EDWARD CARPENTER on the MINIMUM WAGE.

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Edited by A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139 Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editors to 1 & 2, Toad's Court, Farm Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The news, if it is news, of the rapprochement between the Trade Unionist members and the members of the Labour Party is not exactly comforting. We have urged enough Mr. Snowden's objection to a formulated programme; but in the absence of a programme there should surely be plenty of principles. It is not enough to talk of the amelioration of the conditions of labour by means of Old Age Pensions and an Unemployed Act. We are in for a revolution, political, economic, and, we would add, moral. The question is: Will the Labour Party widen its platform of principles to include such revolution? Is its clear aim to become a great political party representative of the whole community, representative of the national interest, without distinction of class, sect, sex, or creed? Is it prepared to undertake the responsibilities of a world-commonwealth—the British Empire—and to maintain its national life at least at its present level? We believe that the Labour Party, with such additions as are bound to be made in future by defection of the best men from the Liberal Party and by the addition of the trained men of the Socialist bodies, will certainly become what we may name a national, as distinct from a sectional, party; and hence, with every increase of its strength, our hopes for the conquest of poverty and ignorance rise. But the condition, as we believe, is not moderation in demands, but revolution. Moderation in action is a different thing, but as Mr. Snowden observes, the Labour Party is not yet called upon to act. Conclusus once said: When not in office devise not the policy.

One ingredient is certainly lacking not only in the Labour Party, but even more in the Liberal and Conservative Parties. It is imagination. Nine-tenths of the politics of the country is made positively repellent by its deadly dulness. Now this, if we are aiming at democracy, is a fatal error. It is the bounden duty of representatives to give character and romance to politics by the admixture of imagination. It is, we admit, quite outside the ordinary tradition of English political life; but then English political life has too often been outside the tradition of English popular life. Only now and then has the English public been diverted from police court and divorce news to politics, and always by a commanding and imaginative personality. At this very moment our political leaders are plying to ears intent on the latest-news from Monte Carlo or Camden Town; while the Test Matches easily monopolise the posters of even our most politically-minded newspapers. Under such conditions, we repeat, there is only one duty for the democratic politician—that is, seriously and effectively to animate our Churches and theatres, our Literature and our Royal Court, by popularising politics. And the way to popularise politics is to import into it imagination.

Nor is imagination a vulgar or an impolitic or a more dangerous element than routine in politics. In
India, as we have before observed, in Natal, in Ireland; and, coming to domestic politics, in the problems of the unemployed, of sweating, and of Old Age Pensions. The lack of imagination is responsible for untilled mudholes, and mudholes to the last. The Times says the "island" that Dinuzulu has surrendered quietly rejoices all who have at heart the peace of South Africa. But that is not true. The news depresses us profoundly. It is a magnificent opportunity for really winning the war, but the Zulus have been won the worse than thrown away! Undoubtedly Dinuzulu is one of the most popular Zulu chieftains since Cetewayo. With a grain of imagination in the Natal gazette we could have won the hearts of the white people of South Africa, he and all his nation.

Miss Colenso, we are certain, could have done it. Mr. Cecil Rhodes would probably have actually done it. Mr. Keir Hardie could have done it. But no, the panic stricken, muddle-headed routinews of Natal, because they were meeu "on the spot," were left to apply what fools and cowards always instinctively rely upon, namely, force. Force, force, always force. In Natal, in Egypt, in India, and now in Ireland, and Mr. Birrell is being implored to use force in Ireland.

But if Mr. Birrell is one of the worst-tempered (being quite unreliable) men in the Cabinet, he is also one of the most intellectually honest. Not to mince words, he is the only completely intellectually honest man in the present Government. Mr. Haldane is straightforward enough, but he has the difficult task of wield- ing many elements. He wants to get a job done, and will spend an hour or two with Machiavelli for the purpose. But Mr. Birrell is the spoiled child of ingenu- ousness. He cannot help saying exactly what he thinks to-day, even if it differs from what he thought and said yesterday. He is the enfant terrible of the present Cabinet. And being intellectually honest and also an enfant terrible, he does not believe in the mere newal of Coercion in Ireland, nor will he say he does, even to satisfy Mr. Walter Long, the 'celebrated master of dogs.' Mr. Morley, we know, promptly swallowed his principles of liberty (of which he was faced by the official demand of Anglo-Indians for repression. Sir Edward Grey still leaves the innocent Deshavians moulder in prison because he is afraid of what he does in Ireland, he says, and he has made the choice of dog. Mr. Walter Long and his crowd of stammerers, Mr. John Morley and his crowd of platitudees. If he cannot find something better than Coercion to apply, let him apply epigrams. Birrellism is better for Ireland than Coercion any day.

The same people who squeal for Coercion in Ireland, wrongly or not, demand it for Egypt, squalling like the Sufferagettes of their fancy (the antipodes of the facts) for more charity and less justice for the starving poor. The "Times" of Saturday decided, we noticed, nearly two columns of closely-printed appeals to the charitable for various relief, assistance, help, etc., in private bodies. All the Tory and Liberal papers, in fact, are making themselves lazzaroni in preparation for Christmas. At the very same moment that they are trying to wheedle out of the pockets of fuddled sentimentalists a guinea or so by histrions descriptions of the condition of various poor, in another column, or rather page, spill pints of ink in the attempt to show that public justice is de-moralising. They deny, of course, that the feeding of the starving children by the State or the granting of Old Age Pensions is any way interfering with the hopes of the parties afraid of their beloved competition — but funk the smaller responsibility of organising industry so as to make poverty impossible. We could almost find it in our hearts to hand over the administration of the Finance Committee of the Progressive majority, obtained would scarcely be worth the trouble. The audit demanded by the righteous Moderates has never been done. The timidity of our business men no less than of our politicians so soon as they feel an easy finger? The timidity of our business fools and cowards always instinctively rely upon,
Government of India and endorsed by Mr. Morley work out. If I had been so fortunate as to have Mr. Morley for my travelling companion these two months and he had observed the state of things in this country as I have done, I am sure he would have followed the example of the Government and before endorsing such repressive proposals. They are not reform proposals. In many respects they are not only re- dundant, but even take away from the demands of the few a citizenship which the Indians already possessed. Mr. Morley may not be aware of this fact, but one thing is certain. It is not the battle for freedom, but freedom is not to be insular or isola- 
tions held in all parts of the country. Two or three mem- bers of the Congress going with two or three sympathetic members from the centre of the country can meet the British people face to face, and this will produce a tremendous impression and great beau- fit. Unit the sympathy of the British in India and her claims. That would be one great gain. You appeal should not be to the Cabinet Ministers or mem- bers of the House but to those who are the leaders of the leaders of cabinets and parliaments. Get the ear of Great Britain and reach the heart of its people and leave it to them to look after Cabinets and members of Parliament. I shall have certain proposals and certain suggestions to make on my return home. What the fate of those proposals will be, remains to be seen. But this I say, it will go before the people and Parliament. I warn my party to study the conditions prevailing in India and to offer to its people a message of sympathy and hope. Genteel men, bring your campaign to our very doors and you will see what follows in connection with your Congress in England. There could be no better example of concentra- 
ations of sex. Dr. Saleeby need not worry about Westermarck. I have read Westermarck, and have no reason to doubt that Dr. Saleeby has read him with equal care, as our statements concerning him agree perfectly. It is true that when I ac- 
cepted the Westermarck position of the State, I am with it so far. But at present the Socialistic movement is a new one and I call myself a _materialist_ or _materialist_. Materialism would point, I think, to the supreme paradox that the dominant creature of the earth is born of woman, and born the most absolutely, pathetically helpless of all living creatures whatever, animal or vegetable; it would note that this utter dependence upon others, mother or father, is not only the most unpardonable of all the longests maintained; it would observe that of all the human beings now alive, all that have lived, all that are to be, not one could survive its birth for twenty-four hours but for motherhood; it would note that only motherhood has rendered possible the supersession of instinct in man by that intelligence which is the certain guarantee of the _infinitely con- sidered_ problem of the possibility of its development, has dependent upon it the fact that the earth is now man's and the fulness thereof; and to the advocates of the political-ideal we might say: On the one hand, the State has neither womb nor breasts, these most reverent and divine of all vital organs being the app- 
 intolerance and the insular or isolated. We are not free if we sanction injustice or oppression. We have earned opprobrium, vilification and abuse because we championed the cause of the weak. Be it the Zulus in South Africa, be it the people of India, we stand for justice for all. I shall leave your shores, feeling privileged that mine has been the voice from the ranks of the common people. Bear always in mind that you carry their sympathy in your struggle. I take with me tangible tokens of your kindness, but what I value more than all these compliments is the beauty affecting the people of this country, which has been my pride to receive. If the voice and thought are not different, my voice is not that of a person, but of the movement which in its fruition shall have swept poverty from the world and given freedom to all its peoples.

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Dr. Shaw replied to Dr. Saleeby's rejoinder in the "Pall Mall Gazette" (Dec. 10). The following is his letter:

"MARRIAGE AND ITS CRITICS."

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

Sir,—Since Doctor Saleeby sent me a doubt as to why I went for him, I may say now that I did so because he made an absolutely unprovoked and scandalous attack on me and on another equally innocent person, and also an opportunity to give some useful instructions to the readers of the "Pall Mall Gazette," as well as to remind Dr. Saleeby that the ordinary courtesy of debate need not be suspended in discussions of sex.

Dr. Saleeby need not worry about Westermarck. I have read Westermarck, and have no reason to doubt that Dr. Saleeby has read him with equal care, and I am quite at home concerning him agree perfectly. It is true that when I ac- 
cepted Dr. Saleeby's statement, he immediately yielded to an impossibly intestinal to contradistinction, and I do not blame him for a momentary loss of presence of mind.

Now for the real purpose of this letter, which is to help Dr. Saleeby in his work as a _materialist_. In the opinion of a quite wildly misled by maternalist sentiment when he as- sumes in the matter of State protection of children that "the mother is, so far as mankind is concerned, not only, as Coleridge said, "the holiest thing alive," but the most essen-

tial thing alive; do you regard the safeguarding and the en- 
mobility of motherhood as the proximate end of all political action, the end that upholds the ultimate goal, the produc- tion and recognition of human worth "can alone be obtained; do you realise that marriage is, as Goethe said, and he meant it, the foundation and the summit of all civilisation," because it makes for the en- 
thronement of motherhood as nothing else ever did or can; do you realise that a man of the weakest or sickliest in-

in the common people. We have succeeded considerably in 
reform proposals. In many respects they are not only re-

would apply its specific criterion: Do you realise that a marriage is, so far as mankind is concerned, not only, as Coleridge said, "the holiest thing alive," but the most essen-

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The reference in Mr. Shaw's first reply to Kulin polygamy (not polygyny this time) reminds us of his letter on the subject which recently appeared in the "Times" (Oct. 5). In order to complete our record of the present discussion, we reprint the letter here in full:—

KULIN POLYGAMY.

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir,—Will you allow me, as a subject of the British Empire, to join Sir George Birdwood in his expression against the gross insularity with which the subject of Kulin polygamy has been discussed in your columns since Sir Henry Cotton, by his judicious allusion to the "pastoral" form of life of the Indian, has cast doubt on the existence of Indian morality, assumed that the test of morality is simply conformity to English custom? In all this your correspondents have been misled by Sir George Birdwood, who has charged our very English civilization with being capable of producing persons who are completely beyond the mental grasp of the human units who have to deal with these problems as voters. Dr. Saleeby may pour forth dozens of dithyrambs to fatherhood and motherhood as a department of original sin, and to glory, not in the possession of children, but of a husband; so that the childless woman despises the mother who has no husband.

What does the Bengali father do under the same circumstances according to Sir George Birdwood? He has just told us in your columns that the Kulin "happens, for the most part, to breed the degeneracy provided monogamy, even on the hardest conditions, were maintained, there would be nothing more to say. But as the whole idea of paternity is not in the possession of children, but of a husband; so that the childless woman despises the mother who has no husband.

When the Kulin father of a hundred children as a libertine with a hundred wives.

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Lord Curzon on Problems of Empire.

It was perhaps fitting that Lord Curzon of Kedleston should have chosen Birmingham, "almost the central altar of British democracy," for the occasion of an impassioned address concerning the glories and duties of Empire. With picturesque and lofty eloquence, he expatiated upon the grandeur of the modern spirit of Imperialism, involving, as it does, the firm belief that "the British Empire represented no mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, but was a preordained dispensation intended to be a source of strength and discipline to ourselves and of moral and material blessing to others." As an ex-Viceroy of distinction, Lord Curzon is no doubt fully entitled to summon our thoughts from the "sordid controversies and the sometimes threadbare gossip of local interest," and to bid us "look forth into the larger fields of Empire, where duty still calls and an illimitable horizon opens." His speech, singularly virile and well sustained, was marred by a solitary error of taste which considerably detracted from the grandeur of his argument. He was referring to the fundamental conception of Empire—a remark which was evidently intended for local consumption. The Imperialism of the future must concern itself, he continued, with the problem of unifying and consolidating those latter days appear pathetically familiar and threadbare. Lord Curzon reckons without the genuine motive underlying the demand for Socialism, and why we are working for it. Imperialism can exist only under the regime of a civilised and prosperous population at home before they are allowed to exist; and it is precisely this latter forecast that seems to be on the eve of fulfilment by the substitution of women for men in the railway industry.

Two or three significant facts have come to light during the last few days which make us fear that the recent conciliation effected by Mr. Lloyd-George and the railway companies has altogether been in vain. As a matter of fact, with a few negligible exceptions, ourownmen are engaged in suffering chiefly from lack of sufficient food. It is for this reason that the Socialists are concerning themselves first of all with such unromantic questions as Unemployment, a Minimum Wage, and Old Age Pensions. They desire to see first the "sordid controversies and the sometimes threadbare" questions, such as Unemployment, a Minimum Wage, and Old Age Pensions, eradicated from our domestic issues. For to attempt political organisation upon a foundation of proletarian wage-slavery is to emulate the procedure of the Scriptural fool who built his house upon the sand.

Wages Boards and the Railways.

Divested of their rhetorical garb, such sentiments in these latter days appear pathetically familiar and threadbare. Lord Curzon reckoning without the genuine motive underlying the demand for Socialism, and why we are working for it. Imperialism can exist only under the regime of a civilised and prosperous population at home before they are allowed to exist; and it is precisely this latter forecast that seems to be on the eve of fulfilment by the substitution of women for men in the railway industry. Two or three significant facts have come to light during the last few days which make us fear that the recent conciliation effected by Mr. Lloyd-George and the railway companies has altogether been in vain. As a matter of fact, with a few negligible exceptions, ourownmen are engaged in suffering chiefly from lack of sufficient food. It is for this reason that the Socialists are concerning themselves first of all with such unromantic questions as Unemployment, a Minimum Wage, and Old Age Pensions. They desire to see first the "sordid controversies and the sometimes threadbare" questions, such as Unemployment, a Minimum Wage, and Old Age Pensions, eradicated from our domestic issues. For to attempt political organisation upon a foundation of proletarian wage-slavery is to emulate the procedure of the Scriptural fool who built his house upon the sand.

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ways will find it, since we shall be compelled to modify, abolish, or strengthen our present machine already set up. But just as these two facts on which we have commented do not stand alone, so the question of Wages Boards does not stand alone. On its isolated merits a Wages Board may seem, with enough desire for regulating wages without strikes; but progress towards Socialism does not consist merely of getting rid of the necessity for strikes. We can conceive many modes of action available and others unavailable to Socialism in general. The mere avoidance of strikes may be extremely comforting to investors, but the method employed must be considered by genuine revolutionists who see that Wages Boards and disputes—which is more than can be claimed for them—the question still remains: Do Wages Boards favour the economic revolution demanded by Socialists? Again, as another of the contextual facts, we have to consider the general position of Trade Unionism in England. One comment on the recent conciliation was the placing by the Railwaymen's Association of a resolution in favour of Railway Nationalisation on the agenda of the Labour Conference. Another was the adoption of Mr. Holmes as Parliamentary Labour candidate at West Hull. Still another is afforded by the Fabian Executive named the men's "wildest dreams" are no longer anything more than the pale phantoms of an almost forgotten yesterday. Of two things we are convinced. First, that Wages Boards, whether after the Victorian or New Zealand model, are, if, not useless, at least almost useless unless supplemented by a Minimum Living Wage below which no conciliation shall be permitted to go; and, secondly, that the future of Trade Unionism is not in the region of petty industrial changes, effected after enormous and we now boldly repeat what we said when the terms were originally published: "Of the three parties to the dispute, the railwaymen have come off worst." If this is to be the effect of a Wages Board some revolutionary changes in its mechanism will be needed.

An Agricultural Policy for Socialists.

English politics become more interesting and more rational every day. It seems really possible that in a hundred years or so the members of our Parliament will think to introduce a principle which, so far as we can see, is unable to abolish sweating, unable to secure a Living Wage; and, in addition, diverts the mind of Trade Unionism from its true political and economic path.

We have just written the above when the reports of Mr. Richard Bell's speech at Willesden on Sunday were put into our hands. The Liberal papers, we observe, have been ominously silent on the main point of Mr. Bell's address, namely, his confession that the railwaymen "were being gulled" by the directors in the matter of promotions. His speech confirms our worst fears, and we now boldly repeat what we said when the terms were originally published: "Of the three parties to the dispute, the railwaymen have come off worst." If this is to be the effect of a Wages Board some revolutionary changes in its mechanism will be needed.

Such was the recommendation passed last week in the Central Chamber of Agriculture by an overwhelming majority. It is interesting to note that the mover of this resolution was the same gentleman who, some three months ago at a local farmers' club, made various pertinent comments on the relations between landlord and tenants, concluding with the general statement that (I quote from the "Times" of September 23) "he thought it time that the tenant farmers of England and showed that they had a little backbone. He himself was prepared to risk everything, and he would again tell Sir A. Acland-Hood, much as he loved him, that if the tenant farmers of England and Ireland were coerced by land agents, he (Mr. Kidner) would want his representative in Parliament to put a question there." The unfortunate member thus addressed, with a sublime unconsciousness of the humour of the situation, replied that "his position was one of difficulty...he really thought in the interests and harmony of the club that it would be advisable if they did not continue the discussion further." Here we have the germ of a most interesting political and social development, which apparently is going to mature with considerable rapidity; for, as stated above, this same tenant farmer who is "prepared to risk everything" has carried before the most important agricultural audience in this country a resolution calling for the formation of a new political party to express his views. The party will be called "The Farmers' Political Association," and it is pointed out that this proposed agricultural party is foredoomed to fail; but it gives, as one might expect, altogether the wrong reason for this conclusion. It assumes that the party will fail because the farmers will clash with the interests of the labourers; but that is a trivial element in the problem. I imagine that it has been very deliberately put forward in the hope that the real class clash which we have overlooked. There cannot be an agricultural party because the interests of the landlords, who will endeavour to control it, clash with the welfare of every man, be he tenant or ploughman, who puts an hour's work into the fields. There may be a temporary antagonism between the farmer and his labourer; but it is not altogether fair to throw the whole blame on the farmer. He pays his men miserable wages, and works them for excessive hours; but it is altogether to be wondered at when a financial hawk in the guise of a landlord is continually hovering on the chance of seizing a higher rent out of any surplus that remains to the farmer above a minimum of working expenses? Only 75 per cent. of the cultivated land of this country is owned by the cultivator; in other words, every hundred acres are under the control of men who can demand from the worker a price for the use of a natural monopoly without any necessity for giving anything. How can the Farmers' fundamental enemy the landlord get to business, it will clearly be seen that the farmers' fundamental enemy is the landlord. All that the farmer can hope of relief must come from concessions by this landlord; the labourer has nothing to give, because they are beaten down to the last farthing already.

Now there is another party in the English Parliament which has already discovered the landowner to be remnants of an earlier stage of civilisation, and must be abolished. On this primary point in their programmes, therefore, the Socialist Labour Party and the Agricultural Party, if intelligently arrived at, may be linked by common interests. But I think that this is by no means the only bond. I am unable to conceive of a complete Socialist State in England which does not have at its very foundation a complete nationalisation. I cannot even imagine a tolerably safe England whose food supply depends on the chances of a dozen men succeeding during a naval battle. I cannot imagine a sane Englishman allowing his country to suffer from unhealthy factories or mining mines, and submissively making cotton goods or digging coal for wiser people who prefer to live in the sun. On every side it seems imperative that Socialists should make the success of agriculture one of their chief concerns, on the grounds...
Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh

Chapter III.

The Dark Years of His Boyhood.

III.

Affliction falls never so heavily and crushingly as when it falls upon him who has hitherto known nothing of the inner meaning of suffering. On them it falls with a deadening effect of utter and irrevocable doom from which there seems to be no hope of escape, and in which there is not the least possibility of mitigation. (We have been told that death was the child Dickens used to feel that he would meet face to face, but for him, of course, there was a providential City of Refuge through the portals of his imagination.) It is not until we have learned to recognise that comfort and consolation are from within; and that man is a creature ultimately dependent not on material things for a means of joy and contentment, but on the causes that spring from his own heart: it is not until then that we are fit to face the more tragic issues that threaten the least of us. And the grand idea of his method was to forget that the Labour Party, for example, could not have met the Small Holdings Act of last session with a more constructive criticism than rather placid acceptance. It may be a useful Act so far as it goes, but it is such an insignificant step in the eyes of a Socialist. It was the Liberals' idea of rural reform, not ours.

Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income. The advantage of an energetically administered system of agricultural education is obviously all for the good of the farmer, who is the real basis of all our wealth. The quickest method of advancing agricultural education would be to retain the Crown agricultural lands (71,000 acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income. The advantage of an energetically administered system of agricultural education is obviously all for the good of the farmer, who is the real basis of all our wealth. The quickest method of advancing agricultural education would be to retain the Crown agricultural lands (71,000 acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income. The advantage of an energetically administered system of agricultural education is obviously all for the good of the farmer, who is the real basis of all our wealth. The quickest method of advancing agricultural education would be to retain the Crown agricultural lands (71,000 acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income. The advantage of an energetically administered system of agricultural education is obviously all for the good of the farmer, who is the real basis of all our wealth. The quickest method of advancing agricultural education would be to retain the Crown agricultural lands (71,000 acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income. The advantage of an energetically administered system of agricultural education is obviously all for the good of the farmer, who is the real basis of all our wealth. The quickest method of advancing agricultural education would be to retain the Crown agricultural lands (71,000 acres in extent) under the direct control of the Board of Agriculture, instead of letting them to tenants, making of them (the lands and properties) a model farm, worked on the latest scientific principles, and an example for the whole county to follow. These Crown land farms could feed the Army, and the Navy, and the public hospitals, the prisons, and the Poor Law establishments at cost price. That would be indirectly a relief to the ratepayers, again throwing the ultimate cost on the large income.
Ibsen's Women.

No. 5. Rita Allmers.

As men and women go through life facts that have been openly recognized as the deeper and deeper significance of the human body, has been intensified by his absence. His love is absorbed by teaching his crippled son and by composing a work on "Human Responsibility." When he goes out on the mountains he is brought face to face with the appalling truth that his idea of his own son, that he has no first-hand knowledge of the preliminary stage of the metaphysics of the spirit, and that he is not a servant of the public: "whose law is duty, whose aim is service, whose watchword is responsibility." When he finds this out he does not see how he can cure his sense of shame until the idea strikes him that he will resign his life to the public "whose law is duty, whose aim is service, whose watchword is responsibility." When he finds his home is the home of the rising generation. A system of insur- ance among prostitutes in order that they need not be driven by starvation to practise their profession when they are out of work is one remedy that has been tried. He knows that the poor give up this and darker problems and spend their sixpence a day on beer to drown the boredom of too much affection by teaching his little cripple and by composing a work on "Human Responsibility." When he goes out on the mountains he is brought face to face with the appalling truth that his idea of his own son, that he has no first-hand knowledge of the preliminary stage of the metaphysics of the spirit, and that he is not a servant of the public: "whose law is duty, whose aim is service, whose watchword is responsibility." When he finds this out he does not see how he can cure his sense of shame until the idea strikes him that he will resign his life to the public "whose law is duty, whose aim is service, whose watchword is responsibility." 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THE NEW AGE.

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The Congo Reform Association and Mr. Belloc.

Mr. Mure Replying to Mr. Belloc.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sirs,—I have never read anything more contemptible, or cowardly than Mr. Belloc's attack upon the Congo Reform Association, or upon me, which I suppose it is really meant to be. For nearly four years the Congo Reform Association has been in the full glare of publicity. Men of the highest standing and integrity have lent their names to it, helped it, and worked for it; among them colleagues of Mr. Belloc in the House of Commons, from whom, had he applied for it, he could doubtless have received all the information he required to remove the suspicions which have been generated in his charitable soul.

The names of the Association's Executive, officers, and principal supporters, the names of the committee and officers of its various branches throughout the country, have all been published, and sent to the Press, and are forwarded to anyone desirous of joining the Association (Annex A). The Association issues every month an official organ, which is forwarded to subscribers and donors has received a copy of the attached summary of account (Annex B), which shows that a summary is not for publication, but at the present stage in the growth of the movement I think I may take upon myself to say here (vide Annex E) that the Association's income from January 1904, the date of its formation of a similar character concerning the Association's work, and the general progress of the movement (Annexes B, C, and D). The Association has not published a financial statement because, in the opinion of its Executive, it was undesirable to disclose the secret resources with which it was fighting a King, who is also a multi-millionaire, with great vested interests behind him. But every subscriber and donor has received a copy of the attached summary of account (Annex B), which shows that the Association's TOTAl income from January 26, 1904, to the date of its incorporation, to December, 1907 (three years and nine months) has amounted to £4,047, of which £3,190 odd has been obtained (vide Annex E) from the sale of pamphlets, etc., gratuitously written by myself on behalf of the Association. Of this gigantic sum, more than one-half has been received from the Friends! I may add that this total includes donations received from the various auxiliaries recently formed in different parts of the country (Annex A), each of which manages its own finances in complete independence.

Mr. Belloc's thinly veiled personal insinuations compel me much against my will to deal with the personal equation. A sketch of my own commonplace history and antecedents can be found in "The World," of December 4th, 1906, and a brief reference to the part I have played in the movement can be read on pages eight and nine of "Red Rubber" (T. Fisher Unwin) and in the Preface to "King Leopold's Rule in Africa" (Heinemann). The formation of the Association was my own idea, with the object of combining the various forces which had been independently striving to bring about a better state of affairs in the Congo and of appealing to the world on one sole issue from a common platform, divorced from differences of politics, creed, or class. The necessary largescale organisation was provided, and from the first I have paid the entire cost of the movement, in travelling at my own expense ; John Harris Lord Monkswell spends half his time addressing public meetings, travelling at his own expense; Mr. Belloc seems to me to be a perfect specimen of that class.

The Association has never paid a penny, and when, after some eighteen months of its existence, the Executive Committee pressed me to accept a salary, I declined, not because I could afford to decline it, but because I did not wish that it should ever be insinuated that I had started the Association in order to put money into my pocket, whatever the amount of the work I might have performed for it. All this and a good deal more could have been ascertained by this Parliamentary Paul Pry if he had had the common decency, before launching his innuendoes, to consult three of the most prominent men associated with me during the first two years of the Association's existence, two of whom are now in the Government, and the third is Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, viz., Earl Beauchamp (our first president), Mr. Herbert Samuel, and Mr. Alfred Emmott; while Lord Monkswell, our actual president, could no doubt have furnished him with information of the moral character and position and myself during the latter period of its existence, for the three gentlemen I have named were compelled to retire owing to their new positions. As a matter of fact, this Association has been conducted as probably no political organisation of the same character has ever been conducted, or ever will be. Not only have its officers done their work for nothing, but they have sacrificed time, money, leisure, and prospects on behalf of the cause they have undertaken. Men, either nationally or locally well known and respected, have flung themselves into the fight with an unselfishness rare in these days. Lord Monkswell spends half his time addressing public meetings, travelling at his own expense; John Harris and his wife, abandoning their missionary work, are devoting themselves to this work.

And what has it all been for? What have any of us to gain by it? We are making this effort to save a helpless race from slavery of the most abominable kind, to free a people that will never know, that can never thank us or reward us. We do not pretend to be doing anything more than what is the duty of every decent man who knows the facts; but there is a type of mean, of bitter ungenerous critic, so constituted as to assume a priori that any movement of this kind must necessarily be inspired by unworthy motives, so constituted as to be incapable of crediting his fellow men with generous instincts. Mr. Belloc seems to me to be a perfect specimen of that class.

For the rest, I am not going to reply to Mr. Belloc's absurd questions on the general subject of Congo misrule. My two books, the Reports of His Majesty's Church Councils, by Catholic and Protestant Peers, Liberal, Conservative, and Labour Members of Parliament, etc., the action of Convocation, the action of the Free Church Councils, some 60 towns' meetings, hundreds, if not thousands, of other meetings all over the country, the debates in both Houses of Parliament, the utterances of the present and late Foreign Ministers—these are before the country, and they suffice. I will, however, conclude with these remarks. Those who cannot see further into this scandal than cruelties upon natives, who talk about the dangers of sentiment in politics, and sneer at what they dub an atrocity campaign are either lacking in heart or are incapable of knowing the enormity of the atrocity. The indictment of Belgium, or more justly Leopoldian, rule in the Congo is not based upon atrocities, which are merely the outcome of a given condition of affairs; it is based upon the central claim set up by the Congo Administration, a claim which covers the entire policy and activities, and renders the whole catalogue of its abominations fatal and inevitable. Stated in a single sentence, this claim is that the elements of commerce and intercourse (that is, the produce of the soil) belong to the Administration or Administra tion, or to the Administration's financial partners, the concessionnaires, and not to the natives. The exercise of this claim is the great atrocity of European rule in the Congo. It is the most monstrous invasion of human rights anywhere recorded, and it has led to the enslave-
The Minimum Wage.

A Paper read at the Conference on Sweated Industries, at Glasgow, 12th October, 1907.

By Edward Carpenter

The subject of the Minimum Wage has been very widely considered in various aspects and from various points of view; and I do not propose now to go into the general question. There is evidently a growing public opinion in favour of the constitution of Wages Boards in detail, the establishment of some kind of legal minimum; and doubtless something will be done in that direction. There will be difficulties, of course, in drafting regulations, and there will be drawbacks to their operation. Yet these are things we must expect in any such case. I am now only desirous to establish a point which has, I think, not been sufficiently insisted on; and which will, I hope, remove one class of prejudice against, or objection to, the proposal.

It is generally tacitly assumed that a legal Minimum, by raising wages in low classes of labour, will handicap the employer, make the realising of a profit more difficult, and generally place a strain upon him, which, latter, of course, he may overcome, but which will nevertheless remain a strain. I want to point out that in many respects this is the reverse of what will happen. And I believe that quite a few employers are beginning to realise that this is so, and therefore are favourable to a legal enactment—though no doubt the majority still are opposed to it.

The case is in reality very simple. Every one knows that the employer to-day has a most anxious time. The dread of competition, the continual fluctuations of prices, the fear of being undersold in the market, haunts him. He has no certain foundation for his business. He is like a man standing or working on bogy ground, with no firm footing anywhere. At any moment a competitor may undersell him; and one of the commonest causes of such underselling is the employment of cheap labour. Here are three manufacturers, say, in some particular branch of industry, all fairly equal with one another, and all going along fairly well. Then, at once, a fourth comes in, with sweated labour, undersells the others, and breaks up the trade. Painful fluctuations and disturbances set in, prices come down, ruinous alike to employers and employed; and ultimately perhaps the former, even against their own wish, are forced to adopt the wage-cutting devices of their new competitor.

Now we must contend that to rule out or prevent this operation by fixing a minimum below which the wage shall not go, is a benefit, not only to the employed, but to the employers themselves. It gives them at last some firm ground beneath their feet. It takes away one large cause of doubt and risk and uncertainty; and simplifies greatly for them the problem which they are handling.

Imagine 10 or 12 men—a sight you may often see in large ironworks—standing round in a circle and holding a heavy iron plate, which they have to handle and perhaps pass on to some machine; and imagine the ground on which these men stand to be partly baggy, and partly mud. You will appreciate at once the dangers and difficulty of their work. At one moment the plate will be tilted in this direction, throwing an unbearable weight on one man; at another moment it will be tilted in that. No man will have certain footing or be able to use his strength properly. Now suppose them all to step up 6 inches on a level stone pavement. It may be a slight exertion to get there, but once there, the whole conditions will be different. The work will be carried on with a certainty, an ease, and an economy of labour out of all comparison with what existed before. Somewhat corresponding will be the advantages to employers when by the fixation of a minimum wage the financial ground beneath their feet shall have been made comparatively solid, and the conditions so far equal for all.

Trade Unions, of course, have already done something of the kind in the higher grades of industry; and I believe that many employers are quite ready to admit that their action has been helpful. The Unions have, in fact, secured their trade to come degree against ruinous fluctuations. It is only necessary to imagine for a moment the effect of the total disappearance of the Unions—say in the Lancashire Cotton trade—to realise that such a disappearance would mean, widespread confusion—the pushing in of new competitors with cheap or sweated labour, the bankruptcy of old employers, and endless disturbance and chaos in a great industry.

The truth is that, within limits, it does not matter to an Employer if wages are high, provided all other employers have to pay equally high. It may matter to the Public, of course (who may have to pay a higher price for the article), but not to the Employer. We come, therefore, now to the question of the interest of the Public.

That the absence of a Minimum Wage (whether that minimum be obtained by Trade Unions or by Wages Boards) may mean a cheapening of price to the public, must of course be admitted. But, at this time of day, I think no one will say that that in itself constitutes a sufficient reason. We all feel that any such gain to the Public might be very ill secured by the degradation and misery of a large body of workers. And in the case of the so-called Sweated Industries—which which we are especially dealing—there are reasons for supposing that the eulannement in price (due to the minimum regulation) would be almost imperceptible. In these industries wages often hear such a very small ratio to cost of materials, profits, salaries of superintendence, etc., that a rise of wages need make but little difference in the price of the article.

Take the case of shirts that are "made" at from 8d. to 12 a dozen—say, one shirt made for 1d. That is sold for 2s. Doubtless in some cases for more. Suppose the woman's wage doubled, so that she will get 2d. instead of 1d. Can we suppose that the demand for shirts would be diminished by this extra charge? The more probable result of it all, of course, would be that the mass-wages, the shirt, in order that a whole class of miserable workers should be redeemed to better conditions—better conditions? or can we suppose that the demand for shirts would be diminished by this extra charge? The more probable result of it all, of course, would be that the 2s. price would remain as before, and that the employer would accept a slightly reduced profit.

Nor must we forget a thing, which is constantly being overlooked when these questions of better wages are being discussed, namely, that men wages, instead of being ruined by better wages, are greatly stimulated thereby—for to-day Political Economy is beginning to see, much more clearly than of old, that markets and trade rest on the well-being of the mass of the peoples—that is, on the mass-wages. Whatever, therefore, cripples wages and the welfare of the masses necessarily cripples trade and the markets. Into such a general question of Political Economy, however—interesting as it might be to discuss—we must not, at present, go.

* (To be continued.)
Driving Capital Out of the Country

By G. Bernard Shaw.

VII.

The Economics of Globe Trotting.

From the point of view of the parasitic proletariat the emigration of our proprietary classes would be an unmitigated misfortune. Not only would their prey escape them; but their desperation would be aggravated by the knowledge that foreign parasites, more mobile than the fish, had their home at the other end of the line. Under the present system, they have already more than enough of this kind of irritation. For example, an immense capital is sunk in the construction of a trap, for pleasure seekers on the South coast of England, called Brighton. Another trap of the same kind is constructed on the south coast of Europe, called Nice, with a subsidiary trap called Monte Carlo. The result is that the richer pleasure seekers break through the Brighton trap on to the Chinese market. The smaller class, however, is by no means immune. The railroad through Soho and Bloomsbury has its hotels for birds of passage on the great routes that lead to Nice. Thus, whilst the parasitic proletariat of Brighton strives to keep the rich at home, another equally powerful section is trying to draw them away and rich as the rich always seek to enrich themselves—exclusiveness—that is, always running away from the poor (small blame to them), and then finding that they want to run away from themselves—tend strongly to do the most expensive thing, and to avoid boredom by globe-stroking. They go abroad and more and more are plundered by foreigners instead of by their own countrymen. Note how little is said about the enormous export of income that takes place in this way. It is no doubt, and to some extent compensated by the monotonous flatness of Brighton, a naturally furious. Its capital is decrepitated or annihilated: every year it has to cater for a poorer class: already it can hardly hold its head higher than Margate, where the air is better. There is no consolation for the Brighton hotel-keeper in Tariff Reform: what he wants is that the out-going tourist be forcibly stopped at our ports and compelled to enjoy himself on his own shores. But here he comica in conflict with that powerful section of the parasitic proletariat that takes refuge in sleeping cars and has its hotels for birds of passage on the great routes which travellers pass from Calais or Ostend to Rome. Each successful trap to catch our rich ruins itself; and when the rich seek to escape it, we need not hope that we will remain on the ground for his sake. And similarly, if the Unsocialists, who ruin whole classes and neighbourhoods by the introduction of new methods and new machines, imagine that the Socialists will stop it by making it more difficult for other classes to find their occupation (or no occupation) gone, and certain forms of fixed capital scrapped, they show very little knowledge of human nature. Their own defence in such cases is that though individuals are ruined, the country as a whole is benefited. The Socialists have the same plea to offer. Suppose Socialism does ruin the region just north of Piccadilly exactly as plutochemistry ruined the once fashionable region north of the Strand and Fleet Street! What of that? Are not these regions more productive than the others? Was it their ruin an economy from the national point of view—even from the metropolitan point of view?

Besides, the ruin was not necessary in the nature of things. It was necessary only in the nature of competitive capitalism. In the competitive system of sleeping cars and globe-stroking, there is no safety valve, no improvement in its methods, has no terror for the workers in a socialised industry. In the army, when the Snider rifle scrapped the Enfield, when the Martini scrapped the Snider, when the Martini, no soldier or officer was ruined. Woolwich arsenal was none the worse when the Woolwich infant was discarded. A private telephone company may ruin a private telegraph company, a private wireless telephone company; and these disasters may spread through the cash nexus and ruin insurance companies and banks in widespread calamity; but nobody in the postal service is a penny the worse for all this; and nobody out of it would be if the whole business—telephones, cables, wireless and all—were in the same public hands instead of in half a dozen private competing ones. On the contrary, everybody would be the better; for the time saved and the labour spared by the new methods would be shared by everybody instead of, as at present, going to create a new set of idlers.

To-day, one sometimes wonders whether the inventor of the power loom ever hesitated when he thought (if he ever did think) of the thousands of handloom weavers whom he was creating; or whether the linotype might not make its way faster if it were not so much more humane to wait until all the old compositors are dead; whether the man who first forecast what an enormous boon the combination of Atlantic steamships and British North and South Western Railways would be, also foresaw the slow starvations of dozens of little coast towns with their tiny harbours, their petty fleets of trading schooners, their prosperous fisheries, their popular lanes of seaside resorts, and when the first Martini, no soldier or officer was ruined. Aberystwyth, for instance, is to-day a fairly prosperous watering place and a university town; but there were long years during which it was only a decaying port not knowing what was happening to it except that work was lessening and more and more people were leaving. On this side of Unsocialism its friends do not dwell. They tell us always of the fortunes drawn in their sordid lottery, not of the fortunes lost and lost in it. They tell us of how So-and-so helped himself to riches, not of how he helped Thimblegumsh to bankruptcy. They urge the nation not to keep all its eggs in one basket lest the first fall should smash them. They forget that a policy of separate baskets does not involve a policy of separate owners, and that the insurer plan is to make your basket too big to be dropped, and to have too many eggs in it for any shock to smash.
They forget also that one of the greatest economic advantages of living in society is that men can pool their risks and avoid ruinous losses by that form of Socialism which we call insurance. No doubt there are obstacles to insurance, and in a sense it is necessary to burn their houses and commit suicide and murder. But as a matter of practical experience it is not found that these inducements prevail except with people who are naturally deprecatory of the decay of neighbourhoods and the introduction of new methods under the existing system. And there would be immense compensations. In my next article I shall give some idea of how they will occur.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Human Bullets. By Tatayoshi Sakurai. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

In a few days we shall be all revelling in Christiaan says: all swearing to forgive others and forget our’selves. But for the moment we must be allowed a little of common humanity. We cannot forego the delight produced by the decay of neighbourhoods and the introduction of new methods under the existing system. And there would be immense compensations. In my next article I shall give some idea of how they will occur.

The Russians caught hold of him, but believing him already dead, he was neither moved nor bayonettized, as were others around him.

It has been my lot to know something of war, to help bear the mangled, writhing bodies from the field of slaughter, to find, in forgotten ditch, some living being with maggot-begowned wounds, to help repair these shattered limbs. But for the moment we must be allowed a little of common humanity. We cannot forego the delight produced by the decay of neighbourhoods and the introduction of new methods under the existing system. And there would be immense compensations. In my next article I shall give some idea of how they will occur.

To be continued.

THE NEW AGE. DECEMBER 21, 1907.
REVIEWS.

Society, Sin, and the Saviour. By Father Bernard Vaughan. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s.)

A thing of sound and fury, signifying much. All the hidden cruelty, the savage lusts, the empty bigotry of all peoples, is here displayed in an ever so readily evoked barbarian instincts. The Father reveals as he recites the scene of flagellation; the shedding of blood arouses his oratory; the pound of flesh must be had in the scene of the crucifixion. Mayfair flocked to the Church of the Immaculate Conception when its morbid, erotic passions could be gratified. If modern civilisation forbids these fetish worshippers to be delighted witnesses of public scourgings or of the minutio monachi, at all events their dormant appetites can be stimulated by dramatic, or melodramatic, recitals of bloodshed.

Psychiatrists know, indeed, that among the sickly such recitals are often more stimulating than the actual sight of these horrors. Mental pathologists of the alien into our household that he may snatch the luxury, the vulgarity, and the selfishness of society while it is too lazy to study the causation of, and the connections of, and the remedies for, sweated industries. Nor would a little generosity of feeling have here been amiss: refugees from France. Catholic institutions have just found a shelter in this country, and these aliens are running establishments which do labour under some suspicion of sweating.

We cannot believe that Father Vaughan is sufficiently naïve to dream for one sermon that more thunderings at the luxury, the vulgarity, and the selfishness of Society will prevent the waste of a single coin in Mayfair. The Churches have been alternately fawning upon and scolding the wealthier employers for many centuries. The result is patent. It is well for mankind that the Catholic peoples are more understanding, more heroic, and more generous than their priests. Under Christianity there arose the cruellest systems of human slavery recorded by history—physical slavery this was. The Church still seeks to impose a greater tyranny: "Think the mind of the Church, do the bidding of the Church—promote the interests of the Church; you will abide now and for evermore in the love of God . . . For you nothing else really matters." Father Vaughan's mind, Father Vaughan's bidding, is it?

We hold no brief for Socialism, but we know that Father Vaughan cannot make good his statement: "We welcome true knowledge, no matter from what source it comes." We would but remind him, for example, of the not quite forgettable judgment against Galileo; we would but utter that name of magical syllables, Giordano Bruno. We are not especially interested in the Higher Criticism, in the rejection of trivialities like the Resurrection. The Church, for its own ends, destroyed practically all the Gospels, and thereby probably invested for all time our understanding of one of the world's greatest mysteries.

Essays in Socialism. By E. Belfort Bax. (Grant Richards. 6d. net.)

In doing us the service of re-publishing in a cheap and convenient form these twenty-six essays, Mr. Belfort Bax offers them as hints and suggestions rather than as dogmas for the Socialist Movement. As hints and suggestions the essays are of first-rate importance, and if, as often happens, the suggestions we receive set us on the opposite road to Mr. Bax, doubtless his object will be equally attained. We may frankly say that while on ninety-nine points we cordially agree with the author, in the hundredth we disagree so violently that we half regret our forced agreement on the rest. Mr. Belfort Bax, like so many modern Europeans, is an one-dimensional anti-feminist. He is interested in the Higher Criticism, in the rejection of trivialities like the Resurrection. The Church, for its own ends, destroyed practically all the Gospels, and thereby probably invested for all time our understanding of one of the world's greatest mysteries.

For the rest, we are glad to see the new essay, "Socialism: What It Is and What It Is Not." Mr. Bax has been a convinced opponent of that hopeless form of Socialism which would limit all its meaning to plain economics. It may be convenient (he says) for Socialists with a view to election economy to seek to confine the definition of Socialism to the economic issue, abstraction from all the other issues of life and conduct. But the attempt to limit the term Socialism within the four walls of an economic definition is, in the long run, futile. . . . The conviction that Socialism involves a complete revolution in all departments of human life, and that though beginning with the economic change it does not end there, is ineradicable alike when entrenched behind indubitable facts, is quite impregnable. We do not propose to defend the Feminist Movement at this moment against Mr. Bax, but merely note that the subject is so much on his mind that three whole essays, peppered with quite feminine italics, are needed to cleanse his bosom of the pernicious stuff.

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relates "The Natural History of the Nonconformist Conscience"; in another he examines the meaning of Democracy, and declares that Socialism must overthrow Democracy as well as Aristocracy; in short, he exercises his freedom to express his ideas, policy or no policy. The book is a stimulating sixpennyworth.

South African Poetry and Verse. Edited by Edward Heath Crouch. (Walter Scott, 3s. 6d.)

"I Heard a Child Singing." By Veronica Mason. (Mathews, 1s. 6d.)

Spring in London. By E. A. (Smith Elder, 2s. net.)

It is invidious in Mr. Crouch to give the title of Poetry and Verse to this collection. Verse would have been quite enough, for with possibly one exception, none of the compositions attempt to poesy. Curiously enough, the exception is by a man still remembered in South Africa as a social reformer of the Old Radical type—Thomas Fonglie, who died in 1834, and was the "Father of South African Poetry." The poem is "The Emigrant's Farewell," beginning with the familiar lines:

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu.

Father as he is declared to be, we suspect a good many crossings in this breed since his day. Many of the verses in the collection are weak imitations of such distinguished poets as Mr. G. R. Sims. Scots ballads have formed a better model, and we can even (after a dose of Sims and water) appreciate a South African echo of Macaulay's "Lays." Of anything distinctive there is, however, no trace unless we include scraps of Kaffir as in F. C. Slater's "Lullaby Song," with its mystic refrain:

Lala, lala, 'mtwana wam;
Lala, lana lwanam.

Otherwise the thought is quite ordinary and the language only too intelligible. For example, the "Thought suggested by a Little Shell at Cove Rock" are remarkably like the thoughts suggested to any young and rather plump person by a little shell at Brighton, or anywhere else. A shell on a mantel-shelf would do equally well. Mr. Price's "pale diaphanous wonder of the dawn" suggests the Lincolnshire ferns quite as much as the illimitable veldt. On the other hand, there is nothing of the reputed "colonial" spirit in the book. With occasional breaks, the stream of verse flows on in South Africa as in England now, tamely and sweetly. This collection, nevertheless, is interesting and not without merit.

We understand that Veronica Mason "heard a Child Singing" in Tasmania. Strange, again, that, except for native words, children's songs are alike all over the Empire. Elkin Mathew prints the little songs so well for native words, children's songs are alike all over the Empire. Elkin Mathew prints the little songs so well.

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"Thoughts suggested by a Little Shell at Cove Rock" are remarkably like the thoughts suggested to any young and rather plump person by a little shell at Brighton, or anywhere else. A shell on a mantel-shelf would do equally well. Mr. Price's "pale diaphanous wonder of the dawn" suggests the Lincolnshire ferns quite as much as the illimitable veldt. On the other hand, there is nothing of the reputed "colonial" spirit in the book. With occasional breaks, the stream of verse flows on in South Africa as in England now, tamely and sweetly. This collection, nevertheless, is interesting and not without merit.

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BOOKS
We will not go so far as to say with the publishers that Hazell's is "the one book of reference indispensable for everyone," but without the shadow of doubt it is as indispensable as any other of the many annuals. In some respects it combines all the features of the rest, being a Topical Encyclopaedia, an Annual Digest of Events, and a Statesman's Year Book rolled into one. We have tested its accuracy in matters known particularly to us, and on the whole it has borne the test very well. We shall have nothing to complain of if all the matter is as impartial and full as the sections on Labour and Socialism. It is reasonably up-to-date, too, there being several events recorded which occurred only in mid-October. This is a testimony to the efficiency of the Editor, Mr. W. Palmer. As, however, he has sent us a copy of the Annual, we cannot hold him guiltless for omitting 'The New Age' from his list of Socialist papers. Our consolation is that he omits the 'Clarion' as well.

Comrades. By Maxim Gorky. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

Maxim Gorky has grown fifty years older in the last decade. His creatures no longer dash their heads against brick walls in an impotent, blind fury, not even railing against an inexorable, unrecognised fate. There is work to be done in the world; men and women have been found able and willing to do it. Gorky is now the apostle of revolution, full of hope-loving belief, as must be who will fashion a new world. It is in this comfortable, soft England our hearts turn loden on counting our scant changes, it is not because of capitalism, nor of the unemployed, nor of a harlot Press. Against these we can fight. But it is a decrepit England, an England falls "to the dead cold damnation of disgrace." France, Hungary, Poland, Italy rebelled and evoked some responsive answers in our land. The mighty struggles, the sacrifices, the unceasing slaughter of the Russian people scarce provoke a comment. Nay, we protect our Indian frontier with the dead bodies of the Russian revolutionists.

"Comrades" is the development of a beautiful, simple soul. Pelageya Nilovna is the wife of Michael, the best locksmith and strongest man in the village; she lived in the house silent always in anxious expectation of blows. The locksmith never spared her his favourite epithet, "all you dirty vermin." Life in the village went on in a monotonous regular routine thin the factory whistle shrieked at its appointed intervals. The factory life absorbed the bodies and souls of the workers. "Meeting one another, they spoke about the factory and the machines, had their fling against the foreman." On holidays the men drank swiftly, and young people behaved just as "hands" do elsewhere. The father dies, railing against an inexorable, unrecognised fate. There becomes a meeting-place for the revolutionists. The factory whistle evoked some responsive answers in our land. The mighty struggles, the sacrifices, the unceasing slaughter of the Russian people scarce provoke a comment. Nay, we protect our Indian frontier with the dead bodies of the Russian revolutionists.

In the spirit of the Russian revolutionists.

The Little Burma Girl. By Mrs. Parsons. (Pitman. 2s. 6d. net.)

These are two rather charming books for very little children, illustrated by the author, amusingly certainly, and yet with a poetic quaintness and humour that appeal very strongly to a child, who will not discern the curious early-Victorian sentimentality that hardly endears them to the adult mind. In "Sunshine's Garden," which is a pleasantly discursive series of natural history "talks," there is a quite delightful picture of the mouse conversing with the lizard among the bluebells, and the tomtit's remarks about her own children and the frog's are clearly veracious. It is unfortunate the "Little Burma Girl" has so ugly a religious bias.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Lord of the World." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Firmans. 6s.)


"A Pocketful of Sixpences." By G. W. E. Russell. (E. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Christmas Book: Let Us Forget." By Cecil Heuland. (E. Grant Richards, 1s. net.)
"The Claims of French Poetry." By J. C. Bailey. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
"Human Bullets." By Tadayoshi Sakurai. (Constable. 5s. net.)
"The Literature of Roguery." By Frank W. Chandler. 2 vols. (Constable and Co. 12s. net.)
"The Agitation of Millions." By Angelo S. Rappoport. (Chatto and Windus. 15s. net.)
"A Book of Caricatures." By Max Beerbohm. (Methuen. 21s.)
"Finn and his Companions." By Standish O'Grady. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
"Cobwebs of Criticism." By Hall Jennings. (Routledge. 6d. net.)
"Production: A Study in Economics." By P. H. Castberg. (Watford. 2s. net.)
"The Tain-an Irish Epic told in English Prose." By Thomas Carlyle. World's Classics. (Frowde. 1S.)
"The Magic Water." By Elise H. Delépine. (Bird. 3s. 6d. net.)
"Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
"The Wagnerian Romances." By Gertrude Hall. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
"Sir Charles Wyndham." By Florence Teignmouth Shore. (Reinhold.) 6d. net.
"The Master Beast." By Horace W. G. Newte. (Reinhold.) 6d. net.
"History of Music in England." By Ernest Walker. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)
"Railway Corporations as Public Servants." By Henry S. Haines. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
"The English Stage of To-day." By Mario Borsa. (Lane. 6d. net.)
"Where Men Decay-A Survey of Rural Conditions." By A. E. Elder. 25s. net.
"I heard a Child Singing" By Veronica Mason. (Elkin Mathews. 6s.)
"Human Justice for those at the Bottom * An appeal to those at the Top." By C. C. Cotterill. (Smith, Elder. 10s. net.)
"The Poems of Coleridge." (The Life of Stirling," by James H. Boscawen. (Murray. 6s.)
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DRAMA.

At the Hicks Theatre Mr. Frohmann presents a new one-act play as a refresher to that spendthrift extravaganza "Brewster's Millions." And to add to the piquancy of the repast the curtain raiser gives us a glimpse of the hard conditions under which the workers are allowed the privileges of making profits for their masters and pupils millions to be squandered by their Brewster owners. The contrast is certainly interesting and ought to be theatrically effective, but the question remains as to whether "The Agitator" is a definite sign of the times dramatically or merely an accident. Were "The Agitator" a play of genuinely Socialist character, the question would not need to be asked; as it is, however, one cannot be so positive. The scene of the play is certainly encouraging, being a room in a mean street, "Batterssea way." The heroine, "Pickles," is the leader of a strike in a Jam and Pickle factory, the villain is the young boss of the firm, and sentimental relief is afforded by the nobility of a newspaper reporter. In construction the play is simple, opening in Pickles's room, with a meeting of girls swearing to go on to the death and progressing through an "interview" with the reporter to a final struggle of Pickles with the young boss. The interview with the reporter gives us Pickles's life history, how she has kept a home over the years for her nine children, when the mother became helpless, how she has one by one got the children "suffused" into Orphanages, got her mother in a Home and a tombstone on her father's grave. This was very well done, and not a bit overstated. Pickles's language and sentiments, even the enjoyment of her father's funeral arrangements, were the genuine article. But, unfortunately, the reporter, when the other girls had gone, kissed Pickles's hand in farewell, and Pickles let him, like any stage lady that ever lived. Immediately after this one of the girls returns as a delegate from the others to say they can't go on. She begins well by saying she has "an awful sinkin' in my inside," but ends badly by declaring that the strike can't last over "another dinner time. The first phrase may pass muster, although I have a sneaking medical impression that it refers to the feeling of dyspepsia and not of hunger; the second, in an environment where dinner is a problematical uncertainty, is too theatrical. Leaving Pickles stunned by this blow the delegate goes and the young boss arrives with presents of flowers, cake and jam, one resigns oneself to theatricality. Pickles does, presumably; she staggered with weakness and began to starve, but nevertheless she scorches the cake; and in the jam, quite rightly, since she knows how it is made, makes her feel sick. But no play at all is made with hunger and the temptation of food. The renunciation of a piece of cake by a starving girl is at least as great a thing as the renunciation of love by a stage heroine. It deserves more earnest treatment and the contrast is certainly interesting and ought to be theatrically effective, but the question remains as to whether "The Agitator" is a definite sign of the times dramatically or merely an accident. Were "The Agitator" a play of genuinely Socialist character, the question would not need to be asked; as it is, however, one cannot be so positive. The scene of the play is certainly encouraging, being a room in a mean street, "Batterssea way." 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the joys of one "quarter" of an orange and to weep tears of gratitude for the benefit of a spoonful of bread and many, many other things. Barring that, life was a battle. In the chocolate cream soldier episode in "Arms and the Man," so one cannot help feeling that Mrs. Berenger has lost a big opportunity of enforcing the morality of the world and bringing these lapses to a close. The last scene between the boss and the girl gets in some good work in expressing rather crudely the opposition and class war of capital and labour. The young boss declares that Miss Pickles' ass is none of her rights and tells her she is just his "slave," that the firm own the girls and that they must work for the wages and under the conditions they, the firm, dictate. Miss Pickles stands up for her dignity and the girls' right and arranges the brutality of the capitalist attitude in vigorous language. Melodramatically considered, this is excellent, but when one comes down to facts the lamentable conclusion faces one that capitalist bosses do not have these clear-cut class-war ideas, they are usually amiable Christian gentlemen "doing the best" under difficult circumstances. It is, indeed, practically impossible to imagine anyone outside the ranks of the S.D.F. making use of such violent language as the young boss indulges in; it is utterly impossible to imagine any young boss being such an as to give the game away to the public with such a sort of glibness. The boss of a final complete capitulation is mere sentimental nonsense. It is this melodramatic cum sentimental tinge about the play that makes me hesitate in saying that it is "art." If artists are willing to exhibit all their thoughts theatrical. Undoubtedly, it is a sign that dramatists and managers are waking up to a knowledge of the value of the motives of industrial conflict for stage purposes. But would they not do themselves a service and make a fine a play that gave the more cruelly human facts as they really are and not seen through melodramatic and sentimental spectacles? All of which is said without prejudice to the opinion that "The Agitator" is a gap of relief in a weary dramatic world and an achievement on which Mrs. Berenger is to be heartily congratulated. The importance of the play is very much increased by the acting of Miss Marjorie Murray. Her sunken cheeks, her chloratic look, her nervous gestures and her unsteady walk made up a picture of distressing realism. Miss Murray made herself mere the factory girl that I should have thought possible; except for the hand-kissing episode, which was, of course, dictated to her by the part, there was not a false note in the performance. Miss Murray was the factory girl who consults the doctor any day of the week and who tells him her story of long hours, bad food and low wages. Once more the dictum is justified that what the stage is going to outrageous lengths. Why should not the Spectator publish "Scrap from Mr. H. G. Wells's paper basket"? It would brighten the Spectator, of course; but why should not the actor or actress, not the dramatist, but only the manager who shall have the courage to recognize the tendencies of the age and give both the chance to make their success.

L. HADEN GUEST.

ART.

Drawings by Mr. A. E. John, at the Carfax Gallery.

Before one can venture to write of this exhibition, there are certain preliminary questions to be answered. This is not surprising, for the atmosphere of the Carfax Gallery generally inclines to philosophy and kindred amusements; whereas so many of its rivals are merely picture shows. But let us devote ourselves for a few moments to Mr. John. He has granted to the public the right to freely inspect his recent drawings; they are of varied kind, pen, pencil, and brush work. They are the most intimate moments of an artist's life; his vague impulses towards pictures, sketches, possible, drawings, first ideas for portraits, and so on. Now, if you consider it for a moment, it is somewhat strange that an artist should thus take the public into his confidence. I could understand the artist, as I called his professional brethren to his studio; if, with closed doors and under pledge of secrecy, he placed before them this extraordinary series of sketches which, I am sure, positively teem with points of technical interest. I can imagine him explaining to them what an exacting artist's life is at present. It is possible that the artist has received a commission to illustrate a book in the manner of Blake. He firmly believe that is the truth; for the other hand, there are persistent thoughts that the whole is the enduring mind of the artist, and a twinge of imagination goes so far as to suggest the name of a well-known comic paper. Then, again, there are those studios for portraits of ladies (Nos. 28, 40, 62, 72, for example); just my first idea of how to pose Miss X., or Mrs. A., the explaining voice is saying . . . "Oh, Lord, yes, she has two eyes, but this is only the merest hint. You need not mention it to her." And then, further, profitable technical talk. But what has all this to do with the public? Don't think it is fair to Mr. X. to hang this study in a public place. She might see it; and I'm sure it does not do her justice. I am not at all sure it does Mr. John justice.

There is, surely, a sufficiently clear line between the finished art work and what is the merest preparation for it. If artists are willing to exhibit all their thoughts theatrical. Undoubtedly, it is a sign that dramatists and managers are waking up to a knowledge of the value of the motives of industrial conflict for stage purposes. But would they not do themselves a service and make a fine a play that gave the more cruelly human facts as they really are and not seen through melodramatic and sentimental spectacles? All of which is said without prejudice to the opinion that "The Agitator" is a gap of relief in a weary dramatic world and an achievement on which Mrs. Berenger is to be heartily congratulated. The importance of the play is very much increased by the acting of Miss Marjorie Murray. Her sunken cheeks, her chloratic look, her nervous gestures and her unsteady walk made up a picture of distressing realism. Miss Murray made herself mere the factory girl that I should have thought possible; except for the hand-kissing episode, which was, of course, dictated to her by the part, there was not a false note in the performance. Miss Murray was the factory girl who consults the doctor any day of the week and who tells him her story of long hours, bad food and low wages. Once more the dictum is justified that what the stage is going to outrageous lengths. Why should not the Spectator publish "Scrap from Mr. H. G. Wells's paper basket"? It would brighten the Spectator, of course; but why should not the actor or actress, not the dramatist, but only the manager who shall have the courage to recognize the tendencies of the age and give both the chance to make their success.
THE 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.

A CORRECTION.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

In fearing that the reference to "The New Age," would think me utterly unpolitical, permit me to apologise for a misprint. There are no diggers in Siberia, and Siberians do not speak Esperanto. I mean the glorious unconquerable Republic of Liberia.

George Raaford Muck.

THE ZULU CRISIS.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

With Dinuzulu "arrested" and a civil trial promised, it might be supposed that the Zulu crisis was at an end, but I fear it is not.

I am not afraid of the native "rebellion," of which no evidence was ever produced, but of the continued existence of martial law, which may ultimately goad the natives into acts of violence.

Martial law means that no news except "official news" will be admitted to the country, that any suspected native may be shot without proper investigation, that every act, whether private or public, of a white man will be subsequently "inadmissible," while no act of a black man will be similarly treated.

Martial law is the abrogation of the British Constitution and the abrogation of God's being answered in it, and except under the most rigorous necessity it is a monstrous abuse of the powers which are vested in the Government of Natal.

It is the business of the Imperial Government to insist that this abuse is removed at the earliest opportunity. It can do this constitutively through the Government of the Colony. Meanwhile it should send out properly qualified persons to investigate the whole situation on the spot.

F. W. P. L.

THE EVOLUTIONISTS AND MR. BELLLOC.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Mr. Bellloc refers to Mr. Holmes, the defeated candidate for West Hull. I am very generously informed that Mr. Holmes is not a professed Socialist, but what does that matter? Socialists do not attach any importance to the individual, and on this account should resent. It is intolerable that Miss Farr should have to rely to act impartially in a dispute between employers and employed. Are not these the very classes who are steeped to the eyes in all the phrasings of the "painted environment"? The men whose first thought is to secure the employer his 10 per cent. profit is there such a thing as a really impartial authority on these points? I do not think so.

It seems to me that while arbitration and conciliation are excellent so far as they reach, any attempt to force upon men their very efficiency to the fact that in the last resort the workers can always resort to the strike, that the worker can in other words remind the employers that he is an indispensable element in the industrial machinery; and it seems to me that the weakness of the English trade unions in recent years has largely been that the employers knew that they would never kick. Why, compare the fact that while the free-born English railwaymen were being treated as dirt by the English railway directors, the Austrian railway workers managed to force their will on the Austrian State Railways as well as on private companies—by political action. It is noted, but by direct action—in this case passive resistance.

Not only that, but when they had virtually no political powers the Austrian miners were able to turn five hours' labour against the powerful coal barons, men with enormous economic and political power behind them, by the means of a strike.

It seems to me that the whole English movement is to exaggerate the importance of the political movement and to ignore those elements of strength which lie in the hands of the worker as a producer and consumer. To secure the friendship of the intelligent or the professional classes the workers have to show them their economic power. The political movement will have so much the more power and efficiency the more it is backed up by a powerful economic movement outside Parliament.

In fact, much as I regret the exaggerations and fallacies of the syndicist movement in France and Italy, I feel that it is so far justified, as it represents the idea that we can win Socialism by Parliamentary methods alone—and both these countries are what may be called Liberal countries. The idea that we can win Socialism by Parliamentary methods alone—and both these countries are what may be called Liberal countries—will never work. The suffrage in both countries is a great deal more democratic than in our own. And yet in both countries you see the organised workers turning (through their organisations) their backs on politics. And why? because they have been led to expect too much from politics alone.

John D. Ansek.

SOCIALISM AND SEX RELATIONS.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

The letter from Miss Farr reprinted by you some weeks ago from the "Spectator" contains a phrase which all Socialists should resent. It is intolerable that Miss Farr should apologize for terrifying Socialists and talk of having mercy for the "weak susceptibilities." Before a middle class Socialist movement can be effective it is clear that the grossish attitude of the bourgeois to the smart set will have to some extent be modified. Consequently, a great shock for the purpose. I defy Miss Farr to shock me, though I freely confess that she has often failed to convince me.

L. S. Taylor.

A NEW AGE?

To The Editors of "The New Age."

The letter of your correspondent "Attica" is absolutely amazing. I declare, notwithstanding "The New Age," the publication of Mr. Ellis's latest illuminating article, the tone of which I consider unimpeachable. All will surely agree, who observe that moral problems no less than others will gain in lucidity from the dry light of science, and who recognise in Mr. Ellis not only a high-minded Socialist, but a scientific criminalist of the first order.

AMATEUR WEBSTER OF THE NEW AGE.

Trinity College, Oxford.

L. S. TAYLER.

FUTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

While I am in general agreement with the attitude taken up in your articles on conciliation and arbitration, I am unable to take a similar view regarding your criticism, and remonstrance of that of Mr. Taylor, of the Manifesto issued by the Fabian Society on the railway settlement. I am utterly unable to take the view that the Manifesto is "without" and "blatantly" a "professed" doctrine. Mr. Holmes, the defeated candidate for West Hull. We are very generously informed that Mr. Holmes is not a professed Socialist, but what does that matter? Socialists must discharge their vast mistakes, and must take the view that if Mr. Holmes is not only a high-minded Socialist, but a scientific criminalist of the first order.

L. S. TAYLER.

FREE DISCUSSION.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

The letter of your correspondent "Attica" is absolutely amazing. I declare, notwithstanding "The New Age," the publication of Mr. Ellis's latest illuminating article, the tone of which I consider unimpeachable. All will surely agree, who observe that moral problems no less than others will gain in lucidity from the dry light of science, and who recognise in Mr. Ellis not only a high-minded Socialist, but a scientific criminalist of the first order.

L. S. TAYLER.

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

To The Editors of "The New Age."

The New Age seems mightily concerned about the election of Labour candidates; the last of whose love and devotion being Mr. Holmes, the defeated candidate for West Hull. We are very generously informed that Mr. Holmes is not a professed Socialist, but what does that matter? Socialists must discharge their vast mistakes, and must take the view that if Mr. Holmes is not only a high-minded Socialist, but a scientific criminalist of the first order.

L. S. TAYLER.
their action in supporting a man who has frankly avowed himself not to be a Socialist, and who, if returned, would belong to a party that isn't Socialist? Mr. Holmes not being a Socialist, it follows that, unless he happened to belong to something else he wouldn't have contested the constituency as a candidate in favour of the perpetuation of our present crazy economic and social system. The Labour party has, however, by its actions sprang into existence of the Labour party has only added to the confusion, and that, instead of only two parties to choose between, there will be three in the future. Now the Labour party's programme, if carried out to the letter, would be just as much an advance towards Socialism as being on top of the Manchester Town Hall is to be nearer the moon.

The Labour party as a whole do not accept the principles of Socialism or they would label themselves with a different ticket and refuse the admittance of anti-Socialists into their ranks.

The Labour party's policy is one of tinkering and patching up, leaving causes severely alone. In this respect they are not unlike the old parties, they too, being anxious to bring about a few petty reforms. What is very urgently needed now is the formation of a real Socialist party calling itself by that name and working now and always for Socialism.

It is difficult to believe that a Socialist organ should find it necessary to point out to its readers why an anti-Socialist should receive the support of Socialists. I very confidently say that the views expressed in this letter represent the opinions of a good number of Socialists—in Manchester, at all events.

SOCIALIST.

THE IRISH MUDDLE.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Plato's ideal commonwealth was to be built on a basis of slavery; the English Socialist ideal commonwealth (according to your contributor) will be based on a subject Irish democracy. We could never dispense with the control of the English democracy in majority.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island" points out that the national question is keeping every other intellectual and social movement at a standstill in Ireland. The national question must first be settled. The recent Manifesto issued by the Executive Committee of the Irish National League shows conclusively that Socialism of the nearer future will consist of the central facts of common ownership modified in each case by national traditions, peculiar forms of Capitalism and relics of Feudalism extant in each country. "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," is an ideal for Marxian and other Socialists to aspire to, but long before that we shall see the nations each with its characteristic form of Socialism; the national form of government is a more characteristic outcome of racial temperament than even the industrial methods of production. Irish Socialists must develop on Irish lines: the English and Irish races are so radically different in temperament that their lines of development would differ largely.

"However iniquitous the means by which the Act of Union was consummated, it has passed into history." This is either an obvious truism or an argument for retaining the Union. To test the strength of the plea, let Socialists substitute "English Capitalism" or "the English Land System" for "the Act of Union" in the sentence. To say that the wrongs of England and those of Ireland are essentially the same begs the question. The administration of the Union, (the Imperial Power), with that of "Paddy" Packer*, the military police, producing Sergeant Sheridan: the questions of land, education, over-taxation, are non-essentials in the view of your contributor. It seems natural that the Irish people should tackle these non-essentials first, seeing that they make life so intolerable to the non-ascendancy man.

To speak of "past wrongs" in the same breath with Cromwell and Pitt is somewhat misleading. Michael Davitt and many others have been evicted; Irishmen in plenty can remember the Famine Year (which Bernard Shaw calls the Starvation Year), the shooting at Mitchelstown, the judicial murder of Allen, Lukin and O'Brien in response to the English demand for blood. Can it be wondered that the Irish democracy think twice before trusting the future of their nation to such a people? If those wrongs are not recent enough we cannot forget the volley fired into the back of John Mitchell and the execution of the Emmettites. It seems natural that Socialists must recognise Trade Unions and Trades Councils, conferring upon them power to demand an inquiry into any trade represented by them. More than this, workers under the Bill are allowed to nominate representatives to watch over their interests on the Board.

In Victoria, in organised trades the workers are invariably represented on the Wages Boards by Trade Union officials, and in Trades where there is no organisation the officials of other trades are often chosen. The spectre of a Conciliation Board such as will be established under the Railway Settlement, on which a shunter or a signalman will, in person, tell his Directors what he thinks about his wages and hours, is not one that will fill any experienced Trade Unionist with enthusiasm. The first principle of Trade Unionism is the right of the individual to speak to be represented by officials whom the employers have no power to victimise.

It is, therefore, clear that no analogy between the Railway Conciliation Boards and the Wages Boards is possible. The Sweated Industries Bill was drafted primarily to provide machinery for the determination of wages for the trades where, under present conditions, the organisation of the workers is practically impossible, but the passing of the Bill would be, in itself, a modification of these conditions, and would, it is hoped, lead to the Trade Union organisation of the workers concerned.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

MR. BELLOC AND HERESY.

To the Editors of "The New Age."

Would you allow me to make a few remarks about Mr. Belloc? Misunderstanding the sense in which he used the word "developed" in his recent article in THE NEW AGE, I gave it as my opinion that his proposition "that to a Catholic, man is a finally developed being," was dangerously near to heresy. I withdraw my own opinion, and moreover cordially subscribe to his as an accurate statement of Catholic truth.

W. E. CAMPBELL.

Eiffel Tower

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