difficult theoretically to arbitrate, for it is clear enough to most Socialists that in the long run Socialism implies and necessitates the freedom of women. Unfortunately the converse does not appear so clear, and while the majority of Socialists are also Suffragists, it is far from true that the majority of Suffragists are Socialists. This inconvertibility of the two terms lies, in fact, at the root of the political difference.

If all Suffragists were Socialists the two propagandas might be united, as they were in Colne Valley, for example side by side.

The second subject of discussion, that of the priority of Adult or Women's Suffrage, has been often discussed in our columns. [Mr. F. L. Fifield-Gregg (whose name we miss among the contributors to Mr. Villier's volume) has ably argued in defence of the priority of Women's Suffrage, on the grounds that an extension of the vote would worsen women's suffrage and, secondly, that the demand for universal adult suffrage may fairly give place to the demand for the first instalment of political justice to women. These arguments are strongly contested by Socialists; and except on grounds of highly problematic expediency, should carry conviction to political Socialists. The doubt whether Socialists should support the limited suffrage recently proposed by Mr. Dickinson, is due entirely to the exigencies of political propaganda. The addition of a considerable proportion of middle-class and conservative women voters to every constituency might fairly be feared by Socialist candidates; and, on the other hand, as several of the present writers observe, the proportion of such voters would be considerably less than of working class voters emancipated by Mr. Dickinson's proposed Act. In any case, however, since women must inevitably be enfranchised sooner or later, their postponed complete enfranchisement would certainly constitute a more serious menace to politics than their immediate partial and future complete enfranchisement: we are convinced, even on grounds of expediency, of the desirability of extending at once the franchise to women, on any terms. Moreover, it was particularly ill-advised of certain women suffragists to contest the question of adult suffrage as a sort of whole loaf with which to mock the demand for half a loaf. Of that type of doctrinaire we have many will come to follow the plan of this modern Thoreau honest scrutiny of all seekers after social righteousness. At the same time the value of such an experiment as Mr. Morton's is partly discounted by its idiocy. Whether many will come to follow the plan of this modern Thoreau is doubtful.

The Workman's Compensation Act, 1906. By F. L. Fifield, Barrister-at-Law. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 6s.)

The tract with this title which is issued by the Fabian Society is intended for the use of workmen, Trade Union secretaries, and other laymen who may be possible applicants for compensation. This book by Mr. Firminger is written rather for the use of the legal profession. It treats the whole subject of workmen's compensation comprehensively, giving all the decisions of the courts under the old Acts, which have not been superseded by the new Statute. The County Court Rules, 1907, relating to procedure and all the forms provided in accordance with paragraph 12 of the Second Schedule of the Act, are printed in Appendices. The Employers' Liability Act, 1880, the Orders as to the extension of Compensation to Industrial Diseases, and the Orders as to Fees, are all given, and the book as a whole may be regarded as the first complete standard text-book on this subject in the field, since the new Statute came into force.
MARGINALIA.

The Gilbertian episode of the official suppression of “The Mikado,” and the subsequent rescinding of the ban cast upon that delightful comedy-opera, has made its revival a popular topic. This week there take place, however, until the end of April, when, by arrangement with Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, “The Mikado” will be produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, under the management of its successful producer, Mr. Alston Rivers. Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, who have apparently half the capacity of the Savoy Theatre to engage them, will produce in it, save “The Mikado,” no less than eighteen other comic operas of some musical comedy, “I know a little garden-close.” +

It is an interesting fact that there are some musical comedies which are good in so far as they have an imaginative resemblance to the Savoy series, is double true that so long as the latter can be said to have been written by an excellent stage-hand, are as tawdry and bathetic as though Gilbert and Sullivan had never existed.

The reason for this lack of influence may lie in the fact that the Gilbertian humour is, on the whole, a conventional thing. It is the whimsical expression of a native distaste for extremes of sentiment and convention, and not a revolu-
tional objection to these things. Now the typically modern platitude, “Suffocate the State, for instance, those of Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, and Granville Barker’s “The Voysey Inheritance,” are actually, as well as philosophically, revolutionaries, and what wit or humour, comedy or tragedy, they possess is the result of a fervour which, perhaps, the most religious thing in our social life. These plays do not merely tilt at the eccentrics of the expression of what Gilbert would consider, on the whole, worthy ideas; rather does it apply the scalpel to the very root of the ideas themselves. So we may reasonably expect a deeper influence on the stage from such plays than it was possible to expect from the Savoy operas.

I should like to draw the attention of those of my readers who are interested in contemporary poetry to the series of pocket books called “The Contemporary Poets.” These books are carefully printed, bound in tasteful wrappers, and sold at one shilling. The two latest additions to the series are “The Ballad of Victory and Other Poems,” by Dollie Radford; and “From Inland and Other Poems,” by Ford Maddox Huetten, whose “Soul of London” is about one year ago, placed him in the front rank of contemporary prose writers, and whose excellent poem, “To Christmas at Nightfall,” which is included in the above-mentioned volume of poems, made it necessary for discriminating readers to reckon him among modern poets.

Messes. Longmans have just added to their Pocket Library William Morris’s fine epic, “The Life and Death of Jason.” By issuing this “stretcher metre of an antique tale” in handy pocket form, the publishers render a considera-
tible service to literature, for there is no poem among the many expressions of Morris’s tapestry-like muse worthy of so fine a study as “The Life and Death of Jason.” Perhaps the most striking of the excuses for its exquisite poetry or its enthralling story, or whether for the delightful lyrics that occur in the narrative. Among these last are some good selections from the work of contemporary writers, including Austin Dobson, W. B. Yeats, A. C. Bevan, and Alfred Noyes. From the work of Mr. Noyes, Mr. Eland has chosen two most delightful lyrics, “Lilac Time,” and “his quaintly-fancied style of music note by music note, is called “Life’s Pilgrimage: a Little Book of Love and Expectation,” has been written by Mr. Eland, and, of course, in such a book the interest is entirely dependent upon the quality of the author’s taste. Mr. Eland has without doubt two of the qualities which go to the making of a successful anthologist, a fine literary sense and a distinctive mental attitude. “Life’s Pilgrimage” abounds with individuality of both these qualities. Mr. Eland has chosen a series of poems and prose passages expressive of devotion to the things of faith which is at once sane, happily meditative, and broad enough in its plea to admit of the more sensuous delights of life which are not entirely things of faith.

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Mr. Bernard Shaw has up till now been quite free of a separate literature. Of course he has been discussed to an alarming extent in the Press, and even the serious articles under his name have not been in number. But no book entirely devoted to him has yet appeared. This deficiency is, however, to be thrice filled in the immediate future. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has undertaken the task which is to appear as one of “The Stars of The Stage Series,” published by Mr. John Lane. Then there is the much-talked-of work of Mr. Archibald Henderson, which may be expected towards the end of the present year. Mr. Hen-
derson, who is the Professor of Mathematics at the North Carolina University, has been engaged upon this book for some time, and the subject of the book himself has supplied him with much interesting biographical matter, including a genealogical tree of the Shaw family in Ireland. Not the least important part of the book will be an appendix giving a detailed account of practically every production of Shaw’s plays all over the world.

The third book will be published in a few weeks by Mr. E. Grant Richards, and is by the present writer. It is entitled “Bernard Shaw—a Monograph,” and is an interpretative study of the life and work of C. B. S. It deals with his complex personality and art under four heads: The Man. The Fabian. The Playwright. And The Philosopher; and seeks to show the consistent thought which runs through the whole of his work both as propagandist and artist. The volume will be illustrated with four portraits, one of which is of the bust of Shaw by Rodin, and two of the others are by Frederick H. Evans and Alvin Langdon Coburn.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

“Ralph Heathcote: Letters of Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the time of Napoleon.” (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

“Health in the Home Life.” By Honnor Morton. (James Clarke.)

“Life and To-morrow.” By Mrs. Craige. (Unwin. 6s.)

“Collectivism and Industrial Evolution.” By Emile Vandervelde. (I.L.P. 1s. 6d. net.)

“The Handbook of Education.” By J. H. Yoxall, M.A., and Ernest Gray, M.A. (National Union of Teachers. 3s. 6d. net.)


“Fresh Air.” By Percy S. Barber. (R.I. James. 2d.)

“The Workman’s Compensation Act.” (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6d.)

“Baby Toller’s.” By Olive Christian Malvery. (Hutchinson. 2s. 6d. net.)

“The Life and Death of Jason.” By William Morris. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

“Janus in Modern Life.” By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

“The Love of his Life.” By Robert Edmundson. (M.A. Gibbs.)

“The Love of his Life.” By Harry Bentley. (Lane. 6s.)

“Seen and Unseen.” By K. Katharine Bates. (Greening. 2s.)

“A Fatal Dose.” By Fred. M. White. (Ward Lock. 6s.)

“The Lodestar.” By Max Pemberton. (Ward Lock, 6s.)

“The Little Black Monkey.” By Sydney B. Carter. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 5s.)

DRAMA.

The Midnight Wedding.

I HAVE hitherto derived such a perfect joy from a few examples of melodrama seen in the provinces and from a contemplation of the London posters that I have hesitated to put my dreams to the test of reality by entering the Lyceum. And now after a five months' absence I have seen "The Midnight Wedding" with the army of that country. Close station, beach, trams. Good cooking, late dinner. Possibly they are more than "Lodway," Valkyrie Road.

"The Midnight Wedding" has the essential dramatic virtue of being dramatic. After a surfeit of West End drama one really begins to forget where the dramatic art differs from the literary. The Lyceum production brings one back with a jump to the reality of the theatre and all the arts and artifacts that make that reality possible. The characters are puppets, the action takes place in Slavonia (alias Ruritania. N.B., all names of romantic kingdoms should end in 'ania, cf. Esperanto), and the sentiments and dialogue are of a stereotyped kind, but the construction carries the puppets from scene to scene and pictorial. The Lyceum production brings one back with a jump to the reality of the theatre and all the arts and artifacts that make that reality possible. The characters are puppets, the action takes place in Slavonia (alias Ruritania. N.B., all names of romantic kingdoms should end in 'ania, cf. Esperanto), and the sentiments and dialogue are of a stereotyped kind, but the construction carries the puppets from scene to scene and pictorial.

banged off a cracker or a percussion cap behind the audience in agony. But it must be annoying to wait to be supplied with a detonator that can be fired "off." There is a further physiological peculiarity to which I must refer. The gallant lady did come on the stage and pull violently at the trigger of an ineffective-looking revolver which did not go off. Someone fortunately banged off a cracker or a percussion cap behind the audience in agony. But it must be annoying to wait to be supplied with a detonator that can be fired "off." There is a further physiological peculiarity to which I must refer. The gallant lady did come on the stage and pull violently at the trigger of an ineffective-looking revolver which did not go off. Someone fortunately pulled violently at the trigger of an ineffective-looking revolver which did not go off. Someone fortunately pulled violently at the trigger of an ineffective-looking revolver which did not go off. Someone fortunately supplied the unswerving loyalty and comic relief necessary to carry off Paul Valmar's behaviour. This comic relief was quite conventional, but at the same time excellently well acted and genuine, in the spirit of which I would, I believe, carry off a worse play than "The Midnight Wedding." Upon the plot and the story it is unnecessary to dilate.

Octavus Reflections.

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

Ought a mother to murder her children? I often wonder; and I find it very hard to make up my mind about the matter. Suppose, for example, that in God's Own Country, Free America, an intelligent mother finds that her child has been brought up in a slum, attended -sacred life of Charles Peace! The practical statistician will gush such facts upon me as that the present Lord Strathcona breathed his first in a crofter's sty or millions to one against a Lord Strathcona or an Earl (Miss Daisy Gwynne, who might have had more to offer). In the inexpressive, because not thought out, language of the theatre, melodrama gives great scope for "strength." In setting. All of the 15 performers had lots. Paul Valmar was excellently impersonated by Mr. Norman Partridge got up as Rudolph Rassendyll-Henry Ainley, Miss Nora Kerin was good as the heroine, the villain, von Scarbruck, was very well done by Mr. Eric Mayne, and the Crown Prince also by Mr. Frederick Ross. The best acting parts, however, were those of Max, Otto, and Bobo (Messrs. Major Jones, Barford, and Oxley), the army of Slavonia, who supplied the unswerving loyalty and comic relief necessary to carry off Paul Valmar's behaviour. This comic relief was quite conventional, but at the same time excellently well acted and genuine, in the spirit of which I would, I believe, carry off a worse play than "The Midnight Wedding." Upon the plot and the story it is unnecessary to dilate.

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mother any right to take such chances for it? Ought she to murder it? Is it the commonsense thing to do?

The second best always seems good enough for the British Public. That fact was once more rammed home, when the other night I heard Yvette Guilbert at the Palace. It is some eight years since I last heard her; and then she was a live creature. Something of the hoarse passions of the slum really found a rasping expression through her. It was rather a melodramatic expression, though my enthusiasm, but palpitative, decidant friends could never see it. She was even the lank, ungainly singer from the slums proper to "La Grue" and "La Soulardie." Now, for the benefit of the British Public, she has gone into Vaudeville. She sang to it "The Keys of Heaven," a cynical Old English Ballad which told how a ladylike eighteenth century girli insisted that the intentions of a very gentlewoman young fellow should become honourable; she sang to it a song of a beautiful household and her followers. The flower of British civilisation—two distinguished Johannesburg immigrants, a Cabinet Minister and a favourite musical comedian—were followed in the wash and was glad. The gallery also loved her second-best. And she was the proper singer of the second-best—a plump doll, in a fluffy wig, or maybe cushioned hair, wearing a shocking coloured frock, who had learned the prettiest manners and graces from a professor of deportment—but the cleverest doll you ever saw. Of course, I ought not to talk. When I want some money, I go into Vaudeville myself. But the point is that the second-best is the most the British Public will stand.

When I read Miss Corelli's warm-hearted letter asking for help for Ouida, firmly printed above an urgent request from that unfortunate lady to be let alone, it seemed to me that something must have gone wrong. There was no public subscription to fatten the declining years of the agreeable Chatto, to buy a green-house out of the inheritances she earned them. On what exact grounds, by the way; does the gentleman who does not know; every scientist who is worth his salt knows that the second-best is the most the British Public will stand.

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CHARLES LEESE, Managing Director.
But he will not give me the simple explanation of its production and distribution. Is it a trade secret? Perhaps I am obliged by an explanation from a chemist or a production. Is it—or am I party, and it is endeavouring to make the latter, and through it trade unionism, socialistic in practice, if not in name. But he will not give me the simple explanation of its mean failure. The result would be a still more powerful wallow in biologists; I shall be just as much visited, your declaration that there is no place, at any rate at present, for a political Socialist party outside the Labour Party, and it is as much a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery.

**THE SOCIALIST PARTY.**

To THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have no doubt that many of your I.L.P. readers, were, like myself, very glad to find in the article "Jarrow Revisited," your denunciation that there is no place, at any rate at present, for a political Socialist party outside the Labour Party, and it is as much a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery. The experiment may fail. If it does, the necessity for an independent socialist party will arise. To found the latter now on the side with the house, would, probably mean failure. The result would be a still more powerful Socialist I.L.P. with the Labour vote in practice behind it, and it is a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery.

Would you also permit me, as no one else has done it, to protest against Mr. Shaw's statement that it is essential that the best brains of the Socialist movement should be available for the direction of its parliamentary work, which the best brains should be in the House of Commons. To condemn Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, for instance, to rotate in the vicious circle of existing parliamentary warfare. Without propaganda, no Socialist vote and no Socialist legislation. Without a carefully thought out policy, Socialist legislation will be a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery. It is precisely the study of Socialist which is at present most neglected, and the neglect is likely to prove far more fatal than the exclusion of a few middle-class Socialists from the House of Commons. Men are sadly needed who will do a little hard thinking and research, and they can only be found, unless endowed with the physique of a Sandow or a Webb, by strictly subordinating to this work their other Socialist activities, provided always that specialisation should mean giving up an amount of feeling effects.

It is precisely here that the Fabian Society steps in. Its composition renders it peculiarly fitted to facilitate the work of the Socialist thinker, because it enables it to focus upon the discussion of any given problem, the greatest variety of experience and a wider diversity of view than any other Socialist body. If such a body did not exist it would have to be created. And it would be that by forming the nucleus of a new Socialist party, necessarily in opposition to the I.L.P., and consequently to the Labour Party, the Fabian Society will find its unique position without securing any compensating advantages. I sincerely trust that Mr. Wells will stick to his guns, and offer an absolutely uncompromising opposition to the creation of a new Socialist party, especially by the Fabian Society, of a new Socialist organisation. He should at least have the support of all I.L.P. men.

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TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I do not think Mr. Wells will need any assistance in dealing with the many of his critics. One of his criticisms is a trade secret. Perhaps I am wrong in asking for the biological explanation of it. Perhaps it was mechanically produced by a chemical or mathematical process. I do not mind; I do not particularly care. I do not believe a boy near the head of the class was ever hit by a blow given under the chin, which surely was the blow given by the high-handed behaviour of the London Police to the leaders of Sunday's Demonstration. Mr. Lansbury records that he saw a boy struck down by a blow to the head. Surely there must be something ocular demonstration that Socialism can stand anyone being a Socialist and not wishing to join a Socialist Party. Perhaps, if they would scrutinise the programmes and practice of existing Socialist parties, their wonder might be less. The Independent Labour Party states that its object is the socialisation of the means of production and distribution. Good; but its programme when its candidates go to the poll or enter Parliament is Old Age Pensions, State Provision for the Unemployed, Trades Disputes Bills and Radical intolerance of everything it does not understand. All these things may be excellent— I don't think they are—but they have no more relevance to the programme of existing Socialist parties than Mr. Keir Hardie's sandals. Many people find it possible to distinguish between permutation and "super-imposing ideas." Perhaps they are unaccustomed to ideas. If not, they could surely see the distinction between a policy that aims at capturing the machinery, working through unconverted officials, and mis-representing blood électeurs and the machinery that afforded by the high-handed behaviour of the London Police to the leaders of Sunday's Demonstration. Mr. Wells on the other hand has in mind. Permeation aims at practising Socialism in an alien and uncomprehending environment. Mr. Wells, I take it, aims at creating an environment of Socialist ideas for all political and administrative work. The two policies are not exclusive; but most Socialists have to decide which of the two they will adopt. One may be forgiven for believing that it is not only by ocular demonstration that Socialism can be made convincing; and it is not an excessive idealism which believes that the permeation of contemporary thought is a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery.

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**THE WHITETHALL CossACKS.**

To THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Since when has it become illegal to carry a red flag in London? No more efficient aid could have been given to the cause supported by Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Blackheath Labour Representation than the flag that afforded by the high-handed behaviour of the London Police to the leaders of Sunday's Demonstration.

Surely there must be something ocular demonstration that Socialism can stand anyone being a Socialist and not wishing to join a Socialist Party. Perhaps, if they would scrutinise the programmes and practice of existing Socialist parties, their wonder might be less. The Independent Labour Party states that its object is the socialisation of the means of production and distribution. Good; but its programme when its candidates go to the poll or enter Parliament is Old Age Pensions, State Provision for the Unemployed, Trades Disputes Bills and Radical intolerance of everything it does not understand. All these things may be excellent— I don't think they are—but they have no more relevance to the programme of existing Socialist parties than Mr. Keir Hardie's sandals. Many people find it possible to distinguish between permutation and "super-imposing ideas." Perhaps they are unaccustomed to ideas. If not, they could surely see the distinction between a policy that aims at capturing the machinery, working through unconverted officials, and mis-representing blood électeurs and the machinery that afforded by the high-handed behaviour of the London Police to the leaders of Sunday's Demonstration. Mr. Wells on the other hand has in mind. Permeation aims at practising Socialism in an alien and uncomprehending environment. Mr. Wells, I take it, aims at creating an environment of Socialist ideas for all political and administrative work. The two policies are not exclusive; but most Socialists have to decide which of the two they will adopt. One may be forgiven for believing that it is not only by ocular demonstration that Socialism can be made convincing; and it is not an excessive idealism which believes that the permeation of contemporary thought is a quicker and safer road to the Socialist State than the permeation of contemporary political machinery.

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**THE ONLY WAY.**

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**THE WHITEHALL CossACKS.**

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