THE OUTLOOK.

The Bath Congress and Liberalism.

The Government must not be a little disquieted by the cold comfort they have received from the Trade Union Congress. It is true that a resolution was carried for the abolition (not the Bannermanisation) of the House of Lords, but as it was accompanied by speeches expressing utter disbelief in Ministerial professions, it will hardly serve the Liberals very effectively. Had not Mr. Knee's amendment been ruled out of order, we doubt if they would have achieved even this in any case. For the rest, the damaging criticisms directed against Mr. John Burns were evidently acceptable to the greater part of the delegates, and even the right honourable gentleman's defenders could find little to say in his behalf, save that he ought to wait and see what the promised Housing Bill would be like. For our part, we think that Labour has waited quite long enough for Mr. Burns to do something. Nobody can say that he has not had a perfectly fair chance. He has in the main been most leniently criticised by those who were under some temptation to treat him with severity. Had he justified or made any attempt to justify the hopes which his appointment raised, we believe that much would have been forgiven him. But his record as Minister is so far—nil. Not a single legislative measure of social or industrial reform has been carried as far behind as in front of his Tory predecessors. We quite agree that it is foolish waste of time to indulge in empty rhetoric about "a lost soul." But it is quite true that the Labour Congress in the past has often been almost contemptuous. The idea of a statutory Minimum Wage has been resisted from the very start. We have been told that it is merely a victory for the Anti-Sweating Crusade; it marks a most important stage in the conversion of the trade unions to a broader view of the social problem. In the past the attitude of the unions towards the sweating question has often been almost contemptuous. The idea of a statutory Minimum Wage has been resisted from the very ill-founded fear that the better-paid workmen in the skilled trades would have their wages brought down if the minimum were fixed. The doctrine of the Wages Fund dies hard, but so far as trade unionists are concerned, it seems to be spawning at last. They have seen to that, apart from humane and patriotic considerations, nothing is more dangerous to the position of the trade unionist than the creation of a vast unskilled and unorganised class with a low standard of life. A lift in wages such as a Minimum Wage would produce would be a lift all round, and the engineer and cotton-spinner would benefit scarcely less markedly than those directly affected. This the unions have perceived, as their unanimous endorsement of Miss Macarthur's resolution shows. Their attitude on the
gone. The stone-throwing, which was made an excuse for authorities presumably with the idea of breaking the unpardonable weakness and want of statesmanship on the soldiers themselves, the lead being taken by a suppress the riot, were there to cause the riot, and that they did so very effectively. The disorder only began worst that we have said of the affair in these columns. It is clear that the military, so far from being there to know how much pressure the Executive, especially in the defence asked for a verdict of manslaughter against those responsible for the shooting, and narrowly failed to it. They have recognised that the women workers are exploited by the same enemy, and that the natural comrades and allies of the men workers, that they are exploited by the same enemy, and that the same deliverance awaits them. Accordingly she has devoted her energies, not to getting votes for ladies in South Kensington, but to organising women workers class struggle by an attempt to graft a sex struggle on the same deliverance waits them. Accordingly she has devoted her energies, not to getting votes for ladies in South Kensington, but to organising women workers woman's leader. She has worked hard for the interests of her own sex and laid women workers under obligations to her which can never be repaid. She has used to confuse the issues of the defence asked for a verdict of manslaughter against those responsible for the shooting, and narrowly failed to it. She has recognised that the women workers are the natural comrades and allies of the men workers, that they are exploited by the same enemy, and that the same deliverance awaits them. Accordingly she has devoted her energies, not to getting votes for ladies in South Kensington, but to organising women workers, industrially, removing from them and from her sex the reproach of "black-legging," educating them politically, so that when Adult Suffrage comes it may find the women of the exploited classes ready to take their places beside the men in the liberation work of humanity.

Guilt—Without Extenuation.

The inquest on Mr. Birrell's victims at Belfast has ended in a disagreement of the jury. To anyone who knows how much pressure the Executive, especially in Ireland, can exert without going outside the law it will be apparent that such a conclusion involves a damaging blow to the Government. The context for the defence asked for a verdict of manslaughter against those responsible for the shooting, and narrowly failed to it. We have not the slightest doubt that the democracy of Great Britain and Ireland will bring in an unofficial verdict of "Guilty, without extenuating circumstances," against Mr. Birrell "and others." The evidence produced at the inquest fully justifies the wording of the verdict that has been said of the affair in these columns. It is clear that the military, so far from being there to suppress the riot, were there to cause the riot, and that they did so very effectively. The disorder only began when they were asked and ceased as soon as they had gone. The stone-throwing, which was made an excuse for the order to fire, was in part at least the work of the soldiers themselves, the lead being taken by a man who was one of his own officers. His whole demeanor seems to be that of the most astounding description. Altogether it is quite clear that a riot was actually provoked by the authority of the soldiers, and that a foregone conclusion of breaking the strike by armed force. Whether this was done with Mr. Birrell's deliberate connivance or was the result of unpardonable weakness and want of statesmanship on his part, we will not now enquire. We will give him the benefit of the more charitable construction. But, even so, all we can say is that a gentleman so well placed in elementary foresight and capacity is even less fitted to govern Ireland than he proved himself to be to reorganise our educational system.

The Antwerp Blacklegs.

This is a gloomy week for patriots. It is bad enough that Sir Edward Grey should disgrace us by endeavouring to engineer an entente with Tsardom. But at least we could claim that Sir Edward does not speak for the British democracy. That a Whig politician should betray the cause of liberty was bad but understandable. It is almost too horrible that British workmen should betray their class, and should shame us all before the world by voluntarily assisting the Belgian capitalists to crush the Belgian workers. Of course, the curs who have gone to Antwerp are not typical British labourers. They are our off-souceries, and it is some consolation to hear that they are in trouble and wanted to be paid. Nevertheless, it is shocking to think of how the Antwerp dockers must be feeling towards the land which once had the honour of setting the example of effective combination to all Europe. We notice that the exporters of this human refuse have adopted the plan of marking them on the hands that they may be found more readily recognised. Something might be objected to this operation. We have no objection to offer. It appears to us quite right and appropriate that they should be branded like the slaves and dogs that they are. We should like to see them branded further. We suggest that their costs should be marked in some conspicuous place with a large black T, and that they should be made to walk through the docks so adorned that all men might know those who have brought this black shame upon our fatherland.

The Price of Shame.

We have received several protests against the language we used last week in regard to the Russian Agreement. The gravamen of the case against us is that we have condemned that Agreement in advance without knowing its precise terms. An answer to this is simple—indeed, we answered it in anticipation. The precise terms are a matter of indifference to us, because in our opinion no terms, however favourable to ourselves diplomatically, could justify what we regard as a betrayal of a people. We quite agree that the Agreement probably contains no reference to the internal affairs of Tsardom as it exists, and that an agreement will be used to prop Tsardom as it exists, and the Agreement will not be used to prop Tsardom as it exists and to help it to continue to exist. Our view is that the Russian Government is a disgrace to civilisation and a menace to progress, and should be boycotted by civilised Powers. We cut off diplomatic relations with the little State of Servia, because of the unavenged death of two persons. For decades, we and all other Powers have been boycotting Turkey on the strength of disorders not comparable to the atrocities which are of daily occurrence in Russia. We are now embarking upon a similar crusade against the Congo Free State. How can we do this with any pretence of consistency, if we regard a Government, stained with darker crimes than any of these, as a proper object not merely of diplomatic censure but of friendly negotiation merely because it happens to be that of a great Power? Such a sacrifice of our honour appears to us dear at any price, and we therefore regard the exact terms of the Agreement with comparative indifference, more especially as the Russian Government has never been known to keep to a bargain when it suits its interests to violate it.
Concerning Morality.

Nor to realise that the transformation of the social system by Socialism must involve at its very outset the transformation of morality is a serious drawback for any student of Socialism. Whatever may be our opinion of what Morality is or of what it can or ought to be, there are two opinions about two contrary things. Morality is the foundation of every society, past, present, and to come. And not only is it the foundation, but Morality is likewise the bond and almost the material of the superstructure itself. The whole character of a society and a state is to be measured by its morality, which in turn reacts upon the society to make or mar.

It is very certain, however, that the modes of morality differ with every latitude, so that the moral codes of the North differ from those of the South, and those of the East from those of the West. It is also certain that the characters of people differ in the same degrees: one people's moral meat another people's poison, a code beneficial to one people fatal to another people. Hence there is need for a wide divergence in matters of morality, and for an almost suspended judgment regarding moral offences.

But there is also, it is plain, an intimate relationship between the social system of any given people and its morality. The code of morals which goes along with the system, for example, differs very widely from the code accompanying the system of peasant proprietorship. It is a well known fact that the various communistic colonies which have had their little experiments in England and elsewhere have differed amongst themselves on many things; but on the need for a new morality they have generally been in astounding agreement. All kinds of people, professionals as inferred, by English public opinion, have been tried with more or less common approval among them; and we remember seldom to have heard of any backsliding into the old morality.

The fact that such experimental colonies base their procedure upon a new dogma, from which they dramatically draw conclusions, is perhaps their condemnation. No morality is worth living that proceeds upon hypothesis or has to be reasoned out. Rationally deduced morality is in the sterility of all conduct, and is a curse to him who does and to him who is done. On the other hand, it is obvious that some dogma must underlie all conduct, since without a generous assumption the approvals of the hairy Ainus, but neither do we of the approvals of the hairy Ainus, but neither do we approve of all individuals. In reality, there is not, and never was, a "people" in the strict sense. Every "people" has at every moment every morality. There are in England this moment individuals who take the trouble to live purely intellectual, and therefore sterile, order. A man may batter his mind into the belief that he ought to proceed on the assumption of Universal Brotherhood without being able to feel its truth for a single moment. Such a reasonable dogma, as distinct from an instinctive dogma, is, as we have said, a curse to everybody. The victim of the battering process begins to put his theories into practice by first arguing out the logical deductions of his assumption, and then proceeding to apply them. But at every step it is his head only which acts, his feelings remain quite cold and unconscious. So, too, are the effects of his unfortunate subjects of experiment. To receive fraternal attention from the brother's theory of fraternity is no better than to receive an empty pummel. One feels chilled by that sort of brotherly love. On the other hand, there is a dogma of Brotherhood which is not an intellectual, but an emotional thing. My "brother" may possibly, nay, even probably, deny the dogma intellectually, but he is instinctively bound to approve of it, and in the same moment to repudiate himself behind the wall of philosophy, waiting for the cloven hoofs of the multitude to gallop by. So far removed are our genuine judgments from utilitarianism that we get almost as much satisfaction from a sincerely mischievous man as from a sincerely beneficent man. We do not, of course, derive any advantages from him, but as a spectacle to contemplate he is a genuine pleasure. It is to be doubted, for example, whether as a spectacle Mr. Gladstone or Jack the Ripper gave more aesthetic satisfaction.

On that conclusion it is possible to construct quite a number of useful principles; for instance, that it is better for you if you are a child of the devil to be a child of the devil than to try to be an archangel; that, apart from service to us, the only merit of others is their likeness to us themselves; that, probably, the sincerity of one man varies in an entirely different manner from the sincerity of another man; that, for good or for evil, we are what we are, and may as well admit it; all of which principles lead us back to the subject of Morality in general.

To venture a definition, morality is no more than the sum total of our irrational approvals and disapprovals. We say "irrational" because you can give a reason for your conduct it ceases to be moral and becomes merely rational. A scientist does not conduct his laboratory on moral laws, but on rational laws; and, similarly, a man who proceeds on the assumption of Universal Brotherhood, for instance, on which many of the approvals of the hairy Ainus, but neither do we approve of all individuals. In reality, there is not, and never was, a "people" in the strict sense. Every "people" has at every moment every morality. There are in England this moment individuals who take the trouble to live purely intellectual, and therefore sterile, order. A man may batter his mind into the belief that he ought to proceed on the assumption of Universal Brotherhood without being able to feel its truth for a single moment. Such a reasonable dogma, as distinct from an instinctive dogma, is, as we have said, a curse to everybody. The victim of the battering process begins to put his theories into practice by first arguing out the logical deductions of his assumption, and then proceeding to apply them. But at every step it is his head only which acts, his feelings remain quite cold and unconscious. So, too, are the effects of his unfortunate subjects of experiment. To receive fraternal attention from the brother's theory of fraternity is no better than to receive an empty pummel. One feels chilled by that sort of brotherly love. On the other hand, there is a dogma of Brotherhood which is not an intellectual, but an emotional thing. My "brother" may possibly, nay, even probably, deny the dogma intellectually, but he is instinctively bound to approve of it, and in the same moment to repudiate himself behind the wall of philosophy, waiting for the cloven hoofs of the multitude to gallop by. So far removed are our genuine judgments from utilitarianism that we get almost as much satisfaction
Socialism and Fiscal Reform.

II.

Even the cursory examination we were able to give to the proposals of the Tariff Reformers and Free Traders was sufficient to expose their inadequacy to solve the problems for which they were advanced. In now suggesting the Socialist solution the exigencies of space prevent anything in the nature of a full exposition; but even at the risk of being wearisome a little economic analysis is necessary. There is nothing essentially diabolical or complex about political economy; it merely involves the consideration of certain conditions we may expect certain results. What we are concerned with is the production and distribution of the national wealth, and for our purposes we may define wealth as consisting of commodities. Money as such does not concern us here, for if all the bullion and scrip were to vanish altogether, after a little inconvenience we should go on living much as before. Neither need we trouble about exports, imports, foreign exchange, etc., or exchange equivalents, which we do not produce any wealth. Neither does the exchange of non-equivalents produce any wealth; any more than wealth is produced by gambling, whether on the race-courses or Stock Exchange, or by the sale of commodities we find they are all produced in the same manner, by the application of human labour to the resources of nature, or land and raw material. Therefore no limit could be set to the wealth of the nation possessing gold nuggets in abundance. We have previously seen that our nation has been so favoured by nature that she has supplied us with some of the most fertile soil in the world, has immense supplies of coal and minerals, and has the most efficient workers. Obviously, if our nation controlled its supplies of raw material, and the land, coal and minerals, for instance, were national property, it would be almost impossible to set any limit to our individual wealth measured by commodities. And all our troubles have arisen, and until we alter it will continue to our ultimate ruin, because our forerunners have allowed these national resources to be held as private property by a small section of the community. All our poverty, our squabbles, our unemployment and degeneracy, can be traced unerringly to this one source. The bulk of the population are outlaws, they have neither part nor lot in their own country, they are here on sufferance, like the hobo, the outcast, the gypsy. The inherent wickedness of the situation is only enhanced by its simplicity. For however thrifty and industrious a man may be he cannot live without land to live upon, he cannot labour without material to work on, or a place to work in; and since the land and material he requires already belong to somebody else, under whatever political or fiscal system he may happen to live he will have to pay at the mercy of those who own the land and raw material. Now, if one class possess the land and all that therein is, it is quite a sufficient explanation of the poverty of the other class that they possess nothing, and that there is nothing left for them to possess. And it follows as a matter of course that so long as the average pay of what is called unskilled labour offers certain advantages above starvation, there may be a plenty of applicants for such labour. This is the meaning of that luminous phrase "the iron law of wages," which the Cobden Club so complacently accepts as the fate of men's fellow creatures.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon these most elementary truths of economics, not from any motive of disrespect for the intelligence of our readers, but because only by emphasising them can we understand the impatience of the Socialists towards the quack remedies of the Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. If the only result of the intellectual attrition of our statesmen for the past few years has been to increase the amount we spend, it is to create in men's minds the burning desire to transform England into a paradise, where the Lord of Men may walk in the cool of the day.

R. M.

See an excellent article by Edward Carpenter under this title in the "Albany Review" for September.
nings be he could easily convince such a House of Commons as we have at present that the drastic taxation of unearned incomes was not Socialism at all, but only Cobdenism. Then the Liberal Party would discover that the reality which had been its own was not under the stress of having to deal with the House of Lords had it forgotten to mention it; and thus all would be well.

In conclusion, it must not be supposed that these proposals, important as they are, exhaust the Socialist ideal. So long as production is carried on by private individuals for profit we shall never be able to escape our recurring periods of crisis and hard times with their accompanying unemployment and pauperism. As we have so often pointed out, the obstacles in the way of the State production of commodities are chiefly theoretical. At present we build our own ships, make our own ammunition, manage such enormous undertakings as the Army, Navy, Post Office, and Telegraphs, and by a stroke of the pen our railways could be transferred to a State Department to the immediate advantage of the community. Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid change that is coming over the average citizen in regard to these things. Although our politicians can no longer demand it; other things being equal, the more populous the site the more valuable the land, and the greater the amount of rent it yields. This is the real cause of its being that although, according to his theories, this state of things ought not to exist, nevertheless, in spite of it, it does!

That for our troubles, therefore, is entirely in our own hands. Not only our necessities, but morality and common sense demand that these enormous sources of wealth, which have for so long been diverted into private hands, shall be restored to the nation, to whom they rightly belong. The political economists, who ought to know, can find no excuse for the institution of private property except that it exists, and that it would be an act of gross injustice to dispossess the comparatively few who are overburdened already, and cannot bear any further increase in proportion to the number of people demanding it; other things being equal, the more populous the site the more valuable the land, and the greater the amount of rent it yields. This is the real cause of our recurring periods of crisis and hard times with their accompanying unemployment and pauperism. As we have so often pointed out, the obstacles in the way of the State production of commodities are chiefly theoretical. At present we build our own ships, make our own ammunition, manage such enormous undertakings as the Army, Navy, Post Office, and Telegraphs, and by a stroke of the pen our railways could be transferred to a State Department to the immediate advantage of the community. Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid change that is coming over the average citizen in regard to these things. Although our politicians can no longer demand it; other things being equal, the more populous the site the more valuable the land, and the greater the amount of rent it yields. This is the real cause of its being that although, according to his theories, this state of things ought not to exist, nevertheless, in spite of it, it does!

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after dinner, intending to walk round to his club and cab home afterwards.

The weather was over, the ladies retired and then the interest began, for the men could talk of the markets wherein their smiles were absorbed. They lounged and sat at ease, and if the discourse did not carry their pockets from whence came their strength. And every man found his pocket empty!

Friend began to whisper to friend, "I’m awfully stupid, but I couldn’t carry my money, Leander’s cheating on me, will you?" And each to confess himself in the same plight. There was no a shilling in the pockets of the company. A moment later we went up to the drawing room a little earlier just to tell it to their wives. Possibly they might have been more thoughtful than their lords and brought their purses. But not a penny, not a sovereign, not a bank note could be found. The host went to his room. Then to his safe where a roll of bank notes was usually to be found. But the safe was emptied of cash, though full of gems and plate. The house stewards was summoned and the situation explained, but his usually good supply of small change had gone too. The company began to feel a strange sensation come over them. It was felt like an unpleasant nightmare. In which the one thing useful was unattainable. "Go across to Lord Mason’s, explain the situation, and borrow ten pounds," said the host to the steward. With a rather white face the latter returned with "Lord Mason’s regrets, but he had no money in the house." That nightmare feeling became positively worse. "Confess that, there must be money somewhere," quoth Mr. Alvensleben; but amazement grew to alarm. "Wha-at," said Mr. Alvensleben, "not cash to meet a £20 cheque?" "No, sir, the manager’s terribly upset, the safes seem all right, but the gold and silver is all gone. He’s called in the police." The nightmare sense was complete. Were they all out of their minds? As the night went on it became known that not a coin or a bank note or anything in currency was left in all London. Any medium of exchange had ceased to exist. Cabbies charged their fares at police offices with "billing" them. Restaurant dinners were given in memory of ordering and expensive dinners but without the wherewithal to pay for them. For a few hours every kind of dispute raged - but before midnight it was generally acknowledged that some recollection belief had happened and that mankind was left without a medium of exchange. Money of every kind had disappeared from the earth. "What was the gigantic surprise?"

Sol laughed as the gold, silver, copper, tokens of all kinds, bank notes, scrip, and even the shell currency of the small world, fell into the flames, melting up at the first contact. "Perhaps this will stop those impudent humans from trying to draw more than their fair share of my wages and that of my scientific instruments. I shall have them here next with their flying machines, wanting to show me how to beat the Universe on a new plan. I believe they call these bits of metal and paper their "sinews of war." Well, now I will teach them to appreciate the strength of the sun’s attraction, and that two can play the game of conquest." And Sol laughed again as the earth’s coinage, like a flight of locusts, unceasingly poured itself into the flames and perished. But what was happening on earth?

II

A memorable night on earth. There was confusion dire. Capital had, indeed, "fled" at last. Whatever in the shape of jewels, clothes, or valuables of any kind you dared to convert into a "medium of exchange" mysteriously disappeared the moment you tendered it to your fellow man. Not only was there cash about, but if you tried to create an equivalent you were at once baulked by the mysterious power which had issued a new commandment to humanity, that "there shall be no sale or exchange. Large houses or estates, except on a strictly co-operative basis, could not be kept up, because of the "tribute." The reduction of the world’s population which "produced" nothing, but were either "middlemen" or lived on their means found themselves badly off, their lives saved just barely by the "sacred " hangings." But what was happening on earth?

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II

The failure of monogamy to satisfy the domestic instinct of the wealthier Turk, and that illuminating mosquito, "flying machines," the unattainable joy of general benefit to the race. As a result idle people sunk into worse repute than ever and the common pressure of necessity was more forcibly felt against them than ever under the old rules of competitive life. As idle person became a marked man and the gifts of the industrious were turned into useless task-seeing that what a man could not use he could not sell or exchange. Large houses or estates, except on a strictly co-operative basis, could not be kept up, because of the "sacred " hangings." The reduction of the world’s population which "produced" nothing, but were either "middlemen" or lived on their means found themselves badly off, their lives saved just barely by the "sacred " hangings." But what was happening on earth?

II

Perhaps I made a mistake," murmured Sol as he detected a fresh loss of power ingeniously and cunningly turned from him by "those earth worms." "Perhaps I made a mistake and it would have been wise to leave them to play with their little metal discs. They have finer wits without them. I fear it will end in taking me captive after all."
cliently attractive, does his overdressed wife. They practice it jointly, with all seeming unnecessary rectifications and occasional dashes to the temple of Western civilization—the divorce court. This is so not only in England, but even in France. In Mayfair free love has been the custom ever since the Restoration. Whenever I reflect on Mayfair I blush: so have I to do it at night. During the last fifty years polygamy and polyandry have become less and more the practice of upper middle class circles and middle class circles; and the assiduity of the reporters of the Sabbath papers has long led me to believe that freedom in love is the only kind of freedom the proletariat enjoys. Morality is the monopoly of the lower middle class.

I use the word morality in the strict Anglo-Saxon sense. That imperial strain, with its passion for abstraction, has, by degrees, abstracted from morality such virtues as courage, honesty, kindness, justice, and truthfulness, all the virtues in fact except monogamy. In the Pauline churches, and perhaps the United States of America, when you speak of a moral man, you mean a man who preserves always the appearance of being a strict practising monogamist. He may also be a thief, a murderer, an affiger, a perjurer; but as long as he is an apparently earnest monogamist, that is neither here nor there—he is the moral man. Were you to suggest to his staunchest, bitterest American assiant Jawn D. Rockefeller was not a moral man, that assiant would blush, and with tears in his eyes and voice assure you that Mr. Rockefeller's morality had never been impugned.

Morbity is a good thing, but when it is carried to this excess there is bound to be a reaction; and out of this reaction has sprung all the absurd fuses which is nowadays made about love. Herodotus, the Father of History, in his casual, perfunctory, but illuminating fashion, said the last practical word on the matter several hundred years before Christ. The perverted preoccupation with sex matters from which the Western world has suffered so long was really a dirt disease contracted in the desert by the early uncles of the Pauline churches. I have never been able to make out who they were called fathers; the official Christianities, the Churches of Rome, England, Knox, Luther, and Calvin had only one father, as was merely decent; and he was St. Paul, a very epileptic man. Torture, murder, and all the other cruelties were only ulcers, and generally wicked ones. This perverted pre-occupation with sex matters has done an infinite deal of harm, and is doing an infinite deal of harm; it produces all the unhappier curiosities, and makes most appalling wastes of human energy. How much healthier and holier are the Japanese, who do not suffer from it. They maintain a practical, common-sense frankness in sex matters; and how much more quickly they get on. Japan will be a Socialist country before we have reached the nationalisation of railways.

Soon after my attention had been drawn to this matter of Free Love, by accident I got in touch with one of the leading American free-lovers; and I have enjoyed for a long correspondence with him. The upshot of it is that I have made up my mind that the one word which cannot be rightly applied to these lovers is free. In their interesting free-love communities they enjoy a freedom, or rather a publicity, of action, unknown outside our governing class; but really they are as much slaves of the sex-preoccupation as were the leading ladies of the Vigilance Committees of the nineties. They are practically puritans upside down; and they suffer from a strong tendency to become pedantic eugenicists, and making waste of their own kind. But as they are really puritans and the object of that passion; there is certainly no room in them for that curiosity which is the beginning, and ending, of so many passions. Someone—of a low type—is sure to raise the objection, a woman. Not at all: it is very far from proved that genuine passion does anything of the kind. But if it does, it is just as easy for a woman to inspire a series of genuine passions in the same man as to inspire one of the passions of different men; and so with a man. It is, in fact, continually happening among the higher of the defective types of human beings who struggle up under individualism. It is merely a question of his or her quality and power of attraction and of feeling passion. We should try to bear in mind that love is not wholly of the body.

It follows, then, that under Socialism there will be a great deal more free, unforced monogamy than there is at present under individualism. The one thing Socialism is going to do is to produce higher types of human beings. It is if does not, it is not the right path of progress of the human race; and that much married body will find another path. But it is the right path. All its clamour against the present systems of education, in which the general modern discontent with those systems finds its best expression, means that it is the way to work out better methods of cultivating the human emotions and intellect. It will find them, and those methods will give us greater forces, and higher types of human beings; and women and super-women, by the means of the selfish, detestable kind beloved of Nietzsche. By virtue of their finer quality of attraction and their greater power of feeling passion these higher types will be more and more monogamous even free, unforced monogamy becomes the general practice of the human race.

**A LAST DESIRE.**

Even so to die,
As once I saw him die—
My friend, who like a God
Cast lightning glances into my shadowy youth,
Wanton and profound,
A dancer in the battle.

Among warriors the gladdest,
Among conquerors the saddest,
Building upon his fate another fate,
Hard, looking toward aeward,
Shuddering, because he conquered.
Exulting, that in conquering he died.
And as he died, commanding
Commanding that we should annihilate . . .

Even so to die,
As once I saw him die,
Conquering, annihilating . . .

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.
REVOLUTION BY CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SHAW’S NEW PARTY.

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THE NEW AGE

SEP'T. 12, 1907

The Future of Trades Unionism.

No serious student can have followed the discussion at the Trades Union Congress at Bath without asking himself the question: What is to be the future of Trades Unionism? It is very evident that the political centre of the industrial world has passed from the annual congress to Westminster; and with the arrival of an efficient body of Parliamentary labour representatives, the political needs of industrialism may be said to be in safe hands. The fact is all the more significant for finding an answer.

Well, let us repeat that the Trades Union Congress which, in conjunction with the Socialists, has given birth to the Labour Party at Westminster, has no longer any claim to political precedence in industrial affairs. Its main business on the political side is to maintain its interest in a well-devised programme, to concentrate upon the really important measures, and then to see that its Parliamentary representatives force these measures through the House of Commons. And all this it can do without confining itself, as at Bath, to political wrangling. For it must be remembered that the problems of industry in any modern community are vastly greater than political problems. It is utterly unworthy of two million workers to commit themselves to the belief that Parliamentary action is the only action open to them, or political reforms the only reforms they should demand. On the contrary, as we have insisted, the political necessities of the organised workers are comparatively few in number, while their industrial necessities are almost legion.

It is perfectly true that there are certain conditions of labour which are rightly demanded by the Trade Unionists; but surely when those conditions have been set in motion, the time is ripe for putting forward still further demands. Given a high rate of wages and security of employment, are trade unionists, we ask, prepared to work at any job, however menial? Or are they prepared to produce any commodities, however shoddy or injurious to the community? What guarantees under existing conditions have any good workman that he will be given good work to do? What guarantee has the public that the work of politically and economically emancipated workmen will be the best work possible? We are touching here upon the crux of the whole position. We recognise that to talk of fine and honest workmanship to a community of economic slaves is mere beating the air. From slaves we cannot expect only the works of slavery. But now that the economic pressure is beginning slowly to be lifted, we confess we should like to see signs that the demand for conditions not merely of work but of good work was being recognised. It is still true, and will always be true, that the public generally cannot tell good work from bad, and, moreover, cannot even tell what conditions are necessary to good work at all. Such questions belong properly to the Trade Unionists themselves, and theirs is the responsibility for finding an answer.

Looked at from the broad point of view, the Trades Congress may be said to represent the demands of the workers of England. We who are members of the public, have the right to ask of those demands: first, what is their purpose; and secondly, for guarantees that the demands when satisfied shall involve corresponding privileges. As present the Trades Congress has promulgated its political demands; we now know exactly the conditions our artisans require for the proper exercise of their crafts. The question is: what other changes do they demand in the organisation of the workshops in order to be able to guarantee to the public excellent work in return for economic security?

Finally, we suggest the idea that in future the Trades Congresses will do well to devote more attention to what may be called the craft side of their demands. They have in the past made clear their political necessities; let us now know what it is that workmen want in the best modes of efficient production. Ought the nation to continue the factory system or to return to small workshops? Are we getting the best work out of ourselves by our open market, or should we adopt measures of protection? Is the unlimited use of machinery good for industry as distinct from capital? Ought prices to be fixed or subject to in calculable fluctuation? Should workshop control be in the hands of commercial travellers or of master-workmen? These are the real problems of industrialism, and problems, too, which no mere Socialist can solve. For their solution the nation will have to depend upon the Trade Unionists; and, in our opinion, the next Congress would be more usefully employed in their discussion than in the discussion of political questions long since committed to the charge of an efficient Parliamentary party.
A Socialist's Note Book.

PORTSMOUTH at the present moment presents an interesting spectacle of the inner workings of a municipality. There exists in the town a definite body of anti-municipalist feeling. This is voiced by the "Property Protection Review and Ratepayers' Journal," the backers of which are unknown. Ostensibly, quite apart from this, a petition is being promoted to get an inquiry into the cost and business management of the new Technical Institute, recently erected at about three times the original estimate. This petition is set afoot in the interests of another municipality, in which it is possible to discredit municipal undertakings, then, of course, that will be all to the good. The question is who is behind the petition and the "Ratepayers' Journal." This organ supports the National Telephone Co., which has received a severe blow by the competition of municipal telephones; it is even asserted that the only reason the N.T.C. keep going in the town is to avoid advertising a municipal victory. Further, not a hundred miles from the town, a land syndicate is desirous of developing its property. Before they will allow this the Corporation insist on an expensive scheme by which the ground would be raised 9 feet. It is difficult to get any clear view of the financial interests at work, but a "municipal purity" campaign might convert some councillors to a more businesslike way of looking at schemes brought up for their approval. What interests, then, are behind the petition?

The unemployment resolution unanimously passed by the Trade Union Congress once more emphasises the essential Socialism of the working-class organisations. Labour is not now, and never can become, anti-Socialist; so soon as theoretical Socialists are prepared to translate their theory into practical proposals which can be dealt with here and now, those possibilities, however revolutionary, will be adopted by Labour. The difference of view between Trade Unionists and Socialists is that Trade Unionists are looking for work from week to week and Socialists from quarter to quarter. The Trade Unionist is only rarely able to escape the immediate tyranny of a weekly subsistence wage, the Socialist is comparatively often able to do so. I am perfectly well aware that the Trade Unionists who are Socialists are anti-labour; I confess I am anti-thesis, but the antithesis expresses the truth for all that. The difference means that while numbers of Socialists are prepared to comfortably wait hundreds of years for Socialism Trade Unionists want to get "salvation here and now," and look askance on schemes that do not begin this week or this year.

I have culled a few items which indicate the significance of our national prosperity. The imports for August last were £249,996,368, the exports £37,355,941, these being £407,448 and £4,382,391 for August last year. In Whitechapel a girl of 21, a fancy boxmaker by trade, has died from starvation. A young fancy boxmaker can nicely earn 8s. a week. The Opp. is glad to remark that the girl had kept free from the temptations of vice and drink. Query: Is a dead boxmaker better off than a living one? During the Trade Union Congress debate on Housing, Mr. Fred Kinsman quoted the important suggestion that the cost of housing schemes would be thrown upon the Imperial Exchequer. It is certainly difficult to see how any large measure of reform is to be carried out by means of the rates. In London alone the amount of rehousing necessary is so enormous as to make it certain that no more than touch the fringe of the subject. And if anything effective is to be done we require not only rehousing but an ordered redistribution of dwellings with due regard to health necessities, and any such schemes will certainly traverse many municipal boundaries and become accordingly of necessity Imperial. But why not couple the solution of the unemployed question with that of housing? Provide work for all by great schemes of the rebuilding of cities. The work might be as immediately remunerative as any other suggested work, and would within one generation improve the health of the community 100 per cent.

To Secretaries of Socialist Societies and Organisers of Lectures.

WRITE TO US FOR A PARCEL OF SPECIMEN COPIES OF "NEW AGE" FOR DISTRIBUTION AT PUBLIC MEETINGS. PARCELS WILL BE SENT CARRIAGE FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.
REVIEWS.

The Socialist and the City. By F. W. Jowett, M. P. (Allen. 1s. 6d.)

This little book is the latest addition to the admirable Labour Ideal Series which Mr. George Allen has issued with so much success, and we may safely say it is one of the best of the series. Mr. Jowett is eminently practical, and accepts the basis of the movement as the ground plan of the city of his dreams: but what this dream city is like he deliberately avoids telling us. It is enough for him to indicate the immediately practicable remedies for the primal needs of town life. Mr. Jowett does this ably and modestly but as one having the authority of a long and useful experience as a municipal administrator in Bradford.

The pervading note of his book is practicality; in fact, it is so practical that there is little that might not have come from any earnest member of the Radical party. This should make the book most valuable as a propagandist tract among the timid. It shows with much lucidity the possibility, in civic affairs at least, of revolution by evolution. For the Socialist, however, the book has no new message. That is not its purpose. Mr. Jowett comes not to bring the righteous but the sinners to repentance. However, we may without being unfair to the noble one complain against the book; and that is that in his zeal for what is practical and immediate its author has quite overlooked the possibility of changes in the fundamental government of the future. The latter half of the book has paid that attention we think the subject deserves to the coming necessity for the redistribution of municipal areas, so as to prevent the waste of overlapping services which today exists. This is one of the problems the Socialist citizen will have to face; and the views of an experienced municipal administrator like Mr. Jowett would have been a valuable contribution from this Mr. Jowett neglects none of the pressing questions of civic eugenics, and he shows how easily the cities even of to-day might be made more habitable if only the citizens would see to it that the powers already existing were properly used. "For the building up of the city of the future," he truly says, "most of the machinery is ready at hand." It is locked up in certain of its parts by restrictions placed upon it by Parliament, but there is still great scope for further development, if, and when, the people care to act."

In The First Watch and Other Engine-room Stories. By James Dalziel. (Unwin. 6s.)

Human beings devote a considerable amount of time telling each other stories, and among Englishmen there is nothing so popular as a tale of the sea. The sea is our great highway to everywhere outside our own boundaries; it is our main avenue of supply. The importance of this need has made of us a great maritime power. So it is not remarkable that we who are landlubbers, love to hear the stories of the seamen, and his tales have now been put into book form in this entertaining volume. Mr. Dalziel has no new message. That is not his purpose. He comes not to bring the righteous but the sinners to repentance. However, we may without being unfair to the noble one complain against the book; and that is that in his zeal for what is practical and immediate its author has quite overlooked the possibility of changes in the fundamental government of the future. The latter half of the book has paid that attention we think the subject deserves to the coming necessity for the redistribution of municipal areas, so as to prevent the waste of overlapping services which today exists. This is one of the problems the Socialist citizen will have to face; and the views of an experienced municipal administrator like Mr. Jowett would have been a valuable contribution from this Mr. Jowett neglects none of the pressing questions of civic eugenics, and he shows how easily the cities even of to-day might be made more habitable if only the citizens would see to it that the powers already existing were properly used. "For the building up of the city of the future," he truly says, "most of the machinery is ready at hand." It is locked up in certain of its parts by restrictions placed upon it by Parliament, but there is still great scope for further development, if, and when, the people care to act."

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About Women: Verses. By Charles Weekes. (Allen. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Charles Weekes writes society verse—with a difference. Instead of chanting with beaming ecstasy the amilities of dainty rogues in porcelain, he cocks a knowing eye, and twangs his music box as one who has information, as one who has entered into the psychology of a woman, observed what was going on, and then returned, rather blasé and cynical to be sure, but with wisdom nevertheless. These poems tell of women and love—and men, with quite an unusual flavour; they are cynical and well balanced, they have bite; but they entirely lack the purple cast of a love— or the large passion of major. They are urban and occasional, but possess an enduring note; for much that at first sight seems casually cynical, upon acquaintance proves to be just the contrary. The love sung in these songs is no trivial thing: It is a modern un sentimental love laughing because it is free. There are several poems of quite deep feeling in the book, but none of passion; the passion is controlled and ordered like the tinkling verses in which it is contained:

---

So, if you like me,
You love like this—
Come, light—a-soo.
Who can see
An inch above
A woman's kiss.

Again there are several poems of the opposite feeling, as for instance the pretty lines entitled "In Brittany":

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In Brittany I lost my way,
Ah, happy girl-child of sixteen!
Whatever my strange tongue might mean
You know not, nor the thing to say,
Till a sad kiss fell on your lips,
When, unconfused, you ceased to smile,
And answered: "Up the hill the fairest
Stands fair 'Our Lady of the Ships':
We pray there for our folk,
And then they are not wrecked nor tossed,
But come back safe, and are not lost—
And you may pray there, sir, for me."

All those who are interested in modern verse should certainly procure this little book.

Life and To-morrow. Selections from the writings of John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin. 6s.)

Life is a rare thing, only rare among men as well as women, and most of us are disposed to welcome any indications of it in our literature. We have humour in abundance, but that special mental quality which denots the quick recognition of the association of ideas and facts, is the outcome of an intelligence so unusual as to have all the appearances of the unique. That, indeed, is the effect wit should convey; it should impress one as being the brief, inevitable, and final expression of an idea. John Oliver Hobbes has this gift in no small degree, and those who know his brilliant novels, as well as those who do not know them, but who like felicity of thought and expression, will welcome Miss Zoë Proctor's excellent selection of wit and wisdom. It would not be possible to take this book as the epigrammatic exposition of Mrs. Cropley's philosophy, for the selections, although examples of the wit of perhaps the wittiest woman of her day, are generally the opinions of the people of her circle—novelists who merely did their creative impressions, perhaps, is an advantage, for the multi-personality of view would not be possible to take this book as the epigrammatic exposition of Mrs. Cropley's philosophy, for the selections, although examples of the wit of perhaps the wittiest woman of her day, are generally the opinions of the people of her circle—novelists who merely did their creative impressions, perhaps, is an advantage, for the multi-personality of view would not appear to amuse it in the least. As it is, the book has no new message. That is not its purpose. It is locked up in certain of its parts by restrictions placed upon it by Parliament, but there is still great scope for further development, if, and when, the people care to act.

Mo and Myn. By S. R. Crockett. (London. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

This is surely the worst book Mr. Crockett has ever written. Buying, selling, begging, and hunting for rare stamps in the wonderful days of stamp-collecting when collectors were few and treasure to be found in any old correspondence line surely ought to be pleasantly interesting. But the hero, a pupil-teacher, writer in the first place, his "dogginess" is that of the small boy who is "slowly off" before some grown-up whom he considers green enough to be taken in by his "dogginess." And worse than that, the interest drags its trance way through the book. Can anything be more mameable than a boy and girl love-affair treated with a mixture of dogginess and "pawly humour"?}
MARGINALIA.

"The Turn of the Balance" is the title of a novel announced for immediate publication by Mr. Alston Rivers which should be of peculiar interest just now. It is a story of communal power and the work of a searching arrangement of the methods of administering the law in the United States. The author, Mr. Brand Whitlock, has an intimate knowledge of the misery inflicted by oppression and a corrupt legal system.

Messrs. Jack announce a new volume by Miss Amy Steedman whose "In God's Garden" has become so popular. The new volume is entitled "Knights of Art" and consists of stories of the Italian painters, including twenty-four reproductions (sixteen of these in colour) of their works copied by Miss Mary Steedman.

A second edition of Mrs. C. C. Steppe's little book, "The Sphere of 'Man' in relation to that of 'Woman' in the Constitution" was issued on September 9 by Mr. Unwin. It seeks to show by historical evidence that it is only a modern verbal quibble which robs women of enfranchisement.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited, announce a book which should be of value to propagandists of ideas as well as to business men. It is entitled "The Theory and Practice of Advertising," by W. V. Scott, Ph.D., and deals with the subject from the psychological as well as the practical standpoint. There are interesting chapters on "Suggestion" and "Association of Ideas."


Messrs. Williams and Norgate will be publishing on September 17 a carefully selected volume of "New Theology Sermons." These sermons are a practical demonstration of the way in which the principles of the New Theology are expounded by the leader of the movement. Some of the sermons were delivered during the animated discussion on the "New Theology," while others have not before appeared in print.

A lectureship was recently founded in memory of the Right Rev. James Moorhouse, D.D., who was Bishop of Melbourne from 1876 to 1886. The first series of lectures was delivered by the Right Rev. J. Edward Mercer, Bishop of Tasmania, under the title of "The Soul of Progress." The aim of the lectures is to show that the Christian religion can meet the deepest social need of the individual and of the race, and to make the social movement conscious of its soul. "It is time that religion should recognise the power of social science, and it is time that social science should recognise the power of religion." The volume will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate at 6s.

"New Theology and Applied Religion" (Christian Commonwealth, Ltd., Salisbury Square, E.C., 6d.) is a report of the proceedings at the Summer School of Theology, which, like the Fabian Summer School, is situated in Wales. It is composed of a series of excellent papers on "The New Theology" by R. J. Campbell and others, leaders of the movement, each of which is authoritative, so that no one interested in this question can afford to dispense with this booklet.

Among the Autumn announcements of Mr. E. Grant Richards, H.M.S.O., "The History and Evolution of Clothes," by W. M. Webb, 15s. net; "A Pick of Sixes, A Collection of Essays," by C. M. Wilson, 6s. net; "Oscar Wilde: A Bibliography of his Poems," with Portraits and Facsimiles, by Stuart Mason, 6s. net; and a sixpenny edition of "Essays in Socialism," by Balfour "Esperanto" has had a fine advertisement in the Cambridge Congress just concluded, and the need of a universal language has been brought home to all who attended the International Congress at Stuttgart. There need be no excuse however for those who desire better acquaintance with the universally welcome "Primer of Esperanto containing Grammar and Exercises," by J. C. O'Connor, M.A., is now on all the bookstalls, justice once penny.

The book of "Attila," by Laurence Binyon, which was so successfully produced at His Majesty's Theatre last week, is published by Mr. John Murray, price 6d. net.

The first volume of "The World's Classics" edition of the works of Ruskin containing "Sesame and Lilies," and "Ethics of the Dust," is just to hand. This edition, as we have already announced, is issued by arrangement with Mr. George Allen, and it will have an advantage over other cheap editions of Ruskin so far as it will contain all his works and alterations that are still copyright. The price of the series is 15s. net.

"Competition v. Co-operation," by Sir Oliver Lodge, is the title of a well-printed pamphlet which the Liverpool Fabian Society has just published at the price of one penny. It is a valuable and well-reasoned, lucid, and convincing argument. All this, coupled with the high authority of its authorship, makes the essay one of the best propaganda tracts we have seen.

DRAMA.

What is "Attila"?

It is very easy for a poet to be hypnotised by great names and great themes, so as to be tranced beyond the possibility of any normal and cold-blooded criticism of his own work. And to this state of poetic catalepsy Mr. Laurence Binyon seems to have come. The advantages are obvious. With lips muttering in rapt ecstasy, any ordinary observation of life is impracticable. With brain fired by old tales, any application of twentieth century experience is almost vulgar. And Mr. Binyon has not applied to his play any serious observation of life or any experience of twentieth century life. I do not really imagine that he tried. Quite probably Mr. Binyon holds the view that the eternal things of humanity are eternal and are the same, overlooking the fact that the deeper, wider, and higher life of to-day gives us an insight denied to previous ages. Quite probably Mr. Binyon means by this belief that old time legends present eternal patterns. This there is no objection to old-fashioned frameworks as such, nor even to the artificial medium of blank verse: a dash of genius can overcome these things. But when the old pattern is allowed to impose itself entirely on the poet, we get not reality but a pallid reflection of something that is alien to us. And for all its colour and beautiful language Mr. Binyon's "Attila" is such a pallid reflection of old days. Mr. Binyon has allowed himself to be obsessed by the blank verse form of play and by the rhythm of words. In writing it he has called to his aid associations of many beautiful poems, not associations of many vivid personal experiences. I even venture to assert that the modern type of Attila, men like Sir Thos. Lipton, Messrs Lever, Carnegie, and Rockefeller, is a type antipathetic to the poet. And yet Mr. Binyon would have got more insight into the ways of greatness by studying Lipton or some successful East Sweater than by all his profound steeping himself in the stories of a thousand and more years ago. In the play there is talk of Attila's greatness, but Attila does not appear great; there is the hinting at great deeds, but whatever the psychology of the matter the net result at His Majesty's Theatre is that we have a story set in an old-fashioned framework and working upon old-fashioned conventional points. There is no objection to old-fashioned frameworks as such, nor even to the artificial medium of blank verse: a dash of genius can overcome these things. But when the old pattern is allowed to impose itself entirely on the poet, we get not reality but a pallid reflection of something that is alien to us. And for all its colour and beautiful language Mr. Binyon's "Attila" is such a pallid reflection of old days. Mr. Binyon has allowed himself to be obsessed by the blank verse form of play and by the rhythm of words. In writing it he has called to his aid associations of many beautiful poems, not associations of many vivid personal experiences. I even venture to assert that the modern type of Attila, men like Sir Thos. Lipton, Messrs Lever, Carnegie, and Rockefeller, is a type antipathetic to the poet. And yet Mr. Binyon would have got more insight into the ways of greatness by studying Lipton or some successful East Sweater than by all his profound steeping himself in the stories of a thousand and more years ago. In the play there is talk of Attila's greatness, but Attila does not appear great; there is the hinting at great deeds, but there is no showing of great deeds done. Attila, for Mr. Binyon, is a large powerful barbarian, around whom legends cluster, and who somehow exercises fairly powerful and commanding. However, if we are to have Attila on the stage it is just this inexplicable power that must be made plain. And if we had this one essential thing then all the其余
added ornaments instead of very essential and important parts of the production. The author has not, indeed, done more than touch the fringe of greatness. But he has caught a chink of light, and there, he has dressed Mr. Oscar Asche fiercely and Miss Lily Brayton beautifully, but with punctual regularity; but he has had to escape from the expression of anything but the most conventional sentiments. This is so even in the love scene between Attila and Ildico (Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton respectively); Attila makes love and Ildico responds with trembling beauty, but not once does Attila says a single word of passion and penetration. I was driven to compare this scene with that in Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Shadowy Veil." It is a show-piece, Yeats has compressed most of the psychology of love; in Mr. Binyon's scene there is nothing which could not have been observed out of any one of a thousand novels.

What Mr. Binyon really ought to do is to write us a play called "Attila in Mile End." and put nothing in it but the most brutally direct language and the most simply observed character, or if this is too much, write an Attila play with Sir Thomas Lipton for the hero. Naturally, any such effort would knock the structure of the present Attila play into smithereens, but inasmuch as this type of thing stands in the way of real dramatic development, result greatly to be desired. What is wrong with the art of the present day is that we are becoming so stereotyped in our lives as to be incapable of any fresh and vivid expression outside of notions vaguely suggested by the popular stage. We shall not rectify this wrong by any attempt to return to old forms of drama, whose only place nowadays is on the scrap-heap. The beauty of our day is a beauty we have yet to synthesize out of the infinite confusion of our democracy. The terror and pity of our world are vaster and more profound things than any terror and pity of the days of Attila. Except, therefore, as an historical exercise for the instruction of young persons entering for the London matriculation, any historical Attila play must be useless. If Attila is to be any use to widen and heighten our knowledge of our lives, then Attila must come out of blank verse shades into modern prose time-lapse, and endure modern humour too. Mr. Binyon does introduce humour into his play. But it is of the painful kind gained by the exhibition of a Mooring dwarf. None of this kind of thing helps us. All the beautiful scenery and the carefully thought out dresses and the fine acting are being thrown away on something which is not a play, but an Attila by a fantasy. We shall not rectify this wrong by any attempt to return to old forms of drama, whose only place nowadays is on the scrap-heap.

Yes, artist and craftsman have the same purpose, they are collaborators. The works of the painter, the potter, the enameller, the metal-worker, the cabinet-maker, and the gardener belong to the fine arts quite as much as do the works of the painter, the sculptor and the architect. Who believes that the jeweller Benvenuto Cellini, the potter Bernard Plassay, the enameller Penicaud, the metal-worker Briot, the cabinet-maker Boule, the gardener Claude in point of their achievements, is more isolated, and threatened with the fate of all privileged things, which is to drag out an impotent and vain existence. And thus we are driven to the conclusion that the artist who is not a craftsman, and the craftsman who is not an artist.

Citizens, let us efface these meaningless distinctions, let us abolish these wretched barriers, and let us realize the indissoluble unity of art in all its varied forms. For there are not two kinds of art, the industrial and the fine; there is only one Art which is use and beauty to-gether, and which is employed in giving charm to life by surrounding us with beautiful forms of beautiful thoughts. Artist and craftsman work at the same splendid task; they work together to make the home of man pleasant and attractive, lending an air of dignity and grace to the house, the town, and the garden.

That city promises you a little more justice, a little more joy. You shall work in and for it. From a happier and a juster spring of the future of art under democracy; and the subject is one which could not fail to attract a mind like his, occupied, as it is, with justice and beauty. For a strong yet subtle bond, imperceptibly but never really broken, connects the idea of justice with the idea of beauty, and thus it is out of the very constitution of a community that its art springs, just as the sap of the tree which feeds the branches gives us also the cool freshness of the leaves and the splendour of the blossoms. But before listening with you to our great orator, who will come with us to the future city, let us disclose to us the profound harmonies which unite the topmost boughs of society with its roots. I should like with your permission, to say a few words by way of preparing your minds to conceive of Art in its unity and plenitude. It will, perhaps, not be useless to bring before your minds the idea of Art as a whole, more especially as we have so long dwelt upon a mulitiated image of it, and have severed Art into two fragments, each incapable of living by itself. For we have divided Art into the superior and the inferior, the Fine Arts and the Industrial Arts—meaning by the latter phrase those material arts which could not aspire to the heights of pure beauty. As all beauty whatsoever did not necessarily grow out of fitness and harmony, and did not depend upon matter for its only means of expression! That is a distinction founded on a false metaphysic of caste; it is one of the many unhappy inequalities which have been systematically introduced among men, and do not spring directly from nature. This separation has been no less harmful in practice to the arts which it elevated than to the arts which it degraded. For it is the industrial art which has been impoverished and debased, if they have fallen from the stately elegance of Art to the coarse caprices of luxury and lost thereby all taste and feeling for beauty in the common necessities of life, the fine arts though apart and privileged, have been exposed to the perils of isolation, and threatened with the fate of all privileged things, which is to drag out an impotent and vain existence. And thus we are driven to the conclusion that the artist who is not a craftsman, and the craftsman who is not an artist.

The Unity of Art.

A speech delivered by M. Anatole France at the Porte Saint Martin, April 14, 1900, on the occasion of a lecture by Jaurès. Specially translated for THE NEW AGE with the kind permission of the author.

Comrades,

If I speak now it is only to call upon Jaurès. I am not less impatient than you are to hear him. He is going to speak to us of the future of art under democracy; and the subject is one which could not fail to attract a mind like his, occupied, as it is, with justice and beauty. For a strong yet subtle bond, imperceptibly but never really broken, connects the idea of justice with the idea of beauty, and thus it is out of the very constitution of a community that its art springs, just as the sap of the tree which feeds the branches gives us also the cool freshness of the leaves and the splendour of the blossoms. But before listening with you to our great orator, who will come with us to the future city, let us disclose to us the profound harmonies which unite the topmost boughs of society with its roots. I should like with your permission, to say a few words by way of preparing your minds to conceive of Art in its unity and plenitude. It will, perhaps, not be useless to bring before your minds the idea of Art as a whole, more especially as we have so long dwelt upon a mulitiated

THE NEW AGE. Sept. 12, 1907.
MUSIC.

England and Edward Grieg.

It seems only a few short weeks ago since we listened to Edward Grieg playing his own delightful music on the piano. Now he has passed away beyond all human intercourse, and for a little time we will talk and talk, and squabble perhaps, about his worth as a composer, praising or deeming his genius as an artist, and striving to decide, with all due assertions of our individual right, where his place is to be amongst great immortal men. About contemporary art, of any kind, one is always somewhat diffident in expressing too definite an opinion upon the vital question as to whether this poem will endure or that sonata be appreciated by succeeding generations; and we generally wait until the composer or poet dies before committing ourselves. We have agreed to forget certain paintings and certain poems, to forget certain symphonies and oratorios that had vogue enough in the time of our grandfathers, and we are not sure that things we applaud to-day with some veneration will not in their turn be forgotten by our children. Yet, surely it is possible for a man to know and recollect, to realize the really permanent qualities of any art, intellectual and emotional qualities that are of no time or place: those qualities which, in a Concert Nocturne, lift the music above all that is purely local and temporary, to the fervent appreciation of the whole world. We are really more confused by cleverness than anything else in our estimation of art. Fashions change, and when a particular style or manner has been brought to perfection in one man's work, we are so often carried away by our delight in the technique that we forget about the art. Probably in music, more than any other art, one is more likely to be bewildered in this way, for the advance in orchestral methods and the technique of musical composition has been amazing, even within the memory of the youngest of us. So rapid has been the development in orchestration, so strange and novel have been the effects produced by recent innovators, that we have come at last to look only for fresh sensations and excitement, for some new tinge of the pulse; and the more exotic the style and the more bizarre the effect upon our ears the more do we acclaim the man who can give us these sensations. Doubtless posterity will think of our period as a period of conceits and experiments, just as we, who say we are "the heirs of all the ages," look back and laugh at the foibles and vanities of the eighteenth century and sneer at the sentiment of the early-Victorians.

Those who love the music of Grieg feel it more than the passing interest of fashion or the éclat of a school, for in the pages of his score we recognize the true imprint of a man's personality. The literature of music is the richer for what he has given of his real self. His thoughts were worth expressing, for he had the honesty to give us his own thoughts and not those of other people. This, I think, is what eventually decides the worth of any art: that a man has said really and truly what he anks and not what other people think, or what he thinks other people think. I would far sooner hear the opinion of a barge upon a Nocturne of Whistler than the opinion of some cadet at the Royal Academy of Arts. From the former, if he were in the least degree intelligent, one would get an unprejudiced opinion; from the latter, unless he were a remarkably emancipated person, one is much more likely to get the opinion of the Academy. Eclectic art is bad art, but the greatest art in the world has an unmistakable human appeal. The appeal may be abnormal, it may be a broad appeal to the emotions, like the Symphonie Pathétique, or it may be a delicate evanescence like a song of Gabriel Fauré; but the appeal is always human. The opinion of the man in the street is generally someone else's, in politics, in art, in religion—it is all the same. And our English professors in music are the men in the street with other people's opinions, and their art is the art of the doctore's. If you ask the average student why he likes Stanford's music or certain dull things of Brahms, he will be surprised that you can ask him such a silly question. His training has been strictly within certain bounds: form, construction, technique, and he has been so completely engaged upon these things that the raison d'être is forgotten. Consequently, Grieg has become passé to him, for his work was not always cast in the latest fashionable mould; neither does he find in Grieg the sheer formalism of an earlier school which it is "right" to admire. This, indeed, has been the general attitude of musicians in this country. Grieg satisfied neither the conservative nor the anarchist; he was himself too honest to be either.

Yet I hope the day is not far distant when people will realize that Grieg was one of the great musicians of the nineteenth century, and that his setting of Ibsen's lyric "Ein Schwab" is one of the most beautiful of all modern songs: strange, remote, wonderful, symbolic in itself of all the mystery and darkness of the unknown magnetic North.
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BREEDING THE SUPERMAN IN AMERICA.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

The idea of "breeding the Superman" has attracted a good deal of attention on this continent for the last sixty years or so, and in my opinion the leading American thinkers on social questions have taken a lead of anything in Europe; so perhaps you will not mind my making a few remarks on it. Nearly all on this side who have carefully studied the matter are satisfied that any system of official breeding or state interference with heredity would lead to utter disaster. The first thing that the state would do would be to sterilize indiscriminately criminals, drunkards, etc. Bills for such purposes have already been before several American legislatures, and have not been defeated by large majorities. Such measures are, I think, about as bad as they could be. If a country wishes to improve the human stock, it would do better to make the existing laws so effective as to render the majority of crimes unknown to the law. If a little boys could be made to feel that they must choose between study and devotion to any wicked calling, as they are now compelled to do, there would be a considerable improvement in the quality of the race. Sterilizing criminals would simply be a new way of intensifying the dissipation of all classes. But anyway criminals and lunatics are only about two per cent. of the population, and how would state officials proceed with normal people? The great breeders of animals is to breed the whole of each generation from a small number of males. One bull is employed for many cows, one stallion for many mares, and so on. But do you think the human race would ever submit to have the state forcibly limit fatherhood to a few males? The strongest government on earth could not limit paternity to the best 8 per cent. of the males.

Another important method of breeders is the infanticide of the inferior, but our low birth-rate would make that out of the question except under very bad conditions. At present the heavy infant mortality is to some extent a selective agency, but humane persons like the Fabians want to abolish even that. Under savage conditions I cannot see how official breeders could exercise any selection which would raise the general level of the race. Of course they could pair very intellectual people together, but to do that the superior specimens would have to be removed from the standpoints of the animals themselves. Highly bred animals are very delicate, and tend strongly to become sterile, as the Turks in "The Living and the Dead." They would never submit to have the state forcibly limit motherhood to a few females? The strongest government on earth could not limit motherhood to the best per cent. of the females.

The only sensible thing that breeders could do would be to put opposite together, so that extreme might cancel one another. It is a foregone conclusion that human nature has many sides. But that is what nature already does much better than any official breeders could do. As Schopenhauer and Marx pointed out, the very tall and the very short, the very fair and the very dark, the very ethereal and the very fleshly, strongly attract each other, and nature has by means of ages of natural selection fixed these attractions far more accurately than any official breeders could do. Advanced American thinkers are therefore unanimous in rejecting official very agents, as Shaw and Wells seem to favour. But they thoroughly believe in the Superman. The way they propose to get him is by the automatic action of free sex: natural marriage. They say that every woman should have the liberty to choose her own husband, but that every man should have the liberty to choose his wife, and that every woman should have the liberty to choose her child, and that every man should have the liberty to choose his mate. Only the element of economic adjustments makes the whole thing possible. The spirit underlying the whole thing is this: free love is a thing to which pioneers of a new sexual theory are entitled, and can view with equanimity any experiments in the direction of hereditarianism.

"The really determined feminist," as you call Miss Farr, would devote their attention to Miss Farr and turn her interesting article on "The Rites of Astaroth" into plain English, for she would, I think, give a wholesome shock to some of the less clear-headed of your readers. For this pagan loving cup is so exquisitely blended and contains so many admirable ingredients that its concealed poison is likely to be swallowed by the unwary before they realise what they are taking. The spirit underlying the whole thing is to do the best for my children in all "forms" of life. Happiness is the end of all things with me.

J. THOMAS.

THE RITES OF ASTAROTH.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

If your excellent translators, when they have finished with M. Anatole France, would devote their attention to Miss Farr and turn her interesting article on "The Rites of Astaroth" into plain English, they would, I think, give a wholesome shock to some of the less clear-headed of your readers. For this pagan loving cup is so exquisitely blended and contains so many admirable ingredients that its concealed poison is likely to be swallowed by the unwary before they realise what they are taking. The spirit underlying the whole thing is so different from that of the excellent original, written by Miss Farr to your paper a few weeks ago that one doubts whether Miss Farr herself is really aware of the true nature of her own article.

In the absence of a better analysis, I venture to submit the following:

It is one thing to recognise the inevitability under present conditions of a certain amount of prostitution and to deplore our hypocritical and immoral fashion of condemning the unfortunate women who are the victims of the institution instead of removing the conditions which produce it. But it is entirely another matter to follow the example of those worn out nations who are (under the influence no doubt of Miss Farr explains of that most extraordinary climate) taking a virtue of a very doubtful necessity by stimulating the evil with all the ecstatic articles of degraded religion.

It is true that Miss Farr says "she really deplores part of marriage and prostitution is the race dease, on the part of one of the other, to rouse passions by artificial means," but she also says that she aims at putting the ideas underlying so much of the remainder of the essay that it must not be held to excuse but to condemn the arguments between marriage and prostitution.

I am not one of those prudes who object to plain speaking, and can view with equanimity any experiments in polygamy, incest, or even free love in which pioneers of a new sexual morality may think fit to engage themselves; but we must not lose sight of the fact that by "their fruits ye shall know them," and with this scientific breeder uses the best males for as many females as possible. Our marriage system says that every woman shall have her children from every man she pleases; probably at least a thousand women would wish to have a child by Roosevelt, yet public opinion permits only one woman to have with her, and the other women have to take what they can get—often worthless trash. The monopolistic system is what Ruskin called "Utopian on the side of evil instead of good." Whoever really wants the Superman must begin by attacking monogamy tooth and nail. Its grave is already dug in America, where a considerable increase in the number of women are refusing to bear children except by the best man they can find to undertake the office. A few months ago a man I know was asked by a very fine woman to father a child by her, on condition that he should pay for its maintenance. She already had an illegitimate child by another very superior man. These are the sort of cases in the United States that they are hardly noticed.

It is astounding how men will try anything rather than the simple plan of individual freedom. A few centuries ago every human being considered it self-evident that if freedom of speech or Press were permitted, or if each man could go to what church he pleased, society would be in a state of chaos. Even Bacon got hysterical over the awful horrors of freedom of conscience. Now we are getting through the same idiocy as regards free love. While free love is being practised by thousands of quite normal people in America, with the most absolute success, we hear otherwise rational persons like Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells talking like a couple of dullards. Of course there cannot be perfect freedom in such matters without producing the sort of people of which they disapprove and who should be put under state control. If we have state control of marriage with state maintenance of children and payment of mothers, there is nothing to hinder every woman being absolutely free in her sex relations, and it is perfectly clear that the poorer classes do not want to be remembered as the most stupid pedants in history they will be wise to wake up to the fact.

R. B. KERR.
still so far removed from the Superman that one would hardly choose, from the cost involved, to say that as compared with ourselves he has chosen the lesser of two evils. Even so, we should refuse to follow any such base expedient as evolving the very base practice of such appalling evil as our own and the Hindu systems of prostitution. Of two evils a progressive race should choose neither. - F. R. BENNET.

MINIMAX.

To THE EDITORS "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. John B. Middleton shows his fine sense of the moral nature of the problem, by asserting that the confiscation of God's rights, and the individual's asserting rights imputed by the State, would be tantamount to the State's and individual's assertion of rights against God, so stupefying the proposition that human rights do not exist; and who objects to minimax on the grounds that it would entail more "government" than the "wildest dreams of Collectivism"; deprive a man of his "lawful earnings," and so be "burglar method"; would not improve the state of "the poor." If Mr. Middleton had only read my letter in your issue of August 29, and had not seen "Did Christ condemn Adultery?"? I might account for his present letter on the ground of lack of information and over-eagerness to arise on his own views. As he has my book, I can only account for his letter on the assumption of his lack of capacity to apprehend what I proposed, or his blind zeal to distort for partisan ends. In itself, his letter has no point, as criticism, but as it may mislead your readers unfamiliar with my positions, perhaps you will allow me space in which to comment on it.

I should hope that any normally intelligent person who had read my book would clearly distinguish between what I urged as intellectual demonstration of moral principle, and what I merely suggested as expediency. I suggest minimax merely as what appears to me the easiest and most effective method of attaining the intellectually demonstrated moral object of the greatest practicable equalisation of enjoyment by God's creatures, of God's property, human capacity-output, as exacting rights, as God's, would no more constitute an attack on people who contemplate "earnings" as does Mr. Middleton, is to the end of compelling them to surrender plunder from God. Mr. Middleton implies, as granted, the book: I can apprehend as a better argument than I intellectually demonstrate them, I show that Christ completely conforms my demonstration. I suppose that Mr. Middleton calls himself Christian. If being Christian means anything, I hold that it means following Christ's teaching. Then, if Christ confirms my demonstration of rights, and Mr. Middleton is Christian, he must sink down to the uttermost depths of his present notions about "lawful earnings," and must come along with me to eradicate rogues to God, whatever burgling that may necessitate. We want the rightful Owner in possession, whatever happens to "lawful earnings." It will also be obvious that the State's authority and force as exacting rights, as God's, would no more constitute assertion of rights by the State, than would like action by the community to see that it would be the business of the State would be merely government at dire peril to distort for some partisan end. In itself, his letter has no point, as criticism, but as it may mislead your readers unfamiliar with my positions, perhaps you will allow me space in which to comment on it.

I suggest a universal limit of private appropriation, say 50,000 per annum income, beyond which all would be confiscated. I also suggest sub-limits as maxima to be applied to the various master-vocations, professions, taking into consideration, in regard to the superabundance of the affluent. I hold that institution of the new State-motive would at once react on individual motive, exposing a totally different type of citizen to that now prevailing.

H. CROFT HILLER.

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