THE OUTLOOK.

Staggering Humanity.

Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., must be a proud man when he reads the letters, interviews, and articles concerning himself and his victory which have been flooding the capitalist Press ever since. The feat of staggering Consells, which he claimed credit for at Crofton Park on Friday, sinks into insignificance compared with the achievement of throwing hardened journalists and experienced politicians into a state of panic bordering on lunacy. The most acute case is that of the "Daily Express," which, in treating its readers to an or three columns a day on "The Menace of Socialism," columns which we heartily commend to any of our readers who wish to sample the rich possibilities of human idiocy. Out of so much that is delightful, we hesitate to choose samples. But we think we like best the list of "concealed Socialists" in the Liberal Party. This list contains the names of such well-known champions of our cause as Sir Randell Cremer, Mr. Byles, Mr. Arnold Lupton, Mr. Richard Bell, and Mr. Henry Vivian. There can be no doubt about the "concealment" in these cases. We can only imagine that the name of Mr. Harold Cox was omitted by an oversight. And what about Mr. Balfour? He seems to us to be far more open to suspicion than any of the gentlemen referred to above. His exposition of the social character of all value, given under the mask of opposition to the Land Valuation Bill, appears quite in the character of the sort of "concealment the Liberals have no grounds of complaint. During the long years of Lord Cromer's rule there have been "regrettable incidents," like the Denshaw affair, and much of the friction which the conflict of our civilisations always produces, but for the spectacle should prove an interesting one. And the problem which principally interests us is this: Why has the Liberal Party been able to unite its support so successfully? It occurs to one that, if Liberal legislation and Free Trade are obstacles to Socialism it is a little unreasonable to ask Socialists to unite against a common enemy. It is surprising what a little too much in evidence in the events which led up to our occupation of Egypt, but for the policy then pursued Mr. Gladstone and not Lord Cromer was responsible. During the long years of Lord Cromer's rule there have been "regrettable incidents," like the Denshaw affair, and much of the friction which, against this must in fairness be set the splendid work of social and economic reorganisation, which has, so hostile a critic as Mr. Blunt being witness, increased out of all recognition the material prosperity of the Egyptian peasantry, and for this work Lord Cromer undoubtedly deserves most of the credit. Doubtless there is a good deal of discontent in Egypt, and a formidable native national movement which is attracting more and more of the intelligent Egyptians to its ranks. With this movement wave in the air the inevitable "ticket." The workers of Colne Valley had seen that ticket before—and perhaps they knew something of Mr. Maddison and his record as a trade unionist. Anyhow, the Government candidate was badly beaten, and the Liberals, like the Conservatives, are in a worried mood. The Liberal papers are full of voluminous letters, from which it is difficult to gather whether Liberalism ought to be supported because it is identical with Socialism, or because it is opposed to Socialism. Not only do the writers contradict each other, but they contradict themselves. The same correspondent will say first that the best security against the extravagant revolutionary schemes of the Socialists is the adoption of a sound Liberal policy of reform and the maintenance of our glorious heritage of Free Trade, and the next moment that the progressive forces ought not to be divided, but should unite against a common enemy. It occurs to one that, if Liberal legislation and Free Trade are obstacles to Socialism it is a little unreasonable to ask Socialists to unite in their support. The most interesting contribution to the discussion comes, however, from Dr. Macnamara, himself one of the organisers of defeat at Colne Valley. Dr. Macnamara gravely informs the world that the Socialists have no grasp of economic facts! They have, on the other hand, a compensating advantage in their taste for speaking at street corners. This taste Dr. Macnamara earnestly advises the Liberals to cultivate. We hope they will take his advice, for the spectacle should prove an interesting one. And the problem which principally interests us is this: When the young Liberal enthusiast has taken his stand in the market-place, nailed his colours to the mast, and collected a reasonable-sized crowd of listeners—what, in the name of Heaven, is he going to say to them?

Lord Cromer.

On Tuesday next the House of Commons will take into consideration the proposed grant of £50,000 to Lord Cromer. That the proposal will be carried may be taken as a foregone conclusion, nor do we think that many grants of a similar character have been better earned. The hand of the bond-holder may have been a little too much in evidence in the events which led up to our occupation of Egypt, but for the policy then pursued Mr. Gladstone and not Lord Cromer was responsible. During the long years of Lord Cromer's rule there have been "regrettable incidents," like the Denshaw affair, and much of the friction which, By
Sir Eldon Gorst will have to deal, and we hope that he will deal with it with judicious sympathy as well as firmness, remembering that there is no Empire-breaking force so potent as panic. It is not in the nature of things that a people should be content to be permanently excluded from the government of their country, and as the good work of Lord Cromer bears fruit in the improved conditions of the Egyptian people and therefore in their increased vigour and self-confidence, the demand for a larger measure of self-government is certain to become more urgent. The business of the British representative is not to set himself blindly against such demands, but to find for the new-born national energy an outlet consistent with the maintenance of the Empire. In this way he will best complete the task which Lord Cromer has begun.

Arms and the Bondholder.

At least one decision of the Hague Conference will meet with general approval from Socialists, the provision that no nation shall use armed force to collect debts until the matter has been referred to arbitration. No one can think without shame of the manner in which the arms of great European Powers have been used in the past, not to protect the interest of the peoples whom they represent, but avowedly to serve their own self-interests of international bond-holders and financiers. To prostitute the sword to the service of gold is always the first step in the downward path of empires. Whether the veto will be effective is quite another matter. For our part, we do not believe that anything will be done for peace until the nations of the world are prepared, not merely to pass pious resolutions, but to turn their armies into an international police force to suppress any nation that defies the general will. After all, private war was not put down by sentimentalising about love and brotherhood, and mutually agreeing not to carry revolvers. It was put down by erecting a power, called the State, whose business it was to define the rights of every citizen and then to guarantee their defence. So must it be in international affairs if universal peace is to be more than a benevolent aspiration. But, since many worthy people are talking about establishing peace on the basis of the status quo, it is as well to add that peace never can be secured, and never ought to be secured, on the principle of stereotyping injustice. While Poland is under the heel of the Tzar, while Alsace and Lorraine are subject to a power they detest, "there is no peace, and shall be none."

A Labour Victory.

The most hopeful sign about America is that, though the governing class appears to be even more rotten than ours, the working class shows a virile fighting spirit that ours too often lacks. The Labour wars of the States have an epic character which is not easily to be paralleled in the Old World, and surely there never was so melodramatic an episode as the persecution and liberation of Haywood, the leader of the Western Miners. All the resources of the American plutocracy were put out to crush this man. Money was poured out like water. Perjured witnesses were laboriously or intimidated into traducing him. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man. President Roosevelt, who has intervened to condemn him in defiance of all traditions, has put this man out to crush this man.

The True Unionism.

We know of few recent events more encouraging than those connected with the Belfast strike. It is true that the struggle is by no means over, and no one can tell for certain how it will end. The Irishman, whether Orange or Green, has more than the common human measure of pugnacity, and is not likely to yield without one of the sharpest struggles in our industrial history. Even the police have caught something of the infection, and have embarrassed the authorities by threatening a strike and something like a mutiny on their own account. But these are incidents. The really hopeful feature about the affair is the condition of the Orange and Nationalist labourers appear to be working together in defence of their common interests and rights. This is the real solution of the Irish problem; this is the true "Union of Hearts." Let the Irish people once realise that their oppressors are not the democracy of England, but the capitalists and landlords, who are also the oppressors of England, and all the bitterness will be taken out of the relations between the two peoples. Let the Protestant Orangeman and the Catholic Nationalist once understand that capitalism cares nothing for either loyalty or patriotism, for either Protestantism or Catholicism, and will oppress and exploit both with perfect impartiality, and the long feud between North and South will be over, and, in a better fashion than romantic Nationalism dreamed, "Orange and Green shall carry the day!"

Closure and Obstruction.

The discussion on the proposal to closure through the Evicted Tenants' Bill was exactly the same as many previous debates. The Conservatives made the speeches the Liberals used to make, and the Liberals made the speeches the Conservatives used to make. In circumstances such as had arisen, the Government always accuses the Opposition of obstruction, and the Opposition always accuses the Government of stifling free discussion. For those who are not impressed by the continual repetition of this ancient ceremony, the real question is: why is it impossible for the collective brain of the Commons to devise a method by which fights shall be adequately discussed without perpetrating on them to be killed by talking? What we clearly ought to have is an arrangement by which every part of a Bill shall have its fair measure of consideration and no more. What we actually get is a system whereby the system is allowed to run riot over the first half-dozen lines of a Bill, and the rest is closured through almost without debate. No board of directors or parish council would tolerate such a waste of things for ten minutes. But the men, who are entrusted with the direction of our Empire, are apparently incapable of performing efficiently the ordinary routine of a Vestry Clerk.

For a Citizen Army.

The Lords have modified their amendment to the Army Bill so as to avoid a conflict with the Commons on a question of privilege, and the Government has promised to do its best to persuade the other House to accept the amendment as amended. So far as we know, the proposal becomes almost infinitesimal: but so far as it goes it is a step in the right direction. Meanwhile, we note that the National Service League has arranged for a mixed Committee of Enquiry to visit South Africa and study the system of citizen service practised there. The Committee is to contain three members of the Labour Party, Mr. O'Grady, Mr. Macpherson, and Mr. Kelley. We can only hope that the government, with minds fully made up, and will be able to convince the whole party of the necessity of falling into line with the Socialist movement of all Europe, and support the only really democratic solution of the problem of defence. The anti-militarist movement in France seems to be dying a natural death, and its recent and explicit repudiation by Jules Guesde, the most revolutionary of French Socialist leaders, will probably complete its extinction.
HOLY RUSSIA:
THE HYMN OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE IMPENDING AGREEMENT WITH
THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.
By GERALD KINGSTON.

FOREWORD.
The following poem was penned immediately after the massacre of "Vladimir's Day." Something like eighteen months have passed since then, yet who cannot recall the thrill of horror which convulsed all thinking Europe at the deed? One looked for some concerted boycott of the Russian Government by the other Powers; some protest against the wanton despotism which still usurps the name of Government. "Vladimir's Day" was, indeed, a breach longer than any of the other Powers who had followed her action—Britain remained inactive. Nothing was done! To-day the situation in Russia remains unchanged, aggravated the rather by the lapse of time. The same shortsighted, self-seekling cruelty on the part of the rulers—the same brutal callousness to the sufferings of the people—the needs of the nation—continues. The murderers remain in power, and the British Government is in the act of entering into an agreement with them!

Happily, it is not yet too late to withdraw. The writer, therefore, joins his voice to theirs who are endeavouring to awake the national conscience to protest against "any agreement whatever between the British Government and the inhuman despotism" which still usurps the name of Government in Russia.

I.
From city, hamlet, hovel,
From steppe and frozen sod,
From fortress, mine, and prison,
Our cry goes up to God.
They take our lives, our labour,
The very grain we sow,
But shall they fleece us ever?
Up, brothers, answer "No!"

Chorus.
Who'll stand to-day for Russia?
Each hour a People die!
And louder, fiercer, clearer,
Rings out our battle-cry—
For Russia and for Freedom,
Strike! Strike! Nor sheathe the glaive
Till Russia, Holy Russia,
Become the tyrant's grave!

II.
We sought our "Little Father,"
We sought him in our need;
We came defenceless, starving,
As broken men who plead.
He left his drunken soldiers
Our unarmed ranks to mow;
But shall they slay us ever?
All true hearts answer "No!"

Chorus.
Who rules to-day in Russia?
Not he, the coward slave!
Who skuikted within his palace,
And let his bullies rave!
We have our God-sent leaders,
Hearts brave in deed and pen:
For Russia, Holy Russia,
Her rulers must be men!

III.
We fought their battles for them,
We saw our comrades slain;
They died in countless thousands,
To serve their lust for gain.
For traitors and for tyrants
We watched our heart's blood flow:
But shall it flow for ever?
All Russia answers: No!

Chorus.
Who'll fight to-day for Russia?
You fought like heroes then.
To weld the gyves that gall you
Upon the wrists of men,
Who strove like Gods for freedom,
As you must strive to-day,
If Russia, Holy Russia,
Would be the thing you pray!

IV.
To save our sick, our dying,
We gave our last poor groat;
The "Red Cross" that we paid for,
Has proved the tyrant's grave!
To keep their worthless wantons,
Our hard-wrung treasures go:
For traitors and for tyrants
Shall we be slaves for ever?
All Russia thunders: No!

Chorus.
Who'll stand to-day for Russia?
From city, hamlet, hovel,
From steppe and frozen sod;
From fortress, mine, and prison,
One cry goes up to God:
For Russia and for Freedom,
Strike! Strike! Nor sheathe the glaive,
Till Russia, Holy Russia,
Has proved the tyrant's grave!

* The night before the massacre, the benefit of Madame Balletti, the mistress of the Grand Duke Alexis, took place at the theatre. After the performance, this lady gave a supper at her rooms, at which the Grand Dukes were present, and danced the "Cake Walk." It was from this scene of revelry that Vladimir, a rough soldier and hard drinker, went to head the troops, and gave the order to fire on his defenceless countrymen.

† That this was the true motive of the Russo-Japanese war has been clearly shown by the late Mr. Cari Joubert.

‡ The misappropriation of public funds in Russia was never more callously instanced than in the case of the subscriptions which poured in from all classes of the population towards the Red Cross Fund. One evening, at the time when this scandal was at its height, a popular actress, amie of the Grand Duke Serge, appeared on the stage, wearing an ornament composed of magnificent rubies, in the shape of a cross. Instantly a cry of "The Red Cross! The Red Cross!" arose, which was echoed from all parts of the theatre. So hostile was the demonstration, that the actress was obliged to retire from the boards, and did not appear again during the remainder of the run.
The Industrial Outlook.

One aspect of Socialist propaganda that is not laid sufficient stress upon is the series of disastrous breakdowns of individualism in the business world. We have just had an example of this in the report of a great Motor Omnibus Company, in which it is stated that motors have been running at a loss, and must be withdrawn from the streets. What will actually happen, of course, is that the shareholders in the company will be compelled to sacrifice a large part of their capital, that a new company will be formed, taking over the old assets on a new valuation, and that the money "worthless" being comfortably sunk out of sight into the pockets of business men, the new company will be able to go on and pay interest on its new capital. Compare this state of things with the finances of the L.C.C. electric trams and motor Omnibus companies, with relatively high fares, fail; the L.C.C. trams, with exceedingly low fares, succeed. And the L.C.C. does not come into contact with that elaborate financial machine, the Bankruptcy Court, while without this machine, modern industrial enterprise would, to be successful, need another foundation than it has at present. Another fearful commentary on our present world is the stream of social revelations about money-lenders. That men should be reduced to such terrible straits that they are willing to pawn the whole of their future for an instant of temporary relief (for that is what a money-lender's loan usually means) is rather a severe reflection upon our social conditions. And that the evil is great we all know well enough, although its importance is now accentuated by the formation of a Money-Lenders' Victims' Association. We know ourselves of cases where men have borrowed a small sum and been compelled to continue payments for interest and interest upon interest, year after year. The case of a woman, who, having borrowed £30 on the security of £100 worth of furniture, repaid £40 and was then compelled to continue payments for interest and interest upon interest, year after year. The case of a one-day-old baby. Such is the security of private property under Individualism, and such the sacredness of the home.

The British Constitutional Association, assembled in Annual Conference at Oxford, has been discussing the Provision of Meals for School Children, Old Age Pensions, and other urgent topics. The Association laid its annual report before the Father of the House at the L.C.C. trams; with the Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham trade unions, and the National Union of Railwaymen, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Employers' Federation. The Association brought before the fathers of the home their desire that the Association should uphold the right to be trusted with the responsibility of sick and aged relations. That the poor are better off under the Socialistic system is a doctrine that the L.C.C. does not come into contact with that elaborate financial machine, the Bankruptcy Court, while without this machine, modern industrial enterprise would, to be successful, need another foundation than it has at present. Another fearful commentary on our present world is the stream of social revelations about money-lenders. That men should be reduced to such terrible straits that they are willing to pawn the whole of their future for an instant of temporary relief (for that is what a money-lender's loan usually means) is rather a severe reflection upon our social conditions. And that the evil is great we all know well enough, although its importance is now accentuated by the formation of a Money-Lenders' Victims' Association. We know ourselves of cases where men have borrowed a small sum and been compelled to continue payments for interest and interest upon interest, year after year. The case of a woman, who, having borrowed £30 on the security of £100 worth of furniture, repaid £40 and was then compelled to continue payments for interest and interest upon interest, year after year. The case of a one-day-old baby. Such is the security of private property under Individualism, and such the sacredness of the home.

Socialism and Liberalism.

It has become quite a conversational commonplace that we are all Socialists now. So far has the Socialist propaganda of the last twenty years permeated that it has survived the first obstacle to its progress—that of ridicule. It has already secured a small but firm foothold in the nation, and has even established itself in our Legislature itself. That it should find itself in open antagonism to our two orthodox political parties is perfectly natural, and that the Liberal Party especially should resent its appearance was to be expected. If in our present state of open-air schools. It is merely lack of enterprise that prevents our using the squares and small recreation grounds to a very much fuller extent than we do now, and Miss Sewell, a lady gardener, has constructed a large 24 feet model of the Fulham Recreation Ground to show this. This model can be seen now at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, and every Socialist ought to make a point of seeing it. In the model there are open-air baths and beds, and a fascinating suggestion of what our schools might be even at the present time.

In moments of impatience Liberals are often heard to confess their inability to understand what Socialism is, on their part Socialists are equally at a loss to understand what Liberalism is; for if the Socialism of Mr. Sidney Webb, for instance, be not quite the same as that of Mr. Keir Hardie, neither does the Liberalism of Lord Rosebery correspond with that of Mr. Arnold Lupton. In the heat of debate many bitter and unjust taunts have been flung at each other by Liberals and Socialists alike, and it must be confessed that the last thing the combatants appeared to desire was to intelligently understand each other. Now that the Liberal Party, after the banishment of a quarter of a century, finds itself in a position of unexampled supremacy, it may not be considered impertinent to point out in a perfectly candid and friendly spirit what are the essential points that divide the hope of reconciliation between the two parties.

The first and most obvious obstacle in the way of union is the fact that Liberalism is now existing upon principles that are the despair of the old Liberalism. In the last thirty years our methods of industry, the conditions of our national and social life generally, have changed almost beyond recognition, Liberalism has stood still. Capitalistic enterprise has proved itself to be the road to success in industry; it is hard to understand what has become of the old Liberalism which once promised to the poorer classes of workers, such as the small master craftsmen and artisans; machinery has displaced the sometime prosperous home-work; our railway system and factory system
have created a new order of things quite unique in the history of the world. The triumphant economic revolution now being wrought by capitalism will be naturally created by the necessity for new legislation, for which the Liberals, both by tradition and experience, were peculiarly unfitted. A curious glance over the history of the last 50 years is sufficient proof of this.

The Liberals of 50 years ago were largely justified in contending that the only way of promoting material progress was through the private capitalist employer. No other means were at the time available. The whole working population owed its prosperity (such as it was) to these captains of industry; and it was accepted as a proposition requiring no proof that if a man were to do his best in any business he must have a pecuniary interest in it. On the other hand, the country could point to no official enterprises that could inspire any confidence; these were nearly always by comparison inefficient and extravagant, even if they were not actually corrupt. The enormous expansion of our trade, for which our captains of industry claimed the whole credit, naturally created the impression that State interference was synonymous with everything that was inept, bungling, and costly. The Liberals of that day, therefore, could declare with a large measure of justice that they had performed their whole duty by enabling the private population to work.

It is, moreover, manifestly unfair to sneer at the Liberals of that day for their inability to foresee the inevitable failure of Free Trade, under private property and capitalistic provision, to provide a worthy existence for the masses of the population. The Liberalism of that day did actually represent something: the Liberals were working for genuine reforms which the circumstances of the moment rendered necessary, and if the future was hidden from them that is the common lot of all mortals.

Some philosopher or other has remarked that eventually our troubles either kill us or themselves. No sooner had capitalism come into its kingdom than new conceptions of government began slowly to emerge, generated partly by abstract scientific speculation, and partly by a humanitarian revolt against the horrible excesses and cruelties of the factory system. For long the working classes were not aware that Socialism was a growing feeling of unrest on the part of the wealthy landlords, plutocrats, and capitalists who pay for their politics themselves, with the result that the Socialists have created a new order of things quite unique in the history of the world. The triumphant economic revolution wrought by capitalism naturally created the impression that State interference or management was synonymous with everything that was inept, bungling, and costly. The enormous expansion of our trade, under private property and capitalistic provision, to provide a worthy existence for the masses of the population. The Liberalism of that day did actually represent something: the Liberals were working for genuine reforms which the circumstances of the moment rendered necessary, and if the future was hidden from them that is the common lot of all mortals.

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Marie Corelli and the Modern Girl.

Miss Corelli's books form the reading of thousands of middle-class young girls, and it is very necessary that we should recognize the great importance of such reading, for it is motivating the coming generation. Both in England and America her novels are read with ardent appreciation, and now she has issued a special message to her sex in her preface to "Delicia," which runs as follows:

"The true intention of woman's destiny has not yet been carried out. She is fighting towards it—but, it might be said, delicately. She is like a flint with sharp points, and in various wrong directions. It is not by opposing herself to man that she can be his real helpmate—neither is it by supporting him—nor is it by being a drudge, or a thief, or a liar, bad tempered, or dirty. But we should expect Miss Corelli to be above patriarchal law and to consider those things; for, after all, what value is chastity without temperance, honesty, truth, good temper, and cleanliness? In the eyes of our law chastity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, although in other respects it is the exact opposite of charity. For charity is a generous giving of abundance to the poor and needy; chastity the secure guarding of a treasure. The ideally chaste woman is like a beautiful princess in the circle of fire whom none but the greatest of heroes may approach. But it is otherwise necessary to consider that all chastity is not ideal. A woman may be chaste from a variety of causes, and the value of "delicate chastity" depends largely on the beauty of the casket containing it. The virtue that exists in absence of temptation can hardly be counted for much; neither can the virtue that arises from an innate dislike of the present methods of reproduction. Taking these things into consideration, we find that the virtue of chastity belongs by pre-eminent right to the really beautiful woman married to the man that she is not passionately attached. Further, she must be a mother-woman, and when the man has preserved the father of her child she must transfer her affection to her child. Otherwise "delicate chastity" is apt to vanish in marital temptation, or in anything but chastity. This state would seem then to embody the ideal chastity, and those who are only chaste from necessity or inclination must come as near the sublime example as they can. That chastity which is economic necessity because chastity is a most valuable asset, and marriage is a profession in which the amateur commands a higher price than the skilled and successful.

We must now consider "gentle reserve." I will suppose "delicate chastity" to apply to acts, and "gentle reserve" to apply to conversation. Miss Corelli has got rid of all thoughts and feelings for one another in conversation. Now this is very difficult, because there are two marked tendencies in these matters. Some women do not care what they say, but are very careful what they do; the rest do not mind what they do, but are very careful what they say. If a woman is neither to talk nor to act freely, I am afraid she will find it very difficult to attain the intellectual force which Miss Corelli demands from her.

We now turn to the last paragraphs, which are difficult to understand how women can be telling "toys or drudges", and become "companions" to men if they are not to talk to them intimately. Human friendships are expressed through the intellect, and the essence of friendship is freedom in one of these relations. In advocating a union of reserve and companionship Miss Corelli is uttering a "hard saying," and not call a counsel of perfection, because I think it is imperfect; for it is evident that a woman must either sit alone in her ivory castle and allow heroes to struggle for her until the bravest wins, or she must give up the attitude altogether. But castles and entrenchments mean warfare, and men treat the captives of war very differently from the way Miss Corelli wishes to treat them. Hence the old tactics must be abandoned if the war of the sexes is to become a companionship. It is war that begins with reserves, modesties and exclusions, and ends with self-abAND, modesty, and drudgery. If a prince deems it necessary to be treated as a parasite and not as a part of the spoils of war, she must become a republican and abandon her royal behaviour; so women must abandon reserved gentility and cultivate a more respect for mankind. It will be chaste womanhood if they want to become companions of men in any real sense. Mr. Clement Scott raised the cry of true womanliness years ago. Miss Corelli echoes his exhortations, but she knows too much to believe in them.

Therefore she mixes her rosemary and lavender with flowers of wilder growth. It is interesting, by the way, to observe that our middle-class young ladies are already carrying on her mission of modest companionship, and it will be gratifying to discover that they can develop intellectual force in the process.

These questions are puzzling everybody who has anything to do with the training of young girls; for the present is a period of transition. On one side there are the mothers who are keeping their daughters under the most careful chaperonage in order that they may come upon the market innocent of all knowledge of a physiological nature that might prepare them for the amazement of the marriage day; on the other side we are constantly discovering that numbers of carefully-brought-up young girls are far too wild to be considered by their favourites, and ask in return neither marriage nor fidelity from the men they prefer. They do not realise until it is too late that there is an extraordinary difference between the acceptance of a woman as womanhood if they want to become companions of men in any real sense. Mr. Clement Scott raised the cry of true womanliness years ago. Miss Corelli echoes his exhortations, but she knows too much to believe in them.

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knows this secret to itself, and women pretend to love and respond to the love of a man because they know that if they could feel such ardour as his appears to be, it would be a mark of the end of life and death to them. They have pity on this assumption; they are polite on this assumption; and pity and politeness have led many girls into serious difficulties, and ruined many reputations. Mr. Bax, the Fabian of Flushing was the expression of women’s innate consciousness that the light love of a man should be responded to by insignificant rewards; but flirtation is becoming a dangerous game under the present conditions of the sexes, and it seems more than ever important that women should realise how proud a thing it is to win a man’s confidence and how fatally easy a thing it is to reawaken his passions.

All S is P.

When philosophers divest themselves of their swaddling clothes, the True, and the Absolute, and the rest of the cloudy Ideas, Metaphysic, small wonder that we fail to recognise these gods coming to us in the guise of mere mortals; really living statues without the statuesque poses. We men, too, will be seen and concelebrated, but, on the whole, to write with wit and humour, and so as to be understood of all men, we dare not believe that they were describing to us the Elysian mysteries—pure philosophy hypotheses however. The famous seven, who in Poland, in Ancient Greece, in Russia, in Norway. And yet it was all to be had in good plain English, to be found at Oxford, hitherto the home of lost causes, and at Chicago, the city of dead swine. Is Socialism true? What is Truth?

The truth is that there is no such Terewth. According to Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford, truth is a form of value, and the measure of its value its practical consequences. Professor Dewey, of Chicago, assures us not only is the conception of a universal truth, valid, stolid, standing as it were four-square to all the blows of critical endeavour, a mere chimerical superstition, but it is something we could have “no use for” were we to meet it accidentally at the cross-roads of our enquiries. Do we wish to discover whether an assertion is true or false? The Pragmatic answer is to interpret each notion by tracing its respective practical consequences. This is the famous principle of Peirce, first expressed in 1877; it is in practice, as is life, twenty years, until William James exhumed and revivified the principle in his own inimitable way, making pragmatism current coin in the philosophic world.

Modern Socialists have all along been talking pragmatism although they were, probably, no more aware of it than M. Jourdain was of his own efforts in prose. The Fabian Essays, for instance, all insisted upon a dynamic sociology, as against the milestones few and far between of the old static radicalism. Mr. Belfort Bax protested years ago against such blessed words as Liberty and Freedom, Equality and Abstract Morality. “Socialism is the great modern protest against un-equivalencies,” he said. The famous seven, who in 1888 held the fort against all comers, said never a word about rights or duties, expressly repudiated any desire to exhibit “the foundation of formal Socialism in the idea that informs the universe.” True we have had others who insisted more strongly on dogmas; for instance, Messrs. Hyndman and Quelch; but, on the whole, the “tender-minded,” to adopt James’s classification, have been worn down by the “tough-minded”—Shaw, Olivier, Webb, and Wells. (The “tough-minded” according to James, are empiricist, sensationalist, irreligious, sceptical, etc.; the “tender-minded” are rationalistic, idealistic, religious, dogmatistic, and so on.) This classification must not be applied too far for example, Mr. Hubert Bland who has never shaken himself quite free of his Hegel and stuff, would probably be best described as a “tough idealist.”

In another direction pragmatism spreads its protective mantle over certain Socialists’ views. Belfort Bax and Kropotkine and Bernard Shaw have dwelt with almost damnable repetition upon the uselessness of
Paupers and Old Age Pensions.

We hope that Mr. Sidney Webb's article on the above subject in the August number of the "Albany Review" will receive the attention it deserves. Every Socialist administrator and propagandist, at any rate, should make himself acquainted with its contents. As most of our readers have realised, there is considerable danger that the Old Age Pension scheme promised by Mr. Asquith will prove lamentably short of the hopes that have been raised. The age for Old Age Pensions, for example, has been mentioned tentatively as 75 years, at which age it is probable that most people will be either dead or indifferent. Again, the amount of the actual pension appears in conversation to have varied more than a shilling more or less from a sum absurdly inadequate. An Old Age Pension of five or six shillings a week would be scarcely worth living to 75 in order to enjoy. If there were anything impossible in the demands of Socialists that pensions should be universal and sufficient and payable at the age of 45, we might compromise with some show of moderation. But anybody who takes the trouble to examine the tables of figures given by Mulhall and other statisticians, and admirably condensed by the Fabian Society in its tract, "Facts for Socialists," will realise at once that the wealth of the United Kingdom would permit not only a universal pension of at least ten shillings a week, but a life pension for everybody all round at once that the wealth of the United Kingdom would not, in the aggregate, reduce its national cost. At present the expenditure on aged paupers is borne entirely by the Local Authorities out of the rates, and at certainly not less a cost than would be involved in paying a universal pension at once that the wealth of the United Kingdom would not, in the aggregate, reduce its national cost. At present the expenditure on aged paupers is borne entirely by the Local Authorities out of the rates, and at certainly not less a cost than would be involved in paying a universal pension of at least ten shillings a week, but a life pension for everybody all round at once that the wealth of the United Kingdom would not, in the aggregate, reduce its national cost.

But even supposing that the proposed disqualification shall not be made to apply until twenty (or whatever may be the number) years from the promulgation of the Act, the difficulties of its enforcement are still considerable. Poor-Law relief is given separately by each of the 650 Unions in England and Wales and by each of 159 Unions of Ireland. No collated and complete records of the cases of Poor-Law relief exist at this moment; nor could such records even be obtained without enormous and quite disproportionate expense. Moreover, the chaos of our whole Poor-Law system is such that there are different systems of registration in as many different Union areas. What is regarded as Poor-Law relief in the technical and disqualifying sense in Brighton, for example is regarded as medical relief in Bradford, therefore, an aged pauper would be disqualified on grounds which did not disqualify at Bright. Supposing, again, that these different practices could be reduced to uniformity all over the kingdom, still the difficulties of discovery would remain considerable. Wives, for example, become paupers in their married name; but what is to prevent them from assuming their maiden name when applying for a pension? There is the further justification for such a course, namely, that in all probability it is their husbands who made them paupers in the first instance. There are the difficulties presented by widowhood to which, Mr. Webb tells us, not less than 30 per cent. of all pauperism is due. A widow, it is obvious, may change her name once, twice, and even again, and finally present herself in her maiden name for a pension. How are the authorities to enforce the disqualification amid such bewildering transformations?

The conclusion from these considerations is, in Mr. Webb's words, that the distinction between the old Poor-Law scheme of paupers is "politically impossible and administratively unworkable." Their inclusion, on the other hand, would involve no more than an annual expenditure on Old Age Pensions which is not more than the nation spends on tobacco); and even of this sum, nearly a third is already being spent by Local Authorities on the maintenance of existing aged paupers.
On all sides this market-place presents a show of inexhaustible interest and variety—a picturesque movement and life which mocks description. Now, at once, there is a sound as of bag-pipe, and looking round, lo! it is a marriage procession coming along. In front a well-casparioned mule led by a house on its back a curiosity, a box or cage of considerable size, and covered with embroidered cloth or muslin; it is followed by men on foot, relatives of the bride and friends of the bridegroom, making music on reed-pipes (ghaitahs) and drums, while others ride horses and fire off their rockets at intervals. They are taking the bride, in fact, to the bridgegroom’s house. Within that cage she sits, poor little thing, with hands and feet dyed orange-red with henna, and painted eyes and cheeks, and weary with the importunate visits and preparations and ceremonies of female relatives for eight days previous, and trembling and, perhaps, in tears at the thought of the unknown fate that is about to be her lot. The bridegroom is seen seated on the ground he stretches his hand for them to kiss. She is a relic of some ancient usage. Soon she will reach the door of the bridgegroom’s house, and, passing in under his outstretched arm (or sword) for a sign of submission, she will become his wife. There is no religious ceremony; but the social conventions and customs, the presents and counter-presents, the dressings, receptions, and surgeries, the both bazaar and the women round the bride, are endless. Notaries take down and register all the circumstances—the dowry, the dates, the donors, and values of all the gifts, etc.: and so the contract is legally concluded. The affair, indeed, seems to be as much one of property as any Hanover Square wedding, with its lawyers and settlements and trustees. Nevertheless, the husband can if he likes dismiss his wife the very next day (though this, of course, would be a great scandal), or at any later time, provided he returns a due portion of her dowry with her and sees to the maintenance of the children, if any. He can, indeed, divorce her twice, and take her back again; but if he divorces her a third time, then he may not take her back until she has been married to another man and divorced from him—when all will now be quits and as it was at the beginning! On the other side, the woman can by her own will attain divorce by painful and laborious process of law, which she hardly ever ventures to set in action. Thus, everything, as usual, is in favour of the man; and the wife is thrown on and in accordance with the Koran. There, again, an extraordinary funeral procession: an open, wooden shell carried on the shoulders of men, with the body within, and covered with a white wall. If it is a female, her yellow sash is generally bound round the bier. The male relatives walk alongside or behind, chanting a monotonous but solemn dirge, which they continue at the graveside.

The ordinary grave is much like ours; but with the sensible regulation that it is only three or four feet deep, and that only one person is buried in each grave. The bier being an open shell, the dust to dust and the parting of the ways in its spiritual elements must proceed very rapidly and cleanly. One says, however, scattered about, in both towns and in the wilds of the country, solid, square, and white-washed tombs, which are also marketable, and are bought and sold, and are, indeed, called, both living and dead, swarm in Morocco. Everyone propitiates or seeks the patronage of some saint; and many of the tombs are visited for special duties, to gain good luck, or miracles of one kind or another that the tomb is renowned for. The theory is as much as it is in India, that Divine inspiration comes to folk here and there—the wind blowing where it listeth; but that chiefly it comes through sitting at the feet of a saint generally, traces, or pretends to trace, his spiritual lineage in this way back to Mohammed. If he should happen also to be a Shereef—that is an actual descendant of the prophet his claim to saintship is, of course, much strengthened. As in India, as I suppose, it was in Europe in the Middle Ages, dirt, outré conduct of any kind, and even sheer lunacy are regarded as some of the signs of saintliness; and the number of illusions or fallacies is great, and the really wise and genuine are but few.

In the market-place here there is a saint—a most pimpled and unpleasant-looking old humbug, some 60 years old—who is constantly in evidence, dressed in flowing robes of red and green, with a red turban on his head and a sort of tinsel trident in his hand, like a Father Neptune. As he passes about, with an air of importance and a patronising smile on his face, one recognizes by his cunning eye that he is after all but ill-disguised beggar. As he passes a group of men seated on the ground he stretches his hand for them to kiss. Some are evidently impressed, and run forward to do service to their Saint; one of the men was apparently complaining of some ailment. The "marabout" immediately put his open hand full against the man's face, pressing hard, and muttering words; he then bounced off, saying "Arbaa, Arbaa" (four) as he went, pointing to where a piece of white candy off his tray (of course, without paying); returned and put one piece, literally, in the mouth of the man, one in the mouths of each of his two companions, and said: "You are a bit of nonsense was the completion of a great work, careered off on other quests. No doubt sometimes saints are useful. Just as the Kadi represents the religious side of the law, against the King with a red turban, so presents the religious influence in daily life. When village tribes are at war with each other or there is a quarrel between two or three men, the Saint not infrequently steps in as peace-maker; and to his decision questions are often submitted. Nor would it be right to suppose that the marabout is always an ignorant and common type of man. The worst is that in representing the religious side, they are not, as a rule, wise and genuine; they are but few.

Among the many feasts of the Mohammedan year the Eid-el-Kebir, as the name implies, is one of the most important. It entails the slaying of rams or sheep in remembrance of Abraham’s sacrifice of the ram in place of Isaac—or rather, as the Mohammedans contend, in place of Ishmael—and so corresponds to the Jewish Passover and the Christian Easter. For the ram sacrificed by Abraham has always been taken over by the Christian Church as a type and prefigurement of Father Neptune. As he passes about, with an air of importance and a patronising smile on his face, one recognizes by his cunning eye that he is after all but ill-disguised beggar. As he passes a group of men seated on the ground he stretches his hand for them to kiss. Some are evidently impressed, and run forward to do service to their Saint; one of the men was apparently complaining of some ailment. The "marabout" immediately put his open hand full against the man's face, pressing hard, and muttering words; he then bounced off, saying "Arbaa, Arbaa" (four) as he went, pointing to where a piece of white candy off his tray (of course, without paying); returned and put one piece, literally, in the mouth of the man, one in the mouths of each of his two companions, and said: "You are a bit of nonsense was the completion of a great work, careered off on other quests. No doubt sometimes saints are useful. Just as the Kadi represents the religious side of the law, against the King with a red turban, so presents the religious influence in daily life. When village tribes are at war with each other or there is a quarrel between two or three men, the Saint not infrequently steps in as peace-maker; and to his decision questions are often submitted. Nor would it be right to suppose that the marabout is always an ignorant and common type of man. The worst is that in representing the religious side, they are not, as a rule, wise and genuine; they are but few.

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days are continually shifting their position with regard to our year and with regard to the actual seasons!

When I chanced to witness the feast, in 1903, it occurred on the 10th of March, or about a month before our Easter. The chief ceremony consists in the cutting of the sheep or goat; then the Kadi and the Kaid ride into the town; when immediately, a signal being given of the act, a gun is fired from the Kasbah. This in turn becomes a signal to all the householders of the precincts. The burning of the sheep or goat, etc., has always been a sacrifice to some deity; and the white flowing headdress of the women of the Government's house looking on at the entertainment. Presently the Kadi of Tangier, who had been the chief figure in the sacrifice, dressed in white and riding on a line mule, came out from the square, kissed hands with the soldiers—hand in hand, he passed—dismounted from his mule to pay the same compliment to a beggar by the wayside, and then rode away with a few attendants to his own home.

THE END.

REVIEWS.

The Industrial Drama.


The fifth volume of this excellent and now indispensable "Socialist Library" is a translation, thoroughly well done, of the work of Emile Vandervelde, the well-known Belgian Socialist. As the title implies, the subject under discussion is the industrial evolution of society towards Collectivism. This process is European, or rather world-wide, in its application, for wherever capitalism has passed out of its early stages, the tendencies to one or other form of collectivism inevitably appear. The case for collectivism is not, therefore, based upon a utopian desire for something that ought to be but cannot be. On the contrary, it is the main goal towards which every evolutionary trend points, and the case for collectivism is not made from this view the Socialist plays no more and no less a part than the part of scene-shifter in the staging of the industrial evolution. The case for collectivism is, of course, it would be absurd to declare that collectivism is always and everywhere the actual blossom of industrial expansion; it is nevertheless true that given mathematical conditions, collectivism is the logical conclusion involved in the first germ of the division of labour. A learned professor has said, Tell me the nature of the land tenure of a given people and I will write the history of that country. That, perhaps, is too large a boast; but other things being equal (which they never are) and the stages of society's development follow each other with the order of any other evolution. The Industrial Drama.

Labour is human, and the part of scene-shifter in the staging of the industrial drama. At every great phase in the unrolling of the story, various types of men come forward and play their part. At one stage it is the small employer, next it is the large employer, and next the wealthy capitalist. Semi-finally there appear the various types of companies, culminating in the Trusts. With each of these the socialisation of labour is pushed to a wider area; and then begins to appear the definite movement in favour of the corresponding socialisation of property. In this admirable book, Mr. Vandervelde traces these stages with lucidity and even dramatic feeling. He is able to point out identical features in the various systems of Europe and America. As a Socialist programme and synopsis of industrial evolution we do not remember to have read anything better. Particularly useful is Mr. Vandervelde's analysis of the systems perfected in the great American trusts. In America, it is plain, capitalism has reached its most developed stage, and in that country, perhaps, we may look to see the various stages of the socialisation of labour appearing. Mr. Upton Sinclair has promised us the next great event for the four years following the
Presidential election of 1912; but even in America things are not likely to move quite so fast.

The concluding chapters of Mr. Vandervelde's volume contain some convenient arguments against stock objections of anti-Socialists, as well as some useful criticisms of existing partial collectivist enterprises. His suggestion regarding decentralisation and the splitting up of monolithic administrative functions is well worth Fabian consideration. Indeed, the whole book bristles with facts and ideas; and is a worthy companion of the volumes that have preceded it. It is, we heartily congratulate upon this cheap and excellent European Series.


Professor Petrie has a deservedly high reputation, as an Egyptianist; and we do not suppose that as a sociologist his reputation can be much increased. Nevertheless, there is a good deal in this volume to gladden the hearts of the opponents of Socialism. While commendably free from specific political bias, and claiming full of a fine philosophic impartiality, it cannot but realise that Professor Petrie is scarcely as well versed in Socialist economics as in the economics of the palaeo-Darwinian school of Manchesterism. A fine impartiality is all very well when you have the sides of the case in your mind; but when it happens that one side has been comparatively ignored, the fine impartiality becomes remarkably like a definite bias.

The fact is Professor Petrie belongs to an obsolete school of sociology, the school of Spencer and Darwin. He sees human society as a species exactly comparable to a species of vegetable or animal in the jungle; and in his defence of the capacity for human progress, he is disposed to echo the old cry of Spencer and the individualists that with competition it is impossible for the race to progress. If one points to the terrible fact of poverty, Professor Petrie replies, quite in the old tone: "You must have poverty; poverty is inevitable because the very same artificiality which gives scope to the capable to rise equally gives scope for the incapable to fall. In other words, poverty is one of the necessary conditions of progress; nature's means for weeding out the unfit humans.

Unfortunately, however, nothing is farther from the truth than the Professor's optimistic assumption that the conditions of modern civilisation put a premium upon capacity. If we had a genuine jungle and an ideal mobility of the human units, perhaps the movement of capacity would be comparable to what the Professor has in his mind, the descent of the incapable and the corresponding ascent of the capable. But even in the jungle there is no such fluid condition. The phenomenon of mutual aid which Kropotkin has laid such useful stress is fatal to free competition of units; and in human society, it is obvious that mutual aid plays an increasingly important part. So much is this the case that Huxley was driven to pray for a "Society to facilitate the descent of the Incapable." In other words, the present organisation of Society tends quite naturally to maintain entrenchments about the classes that once no doubt won their privileges, and to preserve them in spite of the incapacity of the units so entrenched. Anybody who realises the inevitable effect upon the preserved classes of their inherited privileges will certainly agree with Professor Petrie that competition would be a good thing for them. But that is just one of the objects of the Socialist; to facilitate the development of capacity. Of course, a good deal of discussion arises upon the meaning and use of the word capacity. For what, or in respect of what? Admitted that a Society is valuable to the extent it preserves the most useful capacity, we have yet to enquire what the most useful capacity is. Scarcely the capacity for greed and gambling, which is the only sort of capacity modern commercialism appears to favour.

We have read many explanations of the fall of Rome, but Professor Petrie's explanation strikes us as the most ludicrous. In effect, he attributes the decadence of the Roman Empire to Trade Unionism and Socialism! As, however, the former at any rate, is a protective movement against capitalism, it can only at worst be regarded as a symptom of decline. The cause of the disintegration of Rome is the system of isolated and disintegrated other empires, the Egyptian among them. Did Babylon fall because of the machinations of a Labour Party, or Assyria, or Cossacks? Professor Petrie had better re-read his economic history of Rome—Mommsen's, for example.

Once over such prejudices, however, "Janus in Modern Life" has some profoundly interesting and valuable suggestions. Many of Professor Petrie's "Lines of Advance," for example, are well worth practical consideration. He is by no means a partisan, and its hint to the governing classes that they must prepare gradually for changes if they do not want a violent revolution is wise and timely. On the whole, the book is a real contribution to thought, and deserves to be widely read by Socialists as well as by students of public affairs.

The Rights of God.

Did Christ Condemn Adultery? H. Croft Hiller.

We hasten to say that Mr. Hiller's "Hamlet" might have been omitted from his book without spoiling the play. The whole discussion of the subject of the title, though the majority of the book, is no more than an illustration of Mr. Hiller's position, which in every respect is worth careful attention. Unfortunately, Mr. Hiller's presentation is marked by other oddities which do not attract the reader. Nevertheless, he is a first-rate thinker and can write vigorously what he thinks. Briefly his claim is that he has thoroughly understood the profound practical significance of Christ's command, "Resist not evil." Tolstoy, it is true, 'claims a similar understanding; but Mr. Hiller shows Tolstoy's interpretation is impossible. The excellence of Mr. Hiller's view of the text consists in its sanity; and, as we venture to think, in its applicability to the general Socialist propaganda. For, as certain also of our own writers have said, Socialism will never be possible in this country or in any country unless the enormous forces of religion can somehow be harnessed to it. Failing the support of religion by which, of course, we do not mean theology—even the victory of Socialism would result in a state of things

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LONDON: ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD., 10 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
little better, if any, than the present. The present
propaganda of Socialism, in Mr. Hiller's view, is pre-
dominantly atheistic. In the sense that it claims the
rights of man and consequently denies the right of God.
Whether we name Nature by the term God or the Life-
force, it is certain that all the arguments of Socialists
against private ownership of land and capital are
equally applicable against human ownership of the ulti-
mate source of all wealth, namely God. If it is true
that in relation to the individual, the community alone
promises all wealth, it is equally true that in relation
to communities, God alone is the wealth producer. And
the dispossession of the individual by the community
for the community is plainly just on condition that the
community dispenses with the last; for God's sake.
This, in short, is Mr. Hiller's contention that the asser-
tion of personal rights, whether in the individual or in
the communal sense, is equally selfish and sinful. All
rights belong to God alone, and any assertion of rights
apart from God is immoral. Thus, while Mr. Hiller
vigorously condemns existing society as grossly im-
moral, he has nothing but condemnation for reformers
who assert their rights or the rights of the many,
against society. He is, however, no passive Tolstoyan
resister, and he is prepared for a good deal of blood-
ded. But the war must be carried on not on behalf
of human rights, but on behalf of God's rights. We need
not say that this makes all the difference in the world.
Men who would not kill a fly to save themselves will
certainly not kill a man to save a city; and it is said
that men who will not even vote for the abolition of
poverty for the sake of the poor, might easily become
awe-inspiring soldiers in a religious war. Mr. Hiller has,
we think, discovered a great truth, and perhaps a great
idea. It is not in the name of the suffering that we
shall abolish suffering; but in the name of God we can
murder, slaughter, hang, draw and quarter all God's
enemies. The modern world, whilst being largely
idiosyncrasy, succeeded in becoming one of the most
civilized eras in the history of society—and we need
hardly say that we are the
word vilified in the sense
in which Edward Gurney and Mr. Hiller use it. It is
really worth a chapter of every apparent effort to be accurate.
Moreover, she wisely
refrains from entering into supposititious explanations; and
her personal rights must be of. During her life she seems to have been
frankly leaves her remarkable stories to anybody to make
what they can of. During her life she seems to have been
singularity of her friends, both seen and unseen. Among the former are notably Sir Arthur Holmes, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Lady Caithness,
Mr. Myers and Mr. W. T. Stead. Among the latter are General Nichol-
son and George Eliot. George Eliot's answer, by the way,
to a very natural question was distinctly reassuring: "Certainly
we are one here as we were on earth." Miss Bates has also travelled a good deal; and we shall be glad to hear
of her third visit to India if it should ever take place. Most
of her stories belong to the types already known to students
of Myers; but they have the advantage of being for the
most part new. People interested in psychology would do well
to procure this volume, if only for its spirit of sanity and humour.

**Sixty Years in the Social-Democratic Move-
ment.** By Frederick Lesser. (Twentieth Century
Press. 6s.)

This little book should prove very popular among Socialists
on account of its value as a contribution to the history of
Socialism. It has, besides, great interest as a narrative.
Frederick Lesser, its author, who was connected with the
Social Democratic movement, was born on February 27th, 1832, in Saxe-
Weimar. He became a tailor, and in the course of his wander-
ings, established himself in London, where he came into contact with Communists, and after reading Weitling's
"Guarantees of Harmony and Freedom," adopted Com-
munist as his political creed. He afterwards went to London to escape military service, and joined the "Com-
munist Labourers' Educational Association," which was a branch of the international "League of the Just," afterwards
called the Communist League. He first saw Marx and
Engels when they came as delegates to the conference of the League at which the famous Communist Manifesto was drawn up. He himself carried the proof-sheets of this historic document to and from the printers. After the 1848 rising in Germany, he returned to his native country to assist in the revolutionary propaganda. In 1851, he was arrested, and after a detention of 15 months, was tried at Cologne, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a fortress. When this was concluded, he returned to England, which has been his home ever since. Mr. Lessner gives an exceedingly interesting account of the work of the dwarf, and also of his relations with Marx and Engels. When the much-needed biography of Marx appears, the author will owe no light debt to Mr. Lessner.

In conclusion, it may be safely said that this little book is among the most valuable and interesting of the publications of the year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*The Religion of Consciousness.* By F. Reginald Statham. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Songs of Exile.* By Maurice Browne. (Samurai Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

*About Women, Verses.* By Charles Weeks. (Maufla, 1s. net.)

*Where Shall I Live?* (Guide to Letchworth.) (Garden City. 6d. net.)

*The Moral Ideal, A Historic Study.* By Julia Wedgewood. (New and revised edition.) (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

*The Awakening of a Race.* By George F. Buxall. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

*The Cost of Competition.* By Sidney A. Bebee. (McClure Phillips. New York.)

*In the First Watch.* By James Daiznet. (Unwin. 6s.)

*By Veblen and Kropotkia.* By W. C. Scully. (Unwin. 6s.)

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

*New Theology Problems.* By Rev. R. R. Rodgers. (Frederick Warne. 1s. net.)

Recent Drama.

*Sunday at Home.* "Boys' Own Paper." *Girls' Own Paper." (The Albany. 6s.)

*The Contemporary.*

*Official Papers:* "Official Congo Reform Association.*

DRAMA.

The Pocket Miss Hercules.

The silly season in the daily papers has now become an institution; the same trouble seems spreading to the theatres. It is old-fashioned stuff, but those whose memories are unfortunately retentive will remember last summer's farces. *The Pocket Miss Hercules* is more so. But I do not wish to be abusive; I can only say in carefully weighed language that the plot is, of course negative and negative virtues. The play is not licentious and not voluptuary. The plot is so trifling as to be inconspicuous, the dialogue — — ; but with a desire to avoid adjectives I pause. The "Farces in Three Acts" takes place in one afternoon in the Hall of Dyderdown Court. The heroine is an heiress who has suddenly inherited the impecunious son of Lord Dyderdown, as the impecunious son of Lord Dyderdown, Mr. Hubert Druce as Meakin, the butler, and Miss Emmé Hubbard, as the counterfeit Samsonia. Mr. Wright, as the Hon. Ferdinand Falarope, was able to make up in a funny way and to mope about the stage amusingly, but he never had anything to say at all, and this gives the whole of the good old expedients of falling out of windows, carrying glass and all before him, and similar high jinks. Meakin, the butler, had one or two amusing moments, and ordered the footman about in a way that was quite hopeful; indeed he is one of the few characters that should secure a large sale for it among Socialists and those interested in the Socialist movement.

Horseship the butler. The question is—Where were the Police?—and the question, unfortunately, is never even raised. With so very little scope the actors could not be expected to distinguish themselves, and the only ones who had anything serious to do were Fred Wright, as the impecunious son of Lord Dyderdown, Mr. Hubert Druce as Meakin, the butler, and Miss Emmé Hubbard, as the counterfeet Samsonia. Mr. Wright, as the Hon. Ferdinand Falarope, was able to make up in a funny way and to mope about the stage amusingly, but he never had anything to say at all, and this gives the whole of the good old expedients of falling out of windows, carrying glass and all before him, and similar high jinks. Meakin, the butler, had one or two amusing moments, and ordered the footman about in a way that was quite hopeful; indeed he is one of the few characters that should secure a large sale for it among Socialists and those interested in the Socialist movement.

*The New Age.*

The New Co-operation.

The Cooperative Granite Quarries, the projection of which was discussed in *The New Age* some weeks ago, are now definitely in being. The property, a splendid estate at Aberconwy, North Wales, has been acquired, and men are already at work on the fourteen and a half acres of which the rock consists. A great part of the capital asked for has been subscribed, and further applications are pouring in. The members of *The New Age* will, therefore, be interested to learn more of the principles upon which the enterprise is to be conducted, and of the success which promises to attend them.

The aim of the undertaking is nothing less than to create an industry from which the capitalist shall be eliminated, an industry which shall belong to those who work, and not to those who exploit the labour of others. Since this is also the
aim of Socialism in regard to all industries, it may reasonably be supposed that all Socialists will give the project their goodwill and support. The ideal arrangement would undoubtedly be for the Quarries to belong to the whole Nation, but since the Nation has so far shown a rooted objection to owning its own property, and has flung the people's heritage to be scrambled for by financiers and plutocrats, the next best thing is that the workers in the Quarry should have a proprietary interest in it, pending the time when the Democracy shall be induced to claim its rights. And that is what the projectors of the present scheme are driving at.

Of course, as things stand, capital has to be raised, and that capital has to be paid for. But let none confuse the scheme with the modus operandi of the profit-sharing devices which are sometimes resorted to by capitalists for the purpose of keeping their workpeople contented. In all these systems, the dividend to capital is unlimited, and labour merely receives a small percentage of the extra wealth it creates. Not so with the Co-operative Granite Quarries. Instead of hiring labour, it is purposed to hire capital. The capitalist will be paid a fixed dividend of five per cent., after the payment of which the workers will have the first claim on all profits. Moreover, the Directors have formulated a scheme by which it will be possible for them to use their share of the profits for the purpose of buying out the capitalist altogether, thus making the industry wholly their own.

Further, the rights of the men, as regards combination and the like, will be jealously safeguarded. Their Union will be recognised by the Board through its official representatives. Should any point of difference arise it will be referred to a Board of Arbitration consisting of delegates of the men and of the directors and of an impartial chairman agreed upon by both! A minimum rate of pay, equal to the best paid by any employer, will be guaranteed to all workers independent of the profit they will derive from the industry. So that apart from the warrant afforded by the known opinions and records of the directors, there will be ample security against any such abuse of the profit-sharing arrangement as has sometimes occurred in capitalist ventures.

It may be urged that even at its best, Co-operative production is not Socialism. Perhaps not, but as Mr. and Mrs. Webb have pointed out, it is its necessary precursor. In this connection a special appeal may be made to the Socialists in whose Socialism Democracy is implicit. To transfer industries to the State, as the State exists at present, may merely mean to transfer them from one section of the capitalist class to another. The newly-published report of the Post Office Committee suffices to show how little the workers gain from a State monopoly, so long as the State itself is a monopoly of the rich. If labour is to control the State, and to get effective control over national industries, its sons must be trained to understand industrial organisation. And this can only be done, if they are encouraged to accept the responsibilities of proprietors and enabled to discharge them.

The Bethesda strike and the gallant struggle of the Penrhyn quarrymen, who for three years endured a long-drawn agony to maintain the rights of combination are still fresh to the public memory. The support the readers of The New Age so ungrudgingly gave to the strikers will surely be extended to the Co-operative Quarries, the definite expression of labour's challenge to capital. This towering mass of virgin granite must and shall be owned by the hewers of stone and the drawers of water, who work therein. and who shall hold proprietary interest in it, pending the time when the Democracy shall be induced to claim its rights. And that is what the projectors of the present scheme are driving at.

JOHN K. PROTHERO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

As a Social-Democrat I think it absolutely necessary that as a Socialist Party—a United Socialist Party—should be formed independent of the Labour Party. The glorious victory at Colne Valley presents us with an instance of the restraining influence of the Labour Party. The leaders of the Labour Party would have been infinitely more satisfied with the result had it been a mere "Labour" victory. They do not like the distinct "redness" of Mr. Gladstone's views, nor did they like the distinct "redness" of the fight.

As a Socialist I am after Socialism. As a Socialist I think that the best way of obtaining my desires is the creation of a Social-Democracy: a Labour Party that has for its leaders Mr. Shackleton, who believes in children being sent to till earlier than they are at present; Mr. Henderson, who devotes his whole attention to "Temperance Reform;" and Mr. Ramsay Mac-

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Donald, who seems so very anxious to claim every Socialist victory as a victory for Free Trade. "is hardly likely to come our way, and oppose all its efforts to go the other way. It would be independent; it would be independent; and, would not be a Socialist. Above all, it does seem a trifle quixotic for Socialists to prefer mere Labourism, when Socialism is possible. The Colne Valley result should have proven to the most "practical" that it is just as possible to win on a straight Socialist ticket as on a Labour ticket, and that now is the supreme moment when all Socialists should come out in the open and fight and win.

A united Socialist Party is possible. The Social-Democratic Federation, the large majority of the Independent Labour Party, and, I believe, the Fabian Society, present us with the nucleus of a party, which, if united, would bring about the Social Revolution.

T. QUELCH.

"JUVENILE OFFENDERS."

To the Editors of "The New Age."

I read in your issue for last week an article on "Juvenile Offenders." by L. W. I do not object to the article; indeed, judging it from a journalistic point of view it is an admirable article, but I am compelled to ask if the writer can seriously expect to be regarded as a Reformer, here is his own interpretation of a Socialist, dealing with an urgent, scalding question, yet after reading it through a number of times I can find no other interpretation than that child offenders are treated rather more roughly at present for many reasons than they ought to be, that the birch is employed a great deal too much, that Chief Constables should be encouraged to deal personally with young offenders, without subjecting them to the mercies of the magistrates at all; and this padded out with dismal platitudes about class distinctions which at the best could bring us no nearer to the solution of any social problem than the eating of a banana can bring us nearer to Jamaica.

Is it not time that we grip hold of the self-evident, and consequently blankly invisible, truth that reform of any sort is to be arrived at most rapidly through children? And of all reforms, of all the crying needs in the land, next to the reform of the land itself, surely Socialists must put the need of altering our present attitude towards "criminals" in the very van. Until we have abolished Wormwood Scrubs we shall never abolish the House of Lords, and the nation that can tolerate the first needs and should have the second. One cannot better Mr. Bernard Shaw's description of "crime" as "weakness of character," and while the present interest in criminal reform is abroad in the question of how to treat child offenders an opportunity is offered of making a beginning with the moral invalid theory as the only basis of a change of attitude towards child offenders which they will tolerate. Let every one of us, as a Socialist, advocate more of the birch, or else, presumably, more of it for the sons of the magistrates. The truth is that the word "children" is one which ought not to exist. There are no children. Children are an invalid idea, which we must presently come to—yet L. W. can, as a Socialist, advocate merely less of the birch, or else, presumably, more of it for the sons of the magistrates. The truth is that the word "children" is one which ought not to exist. There are no children. Children are an invalid idea, which we must presently come to—yet L. W. can, as a Socialist, advocate merely less of the birch, or else, presumably, more of it for the sons of the magistrates. The truth is that the word "children" is one which ought not to exist. There are no children. Children are an invalid idea, which we must presently come to—yet L. W. can, as a Socialist, advocate merely less of the birch, or else, presumably, more of it for the sons of the magistrates.

CHARLES McEVOY.

TRAFALGAR COSSACKS.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

I should like to express my admiration at the behaviour of the crowd on July 1st. The sudden, entirely unprovoked police attack might have easily led to a panic-flight. The crowd stood its ground well—how differently from former days those can remember who, like myself, took part in the 1857 Trafalgar Square Demonstration. Then no real resistance was made, and the crowd immediately dispersed. On this occasion, the crowd was good, but the "women were splendid," to adopt the classic term. Indeed, I attribute this fine spirit entirely to the example set us by the militant suffragettes in their own campaign. We had several of these ardent champions of liberty with us, and their conduct influenced us all.

As one is convinced that, sooner or later, the property-owning classes will resort to force, the new valiant spirit of a London crowd, all British (foreigners were conspicuously absent), brought tidings of great joy.

M. D. E. QUELCH.

LIVING STATUTORY.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Kindly allow me to say in reply to Mr. Bell, that the accepted standard of the home can be made, and ought to be made, the accepted standard of the music hall. To allow a lower standard in the hall, would ultimately debase the home.

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