THE OUTLOOK.

"A Thieves' Supper Party."

Our congratulations to Mr. Harry Quelch! He has been expelled from Stuttgart for the offence of calling the Hague Peace Congress "a thieves' supper party." The expression apparently annoyed the diplomatists, though it might more properly have annoyed the thieves—who are usually more businesslike in their methods, and decidedly less hypocritical in their phraseology. Of course, the phrase is fully justified; otherwise it would not have given so much offence, not only to the Wurtemburg authorities, but to such organs of Liberal duplicity as the "Daily News," which takes the opportunity of further honouring Mr. Quelch by its silence. When the Hague Congress invited a creature of Nicholas II. to preside over its deliberations, it sacrificed once for all respect that decent people might ever have felt for it. Its Chairman is the representative of a Government which has organised robbery and murder with every possible aggravation of rape and torture to an extent probably unprecedented in European history. Most of the other Governments have shown every disposition to follow its example as closely as circumstances may permit. Mr. Birkett's "pogrom" at Belfast shows how early our own "Liberal" rulers would be to emulate the deeds of Nicholas, if they had the means at their disposal. That the Socialists assembled at Wurtemburg should feel any respect for the delegates of International Capitalism assembled at the Hague was not to be expected. Mr. Quelch's words are strong, but scarcely stronger than we ourselves have used. Certainly they are not stronger than those which the capitalist Press habitually uses concerning those who are striving to establish the peace of Europe on the only durable basis—the emancipation of Europe from capitalist domination. The attempts of that Press to belittle the Stuttgart Congress are not less marked than its unanswerable readiness to eulogise the futile and mischievous proceedings at the Hague. It magnifies the divergences which necessarily arise in a young and vigorous movement into sensational quarrels and "scenes," oblivious of the fact that Socialists fight out their differences with eagerness and even with anger, because they are in dead earnest and want something done. The representatives of the Powers are quite cool and polite, because they have assembled deliberately intending to do nothing except to "resume the serious study" of how best to exploit the peoples committed to their charge.

The Question of Trades Unions.

The decision of the Congress in regard to the admission of Non-Socialist trades unions appears to us eminently wise. The rule governing the question is indeed a somewhat illogical one. Trades unions may be represented if they "recognise the class war" and recognise also the "need for political action." The second proviso was meant to exclude the Anarchist unions, non-existent in this country, but tolerably strong on the Continent. The former is somewhat unmeaning, because all trades unions must, by the very fact of their existence, "recognise the class war"—that is to say, they must recognise an antagonism of interest between the capitalists and employed, which is all that any sensible person ever meant by that much-misunderstood phrase. If no such antagonism existed it would be unnecessary for the employed to combine against the capitalist. The British trades unions which are affiliated to the Labour Party appear to us to fall unquestionably within the definition laid down by the Congress. Their trades unionism implies their acceptance of the first condition, their connection with the Labour Party their acceptance of the second. The Congress refused to alter the rule, and left it to the International Bureau to decide whether the unions in question had conformed to it. Herein, we think, it acted very prudently. The present rule is illogical; but an illogical rule is better than a rule productive of eternal friction and bad blood. Quite apart from the merits or demerits of the Labour Party, we think that the S.D.F. was most ill-advised to choose the occasion of the International Congress to assail it. Any movement towards independence of the Labour Party must come (if it is to come at all) from within. It must be a spontaneous movement of British Socialists; no good can come of an attempt to force the pace by the intervention of foreign Socialists, who cannot, in the nature of things, be familiar with our special problems. The S.D.F. should remember that its own orthodoxy has been called in question in a similar manner. At Amsterdam the delegates of the Socialist Party of Great Britain (or was it the Socialist Labour Party?) presented themselves with a protest against such "fakirs" (whatever that may mean) as Hyndman, Quelch, and Burrows being permitted to appear in an assembly of Socialists, and, when the Bureau refused to listen to them, departed, leaving behind them an explanatory pamphlet denouncing "a bourgeois political party of pronounced revisionist tendencies called the Social Democratic Federation."

The Rout of the Anti-Militarists.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the impracticable doctrines of M. Henry have no effective following in the socialist movement. His own countrymen repudiated him at Nancy by a majority of something over ten to one. Yet the resolution which M. Jaurès accepted is, it would seem, too anti-militarist for the International Congress. The German Social Democrats, probably the most successful socialist party in Europe, refuse to adopt it, and desire that the Congress should be content with the declaration "that the menace of war must be averted by the working classes of the affected countries in the manner which they may deem to be most expedient." Meanwhile they insist upon the necessity of maintaining a national democratic army, and declare that their Socialism does not prevent them from being "good German." The thanks of the whole international movement are due to the German
Socialists for the stand they have taken on behalf of this same and polite attitude. It cannot fail to strengthen Socialism throughout Europe, and to dissipate much of the prejudice which the action of fanatics, like the Transvaal, has cast to the only too ready hands of the capitalist enemy, have created against the movement. Nor, one ventures to hope, can it fail to have an effect on the British legislation. In the Parliament, the country has taken up a position in regard to military matters in which there is clearly no finality. It has chosen a road which leads to an impasse. Ineptness of the Independent M. Heurtel, it does not advocate a general strike against service in the army. It does not say that we ought to have no army, still less that we ought to have no country; but it thinks it its duty to keep the army small, not realising that the smaller and more select a professional army is the more absolutely it will be at the disposal of the governing classes. Those of its members who have visited Stuttgard will at any rate have no excuse in the future for not knowing that its present policy is in direct conflict with the policy of International Socialism. And it will be no longer possible for those who, like ourselves, have advocated a democratic citizen army as the Socialist solution of the problem of national defence to be accused of being "Tories" or "Jingoists," unless our accusers are prepared to apply those epithets to Jaurès, Bebel, Vanderella, and every other Socialist of European reputation.

Socialism and Colonization.

We wish that we could regard with equal satisfaction the proceedings of the Congress with reference to Colonial questions. The best that can be said of the resolution ultimately adopted is that it can be interpreted in a manner not inconsistent with sane Imperialism. We all deplore the exploitation of the Empire in the hands of a few plutocratic speculators; we all bate the ill-treatment of native races which too often accompanies colonial expansion; but we all want to see the utmost possible extension of autonomy at the earliest possible moment. All our objection to the Stuttgard resolution is that it is wholly negative, while what we want is a constructive Imperial policy of Socialism. Moreover, as Mr. Ramsey MacDonald said, in what appears to have been a wholly admirable speech, the resolution gives little guidance in regard to the special colonial problems with which British Socialism is confronted. While we want it, for the reasons given above, to see the expansion of Western civilisation not only a natural, but a highly desirable process, since that civilisation contains within itself the seed of Socialism, and then a policy whereby the expansion may take place without strengthening capitalist forces at home and without inflicting unnecessary hardships upon the more backward races on whom our civilisation is imposed. Further, we should like it made clear that while Socialists are prepared to guard jealously the right of colonies to self-government, the voluntary federation of colonies, and their closer voluntary union with the mother country is an event which Socialists must regard with the utmost satisfaction. If, as M. Jaurès said, nations are the channels through which the workers must work towards their emancipation, as much or more reasonable to be expected of empires, which, at their best, represent a further effort towards the ideal of human solidarity. If we may slightly amend another expression of M. Jaurès on the same occasion, we would say: "Il ne faut pas que le prolétariat brise l'Empire, mais qu'il la socialise."

The Transvaal Loan.

It is a curious inversion of paits to find a Liberal Government urging the expenditure of vast sums upon the development of the Transvaal, and a Conservative Opposition rallying to the support of Mr. Harold Cox in resisting such a demand. In the debate the Opposition scored a good number of points, but on the main question the Government was clearly on the defensive. If it was worth while to spend millions in conquering and annexing the Transvaal, it is clearly worth while to guarantee a loan for a much smaller amount to be spent on developing its resources. A country which has been the scene of a three years' war cannot be expected to recover from the effects in an instant. The money was wanted, and, if the Home Government had refused it, the colony would have been compelled, as Mr. Churchill truly said, to go, hat in hand, to the Rand mineowners, who, paying the piper, would have proceeded to call the tune. To avoid the inevitable expenditure of a considerable amount of public money would be well spent. Nothing is more vital to the future of South Africa than the liberation of the sub-continent from those powers of cosmopolitan finance which have so long possessed the country in her past. Such liberation cannot be permanent or complete so long as the gold mines remain the private property of groups of speculators. But, since we failed grievously in our duty in not annexing the gold mines to the Empire when we annexed the country, we must at least see that the Randlords are not able to levy blackmail on the community, extracting concessions dangerous to general wellbeing as the price of their financial backing. This peril we can only avert by guaranteeing the financial backing ourselves; and this is the best defence, quite apart from irrelevant precedents, for Mr. Churchill's Bill. At the same time, there seems no reason why we should not impose conditions for the general good of the Empire, just as the Randlords would have undoubtedly imposed conditions on the country in her past. One condition which we wish should be imposed relates to the treatment of British Indians. We made that question one of the counts of our indictment against President Kruger. If it is an independent State, a semi-independent State, it must surely justify intervention in the affairs of a self-governing colony. In any case, the request that we should guarantee the loan gave us a ground of interference with their Imperial rights. We do not believe that, if we had chosen to insist, General Botha would have refused to listen.

The Trumps that Failed.

The Lords have scored again, and scored on ground deliberately chosen by their opponents. The Land was the trump card of the Liberal Party. It was chosen with no little skill; for it seemed the one issue upon which that party could fight the Lords with some hope of success. Hitherto the efforts to get up an imperial crusade against the Second Chamber had been nullified by the fact that the measures which the Lords had rejected (such as the Education Bill) were measures which inspired little or no popular enthusiasm, while the measures which were really demanded by the people (such as the Trade Unions Bill) had been accepted by the Lords almost without demur. A Land Bill seemed the one sure card to play, the one measure which the Lords would be bound to reject, yet which the people would effectively back the Government in demanding. But, thanks partly to the timidity of the Ministers, partly to their lack of skill, the Lords have outwitted and outmanoeuvred them. They have accepted the English Land Bill; the Scottish Bill, which was neither so popular nor so well-conceived, they have destroyed, yet in such a manner as to throw upon the Government the responsibility for abandoning its most popular clauses. How well their strategy has succeeded may be gathered from the unusually bitter and spiteful speech in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman announced the abandonment of his Bill, and, in effect, the fall of the Government, attack upon the Peers. The intervention of Mr. A. C. Morton, loudly cheered by the Opposition, served to show how little the representatives of the crofting counties rebi the sacrifice of their constituent interests to the Prime Minister's "tactics." Meanwhile, if it comes to tactics, it can hardly be doubted that the House of Lords has shown itself more than Sir Henry's match.
The Militarist Resolution at Stuttgart.

AFTER Nancy, Stuttgart; after France, the World!

On Monday last the International Socialist Congress was brought to a close at Stuttgart amid scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm. The order of the day was the most fascinating question of militarism, and we believe that the resolution which was carried by acclamation will mark an epoch in the history of political Socialism. The resolution is very long, but it covers the main grounds of outstanding disputes, and formulates as precisely as words can the Socialist conception of the place of nationality and patriotism in the world. Vandervelde was the only speaker on the resolution at Stuttgart, and from his address we translate the following passages:

"Our Congress is not an amorphous mass of workers, but a free federation of living nations, each having its own form of government and each recognised by International Socialism as entitled to an individual existence."

"Our resolution reconciles the regard for distinct nationalities with the regard for Socialistic internationalism, since a Citizen Army (les milices) constitutes for the people the means of defence against militarism."

"This duty of preparation for the protection of citizens, as in Switzerland, but of a citizen soldiery commanded by officers chosen by the people."

"We have converted our resolution from the imperative to the historical order. We do not say so much what we shall do as what we have already done, since the history of the past shows what the proletariat will do in the future."

"Governments will understand benevolently that unjust and unnecessary are the signal for the outbreak of revolution! After Sedan, the Commune; after the Boer War Socialists are returned to the House of Commons; after the Russian defeat by Tannenberg."

"Nationalities have the right to defend themselves, but the peoples must see that their armies are not the watch-dogs of capitalism."

Here follows the resolution:

This Congress confirms the resolutions of the preceding congresses on the subject of action against militarism and imperialism.

Reaffirms the fact that the movement against militarism cannot be separated from the movement against Capitalism. Wars between Capitalist States are, as a rule, the results of competition for the markets of the world; since every State endeavours to maintain its existing markets, but to acquire new markets, mainly by enslaving foreign races and confiscating their lands.

Socialism is the result of a militarism which is one of the chief instruments of commercialism in its economic and political enslavement of the working classes, are supported by the governments which in turn are systematically stimulated by the governing classes in order to blind the masses to their class duties and to the duties of international solidarity. They are supported by the plutocrats and capitalists and will cease only when capitalism is abolished, or, rather, when the enormity of the sacrifices in men and money involved in the development of military technique, and the consequent movement against armaments, shall have driven the people to renounce the whole system.

The working classes, from whose ranks the combatants are mainly drawn, and who in addition must support the material sacrifices, are natural enemies of war, because such wars are antagonistic to the end the working classes pursue, namely, the creation of a new economic order, based on the division of the various national parties are stimulated and co-ordinated by the International.

This Congress is further convinced that by the pressure of the workers, the serious practice of international arbitration among all nations will be brought to a head, and that the Government of capitalist Governments, thereby ensuring to the people the advantages of general disarmament, setting free for the purposes of civilisation the enormous energies now consumed by armaments and by wars.

This Congress declares that when a war is threatened, it is the duty of the working classes in the countries concerned, and of their parliamentary representatives, with the aid of the International Bureau, to make every effort to prevent it, by the most appropriate means, varying naturally according to the acuteness of the class struggle and the general political situation.

In the event of war nevertheless breaking out, their duty is to intervene in order to bring it to a speedy end, and to utilise the economic and political crisis created by the war to precipitate the abolition of the capitalist regime.

Mr. Shaw's New Socialist Party.

We are glad to find that Mr. Shaw has repudiated for ever his exclusive concern with the Labour Party. In the "Clarion" of last week he writes: "I now solemnly abandon the Labour Party, after doing my share of the work of setting it on its feet—or rather on its knees—in Parliament. I now want to get my own class—the disinherited poor relations and younger sons' progeny of the plutocrats and aristocrats—into Parliament and into political array." As our readers know, we have consistently maintained the view that the Labour Party in Parliament stands for as much Socialism as Socialists are agreed about. The Labour Party stands for the economic formula of Socialism—which is collective ownership and control of industry—and for nothing else in particular. And they stand for nothing else in particular for the simple reason that no single body of Socialists is unanimous about anything else.

Let us take, for example, Mr. Shaw's own programme of Socialism for the middle classes. The line, as detailed in the "Clarion" article, are as follows: abolishing property: breaking up the family; a citizen army; the purification of religion; inter-municipal trading; increased graduated income-tax; International Federation on a Home-Rule basis. Now, of these proposals three at least are shared by Mr. Shaw with the Labour Party. The Labour Party is collectivist: that is, it would abolish private property and introduce at once a graduated income-tax; it approves of inter-municipal trading; and wc might almost add a fourth, namely, International Federation on a Home-Rule basis. The only remaining point of difference are, therefore, breaking up the family, purification of
religion, and the question of the citizen army. About the
citizen army, however, it is clear that the Socialist
Conferences at Nancy and Stuttgart have taught the
English Labour Party a lesson. If Mr. Haldane's Bill
were to be again discussed, it is highly probable that the
Labour Party would reverse its last ill-advised and
short-sighted decision and vote for the democratisation
of the Army.

There remain, therefore, only two items of first-
rate importance on which the proposed Middle
Class Conference might conceivably differ from the
existing Labour Party. And when they are considered
we think it only too likely that the middle class party
would differ on the same subjects quite as much among
themselves. On the question of the abolition of the
family and of marriage, for example, the Labour Party
has so far taken the thoroughly consistent course of
having no opinion for or against. Most middle-
class Socialists, on the other hand, have held, and still
hold, amongst themselves every conceivable opinion on both
questions, from extreme monogamy to complete pro-
miscuity. What kind of programme is to be constructed
out of a body of heterogeneous opinions such as this?
range includes? We are as violently revolutionary as
Mr. Shaw in our views of the family and of marriage.
The family, in our opinion, is only one of a dozen forms
of social organisation, and by no means the best. To
sterilise and universalise a single form is inevitably to
preclude the most necessary of all qualities in a State,
namely, variety; as well as to inflict serious hardships
upon a multitude of human beings for whom the sterilised
form is congenitally unsuitable. Family life is an excellent
thing for those who like it, but it is a monstrous tyranny
for those who are expected to like it who really hate it.

Lately, the prevalence of family idolatry, every other possible form of communal life is frowned
on and thereby rendered socially difficult, with the result
that the family institution is built upon the lives and
lives of men.

Again, we are equally at one with Mr. Shaw in his
demand for the purification of religion of all forms of
idolatry. It sometimes seems to us (especially after con-
versation with orthodox Christians) that a few Socialists
are the only religious people left in the world. It is
true we are accused of atheism and blasphemy, but the
truly religious of every age have always been so named
by the orthodox. We have no more irreligion or atheism
than Socrates was, to name no other outstanding ex-
ample. On the contrary, we have the only real religion,
which is to do the will of Life, and to see that others
do it too. For this we are prepared to sacrifice not
only ourselves, but everybody else; a proof of faith which
than nothing can be more convincing.

When, however, we turn from our agreement with
Mr. Shaw to the possible reception of the programme
by other middle class people (not to say Socialists), we
doubt if the number of adherents will prove enough to
fill up a nomination paper. In the Fabian Society itself
we dare scarcely hope for more than a small minority of
supporters; while as for the general body of middle
class people, the very thought of abolishing the family
and of tempering with religion is thoroughly horrific.

Privately, we know, the middle class are, as a rule, prac-
tical and sensible; they abolish the family without a
murmur when it is in the way, and practically ignore
every article of religion that does not suit them. But
the specific public avowal of their usual practice strikes
them as revolutionary and immoral. Hence we think it
most unlikely that a Socialist Middle Class Party will
form round about Mr. Shaw's programme. It may be
that gradually, by ones and twos, intelligent and prac-
tical people will learn not to be ashamed of avowing
their own practice, and that earlier than we think a body
of constructive social thinkers may be formed whose
minds are free from the shackles of sectary dogma
—but we have yet to see even the germs of such a
body. While in England the whole subject of ethics
and morality is tightly wedged between the two pillars of
superstition and utilitarianism (the one as inhuman
and gross as the other) so long will it be impossible for
many minds to give free play to their imagination in the
areas of social reconstruction. What we need, as
we have said over and over again, is a propaganda of
the Socialist Catechism. It is extraordinary how many misunderstandings still exist on the subject of Socialism itself; and the friendly writer in the "Saturday Review" confesses that he, too, is "not cocksure" that he understands what Socialism means. Such ignorance, however, is really culpable in a journalist, whatever it may be in a politi-
cian. After all, it is the business of the "Saturday
Review" to know what it is talking about; and with
three tons (at a moderate estimate) of Socialist litera-
ture, and at least a hundred well-advertised definitions
of Socialism bombarding their office doors, journalists
have no excuse for failing to be "truly ours and we will show the world what
patriotism is.

The "Saturday Review's" Socialist Catechism.

In the current "Saturday Review" there appears a re-
markable article on Socialism in which are raised a
number of questions of interest to readers of The New
Age. It is extraordinary how many misunderstandings
still exist on the subject of Socialism itself; and the friendly writer in the "Saturday Review" confesses that he, too, is "not cocksure" that he understands what Socialism means. Such ignorance, however, is really culpable in a journalist, whatever it may be in a politi-
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Socialism is not only compatible with nationalism
and patriotism, but demands both in a very high degree for
its realisation. No bad patriot can be a good Socialist.
On the other hand, there are plenty of sycophants and dis-
gnified patriots who are not Socialists. Love of
country is none the worse for being blind; also it is
none the worse for insisting on a country worthy of
love. The worst of our present individualism is that
under it twelve millions at least of our fellow-country-
men are compelled to love England (if they do at all)
in spite and not because of England. Just as a dog may
be devoted to a man who kicks and starves it, so may
men be to their country. But the attachment is degrad-
ing to the master and to the dog; the country also.

We are sometimes driven to marvel at the insidious
patriotism of poverty-stricken, slum-dwelling Britons.
Why on earth should they love England? At least they
are not likely to be very patriotic (the less when they
are properly fed and housed. Give them, they say a
country truly ours and we will show the world what
socialism is.
August 29, 1907

THE NEW AGE.

Is Socialism necessarily democratic? Does it require that power should be in the multitude to the elimination of anything in the nature of an upper or directing class?

There is not the slightest reason in theory why the existing upper classes should not inaugurate economic Socialism to-morrow. It is plain from Plato's "Republic" that collectivism (that is, economic Socialism) may be voluntarily instituted by the governing classes. In the absence, however, of an upper class capable of politics and accessible to ideas, the last thing to expect of progress out of their sweating-dens in the teeth of the thetariat in the past have had to fight for every single inch of progress out of their sweating-dens in the teeth of the fierce opposition of the upper clases of the country. It is, therefore, scarcely human to expect any great love for the upper classes amongst class-conscious Socialists.

On the other hand, democracy as a political theory necessitates a highly trained and responsible aristocracy of capacity; and is quite compatible with almost unlimited individual privileges. We may conceive the ideal of the future entering into a kind of bargain with their rulers—so much privilege in return for so much responsibility. After all, if the maxim Noblesse oblige had been taken seriously by our nobility their privileges would never have been questioned. Under the most democratic government there must still be a Noblesse, but a Noblesse conscious of its obligations to everybody but itself.

3. Is Socialism necessarily or in practice an anti-Christian and anti-religious force?

On the contrary, Socialism is both Christian and religious. We cannot conceive what other impulse than a religious impulse accounts for the self-sacrificing zeal of the Socialist movement. Collectivism as an economic theory is, of course, no more concerned with religion than are mathematics and astronomy. But the will to transform the world into a fairer and diviner place is consistent with encyclopaedism—and no more. The Socialists are few and far between) are always thinking about it. They are invariably private practitioners, who are in a comparatively secure position, and with not too much to do. The architect who does win the competition may or may not possess this knowledge. The chances are, however, enormously against his possessing it, for it is a different type of architect who succeeds in such things. They are invariably private practitioners, who are in a comparatively secure position, and with not too much to do. They are under no necessity of competing for work, and so occupy their minds with ways and means of realising their designs successfully in execution.

There is another reason against the successful architect in competitions possessing this type of detail. He cannot afford to spend his time thinking about such things. Architects who do understand detail (and they are few and far between) are always thinking about it. They are invariably private practitioners, who are in a comparatively secure position, and with not too much to do. They are under no necessity of competing for work, and so occupy their minds with ways and means of realising their designs successfully in execution.

The competition man, on the other hand, must think about getting the work; and in order to do this he must spend his time thinking about such things as general ideas of plan, studying fluctuations in taste, and becoming an expert draughtsman. Otherwise he stands no chance of success; for, remember, it is not so much a matter of bluffing the assessor as the public body who are the actual employers. The assessor may know better; but he is not generally the man to be extreme. Public bodies are often repudiating the assessor's awards that the assessor needs to be circumspect. In practice, therefore, it comes to this: the design chosen is not necessarily the best submitted, but the best which the public can be persuaded to accept. The public would probably appreciate the best design were it put into execution. Unfortunately, however, the designs which come out of the competition do not make the best show on paper—that is, to the uninstructed. A competition in architecture is not a competition of actual buildings, but a competition of paper designs.

As a method of selecting architects competitions would be wholly indefensible were it not that the deplorable indifference of the British public to all things appertaining to architecture and their ingrained and unjustifiable suspicion of the architectural profession preclude the

Competitive Waste in Architecture,

On Tuesday last the designs for the preliminary competition for the proposed new L.C.C. County Hall were sent in. Out of this preliminary competition the five to ten designs put forward by architects of established reputation, nominated by the assessors. Each of the architects entering this final competition will be allowed two hundred guineas for his expenses.

The proposed County Hall is the largest architectural competition which has been held in this country since the Houses of Parliament were built. The site is a very fine one, for though it has the disadvantage of being on the Lambeth side, it yet has the advantage of overlooking the Thames. That the competition will result in the selection of a very dignified piece of architecture is probably true. A competition with Mr. Shaw as assessor is a competition held under the most favourable auspices. Yet there is no reason to expect anything more, since architectural competitions do not, as a rule, secure the best which can be produced, but only the second best. No modern building of real distinction has ever been won in a competition, though many rather fine designs have been selected in this way. On the whole, however, they are disappointing in execution.

This defect is inevitable. Apart from the general conception, the success of a design in execution depends upon the architect's mastery of detail—that is, upon such things as mouldings and a sympathetic treatment of material. But the capacity to win in competition is by no means a guarantee of the designer's knowledge in these minutiae. The architect who does win the competition may or may not possess this knowledge. The chances are, however, enormously against his possessing it, for it is a different type of architect who succeeds in such things. They are invariably private practitioners, who are in a comparatively secure position, and with not too much to do.

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As a method of selecting architects competitions would be wholly indefensible were it not that the deplorable indifference of the British public to all things appertaining to architecture and their ingrained and unjustifiable suspicion of the architectural profession preclude the
possibility of attaining a rational method of selection. Competitions sometimes bring a good man to the front. No public body, on the other hand, has ever in England, within living memory, succeeded in selecting a good architect of its own initiative. The worst competition is the vast department of architecture of our public offices, which are past praying for.

How many designs have been submitted in the present competition it is, at the time of writing, impossible to say. In almost every competition nowadays from fifty to a hundred and fifty designs are submitted. The high-water mark was reached a few years ago in a competition for the new University Library at Exeter. Over four hundred sets of drawings were submitted. This was competition with a vengeance. At the lowest estimate the cost of the drawings must have doubled the cost of the complete building, only five per cent. of which would go into the pocket of the successful architect. Whether the number will be more or less than the average is difficult to say. The expense of competing is so large (six months' hard work and £400 out-of-pocket expenses is the minimum) as to disqualify many who compete for smaller work. On the other hand, the prize in this case is such a valuable one that most architects with any chance of success are compelled to compete. From the point of view of the competing architect there is one thing about this job different from most others. It may lead to private practice. As a rule competition work does not carry with it the prospect of private practice. If an architect wins a provincial town hall his ordinary work is no better off. The local people do not employ him for their private work. They consider him too big a man for them. The British public demand much more of architects than they are capable of giving. But the present case will probably be different. The architect of the L.C.C. County Hall is not likely to be considered too big a man for London, and different results may be expected.

Hence my architect who wins this competition will be delivered once and for ever from that continual anxiety about getting work which undermines the morale of most of the men who compete. Competing is heart-breaking work. The talent which is wasted upon competition is something prodigious. Nothing in modern society illustrates more perfectly the waste of talent. At the present time the mass of building is ugly. It is desirable that every available man with architectural talent should be employed in the actual work of banishing it for ever. And yet what happens? After a century of confusion architecture is to last, emerged as a living art. The number of capable architects has increased this last ten years tenfold, if not a hundredfold. Nevertheless, they fail to make any great impression on the mass, since the standard is slowly being raised, but the human cost is considerable.

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One can only repeat with J. R. Green: "The first impression is the right one; half the faces one meets are the faces of boys." And above all, Oxford is not in the first place academical; it is and will be, we most ardently believe, remain the meeting-place of great enthusiasms that by contact learn to modify and to strengthen each other; a place that makes men tolerant, broad-minded, and wide-hearted; a place where men have the opportunity—as they never again have—of living lives that are healthy and clean in mind and body.

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A Modern Bacchante.

Something had happened in the dining-room at our club. A tremor passed over the waiters, young and old, and conversation dried up at the tables.

The "A" dinner is a dry affair at our club: soup or fish—and if you are hungry you have to make up your mind which is likely to go the farthest; unless you have the temerity to ask the waiter, standing coldly polite at your elbow, his finer senses dulled with constant ordering of the cheapest meal—then mutton; mutton in endless variety of names, in essence (if club mutton can claim possession of a soul) eternally the same. Pudding comes as Paradise after the earthly pangs—for the club puddings are good.

Too many people come to our club for food; too few to dine. The members are serious, as latter-day women if they would be in the fashion (and what woman for the club puddings are good. The only pose for the modern butterfly is a settled conviction of the legality of her position. "Right is might," and so the little feet whose ancient charm was in their tripping, now march with no uncertain tread towards the end they mean to gain. The more assuredly discover (what in opposites the women if they would be in the fashion (and what woman for the club puddings are good.

But in these times of fashionable "woman's rights" the serious infection from our club has spread even to our lovers, dying, die of "broken hearts"—things unknown in modern medicine. But in these times of fashionable "woman's rights" the serious infection from our club has spread even to the serious stuff. Real tragedies take place on the imaginary plane: our lovers, dying, die of "broken hearts"—things unknown in modern medicine.

In the dining-room at our club, the tidings fled from lip to lip that some rough, hand had, with a touch, snuffed the air exhaling from the precious fruit. Then followed little "shapes that soothed the eye with symmetry of patterning, in black, and gold, and green, and the palate with contrasting spice; then some sweet thing, all muffed up in cream, and fitted with a foreign name to make it seem more rare. Sometimes she pulled the flowers to her, and bathed her face, eyes shut in their fragrance. "Sensual," muttered a lady in a hard felt hat that claimed its woman's rights by the addition of an ostrich plume.

Then the climax came. "Any fruit, madam?" queried her waiter, subervient to his toes.

"Yes," meditatively; "I think I will take pity on that pine."

Then fell that hush I mentioned at the start. The Club Pineapple was to be cut! The head waiter came with awful solemnity, befitting the event high priest of the sacrifice; and the second in command, his minister, bearing the implements, and he who waited on the voluptuary, he came, the acolyte. A page boy, hurrying through the room, paused as if spellbound, snuffing the air exhaling from the precious fruit.

The lady leaned back and smiled at a jewel that she wore.

Vine leaves, well wreathed before the orgy tosses them astray, were, figuratively, here; and this last proof of prolificity, this last, lasting for a fruit that many thought too dear to mix with common food—a thing apart, divine—settled the club's opinion of that dame. In a club where every member must be one of mark She had become infamous! The tale was told of how she had been heard to say, in answer to the usual query, "How did I get into the club?" "Oh, you are all so clever, that I thought I must do something; so I made a little scandal, and the committee passed me in as a 'social' member!"

One by one the diners rose, casting at her glances that might have put a blight upon her flowers; but under which she sat serene, catching on her full lips—drops from a wine-drenched violet.

Through half-shut lids she watched the grim procession pass; then she, too, rose and passed into the world of dreams, far from the dull reality of our club, buried in furs within her motor-car.

PAGAN.

GREAT CENTRAL Ry.
HAVE YOU SEEN
ABOUT YOUR
HOLIDAYS?

EXPRESS CORRIDOR & BUFFET TRAINS
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PAGAN.

SAM FAY General Manager

THE NEW AGE.

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The Deceased Wife’s Sister Bill.

Socialists may talk as they please about the abolition of the family life, the freedom of marriage, and all the rest of it, but the stupidity of the masses, high and low, remains very much what it was three hundred years ago. The fatuous discussions that have taken place and the pterodactylic defences made over and over again show how little the Church has ever been able to do for science among other things. But those periods have certainly passed; and everybody admits in private that the whole table of affinities is obsolete and ridiculous. What is more, it is pretty certain that in actual practice every single Church marriage bill is ignored whenever circumstances favour the respective parties; and everybody knows of such cases and winks at them.

But such hopes or fears fail to take into account the enormous inertia of marriage customs, and the appalling timidity of men of science. As we have said, a rational preferential basis, and to take the whole subject of marriage out of the hands of pseudo moralists.

The case was decided against the Church by the “thin-end-of-the-wedge” argument. We only wish that the worst fears of the Bishops might be realised, and that the present Bill might lead to the final abrogation of the Church science of heredity and the substitution for it of a genuine science of heredity.

While we agree that earthly health and even earthly life itself are small considerations by the side of the great ideals for which the Church has stood, we refuse to believe that a splendid spirituality can be built, or ought to be built, on a foundation of earthly misery and disease.

Of that, of course, there can be little doubt; and we imagine that the Church would be the first to admit it. While we agree that earthly health and even earthly life itself are small considerations by the side of the great ideals for which the Church has stood, we refuse to believe that a splendid spirituality can be built, or ought to be built, on a foundation of earthly misery and disease. Doubtless, in earlier periods the Church was the custodian of all knowledge, and stood for science among other things. But those periods have vanished, and in these days the Church stands in these matters for an inadequate and obsolete view against the special knowledge of men of science.

The excision of the prohibition of marriage with a sister-in-law is therefore a victory for commonsense; a very small victory, it is true, since we are not taken in by the “thin-end-of-the-wedge” argument. We only wish that the worst fears of the Bishops might be realised, and that the present Bill might lead to the final abrogation of the Church science of heredity and the substitution for it of a genuine science of heredity. But such hopes or fears fail to take into account the enormous inertia of marriage customs, and the appalling timidity of men of science. As we have said, a good many men of science know perfectly well that there is no real objection to all sorts of alliances which the Church calls immoral. Even if the matter were doubtful, the duty would be laid upon scientists to approve of experiments at least; and in several instances such experiments are privately being made. But while men of science are willing enough to learn the results of such trials, they are often so hypocritical that they publicly condemn them, even when they are quite successful. It may be, however, that the present measure will give them a little more courage. The science of eugenics was never in greater demand than at this moment. We sincerely hope that before very long steps may be taken to put breeding upon at least a rational preferential basis, and to take the whole subject of marriage out of the hands of pseudo moralists.
A Socialist's Note Book.

At first sight the suggestion that British workmen are used as strike-breakers on the Continent for the purpose of incurring hatred against England among foreign workpeople sounds far-fetched and fantastic; but made in all seriousness by the London correspondent of the "Vorwärts." One cannot afford to neglect it. The fight against Socialism has only just begun, and all our antagonists are as clever as they are scrupulous, and no doubt to set nationalities at loggerheads, and generate Maßfickung fury among the proletariat serves the ends of capitalist exploiters very well. It must be our business if possible to checkmate them before they have gone very far. And yet while we have a large mass of casually-employed labour in all our large cities, which is never sure of a week's subsistence in advance, we shall always have the danger of these persons being used to wreck strikes and inflame Jingoism before us. More and more does it become our business, by any means that may be available, to definitely abolish the grade of life below gone that week. We ought, at an early date, to insist on a minimum level of decency of clothing, a good minimum level of healthy nutrition and of home surroundings, treating anyone below this level like a lunatic or a sick child, providing them with the necessary minimum, and preventing them with work not only to earn its cost. It is not sufficiently realised that really severe poverty is a condition as fatal in contagion as scarlet fever or smallpox. I myself know a small "court" in a London slum where in nine houses, all jostled together, there are housed, perhaps, 36 families. A large number of these families have lived in the same place for many years. The incomes of all the families are precarious, the least so being that of a newspaper seller, who has a regular station in the West End whither he rents with scrupulous punctuality early every morning. There are always a small pack of children in the court, and babies make their appearance at regular intervals. At any hour of the day or night women are to be found grouped at the doorways, talking or merely dozing. Never do the women make much effort to clean their own courtyard, and very little to clean their own rooms. The hand-to-mouth nature of their existence is so branded upon the appearance at regular intervals. At any hour of the day or night women are to be found grouped at the doorways, talking or merely dozing. Never do the women make much effort to clean their own courtyard, and very little to clean their own rooms. The hand-to-mouth nature of their existence is so branded upon them that, although they have hours and hours of spare time on their hands every day, positively does not enter their minds to clean the floors of their rooms, sort the rags they have for clothes, and wash and air their bedding. Their dwellings are infinitely beastly. But if a stranger, driven by stress of circumstances, is obliged to take refuge in the court, and he were a tenant of one or two of the rooms, that tenant inevitably falls to the court's own level. The habits, manners and customs of the court swallow up the newcomer, and the virus of extreme poverty flourishes in the soil almost more virulently than in the old. And on the other hand the contagion of the court's poverty spreads all around. The whole social condition of the near our notables, and all the labour they access is affected. Yet there is nothing to do with this court except to uproot it. The houses are not fit for healthy, self-respecting people to live in, and the adult people who do live in them cannot be reformed by any measure whatsoever; they are social wastage, and must simply be treated as such—provided for adequately in some form of institution, isolated from those whom they might contaminate, and prevented in every way from propagating their grade of poverty. But they are not savable or redeemable; they are only socially hurtful, and must be got rid of. They do not seem any reason for not making a certain degree of poverty a notifiable disease—like scarlet fever—and removing those affected and isolating "contacts" as they do when Bubonic Plague comes into a town.

I notice that the return of London Pauperism dealing with the week ending August 29th shows an still further increase in the already high level maintained this summer. I am far from inclined to take this as a sign of any actual increase in the numbers of poor people in London. For I believe that for everyone who is inscribed on the books of the Poor Law there is at least one other who manages to keep off those books. The weekly fluctuations of paupers appear not so much to represent actual increases or decreases of poverty, but only accentuations or mitigations of the conditions that drive men to the Poor Law. The pauperism figures supply, in fact, not so much a record of the amount of poverty as a kind of barometrical indication of the severity or otherwise of the struggle for life on the poverty line. Pauperism statistics are, in fact, still further, recorded as a kind of barometrical indication of the severity or otherwise of the struggle for life on the poverty line. Pauperism statistics are, in fact, misleading for the worse. To be of any use, we ought not only to have figures of the numbers relieved in and out doors, but figures of the amount of private charity in the form of doles, of hospital charity, of those dealt with in prisons, and of the demand for casual labour, including the fluctuating season trades. There would no doubt be found to be a definite weekly relation between the various factors.

One of the week's events which has most fascinated me has been a letter from Dr. T. F. Fagge in defence of Monte Carlo. Since the Goold business has been so much in the public view, and all our respectable constitutional organs are publishing columns of bestial gossip on the subject, there has naturally been a little annoyance in high quarters. And possibly Dr. Fagge has his brief, in any case his letter is delightful. In former days says the Doctor, before the Casino was established, "Monaco was in destitution." "The only means of living was on the small growth of olive trees or by robbing travellers." Now travellers are no longer robbed in this crude and unbusinesslike way; they are attracted in thousands, and then encouraged to gamble. "Gambling in Monte Carlo costs about 2 per cent." "No other taxes or charges are made by the Government to any one." But in addition to this demonstration of the value of modern methods of obtaining wealth in comparison with those of our uncultured forebears, the Doctor has some fine moral reflections. He says, for instance, that "no Government in the world will ever be able to stamp out the natural instinct for gambling," and then reproaches us with our stock Exchange and our bridge parties. Further, however, the Prince's money is made, he spends it "on lines that stamp out poverty, crime, and disease more than in any other country." Anyway he asks, "What about the sale of opium?" and hints that if "the Government officials in Monte Carlo were to see what goes on in some bridge parties, they would be as much shocked as the Sultan of Turkey would he if he knew what goes on of an afternoon and evening in Piccadilly and Oxford Street."

The methods of capitalist exploitation are wonderful things, but the shades and subtleties of our moralities are indeed marvellous. We suppose that His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco and Dr. T. F. Fagge will be quite surprised when the Devil begins to slowly brown them on a large-pronged fork. But then the Devil is an unsuitable person.

Mary Magdalen.

Of all the Saints in the calendar, The most near unto the heart, I ween, The quickest to hear and understand, Is Saint Mary Magdalen.

And if Cain the Outcast prayed to her, She would succour him with eager hand, And tho' passionate Lilith would not pray, She would help—and understand.
REVIEWS.

Carter and Star.


What is this wonderful abstraction we call the British public? Before Mafeking night we knew quite well what it was. The female part of it was Mrs. Grundy, the well-known old lady in white cotton stockings, elastic-sided boots, stuffy petticoats, and a grim determination to give everyone a bit of her mind. The male part of it was an idealistic old gentleman of prolific habits with a pithetic faith in the British constitution and a habit of locking up the house at ten o’clock every weekday and at half-past nine on Sunday. This British Androgyne has vanished, and we are ruled instead by a protean monster whom we worship under the name of Public Opinion. Every class has its own opinion, for we are not a free country. London has its “Liza of Lambeth” set, its Marie Corelli set, its Arthur Wing Pinero set, its George Bernard Shaw set, its Sir William Crooks set, its Royal smart set, its Lord Kelvin set, its individual pleasure seekers, its pinnacles, its literary, artistic, religious, and philosophical specialists. It is a hydra-headed-monster, this London Opinion, but we should not be at all surfeited to see an almost unparalleled event, everyone of these hydra-headed moving with a single purpose and that the denunciation of Mr. Aleister Crowley and all his works.

Now this would be a remarkable achievement for a young gentleman who only left Cambridge quite a few years ago. It requires a certain amount of serious purpose to stir Public Opinion into active opposition, and the only question is, has Mr. Crowley a serious purpose? Our first instinctive feeling is that “It is damned clever, but it won’t do.” That is supported by the certainty that “It is raving madness”; and a final judgment that the young man is a remarkable product of an unremarkable age. The writing is not sate; but we have long ago forsaken the illusion that sanity is a symptom of cleverness. Still, the writer has the serious fault common to Browning and Shaw: he is incapable of a clear, straightforward statement. We have all met the old lady who, in trying to recount some personal adventures, wanders off into the biographies of everyone mentioned, and eventually forgets to tell us the point of her story. We suffer from this in Mr. Shaw’s plays and in Browning’s “Sordello.” Are we willing to suffer from it in order to discover the secret of Mr. Crowley’s mind? Is the game worth the candle? The time of year being August and the weather inclement, we are inclined to think it possibly may be. Now is the appointed season, let us hasten to study the world of Mr. Crowley before the rush of our own lives reabsorbs us.

Our principal objection to Mr. Crowley’s style is that it is not tentative. For instance, the organs of generation are always cropping up in unexpected places, such as in Mr. Crowley’s brain—which is said to be pregnant—and in Rond Mundi’s heart—which contains a symbol sadly out of place anatomically. All this reminds us of the ways of little boys; but surely Mr. Crowley might suppress these symptoms of the extreme youth of the virile spirit, and discipline his imagination with a study of the separate functions of the separate organs of the body. We are aware that the old fallacy that sex is the source of all the passion of the human race supports Mr. Crowley and his laudatory critic Captain Fuller in their tendency to use sexual imagery in excess; but surely sense has been swallowed. We have all read Weininger, who demonstrates that a large proportion of the human race have no special sex characteristics; that the absolutely female woman or virile man can hardly be said to exist at all; but that the border line between the physiological symptoms of sex is becoming less marked in each generation. There is a force of dominance universally manifest, but that force is exercised by every living creature; it permeates the kingdoms of the sea and land and air; and is only a component of its purpose. However, Mr. Crowley has chosen to focus his attention on sex, and Captain Fuller has dutifully followed him in 144 pages. On the whole, we think Mr. Crowley may be congratulated. He manages to describe the utmost excess of desire when a rejected lover makes a scene and finally devours her beloved, in terms which do not shock us in English any more than such descriptions usually shock us in French. This is a very exceptional accomplishment, as anyone may realise who has read French novels in English.

Here is one of Mr. Crowley’s typical crotches:—

The host is lifted up. Behold!
The vintage split, the broken bread! I feast upon the bread of the mind.

And this is what Mr. Crowley’s typical table looks like:

But had it not been for the garter, I might never have seen the star,” Mr. Crowley says. Hence we look from the garter to the more starry part of Mr. Crowley’s work, for he has learned a good deal about Eastern philosophy at first hand, and has summed it up.

Captain Fuller describes “Crowleyanity” as being “the consensus of God with the part of an Atheist, a transcending of reason by scepticism of the instrument, and the limitation of scepticism by direct consciousness of the Absolute.” He defines God later as “the relation between man and the Absolute, and he says “it is the search after this relationship—God— that Crowley so frequently and ardently deprecates.” He cries in one place:

By the sun’s heat, that breaks not his eclipse And dissipates the welcome clouds of rain.

God! Have there been times so succeeding pain.

And in another describes the mystic goal as:

So shalt thou conquer space, and lastly climb The walls of Time, And by the golden path the great have trod Reach up to God.

He grapples with the problems of human consciousness and has realised the absoluteness of zero. He perceives that when consciousness, as we know it, is absolutely inhuman, because so much drawn to the heart from pure isolation, it knows an ecstasy which can only be expressed in the thought, “I do not exist.” This last paradox of human manifestation has been perceived by every school of mystics.

Man’s darkness is a leathern sheath, Myself the sun-bright sword, “is the feeling of the consciousness as it returns to its human state, admirably expressed by Mr. Crowley in “Mysteries” (vol. i., p. 105). Finally he is driven to the utterance of one who has gained final liberation, after having given himself up to the utterance of one who has gained final liberation, after having given himself up to the utterance of one who has gained final liberation, after having given himself up to the utterance of one who has gained final liberation. So lifts the agony of the world

From this my head that bowed awhile Before the terror suddenly shown. The nameless fear for self, far hurled By death to dissolution vile,

Fades as the royal truth is known: Though change and sorrow range and roll, There is no self—there is no soul.

The essay on Science and Buddhism (p. 244 vol. ii. of The Collected Works) is valuable, proving as it does that Buddhist philosophy is a logical development from observed facts. Captain Fuller declares that the Agnostic principles of “Crowleyanity” may be summed up as follows:

Believe nothing till you find it out for yourself.
Say “Not I have a soul” before you feel that you have a soul.

Say not! There is a God! before you experience that there is a God.

You can never understand till you have experienced.
You can never experience till you get beyond reason.

In a word, his command to his followers is, Know or Doubt; do not believe everything he says, but be convinced with an appearance of Truth,” and Reason is our guide. To become part of Wisdom we must leave Reason on one side. No doubt men differ in qualities, but these differences and progressive states have nothing to do with the sudden awakening of the faculty beyond reason— that faculty of seeing clearly through the magical appearances surrounding us and perceiving the cause beyond the falsity of its effects. Mr. Crowley says, apropos of this, “It is no doubt more difficult to
learn 'Paradise Lost' by heart than 'We are Seven'; but when you have done it, you are no better at figure skating." He quotes as the great guiding scripture of his life a Buddhist Sutta (li. 33)—"Therefore, O Ananda, be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourselves. Betake yourself to no external refuge."

How is this inward mystery revealed? The answer is in the East by Yoga, and in the West by Magic; in the East by an entirely artificial and scientific method, in the West by a stimulation and sudden outflowing of the poetic faculty. The East, we may take it, is almost entirely static, whilst the West is wholly dynamic:—

"Life flies Down corridors of centuries Pillar by pillar, and is lost. Life after life in wild appeal Cries to the master; he remains And thinks not.

Bright Sun of Knowledge, in me rise, Lead me to those exalted skies To live like as talk beneath of! Paying no price, accepting nought— The Giver and the Gift are one With the Receiver."

Such are some of the sensations described by Aleister Crowley in his quest for the discovery of his Relation with the Absolute. His power of expression is extraordinary; his kite flies, but he never fails to jerk it back to the bears. But some such effort of reasoning makes it still an open question whether he will excite life-giving animosity on the part of Public Opinion which, as we have hinted, is only accorded to the most dangerous thinkers.

The Principles of Education.

The Principles of Intellectual Education. F. H. Matthews, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

The most painful feature of all the modern educational theorists is that they mean well. Their standards are high, their integrity is incorruptible, their principles are the noblest to be had on the market, and their concern for children is sincere. In spite of this, however, it must be candidly admitted that modern educationalists are the dullest people in the world. So far from inspiring it, they make inculcation desire for education, they make the whole subject repellent by their painstaking seriousness, and useless by their machinery. Mr. F. H. Matthews is, unfortunately, no exception to the rule. His book is as exceedingly useless as Spencer's famous chapter on Intellectual Education; than which chapter no chapter perhaps in the whole educational machine is at this moment perfectly useless as Spencer's famous chapter on Intellectual Education; rather like plaster-of-Paris before it has set; and he proceeds to talk henceforth of education as it can and should be lived, then we prick up our ears to know the methods of education which they have devised. After all, commercialism is not immortal. Minds existed before commercialism, and will exist after commercialism; and the "principles of intellectual education" in a world in which poverty, sweating and the workhouse are abolished will be very different from the principles current to-day. The preparation of children for modern "life" is a naturally revolting occupation to humanity. The workhouse is of the Roman period, the death from consumption and the execution for a great deal of fine talk to be made endurable. Mr. Matthews has contributed some of the "fine talk."

The Revolution in the Baltic Provinces of Russia. by a member of the Lettish Social Democratic Party. (Independent Labour Party. 1s. 6d. net.)

The constantly growing mass of authentic information about the revolution going on in Russia increases daily; it has awakened the mind of England against the red-handed tyranny which is strangling all that has the capacity of growth in that unfortunate country. It is no argument against the Revolution that it is the expression of a comparatively small percentage of the 150 million people of the Russian Empire. Revolutions are never the spontaneous outburst of the majority, but the frenzied struggle of the few-seeming few. Nations are saved by the capabilities of intelligent minorities. At the same time, as a book as this indicates, the minority in Russia is by no means insignificant. There must be a high revolutionary courage among the 15 million constituting the Lettish Nation, otherwise the practical capture of the Baltic Provinces for freedom would have been impossible. But at the same time the excellent organization of the Socialists who created and controlled the district must count for something, as well as the heroism of the men and women who faced the torture chambers of Riga. The Independent Labour Party has contributed to the publication of this book, for no better account of what is going on in Russia has yet appeared. It is all the more valuable because its information is confined to the critical period in one part of the Russian Empire. The brief and stirring history of the Lettish Socialist Party is given in the first half of the book, and the practical features and aims of the district must count for something, as well as the heroism of the men and women who faced the torture chambers of Riga.
The A B C Annotated Bibliography on Social Questions. By S. E. Keeble. (Charles E. Kelly, Is.)

This bibliography aims at being representative rather than complete, and as such we can heartily recommend it to all students who are making their first essay into social science. In its present form it is such a book that no sociologist can dispense with. Mr. Keeble has done his work well. The brief descriptions and annotations are an excellent introduction to the volumes. Indeed, if only three indexes under the headings of author, title of book, and class subject, are a complete guide to the contents. As to the three volumes, of which they are seven, 150, this is quite admirable, especially under the headings of general and applied sociology, but when it comes to Socialism the writer has somewhat unnecessarily done it. Socialism aims at "Robert Blatchford's" Britain for the British. It is a defect, as also the omission from among Municipal books of Bernard Shaw's "Common Sense of Municipal Trading," which is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, defences of municipalisation from the Socialist standpoint. With these two exceptions, the bibliography in all should be and will serve a useful purpose.

MARGINALIA.

The methods of serving the cause of Socialism are as varied as the interests it implies; the provision of means by which the general public may become acquainted with Socialist literature. The bulk of this literature has in many instances the best of it, it is only to be procured through some club or society, as the average bookseller, whose intelligence is generally starved out of existence by the elusive nature of his profit, does not place it on his shelves. All the more deserving of support, then, is the man who has the necessary piece and foresight to open a shop with the avowed object of supplying, and incidentally creating, a demand for "advanced" literature. Such a servant of Socialism is Mr. J. V. Henderson, whose shop in Paternoster Row is an invaluable institution. He is going a step further by opening a similar establishment in Charing Cross Road. Readers may get the New Age and every kind of Socialist publications at both shops. We hope Mr. Henderson will be able to create such depots in every important London centre.

With the exception of a few literary epicureans like those of the Rossetti circle, the work of William Blake, mystic-philosopher, poet, and artist, was nearly unknown to even the reading public until almost a century after the poet's death. Now Blake has been discovered, a literature is coming into existence to exposs him. The latest announcement is a study of Blake as poet, artist, and man, by Arthur Symonds, which will be issued shortly through the Handsome. A growing public looks forward to the day, whom an American critic recently called "The Whistler of criticism," and his readers will be not a little eager to have his views on this fascinating and speculative subject.

Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose delightful pictures to "Rip van Winkle" and "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens" have a permanent and unique place in recent art, has collected the drawings contributed by him to the pages of "Little Folks" between the years 1896 and 1906, and from among them he has made a selection which Messrs. Cassell will issue in book form. The text of the volume will be composed of fairy and other fantastic tales by various writers.

Under the title "Books that shame us," "Good Words" is exposing the impurity of certain novels which of late have been bold with Mr. Grundy. The series of articles forms an excellent guide to what is conventionally improper in current fiction, and as such may serve a useful purpose for those who are too idle to ferret out these things for themselves.

Messrs. Jack seem to be taking full advantage of the recent improvements in the theatre picture-printing. Their last venture is an edition of the Waverley novels with coloured illustrations. Each volume will have twelve pictures. The first three will be drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen, "Keut- worth," by H. J. Ford, and "The Talmism" by S. H. Veelees. The volumes will have special introductions by Mrs. Vernon Scollay, and Mrs. Mord, in addition Notes and Glossary.

Mr. Unwin has just issued an interesting addition to French literature. It is a collection of the sayings of Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi, translated by Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. This is the first English translation of the sayings of the friar whom St. Francis called "the Knight of our Round Table."

Mr. Henry Frewde announces a welcome addition to the Oxford editions of Standard literature in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of English Verse," augmented by the inclusion of some hundred poems, bringing the anthology down to the end of the 18th century. We hope what is best in English poetry will look forward to this publication.

From the same house is also promised a translation into English verse by Dr. Todhunter, of Heine's "Buch der Lieder." This translation, which is said to be extraordinarily close to the original, is to form one of the volumes of the Oxford Library of Translations.

The pamphlet on "Old Age Pensions" advertised in our columns is a reprint of a lecture delivered by Mr. C. N. Barnes, M.P., at the University Extension Summer Meeting held at Oxford this year. The case for Old Age Pensions is admirably stated, with an abundance of illustration. No other pamphlet on the subject can compete with it for completeness and lucidity.

We shall publish next week a long review of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's monograph on "Bernard Shaw." As the first of our series of book reviews, the brief description of the book will deserve special notice. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

Mr. Feinman is establishing a Yiddish Repertory Theatre at the Pavilion, Mile End, and has secured among others a play entitled "In the Cain's Name," by Miss Carmel Goldsmid and Dr. I. Haden Guest. This play will be translated from the English version, which is to be produced soon at the Beth Israel Temple, and the chief part will be taken by the well-known Jewish actor Adler. The subject of the play is the recent massacres of Jews in Russia.

DRAMA.

Farcé and Jimmy Welch.

One of the quite hopeful features of the Drama to-day is the number of good actors struggling to show themselves through the texture of bad plays. The selection of the bad plays depends upon the managers; but when an actor has a sufficiently drawing reputation a managed may select the kind of bad play that provides the actor with a star part. And a star part—although usually not a good part, and often a demoralising part—does allow an actor to show us what he could do if only the managers were not so tyrannical. Jimmy Welch some of us have seen in "You Never Can Tell," and so we know what he can do; but even in a play like "When Knights Were Bold," his acting is so delightful as to re- deem a quite nonsensical production. Because there really is nothing in the play itself at all. In every way it is the thinnest kind of dramatic material; but as soon as Welch comes on the stage it is of no importance what he either has to say or do, so long as the playwright does not prevent his saying or doing Welch things. In other ways, too, "When Knights Were Bold" is negatively good: there is none of the suppurating suggestiveness of -- farcés we could name; and in justice to the author there must be admitted some genuine comedy. For instance, when the hero, returned from his dream of the year 1196 to 1906, bids the butler send in his daughter Alice in order that he may exercise his 1196 "droit de seigneur," and kiss her, the butler's attitude of mind is quite admirable. Mr. George Tomkins as the Butler made this point very well: his gestures and facial expression were admirable. Another point was rather well made also. In the first act, in 1906, Mr. Isaacson is playing the week-end with the hero at his castle; in the dream of 1196 the Jew Isaac of York and his daughter are haled from the dungeons, to have sentence pronounced upon them. The attitude of mind of the twelfth century Guy de Vere is contrasted with grim humour with the twelfth century views of those who meets in the dream: the twentieth century's good humour and tolerance appear almost as supernatural attributes in the twelfth century atmosphere.
But despite a few good points of this kind, the play is of the star part variety—that is to say, depending on the individuality of one actor; and this, while being well enough for London playgoers, is unfortunate for everyone else. We can go and see Jimmy Welch and be very satisfied; or less satisfied, for the provincial playgoer our satisfaction does not help him to his own, unless it induces Jimmy Welch to go upon a philanthropic tour. Even if this state of things brings temporary fame and reward to the individual actor, it does so by giving very little chance to the others, and therefore making it harder to replace that actor than it need be; while from the dramatist's point of view the whole business is lamentable, because the encouragement of star parts means the discouragement of real farce or comedy or drama of any kind. In despite of all which evil the drama does go on. To compare "When Knights Were Bold" with the revival of "A Night Out" is to get a breath of inspiration. We have, at any rate, gone on from that. "A Night Out" ran for ten years, for several hundred nights. We can be pretty sure it won't run many hundreds now. Not even managers of theatres—the most rhinoceros-hided type of men—can avoid being struck by the change of taste and reward to the individual actor, and the new local Manchester Theatre which is, I understand, a welfare-backed is being put up; the managers' only criterion is that of "what will pay," and this is such a bad criterion even of what will pay that good drama would pay, would open the eyes of commercial-minded is that of the L.C.C. purity campaign regulation of the music halls. The regulation was resisted by the managers, but nevertheless made the halls pay better. It is the same all round. The managers are only en rapport with the small section of the public: they know nothing of the real people who pay their money at the box-office, still less of those who pay their money at the doors. A municipal theatre, by showing that good drama would pay, would open the eyes of commercial managers and would result in an all-round improvement. This would promptly react upon the public sentiment and public taste. Something of this kind has been done by the Court Theatre, and something no doubt will be done by the new local Manchester Theatre which is, I understand, shortly to be established. But it is a hard row to hoe for any small company to fight against the whole capitalist-driven tendencies of the time. A municipal theatre, supported, perhaps, by a special tax on large unearned incomes, would fight more fairly, because it would have all the citizens at its back, and to the municipal theatre we must look for any serious attempt at dramatic revival.

L. HADEN GUEST.

MUSIC.

The Folk Song of Ireland.

How difficult it is to kill the patriotism of Ireland! Even to-day, when she is bleeding to death from emigration, she listens to the voice of the orator. Groping overtaxed with policemen and priests, with a whisky bill bigger than the rent-roll of the whole country, she yet finds nourishment in her generous breast for all sorts and conditions of movements and ideas, revivals and preservations. Arising out of the Gaelic League, with its far-reaching propaganda, and stimulated thereby, has come the formation of a society for the collection of folk-songs. The Irish Folk Song Society was founded two or three years ago by a group of enthusiastic Gaels in London; its working members endeavour to gather the yet-unrecorded tunes direct from the peasantry, and give these permanent place in print. The sentiment is an admirable one, for in Ireland the chance of preserving folk-songs becomes more and more remote as the years pass; and it is, therefore, especially important that the work should be done now, before the last of the hards have given place to Tommy Atkins, and the old Gaelic songs have been substituted for the fatigues of the music hall. Irishmen cannot too jealously guard these wonderful expressions of their spiritual life. In no way is the history of a nation so clearly stated as in its folk-songs; indeed, such a tune as The Coulain contains the perfect synthesis of Ireland's tragedy. And the reckless, irresponsible gaiety that is part of the tragic temperament of the Irishman finds, too, its outlet in some of the most joyous music ever imagined. Strangers acquainted only with Moore's drawing-room-Irish melodies, think that the minor cadence of Irish music is its most characteristic feature, and that there is little or nothing else but melancholy in its strains. This is a fallacy, for dance and laughter are as much a part of the peasant's life as ever they were. It may be true that he broods over his wrongs so much that he forgets how to set them right. It may be true that he still dreams of the beauty of Deirdre, of the might and glory of Cuchullain. It may be true that

... thoughts on white ships

And the king of Spain's daughter,

life, and the mundane details of life, are for a time forgotten in the luxurious melancholy of his vision. But, as I have said, this is only a part of his life. His native sense of humour seldom fails, and laughter is never far from his lips. Anyone who has ever been present at an impromptu ceilidh can tell you with what verve he enters into the joy of the moment, with that uproarious good spirits he takes his place in the Rince Fada. I have watched great, strong, middle-aged cattle-dealers in Donegal dancing furiously in the evening, after their day's work, as if there had never been such a thing as an eviction on the next townland. All thoughts of sadness, all melancholy, are repudiated and forgotten in the emancipation of an hour. But nothing, not even the echo of an insistent rhythm, the joyous recollection of some boisterous jig, can prevent return to sorrow and the songs of sorrow. The most beautiful are often the most sad, and the peasant singer (who, in Ireland, is a fastidious critic) knows this; and he loves best the sad songs for their beauty, and sings them with a more intimate appreciation of their qualities than many connoisseurs would admit.

In the latest two volumes of this society's Journal which I have before me (Vols. IV. and V.) there is, however, but little to justify publication. The tunes and ballads printed are of slight value and are indeed a poor record—if they are a record—of the society's recent work. Some of the tunes are obviously of English origin, and, as such, can only have an antiquarian interest to expert collectors. The ballad called "The Deserter" is an amusing story of enlistment and desertion, and the narrative is told with whimsical irony. There is a charming facetiousness in such lines as these:

Seven weeks in sickness there I lay,

The eighth one I was buried.

My father saw the last of his boy,

As also did my mother.

But, let me repeat, these two numbers add little to our knowledge, and must afford small satisfaction to those who hoped that the society was bent on preserving to the Irish people, those melodies which are their heritage and the delight of all who know their wonderful beauty.

is “capital” for “labour.”
CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not assume any responsibility.

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

A MUNICIPAL REPETORY THEATRE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have just read Dr. Haden-Guest's "Drama" article in this week's NEW AGE, and it has interested me immensely.

Is the Zeit-Geist more potent than I knew, or is this something more than the Zeit-Geist? I see indications of the common change everywhere, but this article seems to have a special application. I have been trying for some time to say exactly what Mr. Strachey says, and now I am trying to say more than say it, so I feel I cannot let slip the opportunity of explaining "Hear, hear!"

Miss A. E. F. Horne, with myself as her manager, is endeavouring to found a Repertory Theatre in Manchester, and we have as our object the carrying-out of the very aims which Mr. Strachey and Mr. Haden-Guest recommend. I have always admired his criticisms and I am delighted that we have his blessing on our enterprise.

We commence operations this Autumn with a series of performances at the Midland Hotel Theatre, and we mean to play good plays—Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," Rostand's "Footlights," and McEwens "David Ballard," for instance—and we hope to establish a school of Manchester dramatists, as Dr. Haden-Guest suggests we ought to do.

I am also delighted to see that he maintains that we Socialists are entitled to take our place in the Municipal Theatre. An important place in our programme. I think so, too, and I also believe we should use the drama as an aid in propaganda well.

I am quite sure that we have no more potent force at our command.

R. IRENE PAYNE.

THE LAND.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your article last week, dealing with Lord Claracard's remarks in the debate in the House of Lords on the Eroded Tenure Bill, prompts me to ask you to insert this letter. Morally, if there is any individual ownership-right, Lord Claracard's position that common property, in the name of the community, of legally vested land, constitutes robbery, is perfectly sound. But if, as I profess to demonstrate intellectually, by causal science (and as I show in "Did Christ Condemn Adultery?" and various other books, is the central teaching of Christ), personal rights do not morally exist, and their assertion involves robbery against God, then, Lord Claracard's position is simply all other private ownership, equally as to that of land) crumbles away.

According to equity between men and God, the aim of a moral society system must be to prevent the unfair and practicable equality of enjoyment by the individuals of a community, of God's property, human capacity-output, so maximally produced by the individual. This is the method which I suggest, of applying this principle, is for the state to confiscate all beyond certain maxima of income (differentiated, according to the various values to the community, of God's property, human capacity-output, no practicable equality of enjoyment by the individuals of a community, of God's property, human capacity-output, so maximally produced by the individual). This is the method which I call minimax, applied to extinguishing the community, of God's property, human capacity-output, so maximally produced by the individual.

This method, which I believe will not cause any great inconvenience to the community, of God's property, human capacity-output, so maximally produced by the individual, will enable society to counteract economic influences adverse to the greatest practicable equalisation: the money so appropriated by the state being applied to national purposes, as I have demonstrated in the present income-tax, and, beyond this, to the material upraising of the lower social strata.

It will be obvious that if society is to monopolise within limits proceeds of the ownership of land (of course applying to other property) whether he or the community "owns," the land will make no practical difference to the community. If a landowner arbitrarily tries to keep up the use of land from the public, all that will be needed to bring him to a proper sense of his responsibilities will be an arbitrary application to his case of the method of minimax, so much curtailing his income that he will be glad to have his land put to the best use in the common interest.

All arguments for libertarian schemes for satisfying the social evils incident to assertion of ownership-rights are rule-of-thumb tinkering, essentially immoral, at a problem which goes to the roots of modern society and religion. The current Socialism attacks vested interests by the burglar's method, instead of by the method of moral reorganisation. Its sword is a lath. It needs to learn a new political ABC. In a decade or two it has got one avowed Socialist, by a "freak's" vote, into Parliament. If it gets too more members of Parliament this current Socialism will be sitting tight and easy, if its sword is the present one. Your article of Aug. 8, dealing with Mr. Strachey, "touches the spot." The real adversary of Socialism is not "property," but, as you term it, "the whole basis of British ethics." There is more essential Socialism in that article of August 8th, than I have read in the whole Socialist Press for fifteen years or more.

H. CROFT HILLER.

DON JUAN IN HELL.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Either the libraries in hell are somewhat defective, or—as is more probable—Don Juan does not do much reading.

The story of the Elixir of Life, of which Don Juan is the hero, was written not, I think, by Poe but by Balzac. An entertaining incident to assertion of ownership-rights are rule-of-thumb tinkering, essentially immoral, at a problem which goes to the roots of modern society and religion. The current Socialism attacks vested interests by the burglar's method, instead of by the method of moral reorganisation. Its sword is a lath. It needs to learn a new political ABC. In a decade or two it has got one avowed Socialist, by a "freak's" vote, into Parliament. If it gets too more members of Parliament this current Socialism will be sitting tight and easy, if its sword is the present one. Your article of Aug. 8, dealing with Mr. Strachey, "touches the spot." The real adversary of Socialism is not "property," but, as you term it, "the whole basis of British ethics." There is more essential Socialism in that article of August 8th, than I have read in the whole Socialist Press for fifteen years or more.

H. CROFT HILLER.

BREEDING A RACE.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

The obvious answer to Mr. Lee's "How do you know what is wrong, until you know what is right?" is that you generally do. And the equally obvious answer to the question "What are we to breed for?" is: How can we better breeding conditions which we know to be legally messy, publicly sloppy, and superstitiously prohibited?

Moralize superior conditions—which have long been "formulated"—and superman will look after himself, not to say himself. Indeed, all that is needed among preachers of the cult—many of whom are economically as well as morally emancipated—is a little of the practical example of personal service, our command, our enterprise. For after all, superman is not a superhumanly superior person, except to those to whom the Religion of Socialism has not yet weaned from the "intoxicating ideal of the Christian family!"

EDWARD HARRISON.

MOROCCO.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

If you are interested in the pacific penetration of Morocco and happen to be acquainted with H. B. Cunningham Graham, there is no one in England, to my knowledge and according to many Moroccans of acquaintance, who has such familiarity with the country and is at the same time quite independent of the political exigencies which tangle every newspaper correspondent. He could—un he would—give you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Besides, he knows Algeria and he knows the material the French "Colonial" is made of, and I have no doubt the same principles which in vivid and picturesque language one M. C. Emigrates to the North African seaboard from Marseilles and the more South of France system make them emigrate. But with so many crowding into Tangiers at the rate of hundreds per month, the adventurers of the lowest type, who has actually made Tunis and Algiers too hot to hold them. No one can know how they were living, but they were all saying, even after forty-eight-years' experience of Tangiers, that the Moors ought to be taught a lesson; the French should rule the town and shoot down six or seven thousand of them, and then there would be something to be done! People who knew the Moors asked, what had they done to deserve this? The reply was, their insolence was insupportable. There is some some some...
THE MAGIC OF OXFORD.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Will you allow me to address a few remarks to a gentleman whose speciality was a quintessence of the humor of himself R. M., who contributed a brilliant essay to your last column on the Magic of Oxford, and tried, in his academic way, to stick pins into his blood-brothers, the Oxford Reformers. I do not know who R. M. may be; but I hope, sir, that you do not think he means one quarter of what he says. We each of us essays at the same quack-ridden public; but our tone is to be agreeable paradoxical; and we very soon learn to detract fifty per cent, for "brilliance," and a little extra for "daring," from anything written by a blood-brother before he has reached middle-age.

When the conventional rites of admiration have been performed and we examine the gist of R. M.'s argument, what good may come of it? That Oxford is the repository of a particular sort of magic which has always turned out in the past, does now and will inevitably continue to turn out, "perfect gentlemen" like R. M. and myself, that R. M. wishes he were not a gentleman but just a plain "graduate of the Revolutionary College of Mankind," and that he wishes everyone else wished the same. In order to achieve this laudable object he proposes to found a Grand-lexperiment for the manufacture of magic for the Socialist revolution. He would have all "fight magic with magic," "atmosphere with atmosphere," "tone with tone.

Now, if this seems a plausible bit of argumentation, the practical programme sketched out must surely appear to the ingenuous readers of The New Age, a little slow and cumbersome. Magic, after all, cannot be made in a moment; it takes several generations for men to learn their trade, and several more to advertise their success to the quack-ridden public; and our grandchild's grandchildren, and our great-grandchildren's grandchildren's grandchildren... The Revolutionary College of Mankind is in full working order with its in-bred staff of veteran magicians and will continue to manufacture the present futile and fashionable brand. The magic in her colleges before there were ladies and gentlemen is quite true that Oxford is a repository of magic. But it is quite untrue that Oxford has always in the past dispensed the education for the common good, but that education is not up to the standard required by officers of the Navy or Army. This high standard should be maintained and not in the last relaxed, but justified by a commission, whether he were promoted from the ranks or not.

There is another view to be taken of this commissioning entirely from the ranks, viz.: How can a subaltern officer possibly exist on 5s. 3d. a day and keep up an officer's position, messing, plain clothes for himself and man-servant, and, in the mounted branches, a groom, besides many incidental expenses, which have been met by avenues means hitherto? It is a pity that the great Socialist movement is divided on the question of general compulsory military training (not service); its adoption without prejudice by all parties would ensure universal peace, brotherhood, and prosperity, by its unanimity of purpose—viz.: Peace with security.

* * *

THE MODERN GIRL.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

May I as a mere man be allowed to thank Florence Farr and Gwendolen Bishop for their courageous and outspoken utterances on certain aspects of the sex question in recent articles by them in your columns? Our present sex-morality is mainly governed by (1) certain social and ecclesiastical taboos, and (2) the theory, that no person, therefore, is in any question that, individual women are and should be the property of individual men. Doubtless, if some of the taboos are abolished, others are the outcome of healthy and permanent attitudes. At present, however, the practice in this matter, which I for one refuse to believe, we may reasonably expect the said healthy instincts to triumph over the baser ones when a state of greater freedom shall arrive. But with the coming of the economic and political emancipation of women must come also the abolition of the ownership of women by men and the disappearance or modification of the taboos of which I have spoken. Perhaps practical steps have already been taken in this matter, which, I for one refuse to believe, we may reasonably expect the said healthy instincts to triumph over the baser ones when a state of greater freedom shall arrive. But with the coming of the economic and political emancipation of women must come also the abolition of the ownership of women by men and the disappearance or modification of the taboos of which I have spoken. Perhaps practical steps have already been taken in this matter, which, I for one refuse to believe, we may reasonably expect the said healthy instincts to triumph over the baser ones when a state of greater freedom shall arrive.

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