The Future of the Railways.

Is it well to consider before the march of events forces it upon us. A great railway strike, with all its disastrous consequences, would go far to convince thousands of non-Socialists of the folly of entrusting our principal means of communication to the practically unfeathered control of corporations of speculators. It is hardly possible to believe that the private ownership of our railways would survive a fierce and protracted industrial struggle. A general cry for nationalisation must inevitably arise, a cry which will be swelled by the voices of many practical business men who have never been suspected of Socialist sympathies, when they see the authorities brought to reason, the blocking of every Bill can only wish the men a short struggle and a speedy victory. Meanwhile, we would urge the directors to hold, the directors of the railway companies responsible. It is not necessary to go into questions of hours, wages, and conditions of labour. The grievances of the men in the respective are serious enough, but they are overshadowed by one primary question—the recognition of the Union. If this recognition is conceded there need be no war; other matters can be settled by negotiation, compromised, and in the last resort, arbitration. If it is denied, there can be no peace. Collective bargaining is essential to labour under modern conditions; its the only means by which the worker can obtain even the minimum power of self-protection. It prevails in all one greatest and most prosperous industries, such as coal and cotton, and, while helping the men to obtain fair conditions, benefits the whole trade by removing causes of friction. It is for the railway magnates to show cause why they should be allowed to cling to despotic control of men, whose habit of mind is as if the property, health, limbs, and lives of the workers were matters in which the workers themselves had no interest. That free men should submit to the despotic control of men, whose habit of mind is expressed in such utterances as have come from the spokesmen of the companies during this crisis was not as if the property, health, limbs, and lives of the workers were matters in which the workers themselves had no interest. That free men should submit to the despotic control of men, whose habit of mind is expressed in such utterances as have come from the spokesmen of the companies during this crisis was not as if the property, health, limbs, and lives of the workers were matters in which the workers themselves had no interest. That free men should submit to the despotic control of men, whose habit of mind is expressed in such utterances as have come from the spokesmen of the companies during this crisis was not.

The Railway Bourbons.

The Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has appealed to the members for authority to strike. That the authority will be given is a foregone conclusion, and, unless the companies give way to the demands of Labour in good faith with what will prove the worst terrible industrial dispute of our times, a dispute which will paralyse every industry and cause distress to millions of people quite unconnected with its causes. For the road by the offending companies to the country will hold, the directors of the railway companies responsible. It is not necessary to go into questions of hours, wages, and conditions of labour. The grievances of the men in the respective are serious enough, but they are overshadowed by one primary question—the recognition of the Union. If this recognition is conceded there need be no war; other matters can be settled by negotiation, compromised, and in the last resort, arbitration. If it is denied, there can be no peace. Collective bargaining is essential to labour under modern conditions; its the only means by which the worker can obtain even the minimum power of self-protection. It prevails in all one greatest and most prosperous industries, such as coal and cotton, and, while helping the men to obtain fair conditions, benefits the whole trade by removing causes of friction. It is for the railway magnates to show cause why they should be allowed to cling to despotic control of men, whose habit of mind is.

The Outlook.

The contest in the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool is now in full swing, and we hope next week to be able to chronicle another seat wrested from the capitalist
The prospects of Labour seem much brighter than they seemed before the triumphs of Jarrow and Colne Valley. The Liberals have no candidate in the field, for which their Press is, of course, claiming enormous merits without any help from the working class. The Labour candidate is perhaps doubtful. We are by no means sure that Labour does not stand the best chance in a three-cornered fight, for there are plenty of Liberals who would rather see another section added to the Conservative opposition than to the menacing ranks of Socialism. However that may be, there seems reason to hope that Mr. Hill will win on his own merits without any help from the working classes.

The Orange workers by wealthy speculators is rather a high price to pay even for the perpetuation of "the Glorious, Fious, and Immortal Memory of King William III." If it is a public nuisance and anyone complains of it. Similarly, a bookmaker should be arrested if he is creating a disturbance and blocking up the public roadway, as should a Salvation Army captain, if he is doing the same. What we require is that police interference should stop. It is the business of the authorities to suppress nuisances; it is not their business to protect our morals. And any attempt to extend their operations in this direction must not only be intolerable affronts to harmless men and women and to frequent miscarriages of justice, but must distract their energies and paralyse them in the execution of their proper business—the detection and prevention of crime. We think seriously about these things must have been struck, and not a little alarmed, by increase in the proportion of undetected crimes which has taken place of late years. We trace this to the same cause as the increase in unjust arrests, and even convictions, which appears also to be unhappily on the increase. The police are too busy watching book-makers and actresses to have any leisure left for watching criminals. Horrible murders like the Ripper outrages, the Camp murder, and the affair of Merstham Tunnel go unpunished, while the police are engaged in seeing that clerks and workmen do not bet on horses and that young men in the West End do not frequent houses of ill-fame.

The Police Peril.

When the tragic-comic imbecilities of Great Wyrley, on which we commented last week, are immediately followed by the arrest of three ladies on an atrocious accusation, which the evidence proved to be utterly groundless, it may be forgiven if they begin to feel some concern and even alarm as to the present condition of our police force. In the latter case a warrant for perjury has been applied for by one of the ladies, which would be improper for us to comment upon the issues to be tried in due course. But that a terrible blunder, or rather three terrible blunders, have been committed is not denied, and cannot be denied in the face of the proceedings at Marlborough Street Police Court; the only question sub judice is whether it was a blunder or something worse. It is bad enough that a man should lie in prison without bail on the strength of evidence quite as faulty as that which induced the arrest of three-quarters of a mile away from the scene of a crime a week before the crime was committed. But it is worse that decent women should, after being subjected to every species of indignity, be brought before a police magistrate on a hideous charge which turns out to be utterly devoid of foundation. Nor is this the worst. It must be remembered that the ladies in question were exceptionally favourably situated. They were able to prove their innocence. But we do not know how many poorer women may have been subjected to unjust punishment and to shame worse than any punishment, on the strength of evidence quite as faulty. With the conduct of the individual policemen we cannot deal, since it is to be the subject of judicial proceedings. But this need not prevent us from using the strongest language about the system which makes such errors possible. In our view the whole policy pursued in regard to the class of offence alleged against these ladies is radically wrong. A disorderly house should, we think, be suppressed if it is disorderly, that is to say,

The Moderates and the Rates.

So our rates are not to go down after all. Of course, we knew that they would not long ago. The "Municipal Reform." majority on the new L.C.C. is not to be blamed except for making absurd promises which no human being could fulfil. So far from being able to reduce the rates, they have had to strain every nerve and leave many things undone which they ought to have done in order to prevent a considerable increase which is inevitable; for the expenses of government, both national and municipal, are always rising, will continue to rise and ought to continue to rise. It does not become the Liberal Press to throw stones at Spring Gardens, for their own Government at Westminster came into power on the strength of the same promises of retrenchment, and has found them equally incapable of redemption. What sensible men have to consider is how to reduce the expenditure, which is impossible, but how to distribute the burden more equitably, which is possible enough. Here is where our appeal to the middle classes should gather more popular experience than that which the Labour candidate is perhaps doubtful. We are by no means sure that Labour does not stand the best chance in a three-cornered fight, for there are plenty of Liberals who would rather see another section added to the Conservative opposition than to the menacing ranks of Socialism. However that may be, there seems reason to hope that Mr. Hill will win on his own merits without any help from the working classes.
State Homes of England.

Dr. Macnamara is one of the most efficient of the younger Liberals; and we are certain he would not promise very much more than he is ready to perform. His announcement, therefore, of a new Housing Bill for next session is a matter to be received with great satisfaction. With the general outlines, as sketched by Dr. Macnamara at Letchworth, we are in complete agreement, more particularly as they might almost have been taken from our Socialist literature. The main points suggested by him are (1) the provision of better machinery for enforcing sanitation, especially in rural areas; (2) prompt action to prevent the epidemic from spreading; and (3) the promotion of a health rate. The local authorities are to be empowered to do a good deal in a very little while. With a Local Government Board behind them intent on securing and maintaining the National Minimum of Housing, persuasion or pressure could be employed as circumstances determined. In ten years from their appointment there should be no insanitary, overcrowded, or tied cottage accommodation of any kind. People who live in cities and know the country only during the holiday season have no conception of the housing evils that exist in the villages of England. In dozens of parishes not a single cottage has been built for twenty or thirty years. Mr. Grayson clearly shows compulsion will be necessary; and we suggest the appointment of three roving Commissioners might very well be adopted for the new Housing Bill. We have truimvirates before, and on the whole they have done very well. A Housing Tribunal might be able to do a good deal in a very little while.

New Wine in Broken Bottles.

There is nothing particularly surprising in the almost instantaneous attack made by the Press on Mr. Grayson's speech of Tuesday. Speaking at Tunstall Mr. Grayson did more than repeat his now famous Huddersfield speech, he emphasised its most criticised feature, and declared himself sorry that he had not advised bottles in Belfast. When Mr. Chamberlain, on a memorable occasion at Birmingham, practically invited the German Emperor to "come on," and afterwards refused to withdraw a single word ("what I have said I have said"), the majority of people in England conceded that his manners were perhaps bad, but had no doubt that his heart was in the right place. It is the same, we imagine, in the case of Mr. Grayson. Being a people of consummate cant, we cannot admit that Mr. Grayson's speech was in the least tactless; but being also a people of unexampled pugnacity we cannot deny that it shows the right stuff. After all the British lions probably that his heart was in the right place. It is the same, we imagine, in the case of Mr. Grayson. Being a people of consummate cant, we cannot admit that Mr. Grayson's speech was in the least tactless; but being also a people of unexampled pugnacity we cannot deny that it shows the right stuff. After all the British lions probably
people of Belfast were subjected by Germans to the treatment meted out to them by Mr. Birrell's agents, and all English history would record the horror. But because the tyrants are English and Irish and belong to the same race, the tyranny is either denied or euphemistically named the restoration of order.

Now we do not ourselves take quite this view of what is called the Class-war, though it must be remembered that there are plenty of facts against us. Disraeli's two cities, and even Mr. Swinton's "two cities, that the have and the have-nots, are obvious, but we doubt whether either Plato or Disraeli meant their phrases in the modern sense. At any rate, in England at least, the have-nots have no one universally identified with one class and the have-nots with another. On the contrary, there appears to be a willingness to exchange places to some extent. The point is that we cannot proceed on the assumption of a natural antagonism between the possessing and dispossessed classes; and on the whole we think it unwise to foment even the little antagonism that exists.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that a far fiercer antagonism than now exists may easily be brought about; and what is more, may actually be made imperative. All rights are, at bottom, rights won by force or rights by agreement. If it is impossible for the governing classes of Ireland and of England and of capitalist countries generally to grant on their own initiative equal privileges to all, then there remains the only alternative of winning those privileges by force. In the long run the dispossessors of two-thirds of every nation of the satisfaction of their natural desires will prove impossible. Class war or no class war, the one-third of possessors and governed cannot remain in power and possession for ever. With each succeeding decade, education of a sort continues to spread among the masses; and if it is crude and elementary, it will nevertheless be enough to open their eyes to the real state of economic affairs. Modern religion is losing its hold and the New Theology is on the side of the people; our hereditary rulers are allowing themselves to be superseded in everything but in name by plutocrats, and it is the rise of Socialism which accounts for this. Neither Universal Suffrage, Socialism nor Disraeli's Inroads. Social Reform. Save for a handful of Liberals and one or two Tory politicians, we do not even see the beginnings of a non-Socialist party capable of undertaking social reform. More than a century ago, the French government could have the choice of an alternative to social revolution; and the mutterings of the latter will always be heard while the former is being delayed.

Hence the assertion that the present system of government is in earnest will indeed have two strings to its bow in advocating social revolution as an alternative to social reform. After all, a people incapable of revolution is incapable of commanding reform. It is not, therefore, the utility of throwing broken bottles that matters, it is the will to throw them rather than submit to palpable injustice that is precious in every people. Had not the English been prepared more than once to throw worse things than broken bottles, the nation would long ago have become a dependency of France. But the poor are equally now a dependency of the rich; and for the very reason that they have never had the spirit to throw broken bottles or anything else. In fact, we sometimes doubt whether the poor deserve to be called English at all!

Mr. Grayson's speech may therefore be regarded as an attempt to put new wine into old bottles, to arouse it from its torpor. The Irish are the same as the English in their race and lineage. A thousand or so "Englishmen" in every city of the kingdom would soon make economic tyranny a thing of the past. Had that crowd of children we spoke of to-day been of the same stock that Mr. Grayson's endeavours to make Irish artisans into English schoolboys; and we are only sorry that he poured wine into broken bottles.
there are at least excellent reasons hidden somewhere within the folds of our subliminal instincts. It is true that we cannot logically demonstrate our right to kill, but we can again logically demonstrate our right to live. Nothing, in short, is lost by killing being shown to be illogical. What is needed is to show us that something other than our ends is at stake. We do not mind being illogical so long as we can continue to live in the way we please; but once Tolstoy can show us a more pleasing way of living, and a way necessitating no killing, we shall tumble over each other's head in brotherly anxiety to be there first. Unfortunately, however, Tolstoy has no positive doctrine of anything like the intensity of his negative doctrines. He is the great don't! of Europe; and we want a new do!

There is a third dilemma in which Christian nations alone are exposed. If the Russian Government prohibits the circulation of Tolstoy's pamphlets in Russia, why should they not prohibit the printing and publication of the New Testament, on which the pamphlet is based? This, of course, appears to fall under the head of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. But does it really? The fact that Europe is professedly Christian actually disposes of the necessity for Christian endeavour. What is the use of anybody trying to become what he has not reached in glory for so long as the political victory of Christianity proves to lead to the same result? The advocation of the Church by Tolstoy has proved to lead to the same result. The establishment of a book as a classic is fatal to its hope of being read. Why defend what everybody ignores? The only thing that Tolstoy should complain of is that the Russian Government has not forbidden the circulation of the New Testament along with his pamphlets. Nothing makes a book more valuable than to have to struggle constantly for it.

Lastly, it is difficult to persuade a reformer that we do not really want his reform. If we can see so clearly that what we need he can demonstrate that we are absurd and reactionary, un-Christian and terrible in rejecting it; but though we are taken to the water we are not made to drink. Secretly it rather makes us wish that we should be such terrible fellows. That Tolstoy should be driven almost to despair by our abominations is part of the European delight in paradox. We positively prefer to live like wild beasts of the jungle so long as people like Tolstoy maintain the romantic conception of us. But once Tolstoy can make us want something that can only be obtained through a concrete action he can convince us of the necessity in the pursuit of our own ends, or of stupidity in respect of our present wants, we shall put away in a single generation the childish things of today. National, like individual, life grows suddenly to manhood in a single experience. A new faith, as a Tolstoy says, is needed, a faith not however related to belief in any intellectual creed, but related to the future which is the eternal present. Give mankind a new idea and old institutions, even as old as killing, will fall about our ears in the twinkling of an eye.

Goth and Hun.

TO-DAY I have read "Attila" and seen the beautiful old Priory dating from the twelfth century at Christchurch, near Bournemouth. The representations of the Goths and Huns have given me exactly the same impression of the modern touch that Mr. Binyon's play gives me. They are both impersonal, and therefore without charm. Mr. Binyon has not displayed in this instance the ancient magic power which enabled men to give their very life blood to their creations. One cannot feel, as one did in Ibsen's "Deutsch," "Here is an artist through and through, who knows the material he works with and is united to it until it lives and responds vitally to the sense of other human beings." But all modern drama is apt to bear the mechanical stamp which is the outcome of our civilisation. There is a German playwright who has overcome this deadly thing, his right to kill, but no other can. We can logically demonstrate our right to live. Nothing, in short, is lost by killing being shown to be illogical. What is needed is to show us that something other than our ends is at stake. We do not mind being illogical so long as we can continue to live in the way we please; but once Tolstoy can show us a more pleasing way of living, and a way necessitating no killing, we shall tumble over each other's head in brotherly anxiety to be there first. Unfortunately, however, Tolstoy has no positive doctrine of anything like the intensity of his negative doctrines. He is the great don't! of Europe; and we want a new do!

Attila. A tragedy in four acts by Laurence Binyon. (John Murray. 2 s. 6d.)

Florence Farr.
The Mere Clerk

From certain recent newspaper correspondence, of a peculiarly desultory and boneless sort, I gather that the Mere Clerk is at last awakening to the fact of his anomalous position in the industrial world. It would seem that, although more or less tentative attempts to form a trade union are likely to crystallise shortly into something more definite than the hole-and-corner society—whose precise aims and objects are so far unknown in the backdrop, as the loose membership is in the nature of a guilty secret—which is all that he has hitherto had to represent his interests. The Mere Clerk actually shows signs of standing erect and throwing back his head and folding his arms across his chest and baring defiance at his employer.

Now, I know the Mere Clerk. I know him as intimately as I know my own right hand. Sir Conan Doyle has said that he is various kinds of fine fellow: a splendid athlete, a crack volunteer, and so on. And Mr. John Davidson, in a scintillating poem, published in the old Yellow Book, and entitled, "Thirty Bob a Week," has imaged him as "falling, fighting, face forward, on the deck!"; at least the last line of the last verse is to that effect. And this picturesque treatment of an essentially unforgiving figure—always so attractive to those in search of the bizarre—would be weirdly comical if there were not the misapprehensions underlying such gaudy, prismatic misrepresentations of the poor creature. For, however you may regard him, the Mere Clerk is not admirable. The figure that he cuts on his particular stage of fools is not inspiring. He is, indeed, only one of the supernumeraries in the drama of life; and the tragedy of his condition is summed up in the circumstance that though he is absolutely indispensable, he is, of all workers, the most easily replaced of all journeymen.

He is commonly a victim of that morbid craving after Respectability which so sorely besets the honest working man, especially the honest working man with wife. He is commonly an eager, willing sacrifice on the altar of that mean ambition which sees in a white collar and a black coat the consummation of gentility. And the result . . . ?" Let me quote from Mr. H. G. Wells, who has some inkling of the nature of these small fry:—

... Those damn little clerks... they'd be no good. They haven't any spirit in them—no proud dreams and no proud lusts; and a man who hasn't one or the other is no sort of hero. For what is the hero but the fear and the excitements? They just used to skedaddle off to work—I've seen hundreds of 'em, bit of breakfast in hand, running wild and shining to catch their little season ticket train, for fear they'd get dismissed if they didn't; working hard and afraid to think; worrying back for fear they wouldn't be in time for dinner; keeping indoors after dinner for fear of the back streets; and sleeping with the wives they married, not because they wanted them, but because they had a bit of money that would make for safety in their one little skedaddle through the world. Lives insured and a bit invested for fear of accidents. And on Sundays—tired of the hereafter. As if hell was built for rabbits! And the picture is right. I see its living reproduction every day. And—these!—these talk of joining the linked ranks of labour, of taking their places among the stalwarts of industry, who just now more than at any time in the history of democracy, are forming and re-forming themselves to fight the forces of Capitalism and Privilege to a finish. If they only meant it! If they only realised their strength! If they could only see their petty differences vanish! The bank clerk would only remember and bear well in mind that the grubby office-boy's interests are identical with his own, and the proud-stomached Civil Servant could be brought to recognise the inherent equality of the typewriter girl with himself! If only this could happen, what a miracle would ensue! Beside the revolution that a universal strike of clerks would bring about, the threatened strike of the railway servants is, by comparison, a matter of no more account than one single drop of spindrift in a hurricane. For the clerk holds the very outposts of our national prosperity. In his hands is such power that the imagination boggles at any full conception of the effect of his ceasing work for one short day. Nothing could move. The very nerve-centres of our commerce would be paralysed. All avenues of inter-communication would be instantly, and as if automatically, closed. We should have no food, no water, no light, no means of conveyance. In twenty-four hours there would be no such thing as a rich man or a vested interest. The whole order of the world—a solemn and nice adjustment of our daily life—would collapse in chaos and ruin. Blind Anarchy would stalk the land . . . The bare conception of such an eventuality daunts one.

But does the Mere Clerk know his power? Does he realise that he holds the keys to every situation that can possibly arise in our complicated national economy? Reading between the lines of the letters in that futile newspaper correspondence I have mentioned, I am constrained to believe that he does not. The various writers—those, at least, of a higher courage than the rank and file—talk vauntingly of making higgling demands for a few minutes' less toil a day, for a few extra pence a week. And if they liked they could put their foot on the neck of the world!

The Fire-Signal

Here, where between the case the island grew, Sheer towers in air an altar stone: Here Zarathustra, under the black sky, Lights for himself a beacon-fire, A burning mark for battered sailors, A question mark for such as have an answer. This flame with gray-white belly To the cold distance shoots its greedy tongue, Toward ever cleaner heights it twists its neck— A seacoast reared upright with impatience! This mark I set in place before me. This flame is my soul itself: Toward new distances instantly Upward, upward, burns the unwavering fire. Why did Zarathustra from beasts and men? Why parted he sheer from all lands secure? Six lonelines he knows already— But for him the sea's self was not lonely enough, The isle bade him mount, on the cliff he is grown to a flame. After the seventh loneliness now Searching he flings his hook over his head. Oh battered sailors! Wrecks of ancient stars! Ye seas of the Future! Heavens unexplored! After all things are afraid to take the road! Give answer to the impatience of the flame, For me, the fisherman on the mountain cliff, Capture my seventh, last loneliness . . . .

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.
A Socialist's Note Book.

The great fight against Tuberculosis proceeds on its uphill way through all kinds of medical complexities towards the common sense of prevention by good food, wholesome, and outdoor life in this fight every sphere of influence gained by municipalities is an advantage, because it will bring prominently before the community the extraordinary unfruitfullness of our methods of cure. So we may welcome the provision by local authorities for evening treatment of consumptives. In this connection it is always disappointing to find scientific men spending their energies upon the elaboration of detail, methods of diagnosis, instead of upon the insistence on the common sense of prevention. Dr. Pirquet, at the International Tuberculosis Congress, announces the discovery of a new tuberculin, by the injection of which the disease may be harmlessly diagnosed in infants. As medical men are practically at one as to methods of prevention, and know the conditions which would prevent tuberculosis, is it not time they turned their attention from the purely individual conditions, diagnosis and cure to the omnipotent social conditions, and by altering these, stamp out the disease?

It will certainly be a calamity if at any time the swell socialists, who are too haughty to hold intercourse with the Labour Party, should succeed in creating a serious cleavage with the Labour movement. Some Socialists of the middle-class may have ideas of wider scope than some trade unionists, but it is undoubtedly true that the constant rubbing together of wide-viewed theorist and practical legislator produces a kind of fire-spark that starts things getting done. Socialists who are not trade unionists tend continually to become academically, while trade unionists tend to become opportunists. But their separation, far from being to the advantage of revolutionary Socialism, is much more likely to produce the kind of mixed Liberal Socialism of Mr. Chioza Money and Mr. Percy Alden and the ineffective Liberal Labourism of Mr. Maddison and Mr. Burns. Revolutionary Socialism must be firmly founded in a proletarian movement which is "independent" of any political parties tending to bolshevise the capitalist system of society. Such a proletarian movement is found in the movement of the Trade Unionists with the Labour Party, and must necessarily move in a Socialist direction. The business of Socialists is to quicken the pace.

In this column a week or two ago I noted the fact that gentlemanliness is esteemed as being the badge of gentlemanliness was of definite commercial value. Among them I mentioned journalism. The paragraph struck the fancy of some sub-editorial person with a paste-pot and a pair of shears, and was quoted a bit in various papers. But the "reference to journalism as a profession in which it is advantageous to be a gentleman was cut out. Does this mean that journalists regard the insinuation as a calumny? One hardly dares to hope it, but what else can it mean?

During the week I have come across a particularly good object-lesson of class differences. The L.C.C. have established all over London a number of pupil-teaching centres where pupil-teachers are lectured, get training, and work for examinations. These teachers are designed, of course, for use in the elementary schools, and owing to the good salaries offered, attract many who themselves come from elementary schools, but those who receive a high school education also. That is to say, at these centres there are many who come in the physique alone, so great that any intelligent person who had one or two hundred of these students marched before him could easily range them according to their social class.

All the social and physiological advantages are on the side of the middle-class child, and to a certain extent the brains also, as it would appear that the middle-class students tend to get the better paid and more highly specialised posts. This, by the way, is a curious anomaly at present; the best paid and most intelligent teachers get the chance of specialising on their own subjects, the worst paid and the least intelligent have to teach everything.

It is part of the hidden history of Socialism that all of us are rather afraid of the police. We demonstrate, we talk, we urge the most drastic measures with fiery eloquence, but very seldom does this go into direct conflict with the capitalist-made law of this country. The late riots in Whitehall form a brilliant exception. Socialists are, in fact, a peaceful folk, who would as soon think of assaulting a policeman or a landlord as of kicking their mother-in-law downstairs. But the recent police prosecutions in the West End ought to make the question of the police a matter of very lively personal interest. If it be true that the police "get up" cases against those who have displeased them, then very few of us are safe. The episode of the prosecution of Jack Williams a few weeks ago, must subsequently to the Whitehall riots, have made us all. That appeared to be a case of police persecution pure and simple. And it is an experience that might happen to any of us who happened not to be well-dressed enough to fit the police standard of a gentleman. Anyone who has ever seen the London police organisation knows that it is an efficient mechanism for keeping down the more noisy forms of lawlessness by means of a very crude and rough and ready method of administration that makes it very difficult for anyone on the wrong side of the police ever to get on the right side again. And these crude methods can be very effectively used against anyone the police may select. Other things being equal, a policeman who will support the constable, and the magistrate both—it is not a conspiracy, only a habit of mind.

I advise all Socialists to keep an eye open for possible developments in Central and West Africa. Throughout the interior of Africa the world-changes implied by the approach of the white man's civilisation, mingled with a very active propaganda of Mahomedanism, are producing a condition of unrest that is certain to flare up into war sooner or later. Our civilisation is predominantly a Christian civilisation in its outward forms, and although we straddle the world there are great non-Christian areas of whose life it is next to nothing. This is particularly the case with the Mahomedan movement in Africa. Some time ago there was a great war proceeding in Arabia; we knew nothing of it until the "being a gentleman" was cut out. Does this mean that journalists regard the insinuation as a calumny? One hardly dares to hope it, but what else can it mean? These, by the way, are cases of class differences. The L.C.C. have established all over London a number of pupil-teaching centres where pupil-teachers are lectured, get training, and work for examinations. These teachers are designed, of course, for use in the elementary schools, and owing to the good salaries offered, attract many who themselves come from elementary schools, but those who receive a high school education also. That is to say, at these centres there are many who come in the physique alone, so great that any intelligent person who had one or two hundred of these students marched before him could easily range them according to their social class.

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COMPANY make shortly, "Did Christ Claim to be Son of God?"

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Our system of ANNUITIES is quite unique, and meets the requirements of persons of moderate means to whom it is more convenient to have the income paid at stated times than at the end of each year. We therefore propose to pay a sum of money to the amount of £15 per head yearly to every person who will make a deposit of £50 to commence with, at the end of the 2nd year. This deposit will then be increased to £100, and the income will be increased accordingly. This mode of paying is calculated to suit the requirements of all classes of persons, and the investments are made in the best possible manner. We have a large number of clients who are satisfied with the system, and we believe that it will be found advantageous by those who take advantage of it.

THE NEW AGE.
SEPT. 26, 1907

Still Threatening.

The three outstanding features of the second week’s preparations for a railway war are the speeches of Lord Brassey in favour of Railway Nationalisation, of Sir Charles Maclean in favour of the Railwaysman’s Association, and of Mr. Bell in favour of discussion. So far as we can see, nothing has been done on the other side. A few papers like the “Fall Mall Gazette” have made a loyal but hopeless attempt to support the company’s positions, the Press has become unanimously in favour of the men. Mr. Bell’s most aggressively moderate speech on Sunday at Cardif could scarcely have been better timed or better phrased. He is so sure of his case and so convinced of its justice that he appears positively anxious to present it on its merits to the British public for judgment. And there is no doubt whatever that the public that takes the trouble to read his speech will find some difficulty in giving judgment against him. He has wisely abandoned every other claim than that of recognition; but on that claim he is prepared to stand though the heavens fall.

We need not argue the point again in these columns. It is perfectly clear that the vast majority of men have made up their minds that Mr. Bell and his association are right and the directors of the Companies wrong. If public opinion were the only power it is supposed to be, there would be an end of the matter. The companies would either bend or be broken. But unfortunately public opinion is no more omnipotent than omniscient; and we are quite prepared to see the struggle actually begun in defiance of the voice of public opinion. The only sign, so far, that the companies may be induced to bow to the inevitable is the speech of Sir Charles Maclean, chairman of the Metropolitan Railway Company, delivered at Coalville on Saturday. Sir Charles testified to the excellent effects of unionism among the miners, and when asked whether he would forward that view among his fellow railway directors, he gave consent by his silence. We should be glad to see the collateral testimony of the North-Eastern Railway directors, who have long ago conceded the main contention of the railway men.

Then there is Lord Brassey’s significant speech before the Chambers of Commerce at Liverpool strongly advocating the nationalisation of railways. The “Times,” we observe, solemnly assures us that Lord Brassey did not make his proposal from a social point of view, but from a strictly business point of view. But what, we should like to know, is Socialism as applied to industry if not “good business”? Precisely the claim we make for collectivism is that it is an infinitely more efficient and economic system than private ownership. If collectivism is not better business in the plain common sense, we see absolutely no merit in it. Its superiority as a method of business is its only claim. How superior it really is may easily be seen on comparison of the collectivist Post Office with the privately-owned railway system. Both systems are national in the sense that they are a daily necessity of the entire population; but the collectivist Post Office is infinitely better adapted than the railways to the total needs of the community. Let anybody compare the efficiency of the Post Office, that takes a letter from John of Groat’s to Land’s End for a penny, with the efficiency of the railway system that positively makes it impossible for Cambridgeshire fruit-growers to send their fruit to London. At this very moment tons of fruit are rotting on English trees because no railway company will convey it cheaply and quickly to where it is wanted.

If, again, we compare the returns of privately-owned railways where they exist side by side with State-owned railways, the figures in most instances are in favour of the superior efficiency of State over private railways. Here, for example, is the table constructed by Mr. J. S. Jeans, showing the percentage of total administrative working expenses on the State and private lines respectively of different European countries:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>State Lines</th>
<th>Companies’ Lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Per cent.</td>
<td>Per cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>9.40</td>
<td>13.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austria-Hungary</td>
<td>6.40</td>
<td>8.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belgium</td>
<td>5.05</td>
<td>10.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denmark</td>
<td>6.89</td>
<td>7.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>16.16</td>
<td>9.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
<td>6.49</td>
<td>8.76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norway</td>
<td>7.50</td>
<td>7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland</td>
<td>5.39</td>
<td>10.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roumania</td>
<td>4.94</td>
<td>10.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russia</td>
<td>9.47</td>
<td>13.70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In France alone, as will be seen, is the cost of State administration considerably greater than that of private administration; and this difference is explained by the fact that the State in France only owns the feeders, while the companies own the main trunks. Or let us take the crucial question in business of transit rates and charges. In the Report presented by Sir Bernhard Samuelson to the Associated Chambers of Commerce the following table occurs:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Distance from to</th>
<th>British</th>
<th>German</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Birmingham to London</td>
<td>23/6</td>
<td>11/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton Goods</td>
<td>Distance from Manchester to London 39/- 20/- to 25/-</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Machinery</td>
<td>Distance from Leeds to Hull 25/- 4/6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

There is, in short, no doubt whatever that Lord Brassey is right, whether from a Socialist standpoint or from the standpoint of good business, in advocating railway nationalisation. Our hope is that the threatened strike may prove a turning-point in English railway history. Truly the railwaymen are fighting a greater battle than they are aware of. The dispute should bring about the adoption in England of the system of State-ownership long ago adopted in most Continental countries and by our own Colonies, good will have come out of a threatened evil.

Stowed, on a mountain top, a mighty oak.

Moist, on a mountain top, a mighty oak.

There, on a mountain top, a mighty oak.

On a mountain top, a mighty oak.

In the mountains, on a mountain top, a mighty oak.

The mountains are beneath, the sky is near.

The mountains are beneath, the sky is near.

The mountains are beneath, the sky is near.

The mountains are beneath, the sky is near.

The mountains are beneath, the sky is near.
Two Addresses by Anatole France.

I.


Citizens,—The Association which we are inaugurating to-day is formed for study. It consists of men who have met to think in common. You desire to acquire knowledge that shall give breadth as well as exactitude to your ideas, and thus enrich your minds with true riches. Contrary to the custom of the sons of the rich, who study only to pass some examination, and when that is over, hasten to get rid of their learning, as if it were useless lumber, you mean both to understand and to remember. Your desire is more noble and more disinterested. And as you intend to work for your own development, you will naturally choose what is really useful as well as what is really beautiful.

For useful knowledge is not merely knowledge of some trade or craft. Though it is well that everybody shall know as much as possible, it is even better that he should learn of nature which has shaped both us and the society in which we live. Whatever may be our position in life, we are men first, and have a supreme interest in knowing the conditions necessary to human life. For we are dependent both on nature and on society, and it is only after understanding the causes of that dependence that we shall discover the means of making it more easy and pleasant. It is just because the discovery of the great physical laws which govern the world has been so slow, so long delayed, that a crude morality, based on false interpretations of natural phenomena, has been imposed on the masses of men and subjected them to cruel and imbecile practices.

Do you suppose, for example, that if we had learned number of men had grasped this idea of the universe, that is really useful as well as what is really beautiful. How, in fact, can they be separated by anyone with even a little philosophy?

I.

The Marseillaise and the Carmagnole overthrew the armies of kings and emperors. Is laughter useless? Is it so small a thing to please and to charm?

You sometimes hear moralists say that happiness is impossible in life. Do not listen to them. A long religious tradition, which still weighs upon us, has taught us that privation, suffering, and misery are blessings, and that a special merit attends to voluntarily suffer privation. What a delusion! This telling of people that they must be wretched in this world in order to be happy in another has resulted in despicable resignation to oppression and injustice. Do not listen to the priests who say that suffering is good. It is joy that is good.

Our instincts, our organs, our physical and moral nature, our whole being, counsel us to seek happiness on earth. It is hard enough to be found. Let us not flee from it. Let us not be afraid of joy; and when a happy form or a charming thought offers us pleasure, let us not refuse it. Your Association is of this opinion. For along with useful studies you are being offered pleasant studies, which are useful also. You will become acquainted with the great poets: Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Shakspeare. This will nurture your minds to grow in strength and beauty.

And it is high time, Citizens, that your strength should be felt, and your will, grown clear and noble, be used to establish a little more reason and justice in a world which no longer is moved by selfishness and fear! We have lately beheld our bourgeois societies and its leaders incapable, I will not say of the ideal justice of the future, but even of the old crude justice, the survival of ruder epochs. In their folly, they have dealt a mortal blow at the very Justice which protects them. We have seen them triumph by means of forces, aspire to the most brutal things, and incite in our streets civil war and the hatred of men.

It is for you, Citizens and Workers, to reuse yourselves and by study and reflection to fit yourselves for preparing the advent of social justice and universal peace.

II.

Address delivered at the annual meeting of the "Workmen's Evenings," Montreuil-sous-Bois, Jan. 7th, 1907.

Citizens,—You realised that ignorance is the worst of slaverys, and you made up your minds to free yourselves from it. Feeling that man can do nothing so long as he knows nothing, but must remain imprisoned within his ignorance as within a gloomy prison, you endeavoured to pierce its black walls. You undertook the task alone and without assistance; and you have succeeded. During these four years, you have not only enlarged your minds but you have attracted a sufficient number of students to necessitate an enlargement of your hall. Your work lives and prospers.

You have called your Association by a simple name, which is also an admirable name: "Study-evenings after Work."

The name is beautiful because the thing is beautiful. Study after work! That argues strength of will and shows how much you are worth! For study is easy enough when one's whole time is free; it is pleasant enough, but not so much when it is only a certain time after heavy toil, and when one has borne the burden and heat of the day, that shows effort and a splendid courage.

Citizens, you have made that effort, and you have carried out this enter-
prise with equal skill and boldness. The methods you have adopted have been admirable. First you studied without any other aid than that of books the place of our planet in the universe, and caught a glimpse of the boundless spaces in which the theological vault of heaven, you destroyed at the same time many ancient superstitions. After a year spent in learning the true position of our world among the host of worlds, and the dominance of the animal kingdom which is the reign of war, institute upon earth the reign of man, which is the era of justice and peace. You have devoted a third year to the study of anatomy. And now you have been very much interested in the science of the organs and their functions. I am not surprised at that, but I am glad of it, because ignorance in past ages of the conditions of organic life has produced barbarous prejudice and barbarous systems of conduct and the rules of life. Remember, Citizens, that we live in an age whose conditions are still mainly determined by superstitions and prejudices not merely alien but contrary to science; that it is important to substitute the scientific for the theological spirit in all the areas of human activity; and that your task so well begun will be in vain unless when you have honestly considered the laws of nature, you endeavour to make your private and public conduct conform to them. Be on your guard! At this very moment this science that you love, that gives you so much strength, is being attacked by an innumerable army of reactionaries commanded by monkish men; the spirit of untruth is this moment exposed to the furious onslaught of the theological spirit. It is time to be on the watch for the defence of our liberties, and of the Republic which alone can guarantee the upholding of the cause of progress, and the progress of the arts and of the human mind. Not the least among the hopeful characteristics of the movement of ideas towards Socialism, is the fact that artists have been drawn towards it, but that they have found a place in the movement which is not merely the fighting-line of propaganda. Most great movements have appreciated unconsciously, if not prominently, the propagandists; yet Socialism, though less so, has not been entirely lacking in this respect. In fact, the growth of Socialism in England is so closely associated with the growth of the Arts and Crafts movement that no amount of one would be true without perpetual reference to the other. This has been largely due to the influence of William Morris, who drew around him most of the notable craftsmen of his time, among these being Walter Crane, whose many activities in connection with the great humanist movements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century give his autobiography a peculiar interest for Socialists.

Walter Crane, even more than William Morris, has set his decorative mark upon Socialist propaganda. It was his excellent designs which made the covers of the early Socialist journals and tract distinctive. Notably among the publications whose bore his mark were Mrs. Annie Besant's "Our Corner"; E. Belfort Bax's "Time"; and the now forgotten "Practical Socialist.

More familiar, however, are the designs he made for the famous tracts of the Hampstead Socialist Society, the "Fabian Essays," and the spirited drawing for the cover of Linnell's Death Song, written by Morris for the funeral of Alfred Linnell, who was killed by the police in Trafalgar Square in 1887. A reproduction of the cover of this leaflet appears in this volume.

Walter Crane was born in Maryland Street, Liverpool, in 1845, but did not remain long enough in the great seaport to become a conscious citizen, for at the age of three months, owing to his father's state of health, he was transported to Torquay. Both his father and mother came from Chester, where the Crane family dates back to the time of Elizabeth. His father was a painter and lithographer. So the young Walter Crane had opportunities of familiarising himself with the tools of his art at an early age; in fact, he never remembers being without a pencil of some kind, and he could draw when quite a child.

"I picked up in my father's studio and under his eye a variety of artistic knowledge in an unsystematic way. I was always drawing, and any reading, or looking at prints or pictures, led back to drawing again."

There were many illustrated books in his father's studio—Nash's "Mansions," Scott's novels illustrated, and the "Art Journal." He was instinctively drawn to the woodcuts in these volumes.

"I distinctly recall reproductions of Albert Durer's 'The Great Horse,' 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil,' and the 'Melancholia,' and these, while among my earliest artistic impressions, have retained and increased their authority in later days. The powerful German imagination in such works among the moderns as those of Alfred Renel, the romantic fantasy of Moritz Schwind, and, more academic and dry, but skilfully composed, and Holbeinesque in treatment, the Bible designs of Schnorr."

The Crane family settled in London in 1857. Young Walter spent most of his time, and made rapid progress, in drawing. His chief subjects were cattle, horses, and dogs. But later he used to amuse himself by making illustrations for such then familiar books as Cowper's "Task," Scott's "Ballads," and Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy." These were generally bought by them, however, and I was thus endowed with a complete set of illustrations in colour for Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," an effort which marked a turning point in his career. The drawings were shown to Ruskin, who gave an enthusiastic note of approval, and afterwards to W. J. Linton, the great wood-engraver, who so impressed him that he took Crane into his office without a premium to learn the craft of drawing and engraving on wood.
Mr. Crane gives an interesting picture of the revolutionary-craftsman:—

"W. J. Linton was in appearance small of stature, but a voluble, thoughtful man, with dark hair, rather dark and thin, fell in actual locks to his shoulders, and he wore a long flowing beard and moustache, then beginning to be ringed. A small but impulsive-looking, highly sensitive face with kindly blue eyes looking out under the unusually broad brim of a black 'wide-awake.' He wore turned down the front of the world mostly turned them up—a loose, continental-looking necktie, black velvet waistcoat, and a long-waisted coat of a very peculiar cut, having no formal patch buttons at the junction of the skirts at the back, trousers of an antique pattern belonging to the 'forties,' rather tight at the knees and falling over Wellington boots, his two small tail sits at the sides."

Linton is further described as being "a true Socialist at heart, with an ardent love of liberty, and with much of the revolutionary feeling of '48 about him." Association with such a man gave an impulse to the natural bent of the artist's mind, which has borne fruit in his life-work as painter, decorator, and reformer. The many-sided character of Crane's work is strikingly brought out in these reminiscences. The variety of these activities, in painting, engraving, book-binding, all on one hand, practical decorating and working in 'gesso and other mural mediums, designing for tapestry, wallpapers, etc., to say nothing of his reform and literary work, is a striking example of the multiplicity of craftsmanship of William Morris, through whose teaching Walter Crane finally became a Socialist. Here is his account of the circumstances:

"A little pamphlet entitled 'Art and Socialism,' issued as one of the 'Leaf Reprints,' really a reprint of one of Morris's addresses—had a great effect upon my mind, and led me into a correspondence with Morris upon the subject. In the course of our letters he turned to me against Socialism, and I then understood it, and he very kindly wrote fully in reply. The result was that the difference of opinion disappeared, and from the verge of pessimism I regard as progress."

The chapter of the reminiscences entitled 'Art and Socialism' is full of interesting matter relating to the early days of Socialist organisation in England, as well as of the origin and development of the Arts and Crafts movement. Of the former there are accounts of the autobiographer's association with John Burns, Cuningham Graham, Mrs. Besant, H. M. Hyndman, Edward Carpenter, Bernard Shaw, as well as with William Morris, with whom, after all, he was most in sympathy. He was a witness of the stand for the freedom of the Place, in Trafalgar Square on that ill-fated November Sunday in 1887, and saw William Morris "at the head of his Hammersmith League" refuse admission to the Square by the police. He describes how, and Cunningham Graham headdled a rush which resulted in their breaking through the "solid blue hedge of policemen six deep," only to be instantly taken into custody:

"The state of things was not improved by the frequent charges of mounted police upon the inoffensive crowd. I narrowly escaped myself in crossing over to Parliament Street. There were broken heads. I saw one unfortunate man led by, bleeding; but worse than this, one man was knocked down by the mounted police and 'so injured that he died in the hospital afterwards. I never saw anything so like the scene seen in Turkey, where a wounded man is left all one side. The police, in spite of their numbers, apparently thought they could not cope with the crowd. . . . So the Crowd was driven back and I remember the gloom of the November evening the glitter of the bayonets, and the red line in front of the National Gallery, and also the magistrate raking the flames of the gaol fire, at the end of a row of Life Guards, having been hastily fetched to read the Riot Act."

Among the many reminiscences of Morris there is a curious little sketch of the poet standing on a waggon in Hyde Park addressing a May Day demonstration; the waggon is decked with spring wild flowers and the red flag waves over his head. And there is a fine sentence describing the funeral of William Morris at Lechlade:

"There was no ghastly black-plumed hearse or undertakers to be seen, but a simple country cart, gaily painted and decked with flowers, and drawn by a splendid shire horse, was there to bear the poet's body to its last rest."
ism?" According to our author, there is—the taxation of land values. But we must speak for himself. "The taxation of land values," says Mr. Howe, "is far more than a fiscal expedient for the juster distribution of the burdens of government. It is a method of individualization. It would place in the hands of the community those things that are public, and leave in private hands those activities that are competitive." Elsewhere, too, he says, "the taxation of land is thus not a localized question. It lies at the very heart of the life of Great Britain. It explains the monopoly of the land, its use as game preserves by the few, and disease-breeding tenements crowding the richness behind the shadow of social philosophy. They recognize that the life of a people is controlled by its resources. They accept the economic interpretation of society. They see that their country is being destroyed through the oppression of the aristocracy and misuse of power by the land-owning classes. They would relieve the unequal distribution of wealth, not by Socialism, but through the appropriation by the State of all of the social value which society itself has given to the land." We have quoted at length to show what a delicate operation drawing the line between individualism and Socialism is. As practically all the social value of land and absolutely all the social value of other forms of capital is given by society, it can only appropriate all such value by nationalizing all land and capital. And this economic truth is so obvious a truth of individualism. It would place in the hands of the community those things that are public, and leave in private hands those activities that are competitive. "The Lepers" where Mangèlè talks of a woman's honour" to the hero, who is quite sure Mr. Lovel and Miss Kenmore would have been at pains to acquire. The Bijou Theatre appeals to "the more thoughtful section of the play-going public." Elsewhere, too, lie says, "the taxation of land whose art can ignite (by a process familiar to all students of mechanics) the adjacent powder magazine, the engineers go mad and blow up the boilers, only the soldiers remain calm, and getting away in a throng, the hero escapes of course, and is picked up "detail," takes the deserter's place (he still has the matches, dearly beloved, pray do not forget the matches), and departs upon the "Beachy Head." Incidentally I must say that the two lumps of coal as holding "a woman's honour." The whole play turns on this aforesaid cardboard box and its contents, which show him, not speak for himself.

### DRAMA

**Ibsen and Drury Lane.**

Having been to see "The Master Builder" at the Bijou Theatre one night and "The Sins of Society" at Drury Lane the next, the most serious criticism I have to offer is that both companies would have been very much better occupied playing the other piece. It is a pity that such excellent actors as the Drury Lane company should waste themselves on the display of a barren series of tableaux that make up the Drurians, but it is lamentable that the barren wastes of acting of Mr. Leigh Lovel and Co. should be displayed upon the Blair. But we are not here to dwell upon a series of clever boys and girls in their picturesque comedy scenes (the play is quite worth going for these alone) of deliberately gaging the play. It must anyway be a heartless temperance, especially when Chevalier has to talk a couple of lumps of coal as holding "a woman's honour."
what the drama means. There is very little doubt but that the gestures, attitudes and modulations of voice never received any attention, as the footlights are susceptible of precise study. Every good actor and actress has graduated in this study and can hand the knowledge on by example, if not by precept. The fact that the real craft and design of actual men and women does not abolish the necessity of acting his plays, but only renders futile some of the crystallised conventions of theatricality. The temptation to overact is as great as ever, and the public are probably as tempting as ever, but those who appeal to the advanced section of the public will kindly remember that Ibsen is a generation old. We have done with 'Ibsen's' the public is not prepared by; if he is to appeal to us now it must be the straight-forward appeal of a genius realist's conceptions of human character competently presented by good actors.

L. HADEN GUEST.

The Clarion Guild of Handicraft.

The Clarion Guild of Handicraft are now holding their fourth annual exhibition in the Bishopsgate Institute. If the exhibition is intended as a foretaste of what art will be like in under Socialism, I only say that I do not like it. Apart from the work of a dozen or so exhibitors—professional craftsmen who have no particular concern with the Clarion Guild—the work exhibited is mostly rubbish. I should have been disheartened by the painful fact is that nothing short of the naked truth will suffice to convey my meaning to people who have so superficially misunderstood the intentions of Morris and the pioneers of our handicraft revival.

I should, indeed, have passed over the exhibition in silence had it not been advertised by the names of well-known people like Mr. Walter Crane. But his position as president of the Arts and Crafts Society lends an illegitimate distinction to work of which he can scarcely be thought to approve. As a matter of fact, the most stolid public indifference to the craft would be better than what is being done. I should have been led to dissemble my disapproval in vague phrases, but the painful fact is that nothing short of the naked truth will suffice to convey my meaning to people who have so completely misunderstood the intentions of Morris and the pioneers of our handicraft revival.

As far as I can learn, the Clarion Guild has not only failed to understand the very meaning of craft, it has imported into its philosophy a positive misunderstanding of a radical nature. Everything turns, as it were, in craftsman's on what is called encouraging individuality in work. Now, I have read from time to time in the pages of the "Clarion" some disquieting advice upon this subject; but at this moment I prefer to recall a little conversation I had with a member of the Clarion Guild. After looking round the Exhibition, I enquired for my interest what text-books were used by Clarion craftsmen. The reply was that the use of text-books was not encouraged, the craftsmen being urged to develop and express their own individuality. The obvious retort, which however I did not make, was to say that judging from the Exhibition, the Clarion craftsmen's individuality was not worth expressing. I further enquired whether the Guild did not aim at recovering the tradition of craft-design as it existed in the Middle Ages; to which, again, I received a negative answer. From this attitude it was perfectly clear that the Clarion Guild had no conception that there were or ever had been right ways and wrong ways in craft, or that the right ways had long ago been learned and lately recovered. It is sufficient apparently for them that every amiable amateur should translate his crude native ideas into actuality in order to qualify for the Clarion Guild and take his place in the market side by side with the traditional workers.

A more foreign idea of individuality is the spirit of handicraft may be seen from the following extract from Professor Lethaby's preface to the Artistic Crafts Series: "We wish, he says, to provide trust-worthy text-books of workshop practice from the points of view of experts who have critically examined the methods current in the shops, and putting aside vain survivals, are prepared to say what is good workmanship, and to set up a standard of quality in the crafts." Here, in fact, is the plain issue. Professor Lethaby and all competent craftsmen say that the standard of quality and design, which is the business of craftsmen to renew and practise; the Clarion Guild, on the other hand, imply that there is a discoverable—and once discovered—standard of quality and design, which it is the business of craftsmen to renew and practise; the Clarion Guild, on the other hand, imply that there is a discoverable—and once discovered—standard, and is all for encouraging individuality and nothing else. Well, the result is not inviting!

Coming to the actual exhibits, the place of honour should be given to F. G. Cortes whose book-bindings are examples of first-rate workmanship and design. The jewellery by B. Cuzner, F. K. Sheldon, F. Braddon, W. S. Hadway, and J. A. Hodel is very interesting; some of it is quite good. The Cartoons for Stained Glass by Mahel Esplin are very promising, though I think there is too much painting to come out well in execution. Some Etchings by Mabel C. Robinson are excellent; "Cloth Fair, Smithfield," deserves special mention. The fabrics of the Brema looms are very creditable, while some very good work is done in illuminated manuscripts. The furniture is the least satisfactory part of the exhibition. There are good points in that by Mr. Romney Green, though it is too mannered for my liking. The furniture by Mr. F. A. Voysey (I did not know Mr. Voysey was a Socialist) is characteristic of his work, though I must say I consider the elongated side rails to the backs of his chairs very dangerous. I regret Mr. Voysey should have done this. Work of this kind does great harm. It leads the public to suppose artists are necessarily impracticable. A. J. Penny.

MUSIC.

At the Queen's Hall I HAVE just been listening again to "Finlandia" at a Promenade Concert. I was fortunate enough to hear its "first performance in England" a year ago or so, and the strong impression I received then has strengthened. Sibelius is a great man of genius, and this is a truly wonderful work of his—a study, it might be called, in superlatives. Terrific waves of sound surge along with irresistible fury, throwing wildly with passion, ferve, rebellious, blood-thirsty. It is like some terrible conflict of the soul, a breaking with the bonds of darkness and of death, flinging out wild songs of courage and hope, like youth laughing in the face of despair, and trembling at length into triumph and peace; and with the peace there is a great love, and with the love there is a great pity. The rare beauty of this sorrowful music is almost exhausting to listen to, and it is with some feeling of relief that we find ourselves carried off again into rebellion and the songs of anarchy, to be frightened at the end of all, by the mad cry of victory and achievement. They say that this work was so electric in its effect upon the people of Finland that the Government, or an authority of some kind, thought it prudent to prohibit its performance. I do not wonder. Sibelius used no folk songs in the composition of this overture; he preferred to be himself when he had something to say; and not to learn nationality from a text-book. Being a strong

How much are you worth?

Per week. We can show you the way to earn double your present income. See us at once at our special: 9. Write today for our FREE Book, "The Million Dollar Engine," by a famous expert on electrical engineering. It tells you how to crash training at a Correspondence Institute. 101, Northampton House, Southampton Street, Holborn, London.
The "Times" of September has nothing improbable about it. . . .

Violence is a right for people who fear for their existence.

The orchestra never played better, and Miss Edith Kirkwood's singing was charming. It is a strange thing how very few of our British singers have brains, or if they have, use them. Miss Kirkwood, however, sings intelligently always, and her rendering of "Je suis Titania" was artistic, and that is saying a good deal, for it is anything but easy. By the way, the juxtaposition of the items in a Promenade programme often gives a quite extraordinary focus to art. Could anything have been more naive than "Finlandia" followed by the ballet-music from "Rosamunde"?—one a great pagan epic and the other a chirrup from a marionette.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editors do not hold themselves responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editors and written on one side of the paper only.

SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

To THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I ask you to have the courtesy to allow me to reply to a letter signed "W. Parmenter," which appeared in your issue of September 10.

Although it may be satisfactory to note that a Socialist need not, in the writer's opinion, be an absolute anti-militarist of the Hervé type, it is a pity that his letter shows a dispelled ignorance of the question of National Defence. The writer thinks that a large army at home "serves no purpose except for schemes of exploitation abroad." No purpose, indeed? then how about the defence of our possessions all over the globe, including India, and our colonies, all of which would require British troops in case of attack; how about providing the necessary forces for garrisoning the whole world, and yet the writer has the temerity to assert that "we were never more safe from invasion than now." That railways and telegraphs make it easy to concentrate in the present day applies equally to the enemy as to us, and unfortunately we have no adequate force to concentrate. To suppose that 150,000 men of our police and fire forces, without real military training—for there will be no time for that—would be a sufficient backing to enable those forces to meet with reasonable chance of success. 500,000 of the best-trained regular foreign soldiers—domestic or otherwise—even should the police, etc., be available, which I think, would not be the case, as they would be urgently required for their own special duties.

Another glaring error should not pass without notice. It is well known that the Army Service Corps did exceedingly well in the Boer War, and met with nothing but praise on all hands, and yet the writer has the temerity to assert that the transport-service—which he admits was efficiently performed—was carried out by invading companies.

Lord Overstone has truly said, "Negligence alone can bring about the calamity under discussion. To suggest that a great country like England cannot make itself secure if it pleases is an untenable proposition."

The National Service League has made certain proposals which are surely democratic, and belong to no party. They are surely democratic, and belong to no party. They are so, I maintain, because they could not become law without the consent of the people, and because they entail the obligation on every able-bodied man, high or low, rich and poor, without substitutes, to fit himself to defend his hearth and home.


CO-OPERATION. Versus Competition.
home in case of dire necessity. Only a slight training would be required—no living in barracks, and were all liable, no one could be released sometimes are now by employers, on account of being taken from work, since all would be liable. At present one volunteer does the patriotic work, which covers and occasionally unfair. This letter is already too long, or I could enumerate many other advantages of the National League scheme both moral and physical.

May I conclude with the words of the President of the Swiss Confederation in welcoming our delegates to that country: "Our military institution," he said, "is not one, but a form one out of the bases of our democracy. They are a school for the civic virtues, devotion to the Fatherland, and fidelity to duty. We consider England because their representative to us the idea of individual liberty."  

F. COCHRAN.

THE ARMED NATION.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Ensor must know very well that the Stuttgart resolution on Militarism was admittedly a compromise and purposely expressed obscurely in order to placate the violent anti-militarists led by M. Hervé. Moreover, there is, as he also knows, no exception made of England in the recommendation of a Citizen Army, whatever assurances Mr. Bruce Glasier may have extracted from Vanderwelde. Again, it was a pity that the whole discussion at Stuttgart had to be cut short by the remonstrance of Sir John Glascott's in a way he would imply the violence of M. Hervé and his English supporters of anti-militarism. A vote on the clear issue would in all probability have practically supported your leader-writer's views, as the Volunteer system of conducting these rites (which we electors by allowing them to practically endowing) is that it is founded on poverty and results in syphilitic.

There is only one remedy for the one—Socialism, and only one preventive of the other— compulsory taxation (as in smallpox) and subsequent criminal proceedings against anyone of either sex who administers the poison to another (as in the more respectable forms of poisoning).

The Rites of Astaroth.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

When, to save a lengthy, and as I thought obvious, explanation, I wrote in shorthand, "Of two evils a progressive race should choose neither," Miss Farr says I am talking in the air. Let us descend then from our stilts and converse on solid earth.

Would it be too brutally prosaic after the poetry with which Miss Farr has invested the subject to point out that her unanswerable indictment against the English system of conducting these rites (which we electors by allowing them to practically endowing) is that it is founded on poverty and results in syphilis?

There is only one remedy for the one—Socialism, and only one preventive of the other— compulsory taxation (as in smallpox) and subsequent criminal proceedings against anyone of either sex who administers the poison to another (as in the more respectable forms of poisoning).

We must insist that we must write for those without the fold, and encourage certain trends of public opinion as to the practical regulation of life." Let Miss Farr then turn these two remedies into poetry and recite them to those without the fold and the battle will be half over.

P. R. BENNETT.

YELLOW AND RED.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Is the remedy you suggest in the matter of alien immigration so simple as you make it out to be?

Suppose the Government of British Columbia enacted a maximum wage of say twenty dollars, would not the yellow-skinned people pour in by the thousand where they now come by the hundred, if allured by such wages as this would imply? And as more obedient workers, with no trade union, no real interest in the political problems of the country, and no taint of socialism about them, would they not be preferred by employers to the more troublesome white workmen?

(Was it thought it was understood that Canada wanted a white race? If when you have equalised the minimum wages of yellow and white men, Canadian capitalists still prefer the former, the onus of the result can be laid on the shoulders. At present it is Labour that is blamed.—Eds.)

SOCIALISM AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your article on the above is most suggestive and a relief after the unintelligent treatment of the subject by the Press. This Society, which claims to be reasonably humanitarian, has for several years made the positive demand for curative sentences in place of the gallows.

Socialism, we have passed the vengeance stage in the treatment of crime, but to be still almost entirely in the punitive. The demand is for the next stage, when crime ceases to be regarded as wickedness, and is treated as a disease by men of science and sociological physicians.

But the number of those that have arrived at any clear thinking and feeling so the matter is still small, hence I would like to remand one or two, viz., while "driving at the idea," why should Socialists ignore (as you seem to suggest they should) the immediate practical problem of the treatment of crime unendlessly unfair, including the abolition of such evil remnants of a brutal and individualistic past as the gallows, because they cannot at once establish the Socialist ethic in the average British brain.

By all means drive in the Socialist conception of the nature of crime, but don't wait to take action in regard to criminals of to-day until the millennium of intelligence arrives.

C. R. LEATH, Hon. Secretary.

Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, 145. New Kent Road, S.E.

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