Liebknecht and the Kaiser.

Dr. Liebknecht, the son of one of the mighty prophets who made European Socialism, has just been prosecuted for saying about the German army much what we have many times said about the British army. It is an instrument used by the Kaiser and the governing class to secure the complete subjection of the workers. Dr. Liebknecht’s language is stigmatised as “unpatriotic,” surely an extraordinary epithet to apply to a German so proud of his fatherland that he is unable to bear the thought that her arms are being used for vile purposes. It is rather the Kaiser and his tools who are unpatriotic in that they care so little for Germany that he will willingly see his neighbours serve the sordid ends of cosmopolitan finance, just as Sir Edward Grey cares so little for England that he is willing that she should become bottleneck to the Russian autocracy. It is quite time that the democratic forces of the various European nations combined to counter-act the intrigues which are continually going on between their respective ruling classes. Sir Edward Grey concludes an agreement with the Russian Government which a ladylike hostess extends to visitors to whom, to a German so proud of his fatherland that he is unable to bear the thought that her arms are being used for vile purposes.

THE OUTLOOK.

Paris and London.

Very differently do we regard the visit of the Parisian municipal councillors to London. Just as nothing can be worse for the cause of progress than the fracturing of deserts and difficulties, so nothing can be better than friendly intercourse between the chosen representatives of free cities. We hope that the Parisians enjoyed their visit to London and the welcome (quite heart-felt this time) which they received, and we trust, moreover, that they were not unduly shocked by some of the things that they must have noticed. Evils arising from poverty and greed are common to all modern cities. But there are a good many things in London which must astonish an intelligent Parisian, and impress him with a sense of the meekness of the English people. There is our English Sunday, for example, with its closed theatres and restaurants; there is our iron law of closing whereby all places of refreshment must stop business at the stroke of twelve thirty. These are things which must strike the eye at once, but there are other matters which we hope were mercifully kept from our guests. We shudder to think what they would say if they heard that we had prohibited the worship of God in our Synagogues.

Is Peace Possible?

Before the whole industry of the nation is disturbed and arrested by a railway strike, it may be just as well to enquire whether there are any terms upon which an honourable peace can be concluded. The answer to this question depends entirely upon the directors of the great railway companies, who have so far refused to conclude it upon any terms such as self-respecting men can accept. Lord Claud Hamilton, who is so anxious to “bring home to the mind of the public that the pronounced Socialist is devoid of honour, principle and patriotism,” is himself apparently so lacking in the last of these qualities that he is willing to see the trade of the nation imperilled rather than concede to his employees the elementary rights of citizenship. With him it is practically impossible to argue; but there must surely be among the directors some who are open to reason, and it is to them that we appeal. We ask them to pause before they put themselves hopelessly in the wrong, not only with their workpeople, but with the country at large. After all, the present demands of the men are exceedingly reasonable. They only ask that they may be allowed to represent the grievances by persons qualified to represent them. The unreasonable of this last condition and the unreasonableness of the demand that the representative should be of necessity himself an employee would be self-evident to anyone not blinded by class-prejudices. There is one of the directors who would tolerate the suggestion that in a legal dispute he should forswear the help of a solicitor. Yet a solicitor is not more necessary to a man engaged in a law-suit than is the trade union secretary to the workmen engaged in an industrial dispute. To suppose that the “paid organizer” (why
not the "paid director," by the way) foment s such disputes is to misunderstand utterly the facts of the case. Why, indeed, should he do so? They want to gain a new combine, and do not need one penny to his income. The fact is that, when a strike occurs, it is almost invariably forced on an unwilling executive by the men concerned. This is notoriously the case with the railway servants and Mr. Bell, and the sooner the directors realize that fact and all that it implies, the better for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the community.

To the Sea in Ships.

We are naturally proud to think that the "Lusitania" has succeeded in breaking the record of the "Deutschland." But, as patriotic Britons, we should be still prouder if the "Lusitania" were really a British ship—that is to say, were the property of the British people. As things stand, it is a company's ship and the property of a group of shareholders, most of whom, for all we know, may be Germans or Americans or Japanese. That is the worst of trusting to private enterprise; wherever you may look for patriotism, it is quite useless to look for it in the realm of cosmopolitan finance. It is generally admitted that the "Lusitania," as a profit-making device will save them; it is certain that the embarrassments of the "Twopenny Tube have rather increased in the last few months. The wages of the workpeople for fair conditions of labour. The capitalists of the whole world unite, and strike wages may be everywhere forced down and the trophies of the great dock strike and other labour victories may be retaken. The conspiracy is an ugly one, and we do not under-rate the danger that it involves. The presence of such a danger should cause international labour to present an equally united front, and make such scandals as the Antwerp exportations 

Your Ride Will Cost You More.

It may seem a far cry from the gigantic "Lusitania" to the tubes and motor omnibuses which ply between London and its suburbs. But the same problem is present in both cases. In the case of London transit, however, private enterprise seems to have come almost to the end of its tether. The companies which have estranged London are fast strangling each other and themselves. A typical case is that of the motor omnibuses, which, having killed the old horse "buses, now find themselves unable to live. In their despair they are trying to get out of the impasse at the expense of a long-suffering public by means of a general agreement to raise fares. But it is doubtful if even this device will save them; it is certain that the embarrassments of the "Two-penny Tube" have rather increased than diminished since it ceased to be "two-penny." The fares for London transit are preposterously high as it is, yet even so they cannot be made to yield a profit to private capital. Apparently, almost the only service which is paying is the despoiled municipal tram. The motor "bus, which was to have driven it off the road, finds it difficult enough to keep its own feet—indeed, profit-making by municipal undertakings, though often practically expedient, is theoretically indefensible; it means that the citizen who makes use of the tram or what not is paying an unfair share of his neighbours' rates. There is no reason why the municipality should not run its trams and the like at a loss, provided it gives the public a handsome profit in the shape of cheap, swift, and comfortable carriage. Indeed, there is no reason why it should not, if it chooses, make the trams as free as the roads, paid for, like them, out of the public revenue. We make a present of this suggestion to the "Daily Express," which will doubtless exhibit it in lurid colours to an "apathetic" middle-class.

The Welsh Revolt.

The discontent of their Welsh supporters is, we would wager, giving the Ministers an uneasy quarter of an hour. Their educational proposals caused widespread disappointment among English Nonconformists, and now the promise of an Education Bill next year, involving as it does the indefinite postponement of Welsh Disestablishment, has driven the Nonconformists of the Principality to the very verge of revolution. They have been trying to soothe the ruffled plumage of his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, but without much success. His cool reception is perhaps accounted for by the fact that he assured them that they had a Government which was "in earnest" about Disestablishment. These were ominous words, for when a Government proclaims itself "in earnest" about anything it always means that that particular thing will not be done. The present Government was "in earnest" about social reform—before the election. The result is before us. Altogether the situation of the Ministers is by no means enviable. They are pledged to re-introduce an Education Bill and to carry a Licensing Bill next year, as well as to formulate their plan for dealing with the Lords. It is difficult to see from whence the necessary backing is to come. With the Irish estranged, with Labour disappointed, if they cannot count upon the Nonconformists, on whom can they count? At present it looks as if the timidity of their education policy, together with the neglect of Disestablishment, would alienate the Dissenters, while the Licensing Bill alienates everybody else. Under these circumstances, there does not seem much chance of raising the "Peers v. People" cry with success.

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Being Notes on the Great Anti-Socialist Campaign.

Really, I had no idea we were so powerful! Our latest feat has been, according to the "Daily Express," to reduce the British Navy to scrap-iron, or, at any rate, that is what we are going to do unless Mr. C. Arthur Pearson can save it at the last moment. It appears that though our "fatalistic and fantastic theories" have no effect upon the average seaman, the stokers are all class-conscious Social Democrats, so that all discipline has been destroyed, and it is no longer possible to call them knaps to their officers with impunity. The "Express" is most indiscreetly frank on this point. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," it says, "would be very excellent ideals in a ship's world, but they have no place in a forces like a navy or an army." Yet I seem to remember that there was once an army which had those three words for its war-cry, and which didn’t do so badly, all things considered. I also remember that there was an army sent to South Africa—but that is another story.

* * * * * * *

"Atheism and Free Love" being somewhat played out, we are now being treated to a great deal of talk about the "idleness" which, Socialism would foment. The editor of the "Telegraph," when he is not cutting a descriptive of Arthur Chilcott, the "laziest man in England," who has just been sentenced to a year’s imprisonment for a rogue and vagabond, and adds—

I suppose this is the type of gentleman who under a Socialist régime will be provided with a pension of 5s. per week when he reaches 65, at the expense of those who have worked hard all their lives to earn their own living.

Now, it does not seem to have occurred to this sapient gentleman that we already have to support men of the Chilcott type in prisons and workhouses; that we also have to support thousands of men willing and able to work, condemned to idleness by our insane economic arrangement, and gradually dragged down by our infamous Poor Law, at Chilcott’s level; lastly, that we have to pay life pensions of considerably more than 5s. per week to landlords and shareholders, whose services to the community are about on a level with Chilcott’s—save that Chilcott has probably had to do some work in the course of his life. Personally, I should be inclined to advise this gentleman to the title of the "laziest man in England." I should think men could be found in Mayfair and Belgravia who could give him points. Anyhow, "Worker" may rest assured that under Socialism there will be no easy life for the man who will not do his share of the world’s work, whether be be Arthur Chilcott—or another.

* * * * * * *

By the way, there is one question which I want to put to the accredited spokesmen of the Anti-Socialist campaign, and that is: "How can you have Divorce without Marriage?" I ask this because we Socialists are accused of proposing to "abolish marriage," and in the same breath of proposing to "extend divorce." This seems to present some difficulties. Again, I find the "People" heading a column "Free Love," and then chronicle a speech of Mrs. Snowden, in which she says that under Socialism the religious ceremony will be done away with, and that people should not have a religious ceremony under Socialism, if they want one. But surely the "People" does not mean to imply that marriage before a registrar does not mean to imply that marriage before a registrar and registrars are accused of proposing to "abolish marriage," and then, in the same breath of proposing to "extend divorce." This seems to present some difficulties. Again, I find the "People" heading a column "Free Love," and then chronicle a speech of Mrs. Snowden, in which she says that under Socialism the religious ceremony will be done away with, and that people should not have a religious ceremony under Socialism, if they want one. But surely the "People" does not mean to imply that marriage before a registrar does not mean to imply that marriage before a registrar and speakers.

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So far I have left the Liberal Press alone, because its utterances are less piquant than those of the Pearson organ. But I really should like to tell whether I am to support the Liberal Party because its policy will lead to Socialism or because it forms an obstacle to Socialism. As Lord Melbourne is reported to have said on a similar occasion: "It doesn’t much matter which we say, but we had better all say the same." The "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette" both urge that Liberalism is our only bulwark against Socialism. That is intelligible enough, and may be quite true, but, if so, it is obvious that the Liberals have no right to expect Socialist support. Yet, when a three-cornered fight takes place, these two journals are the first to cry out against "dividing the forces of progress." Similarly the Master of Elbink, who also claims for Liberalism that it is the only safeguard against Socialism, says that he does not see what the Socialists have to gain by letting in the Tories. But, if the Master of Elbink is right and Liberalism is the only obstacle to a complete Socialist triumph, their gain is patent and undeniable.

* * * * * * *

The "Standard" ties itself into rather complicated knots over the relations between Socialism and Imperialism. It says—

Mr. Bernard Shaw has a better conception of Imperialism, and believes that it is beneficial to coloured races, but he does not carry the Fabians with him; their views on Empire are those of Karl Marx! (I re-expressed, with the approval of all the Socialist leaders, by Mr. Quelch.)

This passage raises some interesting problems. To begin with, one does not quite gather whether the quotation which follows is from Karl Marx or from Mr. Quelch or from the Fabians who refuse to be "carried" by Mr. Shaw. Further, the only Fabian pronouncement on Imperialism is "Fabianism and the Empire," which Mr. Shaw himself drafted. Moreover, since when have the Fabians become disciples of Karl Marx? And since when has Mr. Quelch become his mouth-piece?

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The Duke of Rutland is evidently ambitious to compete with Lord Claud Hamilton who, it may be remembered, wanted "to bring home to the public minds that the present system is devoid of sentiment, philanthropy and patriotism." In the course of a long letter to a Conservative association, his lordship observed that "when Englishmen realised that the Socialist pro-
Oxford and the Nation.

The speech of the Bishop of Birmingham in the House of Lords, followed by the conference in the Examination Schools at Oxford, on the subject of the relation of the University to the working-classes, has, together with Lord Curzon's energetic demand for funds, once again temporarily focussed public attention on the old problem of the gulf which at present divides our premier University from the rest of the nation.

The most liberal, and not the least loyal, of the sons of Oxford claim that she should become a reflection of our national life, and a series of capable articles in both the "Times" and the "Westminster Gazette," while drawing attention to the question of ways and means, have given much inspired information as to the difficulties facing any solution of the problem. There still, however, remains a side of the question comparatively little considered and one on which we propose to make a few comments.

To our mind the crux of the situation lies in the answer to the double question: Is Oxford — John Bright's "home of dead languages and undying prejudices"—a fit place for the higher education of the working-classes, and even if it is fit, do they want, or better, ought they to want to go there?

Now as to the fitness of Oxford to receive and educate our working-men, let us first make quite clear what we really mean by Oxford, and what we do not. We desire any college to be open to working-classes and even if it is not, do they want, or better, ought they to want, to go there?

Next as to the fitness of Oxford to receive and educate our working-men, let us first make quite clear what we really mean by Oxford, and what we do not. We desire any college to be open to working-classes and even if it is not, do they want, or better, ought they to want, to go there?

We maintain that the whole life of Oxford is inevitably tainted with the "class" idea, and that, as a consequence, even were working-men to go there, except in so far as they were specially sought out and their society cultivated by a few better spirits, they would practically be outside the world which the word Oxford recalls to us when we have "gone down." There is no need to labour this point. The experience of the non-collegiate body will be enough to give some idea of our meaning. With all the efforts made by a succession of wise and devoted Censors of Non-collegiate Students, nothing has been done to really remove the disadvantages of the non-collegiate's position. So much is this the case that this body finds it almost impossible to keep any man of real talent whom it gets for the early part of his career. Though his men are drawn from a class which is comparatively well-to-do, they are almost never met in college rooms, and it is part of the impression which they have to form, entirely from the mouth of the nation, that the University is a place where the non-collegiate has no place.

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ment of knowledge. Though almost every college has its lecture or lectures a tutor will frequently remark at the beginning of term, "I am afraid there is no one I can really recommend you to go to," and, in fact, except for a few courses by a few outstanding teachers, such as Mr. Fisher of New College, and Mr. A. L. Smith at Balliol, there is hardly one in history worth attending. The lecturers are rarely specialists—we have attended a course on Anglo-Saxon England by a lecturer who was at the moment correcting proofs of a work on Europe during the Napoleonic era—and are almost never enthusiasts. And yet the process is perpetuated year after year.

That Oxford could, if her men wished, give social polish and charm to the working-classes, we have no doubt, but that Oxford men in general do not care to be equally certain. Nor, as we have said, do we think that her present educational system is capable of developing the minds of our working-men as they need developing. Keen as is our affection for Oxford, and much as we should like to see her become truly national, we feel impelled to express our opinion that the present movement springs from selfish sentiment alone, and has no relation to the real needs of the masses.

If London be chosen for this special development, our new seekers after knowledge will have the greatest world without them as a school of character, and incomparable opportunities of many-sided development. If our successful business-men will but emulate the example of their confrères in the United States, a national university on modern lines, and one forming the real apex of our educational system, may be built up here where no harassing traditions will need to be respected; and the teaching staff, as at Paris and the great Continental universities, can be appointed by a process of careful selection from among those of known capacity to stimulate and instruct minds in accord with the principles of modern psychological and pedagogic research.

Ibsen's Women.

By Florence Farr.

No. 1. Hedda Gabler.

There is a wonderful music in the name of Hedda Gabler, a name that means many things. It is one of the best remembered sensations of my life driving rapidly down the Knightsbridge Road after the first epoch-making performance of the play on April 20th, 1891, with the words of the name itself ringing in my mind and crowding my mind with all the tragedy of a woman who is not quite enough a woman.

Hedda Gabler's nerves are set on edge by the mere facts of middle-class life. She dreams of men in liveries and riding-horses, because she wants to put a stately paper with a liveried servant and a fashionable habit on her and a fashionable woman. She is there among the fussy well-meaning men of the suburbs. She is there among the fussy well-meaning men of the suburbs.

It is to be hoped that before long it will only be those women who really hear their unborn children crying imperatively to them that will be expected to become mothers of a generation that may surpass in power and strength our present generation. It is to be hoped that before long it will only be those women who really hear their unborn children crying imperatively to them that will be expected to become mothers of a generation that may surpass in power and strength our present generation.

Ibsen's idea of Hedda Gabler, restrained, thin-haired, a little anemic, with her steel-grey eyes and deadly whisper as she thrusts Lovborg's MSS. into the flames: "Now I am burning—am burning your child! your woman with beautiful hair. I have seen both of them are full to overflowing of a kind of power which it was Hedda's tragedy not to possess. They can feel life, but Hedda cannot. Nothing short of death can thrill her—nothing short of the Dionysus of her imagination with vine-leaves in his hair could have stirred a real pulssion of passion in her heart; anything short of that boroes her.

Anyone who has a moderate amount of brain can perceive the incongruities, the gross absurdities, the impossible pretensions of human life—we have to become a little blinded by the light of our life-work before we can really forget such facts. Hedda was clever enough to see through the illusion of the things that are apparent, but she had not enough force to dig into them and to seek the heart of the mystery. She played at life a little while, enough to hurt her self-respect. Nothing short of death can thrill her—nothing short of the Dionysus of her imagination with vine-leaves in his hair could have stirred a real pulsation of passion in her heart; anything short of that boroes her.

The physiology of the sexes appears to be undergoing extraordinary modifications. Co-incent in France, the over-population of the suburbs is among our midst women who hate motherhood. These beings are filled with emotional ideals. They are eloquent and clever; they are often the most conspicuous members of their families, free from most of man's life exciting strong enthusiasms and strong antipathies; they look upon average men and women as indecent swine. Hedda Gabler is the type of this transitional womanhood. The curiosity which Hedda displays about the栎elegant debauchèe, a curiosity which is tinged with disdain as she wunders at the strange vagaries of human nature. She herself finds nothing to tempt her to join in the throng. She is bored by marriage and driven to desperation by the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. Her position is so logically sound that those who sympathize with it cannot understand how any woman can be found willing to help to increase the population. And it is to be hoped that before long it will only be those women who really hear their unborn children crying imperatively to them that will be expected to become mothers of a generation that may surpass in quantity this generation of unwillung wives and unmated mothers.

If there were not in Hedda Gabler's tragedy this background of the tragedy of the transitional woman it would be mean enough. To listen to the aspirations of a young woman who wants to rise in the Row with a liveried servant and a fashionable habit would be futile indeed—but that is the mere blind expression of the needs of a highly-strung woman who cares neither for sex nor for motherhood. She has this yearnings for an intellectual comrade and has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. Her position is so logically sound that those who sympathize with it cannot understand how any woman can be found willing to help to increase the population. And it is to be hoped that before long it will only be those women who really hear their unborn children crying imperatively to them that will be expected to become mothers of a generation that may surpass in quantity this generation of unwillung wives and unmated mothers.

But Hedda Gabler is certainly a real lady of the suburbs. She is a real lady of the suburbs. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood.

The tragedy of a generation that may surpass in quality this generation of unwilling wives and unmated mothers. And up to a certain point that is all poor Hedda Gabler is; she is a real lady of the suburbs. She is a real lady of the suburbs. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood. She has the ignominy of losing her looks and of passing through the other unpleasant details of motherhood.

Ibsen's Women.

By Florence Farr.
an inspiration to men. Hedda longs for a more positive influence, and she invokes Dionysus and his vines.

By home-workers, who earn about gross averages out the weekly wage at the same level and the home-work trade are liable to be very "slack," and are quite casual, that is to say, quite demoralising for these boxes for soap and candles the workers of the home-worker, but the smaller price paid per price for the different kinds of boxes varies; thus those 2s. for "Nugget" boot polish are paid at the rate of 2s.

The very meanness of this tragedy of Norwegian Socialists is the thing that lure us to the heart. We know that thousands and thousands of girls in every part of the world are being trained into just these little purposeless gloves of thought. They are realising the perverted idea of motherhood; they want to imitate the fine ladies they see driving in the park; they want to amuse themselves by flirting with a dozen men; they want to escape all that touches the disgustingly drudgery; they want to keep the hem of their skirts white. In pursuit of these ideals they harden their hearts until they are like dead things without sympathy or understanding, bascule the strangely

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Pride is a very effective substitute for virtue, and has much the same effect on our actions; but if the nature has innate nobility it will remain noble, however much it may outrage social standards; so, perhaps, Hedda's chastity was rather a poor affair after all.

A Socialist's Note Book.

I have just come across an interesting example of the value of machinery from the workers' point of view. The sweater's den got burned. These clothes were sent out from the aforesaid famous tailoring firm,....
and were destined for His Majesty Chulalongkorn, being probably used at night as bed coverings. It would indeed almost be easier that the only way to avoid infection and sweating is to buy cheap machine-made clothing made by Trade Union labour under reasonable conditions. Perhaps someone in the tailoring trade will give us instruction?  

A matter arising out of this question of the King of Siam's clothes has an interest of its own. So far as I am aware, the matter was never mentioned in any journal except strictly trade journals, and one wonders why? Any journalist, one would imagine, could have got up a nice little scare headline on Chulalongkorn's clothes, but no one did. The question is: were the reporter's pupils paralysed? It is possible to write a few police court reporters to keep things out of the paper for about two or three days. Did Messrs. ____, the illustrious tailors, pay the reporters who "smelt them out" to put nothing but not to publish anything in their newspapers? It is at any rate, interesting to note that a reporter may be able to make more by not inserting news than by doing his ordinary work.

It is a sidelight on capitalism not unalloyed to the refusal of every London paper to expose the labour conditions of Sir T. Lipton's workers. Let us take the time of his first yacht race some years ago on the simple ground of fear of losing valuable advertisements.  

"The Mere Clerk."  
Final Reflections.

On reflection, and on yet another re-reading of Mr. W. J. Read's letter respecting my article on "The Mere Clerk," I am inclined to reconsider myself and to allow that my ebullient correspondent may after all have raised a point or two that it is worth while to deal with.

To begin, the Clerk falls into some very usual errors which seem to me to be in urgent need of dissipation. He says: "I am inclined to reconsider myself and to allow that my ebullient correspondent may after all have raised a point or two that it is worth while to deal with."

"To begin, he falls into some very usual errors which seem to me to be in urgent need of dissipation." He says: "It is useless to ask: 'Does the Mere Clerk know his power?' The Mere Clerk has no power at present, and therefore cannot know it." Here Mr. Read commits a fault in dialectics which is as common as it is clumsy, and as foolish as it is (I admit, with regret) ordinarily effective. By implication he denies a statement that his opponent has never made, puts the denial into his opponent's mouth, and then gives the signal for the cheering to begin before he has scored even a Pyrrhic victory. Does he not see that a man may be very strong and yet be unaware of his strength, just as a hound may have the power to leap a high fence if only it had nought enough to retire a few paces and take a run before jumping? He does not seem to know that power, like matter, is an immutable and indestructible quantity. Force may be very strong and yet be unaware of his strength, even a Pyrrhic victory. Does he not see that a man with a love of rhetoric. (Mr. Read does not use that precise word, but other of my correspondents do.) Well, well! Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar was more than faintly rhetorical. Was it any less effective on that score? I may be told that Mark Antony never used the words that Shakespeare puts into his mouth. A sufficient retort to that objection would be that neither does the actor on the stage use a real corpse.

For the life of me I cannot understand this objection to the decorative, the ornamental aspect of things. It is not Socialism. On the contrary, it is Utilitarianism. And Utilitarianism is the manure of considerable service in the right place, of course, but not the sort of thing that one wants to have under one's nose all the time. Nutall—perhaps my favourite author—defines "rhetoric" as: "The science or art of persuasive or effective speech; the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and force; the power of persuasion or attraction.

So that when next my enemy goes out to meet me in the gate, I would recommend that he first look up his references.  

From "Fame and Eternity."  

Hush!  
Of great things—(great things I behold)—  
We should be silent  
Or else speak greatly:  
Speak greatly, oh ecstasy of my wisdom!  
I gaze aloft—  
There seas of light are rolling,  
Oh night, oh stillness, oh sound that is silent as death!  
I behold a sign,  
Far off, how far!  
Slowly there sinks, twinkling before me, the shape of a Star.  

Star, of all Being most high,  
Table of the eternal imagery,  
Comest thou to me?  
Thy speechless beauty,  
Which none hath beheld—  
Shrinketh it not before my gaze?

Shield of Necessity!  
Table of the eternal imagery!—  
But thou knowest it now:  
What all men hate,  
What alone I love,  
That thou art of necessity!  
That thou art of necessity!  
For at Necessity alone My love is kindled into eternity.

Shield of Necessity!  
Star, of all Being most high!  
That no wish can attain,  
No Nay can stain,  
Everlasting Yea of Being,  
Ever thy Yea I am,  
For I love thee, O Eternity!  

Translated from Nietzsche by E. M.
THE NEW AGE.

October 17, 1907

EDITORIAL NOTE.

In view of the exaggerated statements now being made by opponents not only of Socialism but of intelligent and free discussion, the following letter addressed by Mr. Wells to the NEW AGE may be, as he says, of service to our readers. What is even more detestable than the habits of misrepresentation of the views of Socialists is the argument of moral shock that as a rule inspires the misrepresentation. We can contrast from close reading of Mr. Wells's writings that no definite handle has ever been given by him to the people who charge him with specifically advocating the abolition of the family. But we cannot see, even if he had advocated the most revolutionist doctrines, that there is any other reply open to intelligence than reason. In the present heated atmosphere of public opinion, a little ice would be an advantage.

-LUD. NEW AGE-

Mr. Wells and Free Love.

A Personal Statement.

Will you permit me to make a personal statement that may be of service to your readers who are actively engaged on the defensive side in the present anti-Socialist campaign? My name is frequently given by the Anti-Socialists as an advocate of "free love," as one who wants to "take children from their parents," etc., etc., and sometimes these assertions are supported by minutest rags of quotation from my writings. Now a great number of Socialists have never read any of my books, and probably none have read all—they have other things to do—and as I am not quite the ordinary type of Socialist who don't pretend to know what to do about me. Some accept the opponent's lie and disavow me, which is perhaps the silliest thing possible under the circumstances; others send the lie along to me, which is sensible of them but troublesome in me to carry a rival and disavow the alleged opinion as mine. Well, I want to say that they are quite safe in denying the lie. I have never advocated "free love," nor the destruction of the family. They may boldly challenge me to produce evidence and then denounce him as a liar. There is nothing anywhere to support these statements, and there is a mass of my writing to prove the contrary.

Of course, I have written about the relation of Socialism to the family, and it is almost impossible to write upon such a topic without at times writing phrases that in unscrupulous hands and torn from their context may "look bad" in their discussion. I discuss these points in my "Modern Utopia," but there I really never made the ghost of a slip, and it is never quoted, and in a pamphlet, "Socialism and the Family" (Field, ed.), in the latter I have to confess to careless writing. I speak once or twice of the family when I have to admit the socialists as an opponent, and my daily bundle of Press cuttings makes it evident that theAnti-Socialists as an all advanced thought books and periodicals.

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G. BERNARD SHAW

On "HOW THE MIDDLE CLASS IS FLEECED."

Doors open at 6. Organ Recital by &It. C. W. PERKINS, 6.30 to 7.

C H E L S E A T H E A T R E.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE.

Sirs,

I know you are going to publish the following letter which I have written to Mr. William Morris, but I hope you will allow me to address a few words to you on the subject before I send it to him. I have long been a zealous admirer of your paper and the way in which it has been conducted, and I am sure that you will forgive me if I say that I have been disappointed by the treatment of the socialistic question in recent issues. I was particularly grieved by the publication of the letter of Mr. G. F. Watts, which was written in such a spirit of ill-feeling and unreason. I am sure that you do not wish to promote such a spirit, and I trust that you will see that the paper is conducted in a way that will be acceptable to all sections of your readers.

Yours faithfully,

[Signature]

BIRMINGHAM LABOUR CHURCH.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting will be held in the Town Hall on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1907.

Speaker: PETE CURRAN, M.P. (Jarrow).

Doors open at 6. Organ Recital by Mr. C. W. PERKINS, 6.30 to 7.

Chair will be taken at 7 o'clock. Collection for defray expenses.

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OCTOBER 17, 1907

THE NEW AGE.
Towards Socialism. III. By A. R. Orage.

One of the most difficult conceptions for the Western mind is the conception of Solidarity. Most Socialists employ the word as if it were a blessed Mesopotamia. Plainly it is a rhetorical word; and its prevalence among college politicians and publicans is an evil. Nothing could be more astronomic than to assume that future historians of the zealous oratory of primitive Socialism that the word means anything in particular to the majority who use it is perhaps improbable; but it does seem true that with my soul of sentiment will be very well be mistaken for a genuine emotion. I would not, indeed, deny that the flow may be a genuine emotion. After all, we none of us can be always certain that our emotions will give light as well as heat! The point, however, is that the sentiment of solidarity is the distinguishing feature of the Socialist movement. Not to be able to respond to the idea in some form disqualifies one morally.

A man may be, and often is, convinced of the economic desirability of abolishing poverty as well as of the political necessity of doing so; but for no other conscious reason than that he cannot tolerate disorder and economic waste. But while such a man may be an efficient servant in the cause of economic emancipation, I can hardly conceive him aspiring any human enthusiasm.

Many people have protested, and will protest still more, against the association of what they call Socialism with the usual plan of the emancipation of the masses of man; but I confess that if Socialism were no more than the abolition of poverty, if it did not imply a parallel desire to abolish ignorance, and an underlying purpose in abolishing both—which purpose alone justifies all the pain likely to be caused by both propagandas—I should hesitate to call myself a Socialist. Unless in some way the souls of all men are knit in a single fabric, why should we be distressed over things that do not concern me? But the underlying conviction of Socialists of my sort—and there are many—is that the souls of all men are so knit, that, in truth, whatever happens to others happens also to oneself, and whatever happens to oneself happens also to others.

Thus, however, just this doctrine of the solidarity of souls that is so difficult to grasp and realise. We are yet so gross in our psychology that we still labour under the heresy of separativeness, which permits us to believe, for instance, that a naked infant is completely insulated from others, that, as we were, each soul exists by itself in a tower of solitude, surrounded by a moat which he may bridge or unbridge at will. Yet, as psychologists known, there is no real unity to the theory; as moralists know, the theory is the fruitful parent of every sort of immorality, comprising most of our current morality: and as artists of all kinds understand, and prophets in all ages have announced the truth is the very reverse, namely, that the individual in himself is nothing, means nothing: in short, is as inconceivable apart from Mankind as an apple is non-existent but for a tree.

All this, however, is not only compatible with what we call individuality, but demands individuality in greater and greater degree. Individualism is no more than the theory that each separate anatomical structure in the kingdom of man is complete and self-sufficient. Individualism, indeed, whether in politics, in ethics, in philosophy, or in religion is merely a dark shadow of what we mean by Socialism. It presupposes an atomic structure, an infinite multiplicity, a congeries of persons, without the necessary addition of the unity amid the diversity. Individuality, on the other hand, while it may seem to violate its requirements, yet recognises that its uniqueness is conditional and privileged. True individuality is not a claim to possess some common denominator or rip common stock, but a ripe fruit it demands no more than to be able to resist its satisfaction. Giving is its responsibility, but taking and possessing are at best no more for individually than necessary conditions for new giving.

We need, perhaps, to guard ourselves against an even worse conception of Solidarity than the mere denial of it. Individualism may be bad, but so long as it is sincere, it is far better than the simulation of Solidarity, which is the sentiment of most Realists. Nothing is more dangerous than the kind of altruism. Nothing is more common than the idea that the doctrine (or let us call it the sense) of Solidarity is antithetical to the doctrine of Solidarity with much that passes current as Socialist. It is in my mind that the sentiment of solidarity is the fruitful parent of Socialism. The alliance of mere kindness with the sense of solidarity is due against the tendency of all of us to want to be comfortable and nothing else; and to employ the theory of Solidarity to extort from our neighbours a feather bed for our own most detestable weaknesses.

Again, it is necessary to protest against the association of the idea of solidarity with much that passes current as Socialist, not to say Philistine, ethics. I can see very well that many Socialists are as far from understanding Socialism on its ethical side as the ordinary politicians are from understanding Socialist economics. And, naturally enough, such Socialists are the very first to protest loudly that the genuine Socialist ethics are either not Socialist or are not ethics at all. It would be amusing if it were not stale by this time to contemplate the spectacle of professors clinging with all their might to the ethical planks of the old individualist boat, when all the time they have half shares, and might have both shares, in an entirely new Socialist boat. I am afraid that, but this is the doctrine (or let us call it the sense) of solidarity makes the idea of punishment impossible. You do not punish your lung's for catching cold, nor condemn your foot to penal servitude for allowing a brick to drop on it. Doubtless you suffer for both "offences," but not only naturally and not by the addition of a penal imposition; although, of course, you do all you can to avoid the pain either of the original injury or of delay in recovery. But being no longer human infants mistaking the parts of the body for aliens in the community, none of us can escape with remedial measures. Yet there are still Socialists who indignantly deny that punishment is anti-Socialist, and protest against the socialists of the doctrine with the doctrines of economics.

Well, but it was not so long ago in the history of the world that the mind established its unity in the presence of the diversity of the body. One can think of the astonishing tour de force of the intelligence in welding all the myriad sensations and impulses of the body into a single whole, and in achieving the final creative act of naming the whole the ego, or I—thereby, of course, not destroying the multiplicity, but, as it were, comprehending it, and handling it as a craftsman—thinking of this great act of intelligence, one is encouraged to believe that the multiplicity which we now call ourselves and others may one day be welded by the imagination into a single whole, and thereby comprehended and handled. But we shall necessarily abandon therewith the idea of punishment, of punishment of others as well as of ourselves. He who ever does not realise this is still far enough from comprehending Socialism.

We should do well, I think, to make this question of punishment debateable in its widest significance. The practice, of course, is a very different affair. Even the realisation that punishment is incompatible with the sense of Solidarity is only an occasional visitor to minds still imprisoned in veneration and love, in the caves and jungles of individualistic modes of thought. The practice will only come with constant watchfulness. Let nobody suppose that Socialism, ethics, involving the abolition of the idea of punishment, is
either easy to grasp or easy to maintain when grasped. The Kingdom of Heaven is taken and held by violence only. But, on the other hand, the more I think of it and the more I compare my experiences with those of men like Du Bois, Trotter and Shaw, Whitman and Shelley, the more I am convinced that the effects of economic Socialism without being a single sentence the better off so long as those radical, time obscured, and most damnable beliefs remain that the individual belongs to society and that "punishment" is the proper penalty of "crime." So much at any rate the sense of Solidarity destroys.

(The to be continued.)

Sociological Papers. Vol. III. Published for the Sociological Society. (Macmillan and Co. ios. 6d.) The successful flight of Nulli Secundus brings in its train a revolution in human ideas and in human conditions. We are watching the dawn of a new age. Thus my newspaper of this morning. The birth of a new age! Personally I really don't know why. On this occasion I had certainly taken no steps to compass it. Feeling immensely puffed up, my eye wandered to another column—a cable from New York: "Mr. Duke had presented his wife with a magnificent pearl necklace valued at £40,000. The pearls are all flawless and perfectly graduated; and it is estimated that the necklace could be matched in the world." I corrected this immoral Uitote Indian, I might have been seized to pilot me on the Orteguaza River for some weeks against a magnificent bead necklace, not to be matched in the whole of the Cagueta. The dawn of a new age! Perhaps. My newspaper is inexhaustible in interest this morning. "The National Council of the Independent Labour Party at its concluding meeting . . . repudiates the charge that Socialism is antagonistic to the family organisation." Revolution in human ideas? Perhaps. On investigation, I find that the National Council is made up of twelve men and one woman. As a man, I am immensely pleased with the pronouncement of the Council. As a Socialist . . . Does this third volume of the Sociological Society's papers bear promise of a "revolution in human ideas"? Sir Francis Galton, the founder, claimed as the main work of the Society the "introduction of Eugenics into the National Conscience, like a new religion . . . the improvement of our stock seems one of the highest objects reasonably attempt. By what method are we to breed this new race? This is exactly where the Society should step in. This is exactly what it does not attempt, thus justifying to some extent the scepticism Professor Pearson expressed as to its power to do good work.

Dr. G. Archdall Reid leads off with a paper on "The Biological Foundations of Sociology." Here he simply repeats the speculations already made familiar at greater length in volume form. Is it really worth while telling a Sociological Society that heredity is really a very important subject? It is the facts about heredity that are so anxious to know, and Dr. Reid has nothing to tell us. Vague scraps of history and crude ethnological guesses no longer suffice for biological speculations. Dr. Reid must know that Biology is being reconstituted from the experimental side by physiologists like Loeb, zoologists like Herbert and Morgan, or in this country, Bateson and Spencer. The era of Haeckel and Spencer, from whom Dr. Reid dissents, but whose methods he follows, belongs to the astrological period of biology—very excellent in its day. The interminable discussions between Dr. Reid and his opponents are always futile, because both sides start out with an equally profound ignorance of recent work.

Dr. Reid, who knows all about heredity, considers that Sociology is entirely a biological problem. It is interesting to turn from the views of the physician to that Sociology is entirely a biological problem. It is profound ignorance of recent work. It is futile, because both sides start out with an equally .

Dr. McDougall's practicable suggestions takes the form of the modest proposal to increase the offspring of our Civil Servants, who are selected from the ablest youths of our Universities. He suggests that the married Civil Servant be paid on a sliding scale according to the number of his children—with one child £675, rising with six children to £1,050 per annum. As Dr. McDougall fancies polygamy, I presume the word "married" is not to be legally interpreted. I take it that any first-class clerk who can prove himself to be the father of six children will be paid a salary of £1,050. One objection to this proposal is that it is the mother that should be endowed, and not the father. She bears the child. There would be less danger of fraud. Another objection is that the class of persons whom it is proposed to endow is not the one I am anxious to see increased. The university-reared Civil Servants form a wretchedly stereotyped class, representative of the intellectual sluggishness of the country. I should have preferred to see the experiment begun with the able artisan or the alive commercial classes.

However, those who feel as keenly as myself the necessity for making a start, and thus helping to form public opinion, will not cavil at the proposal. All events, no harm will be done. We can produce nothing worse than the actual conditions.

Dr. J. L. Taylor's on "Individuality" is ingenious, and merits an article to itself. Professor Geddes elaborates his plan for a Civic Museum. I don't understand a word of it. Mr. H. G. Wells is seen at his worst in "The So-Called Science of Sociology." He

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wishes the Society to engage in framing Utopias rather than bend up a science from a knowledge of the present and past. But Mr. Wells' own efforts in Utopiadou are certainly not written “pour encourager les autres.”

M. D. ENER.

Beyond Good and Evil. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Trans. Helen Zimmern. (C. N. Poullis, 5s. net.)

Nothing vexes our patriotic soul more than the reflection that in France, which is only a few hours' distant from London, one can buy a cheap and complete translated edition of Nietzsche, while in all the British Empire a man, unless he reads either French or German, must content himself with five expensive translations of only five of the sixteen or so books written by the greatest humanistic philosopher of modern Europe. The present volume is the fifth of the English edition; and even its appearance is only due to the public-spirited generosity of Dr. Oscar Levy and the enthusiasm of Mr. Thomas Common. It speaks volumes for our intelligence that the works of Nietzsche should remain so long inaccessible, since in insular England we cannot console ourselves with the thought that many countrymen have read him in the original or in the French translation.

This being the case, we may as well congratulate ourselves that the intelligent publication of Nietzsche in translations is now resumed with the definite promise that it will be continued till there is nothing left to translate. The present volume is not, in our opinion, the most opportune, being in some respects the most difficult of all the writings of Nietzsche, with the single exception of his last and unfinished work. "Beyond Good and Evil," in fact, was a sort of flaming nebula cast off from the luminous ether out of which Nietzsche was creating his magnum opus. It belongs to the series which includes "The Genealogy of Morals" and "The Case of Wagner," and is, like them, a complete essay for a single section of his contemplated work, "The Will to Power."

As the title suggests, "Beyond Good and Evil" contains the Nietzscheian doctrine of super-morality; together with a good deal of metaphysic and sociology. Of metaphysic proper Nietzsche had, it is true, very little, since his curt dismissal of all absolutes disqualified him from the company of the logomachists. On the other hand, he may be said to have revived an older metaphysic than any of the modern schools propound, if we except the mystics whose doctrines he adopted as they lie, to the foundations of the world. For, in truth, Nietzsche was an intellectual mystic of the highest order, and his forerunners were less Kant and Schopenhauer than Heraclitus and the Hebrew prophets. The prince of all, the will of the world, the oceanic phenomenon for the delectation of the soul, the tragedy of life, the affirmation of Becoming and the denial of Being, the eternal wheel of recurrence, all these are doctrines easy to reproduce in translation -- clothes our understanding with the supreme ideas. "Pourqu'on lise Platon" is a typical example, and is bearing its happy fruits. "En Lisant Nietzsche," says a well-informed critic in Téaumes de l'Autre Monde, "un nouvel auteur m'a été fourni pour réponse à la question, "Pourquoi Ecrire?"

"Pourquoi Ecrire?" is the question, and the answer is "Pourquoi l'Ecrire." Nietzsche's genius is the same as any other, only more brilliant. "Pourquoi l'Ecrire?" asks the question, and Nietzsche answers the answer, "Pourquoi l'Ecrire?"

A Literary History of France. By Emile Faguet. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Monsieur Faguet has the reputation of being the most prolific of contemporary French authors of the first rank. His responsibility must be considerable in preparing for the public an incessant stream of criticism, essays psychologiques, studies in literary history, and even efforts in political journalism. But when the quality of the output is always maintained, as is the case of M. Faguet--whose "studies" are masterpieces in miniature, whose critiques always exhibit a safe and penetrating judgment, whose essays are masterly, and whose historical efforts are equal to the best--the literary public can only rejoice.

A limpid style, charming in its ease and simple elegance--and we may add, only in consequence the more difficult to reproduce in translation. The author's carefully-considered and perfectly-arranged ideas. "Pourquoi on lise Platon" is a typical example, and is bearing its happy fruits. "En Lisant Nietzsche," the last word on the subject in this work, "prendrait la casquette de Monsieur Faguet.""Amours d'hommes de lettres," is a delicate and piquant morsel of psychological study.

But to cite all that M. Faguet has done well were a long story. We have already said that he is prolific. The book before us is a translation of his "Literary History of France," which appeared in Paris a year or two back in two volumes.

The author here departs a little from his normal method of pleasing dailiness with somewhat minor matters, but we are compensated by a series of brief, telling characterizations of his authors, pure words, and of the literary atmosphere of periods or centuries, which light up almost every page of the work. The book is well stocked with names, events, movements, general ideas. Though no one is compelled to accept M. Faguet's standpoint, at least there is no
doubt what that standpoint really is (for ourselves, we should like to cross swords with him on the subject of Zola).

It is regrettable that so little space could be allowed for the "origins," and for the Carthaginian and Arthurian cycles (regrettable, too, that the translator has adopted the discarded and unscholarly form of "Carlovingian" and "Arthurian cycles.

The point of view that M. Faguet gives us is a most distasteful one, and his characterisation of Socialism must reach us clear and simple. We do not need the half Pagan soul which is to be found occasionally in his writing—and was not his! This was Ronsard's chief fault: that he sought to absorb in some way the most diverse and the most alien imaginative expression, Greek, Latin, or Italian. (We quote from the translation.) This chapter is quite one of the most suggestive in the book.

But to pass on, let us notice his dictum on Voltaire, one of M. Faguet's own masters—

"He never really knew what he wanted. It is impossible to reproach him seriously on that account, for the number of people who have known what they wanted is very limited in the whole of history. But he knew well enough what he did not want."

And then, to quote for a third and last time, appearing a little too much in the fashion of Renan, whose recently-published correspondence with Berthelot has revealed the greatness of heart of these two men of genius. Renan, says M. Faguet, was an amazing writer, and his book, La Belle Cordère, is one of the most unforgettable of all French literature. But how can we compare the self-consciousness, the self-detachment, and the self-recognition, which finally enveloped the reader. (There, as always, the translation is halting and imperfect, and fails to do the French credit.)

We should like to have seen reproduced the beautiful engravings of the French edition, but it would, of course, have involved great outlay, and resulted in a very expensive book. But we may fairly ask: Why so many French quotations in an English translation? We do not forget the somewhat cryptic note on this subject which the translator prefixes to the volume, but we can hardly foresee whether, if a student could master the comparatively idiomatic French of these extracts, he would not be equally capable of appreciating M. Faguet's work in its original form, and certainly with far greater enjoyment than he could hope to expect from a translation.

Finally, by way of criticism, may we ask what induced M. Faguet to allow such preface to appear above his initials? We allude to the very bad English rendering, from which we quote a sentence, not by any means the worst contained in it. "We shall not cease," it runs, "to maintain that French romantic literature before all else is essentially original, essentially French; and that, on the other hand, in her (sic) evolution towards self-recognition, self-detachment, and finally, self-consciousness, she has been materially aided by the practice existing at the time among the French of constant study of the works of Shakespeare, Ossian, Byron, Young, and Walter Scott, is surely no

Socialism and Economics. An inquiry into Social. By Thomas Kirkup. (Longmans, 25. 6d. net.)

It has always seemed to us most deplorable that books on Socialism should usually be so prodigiously dull, as though dulness was synonymous with wisdom. It really need not be so. We have ourselves gained a firmer grasp of Socialist economics from Mr. Bernard Shaw's Fabian Essay than from anything we have read before or have had chance to discuss. It is too late for most of us to become witty Irishmen, but then there is no necessity for us to write books. Now M. Kirkup thought there was a necessity for him to write a book, and that is why we venture mildly to quarrel with him; for he has nothing of much importance or novelty to tell us. His book is constructed on the usual lines. In the opening chapters he traces the rise of the present system out of feudalism; he subjects the present system of capitalism to an examination by no means sufficiently comprehensive or severe; and follows this up by a chapter of current views on Socialism. In any future edition of his book Mr. Kirkup will be well advised to delete the first chapter. Current views on Socialism are out of place in a serious treatise; they should be left to the columns of Liberal and Tory newspapers. Much more to the point is the chapter describing what Socialism is, and this is the part of his subject in which Mr. Kirkup is most at home. Socialism in its essence is an economic change. Questions connected with it as to religion, ethics, politics, and as to the methods of realising the theory, may be and are of supreme importance; but they are not Socialism.

This is excellently said; but why, then, should Mr. Kirkup devote the next chapter to discussing the "Moral Aspects of Socialism?" The book concludes with the respective difficulties and prospects of Socialism.

Mr. Kirkup writes throughout with conspicuous impartiality and conscientiousness, and his book can be heartily recommended to that numerous class which is beginning to regard Socialism as a subject of pressing importance. The more advanced student, we are afraid, will resent a certain looseness of thought and construction, displaying itself in useless and irritating repetitions, and occasionally in self-contradictions, even in essentials. We will give two examples. "Competition is and must always be a potent element of human progress, but it should be conducted on reasonable terms. The principle of competition should be subordinated to moral principle. These sentiments are impicable, but to find them solemnly introduced into a philosophical discussion is more than disappointing. Again: "The evils of society are not dependent solely on economic causes," while a dozen pages later on he tells us "the evils of the competitive system are felt throughout the whole of society," resulting too gener.

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ally in demoralisation, etc., and has perverted our moral judgments and debased our moral ideas." Now if a man have clear ideas on Individualism or Socialism it matters little which side in the controversy he chooses to take; but he is trifling with his readers when he calls the same thing black and white at different stages of his argument. We should not think it probable that Mr. Kirkup has an enemy, but if he has he would be well advised to let him edit the book before the next edition appears. He concludes with the hope that a future generation, having outlived the enmities of our own day, will "place the wreath of laurel on the tombs of Robert Owen and Lord Shaftesbury, of the Emperor William I and Bismarck, as well as of Lassalle and Karl Marx, of Cardinal Manning and General Booth; as well as of the poor weavers of Rochdale and Ghent, who made the Cooperative Movement live."

We cannot see any objection.

The Limit of Wealth. By Alfred L. Hutchinson.

(Macmillan, 5s. net.)

It would really seem as if History, after all, would finally decide that the Socialists were on the wrong tack. For in the beginning of 1912 there assembled at Paris a committee consisting of the President of the French Republic, as chairman; the King of England and Emperor of India, the Emperor of Germany, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Mikado of Japan (with power to add to their number). On the 4th March, 1913 a great revolution occurred in the administration of the Government of the United States, which had enabled that fortunate country to "enunciate rapidly secured the support of the theories of Socialism." The glaring inequalities of wealth had long disturbed all genuine patriots, but it would really seem as if History, after all, would finally decide that the Socialists were on the wrong tack. For in the beginning of 1912 there assembled at Paris a committee consisting of the President of the French Republic, as chairman; the King of England and Emperor of India, the Emperor of Germany, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Mikado of Japan (with power to add to their number). On the 4th March, 1913 a great revolution occurred in the administration of the Government of the United States, which had enabled that fortunate country to "enunciate rapidly secured the support of the theories of Socialism." The glaring inequalities of wealth had long disturbed all genuine patriots, but it would really seem as if History, after all, would finally decide that the Socialists were on the wrong tack.

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Mr. Anthony P. Wharton's play is a very courageous beginning of that success. Irene Wycherley is a very real play, possibly almost a great play; it presents life as it is, it is free from many conventions, and, as is usual, it raised the actors to its own level, and was very well received. The story of the play is that Irene Wycherley, having been separated from her husband for several years on account of his general conduct and personal violence, goes back to him when he is blinded and dangerously wounded by an accidental explosion of his own gun. Irene is partly driven to do this by the accident and her Roman Catholic conscience, and partly by the discovery that her platonic friendship for Harry Chesterton is love she cannot fight against.

The play ends with the lovers united. The story of the play is that Irene Wycherley, having been separated from her husband for several years on account of his general conduct and personal violence, goes back to him when he is blinded and dangerously wounded by an accidental explosion of his own gun. Irene is partly driven to do this by the accident and her Roman Catholic conscience, and partly by the discovery that her platonic friendship for Harry Chesterton is love she cannot fight against.

Irene Wycherley.

Miss Lena Ashwell has opened the King's Theatre with what I hope is going to be a triumphant success. The play is that Irene Wycherley, having been separated from her husband for several years on account of his general conduct and personal violence, goes back to him when he is blinded and dangerously wounded by an accidental explosion of his own gun. Irene is partly driven to do this by the accident and her Roman Catholic conscience, and partly by the discovery that her platonic friendship for Harry Chesterton is love she cannot fight against.

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He curses her, and she endures him with a monumental passivity which would have steam-rollered the fury of an elephant. Just as powerful was Mr. Norman McKinnel's acting of Wycherley, stumbling and damn- ing the work in putting reality into his drama. That one cannot deny; the play stands by itself, grills not because of its subject, but because of the genuineness of its men and women. It confutes argument by existing. But have we not the right to demand something more of the artist than this, some kind of beauty, some bringing of small things into relation with big things, some star shine reflected on muddy waters? "Irene Wycherley" is a whirlpool of desires, passions, violence, and all the turgid, hot humanity of little people. It is real as a dramatisation of the murder of Emily Dimmock in Camden Town would be real. But I hold this - to shoddy sentiment of life there should at least be a chink-hole through which we may look upon things greater than those immediately brought before us. Art must be a key to unlock life, not merely a picture of it. Life, of life, and this is particularly the case nowadays when realism is infinitely easier to us than at any previous time. Our wider psychological knowledge enables us to play tricks with men's emotions, to impose the certainty of a physiologist stimulating a monkey's brain with an electric current. Even Hall Caine has found this out in "The Christian." Do not demand that every play should show to greater days of life, or open vistas of light and speculation, as does "Major Barbara." But no play ought to deliberately shut off men's relations with big things, as does "Irene Wycherley." It is clear that even in the author's mind Irene's Catholicism is a determining fact in her existence, but except as a name it does not come into the play at all. It has to be assumed, just as we should assume it if we knew Irene Wycherley in private life, but it is the business of art to introduce us beyond the barriers of mere acquaintanceship.

Catholicism is a human, as opposed to a merely intellectual, thing, it is an idea through which we can meet and understand our fellow-men, to help us either by shaking hands, embracing, hanging, or dissecting them. Perhaps Mr. Wharton's achievement is that he brings us to the discussion of these matters. Negatively at any rate, it is no small thing to have got free of the worst traditions of the English stage. And this is only one play. No doubt Mr. Wharton will write more, not less realistic and more human.

MUSIC.

Some new works at the Promenades.

The new violin concerto by Sibelius performed on Tuesday was in every way disappointing. From the author of "Finlandia" one is led to expect great things. It may be that his country is his only subject; at any rate in this, which belongs to the category of what has become known as abstract music, he has failed gloriously. As a friend remarked, it was rather more realistic and more human. That one cannot deny; the play stands by itself, grills not because of its subject, but because of the genuineness of its men and women. It confutes argument by existing. But have we not the right to demand something more of the artist than this, some kind of beauty, some bringing of small things into relation with big things, some star shine reflected on muddy waters? "Irene Wycherley" is a whirlpool of desires, passions, violence, and all the turgid, hot humanity of little people. It is real as a dramatisation of the murder of Emily Dimmock in Camden Town would be real. But I hold this - to shoddy sentiment of life there should at least be a chink-hole through which we may look upon things greater than those immediately brought before us. Art must be a key to unlock life, not merely a picture of it. Life, of life, and this is particularly the case nowadays when realism is infinitely easier to us than at any previous time. Our wider psychological knowledge enables us to play tricks with men's emotions, to impose the certainty of a physiologist stimulating a monkey's brain with an electric current. Even Hall Caine has found this out in "The Christian." Do not demand that every play should show to greater days of life, or open vistas of light and speculation, as does "Major Barbara." But no play ought to deliberately shut off men's relations with big things, as does "Irene Wycherley." It is clear that even in the author's mind Irene's Catholicism is a determining fact in her existence, but except as a name it does not come into the play at all. It has to be assumed, just as we should assume it if we knew Irene Wycherley in private life, but it is the business of art to introduce us beyond the barriers of mere acquaintanceship.

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L. HADEN GUEST.
October 17, 1907

THE NEW AGE.

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."

Until the Hague or some such universal tribunal can prevent, the disappointment is not to be thought of; but if then it be necessary to have an army for defence, that army should be the best obtained and a national Socialist undertaking, for the day of a national Socialist—the capitalist armies—are gone.

Your correspondent, Mr. F. Cochran, quotes General von der Goltz on the probabilities and chances of an Anglo-German war; the German general wrote in the year 1790 at a time when we had our hands very full in South Africa, but if I myself a few days ago heard the opinion of a colonel in command of our most important fleet on the subject, he said that the responsible men in Germany openly declare that their warlike aims are directed against this country, and that even were Germany to land 80,000 men in England, the effect would be deplorable and disastrous, whatever the final result. No one can tell what would have happened had Hoche disembarked in Ireland with the 18,000 he intended, a portion of which force did land under Humbert. When Napoleon sat upon the cliffs by Boulogne with an army of 200,000 men, and below him a great mediaeval army, enough to repel Nelson and his boat attack with heavy loss, Pitt already mortified was engaged in drilling 3,000 volunteers, among the count there was marching and counter-marching, patriotism at boiling point, more than 500,000 men in arms through England; but patriotism is no match for military science and the discards of the past for fighting battle.

A retired British N.C.O. holding a commission in an Australian regiment told the writer in Cape Colony that they (the Australians) were good horsemen, good shots, and good scouts, and he added, "but they would not take a position, sir."

What he meant was the steady advance under fire, an advance only known by, and possible to, disciplined men; no mad rush with its excitement, neck or nothing, but a slow walk between the bullets, chilling, unpleasant, the calmness of despair almost.

We require efficient mobilisation of regulars and auxiliaries and the railways which have not been laid strategically, only.

Mr. Cochran is quite correct in saying that the Army Service Corps was in charge of all the transport service in South Africa: ox and mule wagons were hired and purchased from private sources and the drivers were generally uneducated men through England; but patriotism is no match for military science and the discards of the past for fighting battle.

If war is wrong and abnormal, there is nevertheless an art of war which the nations study rather more than the arts of peace.

It is a-lecturer's business to make himself intelligible, and I cannot even agree that a chair has no "mission." I believe that (unlike me) its mission is to be sat on.

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It is particularly interesting to be told (1) that "Art concerns itself with ugliness as well as with beauty," and (2) that the proper use of painting is for decorative purposes, and that "it is just this lost purpose of decoration that painting has to re-find if it is to live under Socialism." Will Mrs. Hartley, when she has got a house duly decorated with ugliness, invite the Fabian Society to view it?

Some passages, however, in her article compel my cordial assent: as when, speaking of her own set, she says, "In truth, we were in the depths of confusion; and the trouble is we have not found a way out;" and when she adds, "It is time that this folly of talking about pictures should be put a stop to."

AYLMER MAUDE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Your article on "The Confusion of Art," with its illuminating onslaught on the rival theories, "Art for Art's Sake," and "Art, the Handmaiden of Morality," dashed my hopes by the impotence of its conclusion. Let us think of the moderns. Let us take four representative names, Velasquez, Whistler, Monet. Which will such men serve the Socialist State of the future merely in the capacity of wall-decorators? God forbid! They are the eyes of Society. The great painter is a master-seer. His power of perception is far beyond that of common men, an impassioned vision that recognises first and then reveals the outer semblance and inner nature of the visible world. No beauty, no virtue, but the mighty visible world is what the artist teaches us to see. Velasquez teaches us to see the bright, the lighted spaces of a great room. Whistler, the subtleties of half-lights and low tones. Monet, the transfiguration wrought by dazzling sunlight; Rodchenko, with a passion of racial sympathy that illuminates the subtlest shades of despair. (Page Hopp's give post free on application.)

EMILY TOWNSHEND.


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