WHY I AM NOT A SOCIALIST: G. K. Chesterton.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

Edited by A. R. Orage.

No. 695 [New Series. Vol. II. No. 10] SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1908. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ...	181
THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS ...	184
THE PRIMARY PROBLEM OF STARVATION. By G. R. S. Taylor	185
THE CURSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By Dr. M. D. Eder ...	185
DICKENS AS A SOCIALIST. By Edwin Pugh ...	187
IBSEN'S WOMEN: Hilda Wangel. By Florence Farr ...	188
WHY I AM NOT A SOCIALIST. By G. K. Chesterton ...	189
DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE. By Frederick Richardson ...	190
SOCIALISM AND THE SHOPKEEPER. By G. Bernard Shaw ...	191
ON THE LOOSE: A Story. By George Raffalovich ...	192
THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE. By Charles Smyth ...	193
REVIEWS.—	
The Curse of the Romanoffs ...	194
The Prolongation of Life ...	195
Ghosts of Piccadilly ...	196
The Excursions of Henry Pringle Price ...	196
DRAMA: The Chester Plays. By Dr. L. Haden Guest ...	197
MUSIC: A Christmas Carol. By Herbert Hughes...	198
CORRESPONDENCE ...	198

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, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NEW YEAR is the time for good resolutions, and we hope that some good ones will at least be made. Whether they will be kept is, of course, another matter; but we should be thankful if our politicians really persuaded themselves to express an intention of abolishing poverty in the British Empire this year. Perhaps the task is too difficult for mortal man, but even the will and the attempt would redeem our world from the disgrace of acquiescence in its own eternal degradation. If an instant of sanity is allowed us it is surely on the threshold of a new year, and we for our part in that instant freely extend our sympathy and offer our cooperation with men of good intent all over the world. After all, the world is not an easy place to live in, even for the most happily situated. Yet who doubts that it could be made infinitely better? Let us at any rate begin the year with that intention, and start as friends, even though in a week's time we should discover each other to be deadly enemies.

* * *

What strikes us most on reviewing the events of the week is the lamentable exhibition once more of political timidity among our own people. For one or two crumbs of solace we are truly thankful, but the banquet is still missing. Mr. Birrell still remains faithful among the faithless to the sound principles of No Coercion in Ireland. He is a bright star of hope in a black Cabinet. His example has even been infectious, and Sir Edward Grey, we hope we understand, has lifted at last from the Empire the disgrace of Denshawai. If he has really released the unhappy victims of our idiotic officials, we shall send him thanks. Egypt, we are convinced, will be safer after every such act of justice.

* * *

But we have no particular intention in singling out England as an example of political timidity. If we do so it is because England stands for so much, claims so much, and in the long run will be judged by so much. If only our Imperialists were Imperial we could endure them gladly. If only they really believed and acted on the belief that England is superior to all other nations, we could not only forgive but admire their proper Chauvinism. The contrary, however, is so often the case. From Lord Curzon downwards, our blue Imperialists are smitten with a positive cowardice regarding the Empire. They are like a wealthy miser in everlasting dread of robbers. All their energies are in the direction of safeguarding and preserving, seldom or never in the direction of strengthening and using. And thus it comes about that England, that should be the foremost Power among civilised Powers, lags behind or moves only under the impulsion of some ignominious boot-toe.

* * *

If other nations were so wonderfully competent we should see room for caution. But other nations (excepting, perhaps, Japan) are even more stupid. The spectacle in France just now of the trial and sentencing of M. Hervé is calculated to move the cynical few to laughter, and the feeling few to tears. What on earth can one man do against a nation unless he happens to be right? And if he is right, what on earth is the sense of advertising him? No human civilisation is above criticism; no civilisation, in fact, can be maintained without criticism; we have got to be democratic or perish, since the old aristocracies are blown out never to be relit. Hence the only safety for a modern State threatened with subversion by criticism is to insist not upon less, but upon more criticism. If the French Government had had a grain of intelligence they would have subsidised a dozen or so orators and newspapers to criticise M. Hervé. Why not? The State is bound to back its own horse. What we object to in all this repression is not the State's determination to maintain its point of view, but its inconceivably foolish and suicidal method of doing it. We object to M. Hervé quite as much as the French Government do. Only, our method of suppressing him would be by counter criticism, or by the substitution of a more inspiring propaganda. Unless war had been made so unnaturally hideous, we may be sure peace would have had no charms. The Hervé trial is another proof that France is losing her political intelligence.

* * *

We made an exception of Japan, and so did the "Times" after the first speech of Count Okuma delivered at Tokio. Count Okuma is the Lord Rosebery of Japan, an orator, an ex-political leader, and a man of extraordinary national attraction. But like his English alter ego, he is not to be relied upon two speeches running. At Tokio Count Okuma eulogised England in India as a "crystal of righteousness and humanity"; and the "Times," with its usual touting instinct for pleasant things said of England by foreigners, delightedly printed the rhetoric in full. Only a few days later Count Okuma was off on another tack, inviting, like another Joshua, his countrymen to behold the Land of Goshen and the grapes thereof that they were good. "Being oppressed by the Europeans, the three hundred million people of India are looking for Japanese protection. [Oh, Korea!] If, therefore, the Japanese let the chance slip by and do not go to India, the Indians will be disappointed . . . Why should the Japanese not stretch out their hands towards that

country, now that the people are looking to the Japanese?"

* * *

Why, indeed? And echo answers why! The "Times" was so terrified by the oratorical question, and so nervous on the subject of India generally, that special enquiries were made of Reuter the incorruptible. The upshot appears to be that Count Okuma said it and meant it. What, like another, he has said he has said. Our only fear, however, is that Japan does not mean it any more than England meant efficiency when Lord Rosebery said Efficiency! If Japan showed any signs of stretching her hands over the earth, we should welcome them as from heaven. The simple truth is that we shall never make a decent British Empire until we are compelled; and, than a powerful enemy at the gate, nothing is more compelling. The Empire needs enemies without in order to slay its enemies within.

* * *

Nobody, we assume, can be satisfied, for example, with the condition of things in the Transvaal or in Natal. We are not concerned now with the pettifogging politics of these two wretchedly unintelligent Governments, but with the treatment by the one of our Indian fellow-subjects and by the other of the Zulus. Everything we said of the Natalese attitude to Dinuzulu has been corroborated by the farcical trial now being held of the latter. As may be remembered (even by the side of the Druce grave where naturally most things are forgotten), the Natal Government blustered and flustered with its amateur soldier-policemen, intent on goodness knows what sort of a war of Zulu extermination, in the nightmarish belief that Dinuzulu was gathering impis for the annihilation of the British Empire. Miss Colenso, who knew more about the Zulus than the whole Natal people put together, was not demonstrably terrified; in fact, she declared that the Natalese fears were without real ground. No matter. An obsession is an obsession, and though Dinuzulu offered to come of his own accord for trial, he must be fetched with the majesty of the law. Fetched he was with a ludicrous absence of majesty, and the trial has begun. All we can say of the trial so far is that Gilbert and Sullivan should both be present—the one to record and the other to set it to music. Unfortunately, comedy in Imperialism often turns upon tragedy.

* * *

The treatment of Asiatics by the Transvaal is a case in point; here the comedy has been converted into tragedy bv the assent of the English Cabinet to the Restriction Act. The Transvaal Government are now for the first time in the Imperial position of being able to deport British subjects for the crime of being Asiatic. The official assent was published in the afternoon of December 27, and by the evening several of the Indian leaders, including the well-known Mr. Ghandi, were placed under technical arrest. The deportation of hundreds of British Indians to India under such circumstances can scarcely be expected to increase the gratitude of India for the blessings of the British Raj. On the contrary, we do not hesitate to agree with Mr. Harold Cox for once, and to echo his letter to the "Times" of Christmas Day. The abandonment by any integral part of the Empire of the principle of equality under the Raj is tantamount to the repudiation of Imperialism and a forerunner of its destruction.

* * *

Nor is there the smallest satisfaction to be got out of the riotous scenes at the Indian National Congress held at Surat. Everybody knows that when 1,200 delegates from a continent like India meet to discuss their grievances, the beautiful calm of the House of Lords is scarcely likely to be experienced. Members of the House of Lords have nothing on earth to grow indignant about. There they are, secure to the Day of Judgment, in their rents and their privileges; and with three parts of a popular House secretly or avowedly defending them like loyal feudal retainers. But in the Indian National Congress the atmosphere is different. With delegates present from famine-ridden districts, with an outlook absolutely black, and in face of an official bureaucracy efficient to the last degree of insensibility, there is no wonder that a minority in the Congress were in favour of wild extremes. The scene was not unlike the scenes witnessed in the early days of Socialism. But look at our Labour Party to-day! As is our Labour Party now, so will be the Indian Reform Party when the way of reform is opened.

* * *

Meantime we may fairly ask what are our own politicians doing? The answer is: Nothing. The "Daily Express" of December 28 had an article complaining of the apathy of the Conservative and Liberal politicians in face of Socialism. But what have they to do with Socialism? What are Socialists to them or they to Socialists? Really we are tired of discussion; we have been fed long enough on the alms-basket of words. The "Daily Express" says that during the year 1907 as many as one hundred thousand Socialist meetings have been held. Very likely, and probably more will be held next year. But what can we do with opponents who, with Waterloo pertinacity, resolve never to know themselves beaten? Eighteen Unsocialist vans, it seems, are in the country against us—with not an argument among them! Surely if there were arguments against Socialism Mr. Claude Lowther, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Lyttelton would find them. All three have been speaking or writing this week against Socialism with an appalling lack of intelligence. Do any of them really know what they are talking about?

* * *

We commend to them as a beginning the excellent article, eight columns long, which appeared in the "Times" on December 26. Subject: The Legal Poor of London. London is not England, but the researches of Lady Bell, Mr. Rowntree, Mr. Cadbury, and others prove that London is quite typical enough of the general poverty. We take the following extracts from the "Times" article (which should be filed for reference) in the hope that Messrs. Chaplin and the rest may revive their recollection of the actual problem before the statesmen of this country:—

It is a sad fact that the ratepayers of the metropolis are maintaining this Christmas over 126,000 persons, of whom 79,681 are in the workhouses and the remainder in receipt of legal relief outside. This mass of pauperised humanity is greater by 2,930 than it was in December last; it approaches the bad periods of 1904 and 1905 when, in the former year, the total stood at 127,623 and in the latter at 127,072; it is nearly 23,000 higher than the pauperism at the beginning of the present century and, with the exception of 1904 and 1905, it exceeds all the years since 1870. If we take the rate of paupers per 1,000 of the population, we find that it has gone up from 26.1 last Christmas to 26.5 this year, and that it is higher than the ratio of any year since 1874, with the exception of 1904 and 1905, when it was 27.5 and 27.2 respectively. This is the story of the year, briefly stated.

During the past year the stream of people entering the London workhouses has continued in still greater volume. The inmates now number 79,681, or an increase of 1,078 over the total at Christmas, 1906; over 11,000 have been added since the first year of the present century, and over 20,000 in the last 20 years. In short, the situation as regards indoor pauperism is unprecedented, for not only have we had annual increases, but the proportion of indoor paupers to population has gone up considerably, and it now stands at the highest ratio on record. In 1900 the rate was 14.7 per 1,000 of the population, 20 years ago 14.3, and in 1866 11.0, the lowest ratio, 10 5, having been registered in 1875. These figures reveal a state of things which has no prospect of finality, and Poor Law authorities appear to be helpless in the matter.

One of the difficulties of the present situation is the great lack of interest which the people of London show in the election of guardians. At the last general election 78.3 per cent. of the electorate in London went to the poll; 55.5 per cent. polled for the London County Council; and 48.2 for the borough councils; but at the election of guardians in March last only 28.1 per cent. thought it worth while to record their votes.

* * *

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? It is scarcely credible that people should still believe that private charity suffices to cover a multitude of social sins. Yet apparently in so simple a matter as the feeding of a few thousand hungry school children, the resources of a wealthy State have been exhausted, and the charitable undertakers are to be called in. The appeal signed by Lords Rosebery, Avebury, Rothschild,

and Mr. Balfour on behalf of the London children is nothing short of an insult to the London County Council. A city that has to employ three gilded beggars and an ex-Prime Minister to collect funds for farthing meals (which is the Salvation Army price) had better shut up shop and invite Continental salvage dealers to look in. Are we to believe that there are not brains enough on the L.C.C. to understand and grasp the situation? Parliament is bad enough in all conscience, but in this respect the L.C.C. is hopelessly behind; and where on the planet of intelligence the four ignoble signatories can be we fail to discover. The appeal was a disgusting Christmas card.

* * *

The worst of it is that in the matter of commerce the same kind of men have plenty of ideas, plenty of courage, and not a little imagination. Anybody who compares the progress of industrial with the progress of political organisation will not doubt that the best brains have either been drained from politics or left feebly gasping on the mud the tide has left. We mentioned last week the reported combine of two great railway companies. At the joint meeting of proprietors of the Great Northern and Great Central Railways on Friday, December 20, the proposal was enthusiastically approved. Small wonder. The wonder is that the combine has not taken place long ago. Yet every argument for the combination of two railways is an argument for the combination of all the railways in the State. Lord Allerton and Sir Alexander Henderson can scarcely after this oppose nationalisation except with tongue in cheek. We should like to see these business magnates when they discover that Socialism pays. Wild arguments about political principle will not stay their hand as they stay the hand of our stranded politicians.

* * *

But while both Liberal and Conservative statesmen are engaged in vigorously marking time, the power of the Labour Party increases daily and almost hourly. Mr. Philip Snowden speaks confidently of the prospect of enrolling the entire Trade Union forces in the ranks of the coming political power. There does not seem to us the slightest danger of Labour slipping back to its old position of Lazarus at the gate of Dives. On the contrary, all our fears are lest Dives should be ousted while Lazarus still suffers from grievous sores. If this is not plain, let the student of sociology turn to the list of deputations to be sent by the Labour Party at the opening of the session to various Ministers. Almost without exception, the subjects are of Trade Union interest and Trade Union interest alone. Now, we admit that having paid the piper Trade Unionists must be permitted to call the tune. But let them remember in the days of their triumph the inarticulate wrongs and sorrows of the unorganised and helpless all the Empire over.

* * *

It is just our hope that the Labour Party with the help of Socialists may succeed where all other parties have failed in standing for the whole of the nation that makes us welcome, for example, Mr. J. R. Macdonald's no uncertain tones in his interview with the "Morning Post" representative (December 21). As Socialists pure and simple we owe no more allegiance to one party than to another; but anybody acquainted with modern politics cannot hesitate to believe that of all the modern English parties the most promising, the most nearly national, and by far the best organised and efficient party is the Labour Party. While, therefore, we reserve our right always to approve or criticise all parties without prejudice, we should be blind indeed to doubt for an instant that on the whole the most powerful engine of Socialism is now the British Labour Party. The following extracts from Mr. Macdonald's conversation are thus of pertinent interest to all practical Socialists.

"What additional responsibilities would be imposed upon individual citizens in return for these fresh benefits proposed to be conferred by the State?"

"The individual citizen," Mr. Macdonald replied, "would have to look after his children very much better. He would be required to fulfil his general responsibilities as a citizen in a better way. Here you have raised the whole question of the family. Now at the present time you theoretically impose certain responsibilities upon the individual. You insist that he should live in a healthy house—your Public Health Laws provide for that. You insist that he should clothe his children and allow them to be educated in State schools up to the age of thirteen or fourteen. You expect him to be a good husband and an affectionate father, and if he is not you prosecute him under the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, and so on. But whilst you impose—and very properly impose—all these responsibilities upon him you turn to him and say: 'We have no responsibility to you to see that you possess the economic power to express these obligations. When it does not suit an employer to give you work then you can walk about the streets as part of an unemployed army, or you can pawn your goods and otherwise sink into the gutter.' If the State would organise itself as an economic factor, and secure to the individual an opportunity of owning sufficient property to enable him to fulfil those responsibilities we could be much more severe upon him if he failed to fulfil his responsibilities.

"If I make an attempt to commit suicide, and am unsuccessful, I am taken before a magistrate, who will sentence me for having attempted my own life. That means that the State imposes upon me the duty of living. If the State imposes upon me the duty of living, I surely can turn round to the State and say: 'Then I must have the opportunity of living.' The opportunity of living, so far as 95 per cent of our population is concerned, is the opportunity to work. The opportunity to work, looked at from the individual's point of view in relation to the State, is the right to work. Well, the right to work can never be secured until the Labour Party programme on its industrial and economic side has been fulfilled. Upon that you can build—that is the basis of the answer to the question you asked me as to what additional responsibilities you proposed to be laid upon an individual. If the State does this and organises itself in such a way that the worker shall secure property in return for service, then the State turns back again upon the individual and says, 'We have done that; now we are going to insist upon your carrying out your responsibilities. We are not going to allow you to be a poison centre.' That is how the interaction between duty and responsibility and responsibility and duty works."

LABOUR AND UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE.

"But, then, is not the Labour Party in Australia definitely in favour of universal military service?"

"Yes. There is not the least doubt that the State can impose a responsibility upon the citizen to defend what is poetically known as his 'hearth and home,'" was the reply. "The only query arises as to whether that should be done voluntarily or compulsorily. If the State is adequately defended by a Volunteer Force then the State has no business to go further than that. The Labour Party in this country is in favour of a well-organised Volunteer Force, and it takes that position because it believes that the fear of invasion is grossly exaggerated, and that the question of international war and peace is much more a political than a military question. We are trying to make an Army unnecessary by lifting from the minds of the nations of the world those feelings of suspicion which are the source of warlike operations. The man who says that the State can impose the responsibility of joining a military force upon the individual parts company with us—not on a question of theory as to what the State can or cannot impose upon the individual—but upon a question of policy—as to what Governments ought to do in relation to each other. We may agree with the theory of individual responsibility upon which compulsory military service is based, but we do not agree that the necessity for such service exists. We want to put an end to the 'scares' which really call for it. We say, for instance, that a Labour Foreign Minister, dealing with other Labour Foreign Ministers, would create conditions which would make the 'scare' as much a thing of the past as is slavery in America. Now the difference between ourselves and the Labour Party in Australia in that respect comes in here. When Australia considers the problem of defence she has practically only one nation in her mind, and that is Japan. If Japan were a white nation, and were regarded by the Australians as being on the same racial level as themselves, you would hear next to nothing about compulsory military service in Australia, at any rate so far as the Labour Party is concerned, because the Labour Party would in that case agree with us that the military problem was really not a problem of arms but a problem of politics. Japan, however, is regarded by the Australians as being a country which is not on the same racial plane as themselves. The racial opposition between the Australians and the Japanese makes a political policy between the two nations an impossibility. Therefore, the Australian is driven back from a political attitude to a militarist attitude, and consequently the Australian Labour Party is in favour of compulsory military service.

"If we regarded Germany in the same way that Australia regards Japan the Labour Party in this country would, I feel perfectly certain, be in favour of compulsory military service. Therefore, whilst Australia continues to regard Japan as she does, we must accept a difference in the militarist attitude of the British and the Australian Labour Parties"

THE PROBLEM OF NATIVE RACES.

"How do you regard the attitude of Natal towards the entry of British Indians?"

"That," Mr. Macdonald rejoined, "is not a problem for us [!], and we have not to deal with it. I have no sympathy with the attitude of Natal; but, then, I do not live there, and the question of immigration or of no immigration is a matter which they themselves had best settle. It is not like their treatment of the Zulus, for which we all have to be responsible. If the Natal workman says he does not want British Indians in Natal we may agree or we may disagree, but we must allow him to settle it. But if he says he is going to shoot Zulus at sight that is a totally different thing. That places responsibility upon the whole British race, the whole British tradition, and the reputation and honour of the British flag, and therefore we have got to say so. In fact, I consider that the one great difficulty that a united Imperial Labour Party will have to face is the difficulty of the treatment of the natives, but that only applies in any important way to South Africa. A self-governing Colony ought to be allowed to keep out people if it likes; but it ought not to be allowed to violate British justice in its relations with those people if it permits them to come in, or if it finds them there before it came in itself. South Africa is just the weakest link in the chain. It is a place where the difficulties in the way of Labour union would be greater than in the case of either Canada or Australasia The union would be easiest as regards Canada, because in Canada the Labour Party is practically with us."

* * *

[Next week: Article by Mr. H. G. Wells "About Chesterton and Belloc."]

The Parliamentary Recess.

SOME astute and energising intelligence is evidently directing the tactics of the Conservative Party. The Parliamentary recess now drawing to a close has revealed on the part of the Conservatives a power of recuperation and an aptitude for coming to close quarters with vital issues that must have astonished and alarmed their opponents. Whatever motives may have inspired them, these activities have afforded us unmixed satisfaction. If we were not Socialists we confess that of all our public men it would be under Lord Milner's banner that we should prefer to serve, for his exposition of such subjects as Sweating, Unemployment, and Old Age Pensions leaves nothing to be desired in the way of freshness, acuteness, and sympathy. His return to active political life, while possibly a source of embarrassment to the fossilised Tories, would be of immense service to the cause of social reform. The condition of the country demands that we should take politics seriously, and the nation is to be congratulated upon the rejuvenation of the Conservative Party.

The Liberals cannot be said to have enhanced their prestige since Parliament closed, and without wishing to appear unkind we do not think that their demure apologetic demeanour is calculated either to impress the House of Lords or to screw up the courage of their own rank and file to the sticking point. Qui s'excuse, s'accuse. Fear rather than intelligence, again, has inspired their criticisms of Socialism, which they have at last come to recognise as their real enemy. Their oratorical exhibitions upon this subject have on the whole aroused more amusement than conviction; even their intellectuals have displayed such generous ignorance of the elements of Socialist economics as would expose them to the derision of an average village debating society. It will be an unmixed calamity to them if during the coming session the Premier should for reasons of health be compelled for any length of time to relinquish his leadership. For, with all his undoubted gifts, Mr. Asquith is probably the most irritatingly disappointing of our public men. He has all the accompaniments and assurance of the grand manner without a particle of its inspiration. His imagination is so thrifty and frigid that one can well accept the rumour concerning him that he was the best examinee who ever passed through Oxford. He will elaborate a platitude with the fervour of a neophyte, the redundancy of a Gladstone, and the abandon of an auctioneer. He is courageous and loyal, yet with an intellect which just falls short of distinction. He will never lead a forlorn hope, never become the hero of a lost cause; he will always remain imperturbable, respectable, and successful. For this reason he may easily one day become the evil genius of Liberalism, which above every thing else requires ideals and a passionate belief. Neither can we congratulate the Liberals upon their acquisition of Mr. John Burns; for his sudden promotion from the kitchen to the drawing-room, while it has unnecessarily increased his self-importance, has not in the least mended his manners or clarified his intelligence. At least we do not imagine that the working classes will count to him for righteousness the ill-timed impertinence of his remark that they might easily provide Old Age Pensions for themselves if they would abandon their habits of drinking and gambling.

We have often asserted that it was by no virtue of theirs that the Liberals succeeded to power, and although the party undoubtedly contains large numbers of sincere social reformers, as if by the operation of some malign fate, one Liberal Cabinet after another disappoints the hopes of its followers and disgusts the nation. The reason is obvious. The distinctive mission of Liberalism is accomplished. The wealthy supporters who bear the expense of maintaining the party machinery naturally dictate its policy in their own interests, and under competition the interests of capital and labour cannot be reconciled. Without a policy to capture the imagination or stir the heart, without a single leader of magnetism or genius, Liberalism is already exhibiting ominous symptoms of decay, and it requires no gift of divination to foresee the end. With every desire to be sincere and impartial, we are assured that these difficulties will prove more disastrous to the Liberals than will the opposition of the House of Lords, formidable as the latter undoubtedly is. The House of Lords will never be permitted to thwart the determined will of the nation. Before they attempt to precipitate this struggle there is much necessary preliminary work for the Liberals to do. One of the most pressing reforms, and one with which the House of Lords could not interfere, is the reform of the House of Commons. The rules of procedure seem to have been framed with the express object of producing the maximum of friction with the minimum of result. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly one-half of the time of the House is wasted. The obsolete ceremonial, the foolish full-dress debates, especially that upon the Address, which neither the House nor the country can invest with any seriousness, above all, the ludicrous method of taking divisions, would not be tolerated for a week in any business-like assembly. We are no longer living in the eighteenth century.

If the Liberals have correctly divined the changed attitude of the nation towards politicians of all parties they may possibly avert disaster. Politics, meanwhile, may even again become interesting. For we have the two orthodox parties, much against their inclination, each pledged to extensive measures of social reform involving a large expenditure of public money. Tariff Reform the nation will not accept; Free Trade would collapse under the strain of providing sufficient funds; while the adoption of the only alternative would throw Liberals and Tories into each other's arms, and break up once for all the present party system. We therefore contemplate the prospect with much curiosity and a little hope.

LINEN LASTS LONGER,

and will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of HUDSON'S SOAP. HUDSON'S will not fray cuffs or jag collars. HUDSON'S always deals **gently** with the linen, but **firmly** with the dirt. A penny packet will prove this!

The Primary Problem of Starvation.

The London County Council has just debated once more whether the children who attend the schools under its charge shall be fed or unfed. By the substantial majority of 64 to 40, it decided that these children shall be allowed to starve. It is a decision which one would have expected—I write with the deliberate intention of expressing myself in precise scientific language—from a council of Hottentots or Esquimaux. It is doubtful whether I am not underrating the social stage reached by these savages. Two days after the London County Council had registered its place in the roll of primitive civilisations there appeared a letter in the leading papers, signed by the Lords Rosebery, Rothschild, and Avebury, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. They pleaded for voluntary subscriptions to help in the feeding of "necessitous" children (the adjective is current in circles where "starving" is considered an ugly expression). They appealed to "all lovers of children who have comfortable homes" to "avoid the imposition of a rate." (It is regrettable that the combined literary experience of the signatories of this letter should have left their meaning so vague that we cannot be certain whether they are mainly concerned about the feeding of the children or the defence of the rates.) They estimated that between £15,000 and £20,000 would be required, of which "we think we can rely on about £8,000." In other words, these four persons, the leader of the Liberal Imperialists, the leader of the Conservative Party, and the two men who best represent the great trade of money-making, recognised that this vital matter of the feeding of children be left to the chance of a voluntary subscription list. This is not a letter which can be disregarded; it calls for the most careful consideration. It means neither more nor less than that four of the men who put themselves before us as guiding statesmen have deliberately declared that the only method of solving an urgent social problem is by promiscuous charity, a solution which would be received with rapturous applause by a mothers' meeting. We are not much concerned with the opinions of Lord Rosebery, for he no longer counts in political circles; but that Mr. Balfour, the leader of a party which will one day be again in control of the government of this country, should publicly confess that his ideas of economic reform have not got beyond the level of the members of a sewing-class, this, I say, is a fact of national importance.

What is the problem which faced both the London County Council and the writers of this letter? It is not difficult to express it, for the facts are notorious. By the overwhelming weight of unanswerable proof, it is certain that a very large proportion of the children of this country are not receiving enough food to build them into normally healthy human beings. Dr. Eicholz has intimated that in the London public schools alone there are each morning 120,000 children who arrive at their class-rooms without a sufficient breakfast. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the condition of the working classes knows that these preposterous conditions are repeated throughout the country, in both urban and rural districts. If any person is anxious to draw fine distinctions between under-feeding and starvation he is entitled to do so; but he must not imagine that his quibbles are of scientific value. The sum total result is that we are deliberately raising up for our next generation, as our generation was raised in its turn, a race which will be stunted and inefficient because it lacked a proper supply of food in its youth. If anyone would lull his conscience to sleep with the vain hope that the evil has been overstated, let him retire to his cellar, for the light of day will quickly bring a rough awakening. I take one piece of evidence at random. On December 18 Lady Edmund Talbot wrote thus in the "Morning Post":—"Day by day from 200 to 300 children come to St. Cecilia's House Settlement for breakfast or dinner. Their pinched faces tell only too plainly how their health is being undermined by lack of food at home. They are not only half-starved, they are also ill-clad and ill-housed, and many are barefooted. It is not surprising, therefore, that their badly-nourished frames fall easy victims to consumption and other diseases, nor can they profit by the education they receive at school." And in the face of facts such as these, when Socialists demand instant relief to save the community from the gravest peril, we are answered by the resolutions of barbarian County Councillors or the foolish evasions of unscientific statesmen. If Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour really imagine that the problem of starvation can be solved by the haphazard chances of pious charity, then let them address themselves to infant schools and not waste the time of grown-up people. Voluntary charity has undertaken to solve the problem from days immemorial; it has failed—utterly failed; and the statesmen who do not realise this fact have arrived five hundred years after their due time. I am not discussing subtle problems of life, I am writing of a matter of elementary social organisation. The provision of meals for children by the local authorities could be accomplished this week by any efficient housekeeper if the funds were placed at her disposal. The number of children who have the right to sit down at the municipal tables can be determined with the utmost exactitude by any medical student in his second year. It does not require a specialist from Harley Street to decide when a child shall have a breakfast. Indeed, the remedy for this particular evil of starvation requires no delicate calculations. It is a matter for cooks and bakers and grocers.

That, at least, is the problem as it presents itself to the mind of anyone who keeps to the real issue, and refuses to be led off into the side issues of ethics and philosophy which some persons would have us discuss while the children are waiting for their dinner. The London County Councillors debated whether there was no alternative to raising the money out of the rates: Lord Rosebery and his friends ask us to wait until they have a chance of collecting the money from their friends. Is it possible that these gentlemen do not know that the constitution of the human body is such that the breakfast and dinner cannot be put off until to-morrow, or the next day, although it be to discuss "parental responsibility" or any other subject of morals or civics whatsoever? And let me add this, with all possible clearness, when the children are fed—that is the primary demand of all Socialists who have ideals of a strong people and a great Empire which have not entered into the minds of Liberals and Tories, apparently—then we shall be ready to discuss the responsibility of parents, whose share of civilisation is a one-roomed basement and twenty shillings a week, when they are lucky enough to find work. But, by the gods that guard human dignity, I am not going to discuss the problem of social responsibility with four millionaires, whose ideal of statesmanship is a panic-stricken attempt to save over-swollen private fortunes from the just demands of the community which built those fortunes. One piece of advice we will take from their letter. The money shall not come from the rates; it shall come from a graduated income-tax on certain persons' incomes. After all, it is not surprising that these four gentlemen should have banded themselves together in this matter. They candidly say in their letter that they are impelled by a dread of Socialism. Their fears are justly founded, for we Socialists have no intention of throwing the burden of starving children on hard-pressed tradesmen or struggling clerks: we have in our minds the banking account of infinitely more prosperous people.

G. R. S. Taylor.

The Curse of the Rothschilds.

Thou shalt be weighed in thine own balances
Of usury to peoples and to princes,
And be found wanting by the world and these.
"The Wind and the Whirlwind."—W. S. Blunt

The juxtaposition of the names of Lords Rothschild and Rosebery in an appeal avowedly intended to dish the Socialists should focus attention on the great firm of Jewish money-lenders. I assert that the Rothschilds have not only been the despoilers of many nations, but that, posing in public as the friends of their own race, they behave in private as their oppressors. The Rothschilds cringe to Royalties not to help remove disabilities from the victims of Russian persecution, but solely to

consolidate their own position in society. In urging that the vials of wrath be poured upon the guilty, it is my desire to prevent the innocent from sharing in such outbursts. The worst anti-Semites are capitalists of the Rothschild type, as Karl Marx remarked so long ago as 1844 in an article on the Jewish Question ("Zur Judenfrage," in the "Deutsch - Französische Jahrbücher").

Unfortunately the British public is so little discriminating and so obvious in its judgments that it ever mistakes the shadow for the substance. Dimly feeling that something somewhere is wrong, the public cries aloud for an Alien Act, thus venting its displeasure upon the innocent miserable victims of Russian oppression, unhappy exiles that seek somewhere in this broad world a little place of refuge, be it but for a breathing-space, ere they be hurried on to newer forms of tyranny. Well might Heine exclaim that it was more than a misfortune to be a Jew—it was a crime. It will be to the shame of the Liberal Government if it do not repeal that retrograde and useless Aliens Act, a measure which does nothing to raise the standard of living in this country, whilst it forges new weapons for the Tsar in his bloody campaign against his people. In the despised, down-trodden immigrant Jews there are the seeds of a noble and worthy people. Lest it be said that it is mere pride of race that excites my eulogium, I point to the sacrifices of the Russian Bund, to the struggles of the myriad (myriad alas!) Polish and Russian Jewish Socialist societies. Their devotion to the cause of freedom has provoked the enthusiasm of many an English Press correspondent.

The Jewish leaders of finance are something different —a thing apart. I do not pretend that they are more despicable than non-Jewish capitalists—English history and that of the United States forbid! It is, however, not with a comparative study of rapacity that I am at present engaged.

The international career of the Rothschilds, preying upon every nation in turn, has not escaped the criticism of publicists across the Channel. You will find fever-stricken rubber-hunters in Brazil, quicksilver miners with the shaking palsy in Spain, paying toll at New Court, St. Swithin's Lane. Egypt and London supply two instances where Britain, so responsive a nation, has been—misled, the wise it call.

"The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, has not received due attention from democrats in this country. It is a fearless, outspoken work written by one, inspired with the loftiest patriotism, who took the prominent part in an attempt to secure some justice for Egypt. In March, 1882, Mr. Blunt was in England working day and night to avert that crowning shame of the Gladstonian Ministry—the Egyptian campaigns. On March 22nd, Mr. Blunt received the following note from a person in a very responsible position. "I am very anxious that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt should meet and see Natty Rothschild, whose Egyptian interests require no explanation." There was no meeting, but this is Mr. Blunt's comment: "Here, of course, was the real crux of the situation, the nine millions of the Rothschild loan supposed to be in danger in Egypt, half of which Button told me was still held by the Rothschilds."

In May, 1882, Mr. Blunt notes as an ominous circumstance that Mr. Gladstone was staying with Lord Rosebery, who, asked for his views about Egypt, replied: "I have no views at all but those of a bondholder." Mr. Blunt continues: "He (Rosebery) was, in fact, through his wife a Rothschild, largely interested in the financial aspect of the case. . . . Rosebery was not as yet in office, but had influence with Gladstone, and I knew through Button that he was being pushed forward by the Rothschilds to do their political work for them. This continued for some years, and his mission to Berlin in 1885 was suggested and made successful by the Rothschilds, and later at the Foreign Office he worked consistently in their interests on Egyptian questions, though I have heard that before taking office he got rid of his Egyptian stock."

We all know that though Egypt lost its freedom and England its honour, the Rothschilds saved their money. I have not space to quote any more from Mr. Blunt, but the following references in the index are suggestive. Under Rothschilds: "They obtain Bismarck's help against Ismail; crisis raised by (them) in 1882; working with French Government; working with German Government."

One wonders what a less timorous generation of Englishmen would have said to these Rosebery-Rothschild transactions? Recall Burgoyne's indictment of Lord Clive, Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings, for both of whom it could at least be said in Macaulay's words that they had displayed "a fervent zeal for the interests of the State." Perhaps Lord Rothschild would claim to have done no less, repeating "L'Etat, c'est moi."

The strange affair of the London County Council and the Rothschilds remains a mystery, despite many efforts to clear it up. Rumour busies itself with quite a definite understanding between the Rothschilds and the London Municipal Society, whose chairman is Captain Jessel, another prominent Jew. Be that as it may, it has not been denied that the Rothschilds received payment for the quite unusual and unnecessary underwriting of a County Council loan. The Reformer's Year Book gives this history of the transaction. "The former (the financiers) received early benefits. The new Council loan of four millions became the subject of negotiations, the details of which were never published. Alderman W. Hayes Fisher and Sir Vincent Caillard admitted that they went to the City and saw Lord Rothschild, but declined to say what took place. As a result, only one half of the loan was offered to the public, the other half being privately placed at a price which must have enabled certain financiers to make a clear £25,000 by this deal. The Finance Committee, however, declined to furnish any names or particulars."

It is interesting to observe that the small fry of money-lenders is looked on askance in Jewish circles. I believe that the mere ordinary usurers are not allowed into the synagogue. The Rothschilds, I understand, sit in the places of honour. It is with the relationship between the noble lord and his sorely oppressed brethren we must next deal.

I must explain that the political, religious, social, educational well-being of the Jews in England is safeguarded by an elected committee—known as the Jewish Board of Deputies. (Being of the race, but not of the faith, I cannot say exactly how this Board is elected, but it fairly represents, I understand, all professing Jews and includes one member of the S.D.F.). A year ago this Board passed a resolution demanding some amelioration of the Aliens Act, entrusting the executive with powers to take the necessary steps. At the annual general meeting on December 13th, 1907, it transpired that the executive had done nothing. A resolution calling for immediate action by the Board was defeated. The President, who a year ago was urgent for reform, now considered the time inopportune. What had happened during the year? Lord Rothschild objects to any active practical measures that will aid his unfortunate brethren to find a refuge in this country. Through a wise statesmanship you may think. Not at all. His action is dictated by the most grotesque motives of personal vanity.

The Executive of the Board of Deputies drew up a memorandum embodying the alterations considered essential in the Act. As a matter of courtesy the memorandum was submitted to Lord Rothschild in a document marked confidential. Without asking permission the noble lord betrayed the contents of the document to one of his Majesty's Ministers, and to a lady, presumably to put before the King. The answers were, I suppose, unfavourable. At all events, Lord Rothschild returned the memorandum with the information that both he and his fellow peer of the Realm, Lord Swaythling, were opposed to the Board's taking any action whatsoever. The wealthy grovelling creatures who form the majority of the Deputies have allowed themselves to be entirely dominated by the two noblemen.

The following story emphasises the lesson I desire to bring home to the industrial Jewish population—the lesson that they must rely on their own efforts, trust-

ing not at all to the benevolence of the philanthropist. One of the London Jewish papers had an editorial commenting somewhat caustically on the Aliens Act and its administration; on the obviously ridiculous industrial conditions that prevail when the wealthiest country in the world becomes alarmed at the presence of a tiny fraction of victims of Russian autocracy. Lord Rothschild sent for the editor and admonished him for publishing any criticism of English administration. Such a course would, he said, promote anti-Semitism; think how unpleasant that would be for him (Lord Rothschild). Why, during the French anti-Semitic outburst his Paris relations were cut dead by all their acquaintances; they were compelled to give up all their entertainments, and dared not venture into Society for ever so long.

Eaten up by petty jealousies, with the vacuous mind of a Society leader, the underhand enemy of his race, the munificent philanthropist, out of monies wrung from the sweat and toil of men in every land, such is the noble baron.

A word to the Board of Deputies. This pusillanimous body seems bent on opposing any regulation of the sweated industries (here, no doubt, with the full cooperation of the Rothschilds). The report of their Law and Parliamentary Committee, too long to be quoted here, will be found in the "Jewish Chronicle" of December 20th, 1907. It would encourage home labour in the interests of the Jewish working men. In a discussion on the report only two members, Mr. I. Cowen and Mr. Harry S. Lewis, declared themselves in favour of the much-needed legislation on this subject. Will the Socialists of Mile End note that their Liberal member, Mr. B. S. Strauss, opposed the stoppage of homework, the only practical measure that we can at present take to abolish the sweated trades?

If this attitude becomes general among the wealthy Jews anti-Semitism will arise and anti-Semitism will be wise. Let it but do havoc in Mayfair and Maida Vale (where I do not live), leaving untouched the miserable Jewish workers massed in the industrial quarters, who, like the workers of every land, are but the innocent victims of capitalistic oppression. M. D. EDER.

Charles Dickens as a Socialist.

By Edwin Pugh.

Part I. *Chapter IV.*

His Schooldays and Youth.

II.

DICKENS's first employment after finally leaving school was in a solicitor's office. And here again the present writer is privileged to follow him with a sense of fellowship, because he also has had some considerable experience of what happens behind those cobwebby and costly scenes of inaction.

It would seem (but information on this point of Dickens's clerking days is vague to the verge of filminess) that he went first into the office of a Mr. Molloy in New Square, Lincoln's Inn; but whether or not this was so, Dickens certainly had not quitted school many months before his father had made sufficient interest with an attorney of Gray's Inn, Mr. Edward Blackmore, to obtain him regular employment in his office. In this capacity of clerk our only trustworthy glimpse of him we owe to the last-named gentleman, who has described briefly, and I do not doubt authentically, the services so rendered by Dickens to the law. It cannot be said that they were noteworthy, though it might be difficult to find a more distinguished person who has borne the title, unless we make exception for the very father of literature himself, whom Chaucer, with amusing illustration of the way in which words change their meanings, called "that conceited clerke, Homère."

"'I was well acquainted,' writes Mr. Edward Blackmore of Alresford, 'with his parents, and being then in practice in Gray's Inn, they asked me if I could find employment for him. He was a bright, clever-looking youth, and I took him as a clerk. He came to me in May, 1827, and left in November, 1828; and I have now an account-book which he used to keep of petty disbursements in the office, in which he charged himself with the modest salary, first, of thirteen shillings and sixpence and afterwards of fifteen shillings a week. Several incidents took place in the office of which he must have been a keen observer, as I recognised some of them in his "Pickwick" and "Nickleby"; and I am much mistaken if some of his characters had not their originals in persons I well remember. . . .' This letter indicates the position he held at Mr. Blackmore's, and we have but to turn to the passage in 'Pickwick' which describes the several grades of attorney's clerks to understand it more clearly. He was very far below the articled clerk, who has paid a premium, and is attorney in perspective. He was not so high as the salaried clerk with nearly the whole of his weekly thirty shillings spent on personal pleasures. He was not even on a level with the middle-aged copying clerk, always needy and uniformly shabby. He was simply among, however much his nature may have lifted him above, the 'office-lads in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools, club as they go home at night for saveloys and porter, and think there's nothing like life.' Thus far, not more or less, had he now reached. He was one of the office-lads, and probably in his first surtout."

But though his biographer's commentary is true enough, no doubt, the position of a solicitor's clerk—or any other clerk—in those days was a good deal better than it is now. There were no Board schools then to render a working knowledge of at least the three R's practically a universal accomplishment. To be able to read and write and cipher in any degree of perfection was to stamp yourself as a youth of some attainments. The only free schools then in existence were Charity Schools, and the spirit which had animated their founders would hardly appear to have been that of the greatest of the three cardinal virtues: the charity which is love—if we are to judge by the following significant utterance by Bishop Butler, delivered at one of the earliest of the annual festivals of the charity children at St. Paul's Cathedral.

"The design of these institutions," the Bishop said, "was not in any sort to remove poor children out of the rank in which they were born, but keeping them in it, to give them the assistance which their circumstances plainly called for, by educating them in the principles of religion as well as of civil life; and likewise making some sort of provision for their maintenance, under which last I include clothing them; giving them such learning—if it is to be called by that name—as may qualify them for some common employment; and placing them out to it as they grow up."

These institutions rapidly multiplied during the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. They were founded on a conception of education partly religious and partly feudal, but almost wholly ignoble and humiliating, and many of them have lasted down to our own day, in striking contrast to the grammar-school foundations of earlier generations. These charity-school children—"brats" was the popular description—were taught the Church Catechism, reading and writing, and in a few cases arithmetic, but were sedulously discouraged from attempting to learn more.

It was not until 1833, long after Dickens had left school, that any attempt was made by the Government to take over the business of the education of poor children; and then only a beggarly grant of £20,000 was voted for the erection of school buildings in England, and this sum was entrusted in its entirety to the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society, both of these bodies being largely under the control of the Churchmen. Indeed, it was not until the time of that memorable Parliament of 1868, which, under the administration of Mr. Gladstone, was in many respects the most important Parliament from an educational point of view that ever sat in England, that the question of elementary teaching became a vital political issue. And only in the year of Dickens's death (in 1870) were the first School Boards created; and even so, the schools were still left far too largely in the hands of the clergy, as they continued to be until quite lately.

Again, Dickens had left school some four or five

years when the Cotton Industry Act of 1831, which may properly be called the first Factory Act, was passed; and for fifty years or more previously, during the rapid development of the textile industries in Great Britain, the condition of hundreds of thousands of wretched children in England was so deplorably evil, and the attitude assumed by the responsible authorities toward the question of child-labour was so unspeakably brutal and callous, that reports of the Parliamentary debates of that era read, to modern minds, more like a fierce satire on what actually occurred than the bare truth. The Cotton Mills Act of 1819, for instance, was hailed as a great meliorative measure, though it merely fixed the working age of children at nine years and the working week for them at 72 hours. Sir John Hobhouse's Saturday Half-Holiday Act did not come till 1825. And Tom Sadler's Ten Hours Bill of 1832 was lost through the opposition of the manufacturers; whilst Lord Ashley's Bill, which merely dealt with the working hours of adults, was met by the appointment under Whig auspices of a Royal Commission. The Report of this Commission (1833-34) took the view of the capitalists that such a restriction would so diminish production as to put them at the mercy of foreign competition. On its recommendation, however, was based Lord Althorp's Act of 1834, which first made the distinction between "children" and "young persons," and began the system of working children in relays, so as to permit of daily education. But more than thirty years were even yet to elapse before the presentation of the Report of the Royal Commission on Factory and Workshop Acts testified that their provisions were now operating successfully, and that while some occupations were still undoubtedly unhealthy in spite of the sanitary regulations of these Acts, the cases in which young people were employed in labour unfitted for their years had become uncommon. (And what a lying report it must have been!) But what is known as the great Statute of 1878 was supposed finally to consolidate the laws for the protection of children, and to put everything straight.

So, enough has been written to make it plain that any youth, between the years 1820 and 1830, belonging to the poorer classes, who possessed even the rudiments of an education was, in a way, a being set apart, and could command a much better wage, in relation to its spending value, than any clerk nowadays. Even so, however, the solicitor's clerk was then, as he is now, one of the worst paid and least considered of his tribe.

(To be continued.)

Ibsen's Women.

No. VI. Hilda Wangel.

LIKE the north wind—bracing, invigorating, stimulating, Hilda Wangel fills our nostrils with the breath of life. She brings no languorous breeze bearing the spices of the south, no nipping blast from the east full of repentance, regrets, and retributions, no rain-laden storm from the west, but clear and brilliant as frost-crystals she sees and conquers and thrills us. She is Ibsen's greatest affirmation. Candid, direct, unspoiled by complexities or contradictions, she is that most delightful of beings, a wild child-woman. Her man was chosen when she was a child, and when her ten years of waiting were up she came to him to claim him as her kingdom. She surrounded him with ideal attributes, and when he seemed to fall short of her ideals she forced him to fulfil them. To see him great was her ambition, to find him a little mean, a little dizzy, was her supreme tragedy. By comparison his death was no tragedy in her eyes, for it did not imply defeat, and she cried out in triumph even at the moment of his destruction, that he had conquered.

It is said that there are three metamorphoses of the spirit of man: the first is an awakening to responsibility for others; the second is an awakening to the joke of it all; the third is an awakening to the value of life just as it is, without purpose, without discipline, without wisdom, or property, or anything but unbounded faith in the immediate present and one's own royal prerogative. The return, in a word, to the state of the divine child.

We are all attracted and terrified by those whose spirits are undergoing these fermentations. The "responsible" spirits jog along, hoping that something may come of it in the future if they keep their attention sufficiently fixed on the past. They save us trouble, and we generally feel a great weight of gratitude, which burden prevents our feeling the smallest enthusiasm for the kindly souls who do their duty by us from high motives. The philosophers who have heard the second trumpet-blast of the spirit, puzzle us, amuse us, terrify us, attract and repel us by turns. But it is the wild children, the great founders of religions, the simple saints and yogis who have heard the third blast, that are engaged in the real and final transmutation of the spirit. The child-spirits hate good done in a roundabout way for the artificial motive of duty. They hate double-dealing and meanness instinctively. They have no desire to do evil that good may come in the old way of those who make themselves "responsible" for others. They do not care for the divine laughter of philosophy, they mix duty, philosophy, and faith in one melting-pot, and when their work is finished we get the supreme incarnation of spirit in the heart of some divine wanderer. Such beings have been fed on the red tincture of the alchemists which is obtained by overwhelming the dark doctrine of duty in the white laughter of philosophy so often that all the darkness and brightness unite and are born again in the redness of the perfected and perfecting qualities of the little child.

There is always a period in a child's life, roughly from two till six years, when its sayings are full of a profound, direct, and spontaneous wisdom never to be regained. Whether this blessed state is defiled by contact with older people or by the direct influence of education one cannot tell. I have seen one instance in which the child-spirit was carefully fostered by the father, a university professor, who considered that education was a curse. He thought this more especially about women, who, he believed, should be content to learn reading, writing, French, dancing and the use of money. He pleased himself by believing that his girl kept the charm of childhood; but the success of his hope was not so conspicuous as it was in the case of Hilda Wangel, who was born to influence others. To abound in vitality was her way of preserving the child-spirit unspoiled. She was not brought up on any particular system; but no stronger spirit encountered hers. If she was educated she was not influenced by authority, but only, and always, by her affections, and she never questioned their promptings for a moment.

She descends upon Master Builder Solness, and brings with her, as I have suggested, the invigoration of the wind that blows straight from the north. She has no touch of sickly conscience; her mate is to be noble and great. She finds him surrounded by mouldering influences; jealousy of the younger generation; fear of some necessary expiation of his own relentlessness in the past; and above all with one of those deadening relations which form the sombre background of so many homes. A wife and husband who deceive each other are often quite happy together; but a wife and husband who have totally false ideas about each other and who spend their time in weaving imaginary wrongs, imaginary misunderstandings, are hopelessly wretched. Mrs. Solness had been afflicted from the beginning with that terrible kind of rectitude that positively wants things to be disagreeable in order that there may be opportunity for sacrifice and duty-mongering. She sacrificed her children to duty because rather than let them be brought up by hand she nursed them when she was feverish. Solness thinks it is this which preys on her mind; but after all it is not the break with the future which worried her, but the break with all the old family relics, and above all the destruction of the playthings she had cherished. Mrs. Solness is the child-woman, too, but she is ashamed of it, and plays with her dolls secretly; Solness never has the least suspicion how dear they are to her, but the unashamed Hilda wins her confidence in five minutes,

and the whole secret is out. It would have been a thrilling problem for all three of them if Solness had lived to come down from the high tower and take his Princess in his arms before the world: for Hilda's conscience had got a little sick. She did not mind carrying Solness off from a woman she did not know, but she found the problem much more alarming after she had had her confidential talk with Mrs. Solness. I cannot help thinking it is probable that, judging by her behaviour about Ragnar, when she insisted upon Solness doing the straight thing by him, she would have cleared away the fogs that clouded Mr. and Mrs. Solness's minds by some equally vigorous touch. It must be remembered that her problem was the same as the problem before Rebecca West, with this difference, that Rebecca found an hysterical, amorous wife united to a refined scholar; whereas Hilda found an elderly man who feels his day is done, who is behaving badly to everyone concerned in his business and family life, united to a wife who is merely a rather faded wreck quite occupied in seeing that he does nothing to risk catching cold. In a single day Hilda spurs on the man to display some kind of courage, and finds out the little homely secrets that fill Mrs. Solness's thoughts. In another week she would have had Mrs. Solness sunning herself and taking an interest in her garden, and getting through her day without making tactless remarks about duty at every turn. But what would she have done about the elderly gentleman, who could hardly have realised the ideal of Hilda's valiant "Master-Builder" for long? Such castles in the air as hers are best built about the absent or the dead, and Ibsen provided us with the only vibratingly happy ending possible by letting Solness crash down to earth ennobled at the hands of Persephone, while Hilda still heard harps in the air and dreamed she had met her hero.

FLORENCE FARR.

Why I am not a Socialist.

By G. K. Chesterton.

I HAVE been asked to give some exposition of how far and for what reason a man who has not only a faith in democracy, but a great tenderness for revolution, may nevertheless stand outside the movement commonly called Socialism. If I am to do this I must make two prefatory remarks. The first is a short platitude; the second is a rather long personal explanation. But they both have to be stated before we get on to absolute doctrines; which are the most important things in the world.

The terse and necessary truism is the same as that with which Mr. Belloc opened his article in this paper. It is the expression of ordinary human disgust at the industrial system. To say that I do not like the present state of wealth and poverty is merely to say I am not a devil in human form. No one but Satan or Beelzebub could like the present state of wealth and poverty. But the second point is rather more personal and elaborate; and yet I think that it will make things clearer to explain it. Before I come to the actual proposal of collectivism, I want to say something about the atmosphere and implication of those proposals. Before I say anything about Socialism, I should like to say something about Socialists.

I will confess that I attach much more importance to men's theoretical arguments than to their practical proposals. If you will, I attach more importance to what is said than to what is done; what is said generally lasts much longer and has much more influence. I can imagine no change worse for public life than that which some prigs advocate, that debate should be curtailed. A man's arguments show what he is really up to. Until you have heard the defence of a proposal, you do not really know even the proposal. Thus, for instance, if a man says to me, "Taste this temperance drink," I have merely doubt slightly tinged with distaste. But if he says, "Taste it, because your wife would make a charming widow," then I decide. Or, again, suppose a man offers a new gun to the British navy, and ends up his speech with the fine peroration, "And after all, since Frenchmen are our brothers, what matters it whether they win or no," then again I decide. I could decide to have the man shot with his own gun, if I could. In short, I would be openly moved in my choice of an institution, not by its immediate proposals for practice, but very much by its incidental, even its accidental, allusion to ideals. I judge many things by their parentheses.

Now, I wish to say first that Socialistic Idealism does not attract me very much, even as Idealism. The glimpses it gives of our future happiness depress me very much. They do not remind me of any actual human happiness, of any happy day that I have ever myself spent. No doubt there are many Socialists who feel this and there are many who will reply that it has nothing to do with the actual proposal of Socialism. But my point here is that I do admit such allusive elements into my choice. I will take one instance of the kind of thing I mean. Almost all Socialist Utopias make the happiness or at least the altruistic happiness of the future chiefly consist in the pleasure of sharing, as we share a public park or the mustard at a restaurant. This I say is the commonest sentiment in Socialist writing. Socialists are collectivist in their proposals. But they are Communist in their idealism. Now there is a real pleasure in sharing. We have all felt it in the case of nuts off a tree or the National Gallery, or such things. But it is not the only pleasure nor the only altruistic pleasure, nor (I think) the highest or most human of altruistic pleasures. I greatly prefer the pleasure of giving and receiving. Giving is not the same as sharing: giving is even the opposite of sharing. Sharing is based on the idea that there is no property, or at least no personal property. But giving a thing to another man is as much based on personal property as keeping it to yourself. If after some universal interchange of generosities everyone was wearing someone else's hat, that state of things would still be based upon private property.

Now, I speak quite seriously and sincerely when I say that I for one should greatly prefer that world in which everyone wore someone else's hat to every Socialist Utopia that I have ever read about. It is better than sharing one hat anyhow. Remember we are not talking now about the modern problem and its urgent solution; for the moment we are talking only about the ideal; what we would have if we could get it. And if I were a poet writing an Utopia, if I were a magician waving a wand, if I were a God making a Planet, I would deliberately make it a world of give and take, rather than a world of sharing. I do not wish Jones and Brown to share the same cigar box; I do not want it as an ideal; I do not want it as a very remote ideal; I do not want it at all. I want Jones by one mystical and godlike act to give a cigar to Brown, and Brown by another mystical and godlike act to give a cigar to Jones. Thus it seems to me instead of one act of fellowship (of which the memory would slowly fade) we should have a continual play and energy of new acts of fellowship keeping up the circulation of society. Now I have read some tons or square miles of Socialist eloquence in my time, but it is literally true that I have never seen any serious allusion to or clear consciousness of this creative altruism of personal giving. For instance, in the many Utopian pictures of comrades feasting together, I do not remember one that had the note of hospitality, of the difference between host and guest and the difference between one house and another. No one brings up the port that his father laid down; no one is proud of the pears grown in his own garden. In the less non-conformist Utopias there is, indeed, the recognition of traditional human liquor; but I am not speaking of drink, but of that yet nobler thing, "standing drink."

Keep in mind, please, the purpose of this explanation. I do not say that these gifts and hospitalities would not happen in a Collectivist state. I do say that they do not happen in Collectivist's instinctive visions of that state. I do not say these things would not occur under Socialism. I say they do not occur to Socialists. I know quite well that your immediate answer will be, "Oh, but there is nothing in the Socialist proposal to prevent personal gift." That is why I

explain thus elaborately that I attach less importance to the proposal than to the spirit in which it is proposed. When a great revolution is made, it is seldom the fulfilment of its own exact formula; but it is almost always in the image of its own impulse and feeling for life. Men talk of unfulfilled ideals. But the ideals are fulfilled; because spiritual life is renewed. What is not fulfilled, as a rule, is the business prospectus. Thus the Revolution has not established in France any of the strict constitutions it planned out; but it has established in France the spirit of eighteenth century democracy, with its cool reason, its bourgeois dignity, its well-distributed but very private wealth, its universal minimum of good manners. Just so, if Socialism is established, you may not fulfil your practical proposal. But you will certainly fulfil your ideal vision. And I confess that if you have forgotten these important human matters in the telling of a leisurely tale, I think it very likely that you will forget them in the scurry of a social revolution. You have left certain human needs out of your books; you may leave them out of your republic.

Now I happen to hold a view which is almost unknown among Socialists, Anarchists, Liberals, and Conservatives. I believe very strongly in the mass of the common people. I do not mean in their "potentialities," I mean in their faces, in their habits, and their admirable language. Caught in the trap of a terrible industrial machinery, harried by a shameful economic cruelty, surrounded with an ugliness and desolation never endured before among men, stunted by a stupid and provincial religion, or by a more stupid and more provincial irreligion, the poor are still by far the sanest, jolliest, and most reliable part of the community—whether they agree with Socialism as a narrow proposal is difficult to discover. They will vote for Socialists as they will for Tories and Liberals, because they want certain things, or don't want them. But one thing I should affirm as certain, the whole smell and sentiment and general ideal of Socialism they detest and disdain. No part of the community is so specially fixed in those forms and feelings which are opposite to the tone of most Socialists; the privacy of homes, the control of one's own children, the minding of one's own business. I look out of my back windows over the black stretch of Battersea, and I believe I could make up a sort of creed, a catalogue of maxims, which I am certain are believed, and believed strongly, by the overwhelming mass of men and women as far as the eye can reach. For instance, that an Englishman's house is his castle, and that awful proprieties ought to regulate admission to it; that marriage is a real bond, making jealousy and marital revenge at the least highly pardonable; that vegetarianism and all pitting of animal against human rights is a silly fad; that on the other hand to save money to give yourself a fine funeral is not a silly fad, but a symbol of ancestral self-respect; that when giving treats to friends or children one should give them what they like, emphatically not what is good for them; that there is nothing illogical in being furious because Tommy had been coldly caned by a schoolmistress and then throwing saucepans at him yourself. All these things they believe; they are the only people who do believe them; and they are absolutely and eternally right. They are the ancient sanities of humanity; the ten commandments of man.

Now I wish to point out to you that if you impose your Socialism on these people, it will in moral actuality be an imposition and nothing else; just as the creation of Manchester industrialism was an imposition and nothing else. You may get them to give a vote for Socialism; so did the Manchester individualists get them to gives votes for Manchester. But they do not believe in the Socialist ideal any more than they ever believed in the Manchester ideal; they are too healthy to believe in either. But while they are healthy, they are also vague, slow, bewildered, and unaccustomed, alas, to civil war. Individualism was imposed on them by a handful of merchants; Socialism will be imposed on them by a handful of decorative artists and Oxford dons and journalists and Countesses on the Spree. Whether, like every other piece of oligarchic humbug in recent history, it is done with a parade of ballot-boxes, interests me very little. The moral fact is that the democracy definitely dislikes your favourite philosophy, but may accept it like so many others, rather than take the trouble to resist.

Thinking thus, as I do, Socialism does not hold the field for me as it does for others. My eyes are fixed on another thing altogether, a thing that may move or not; but which, if it does move, will crush Socialism with one hand and landlordism with the other. They will destroy landlordism, not because it is property, but because it is the negation of property. It is the negation of property that the Duke of Westminster should own whole streets and squares of London; just as it would be the negation of marriage if he had all living women in one great harem. If ever the actual poor move to destroy this evil, they will do it with the object not only of giving every man private property, but very specially private property; they will probably exaggerate in that direction; for in that direction is the whole humour and poetry of their own lives. For the Revolution, if they make it, there will be all the features which they like and I like; the strong sense of English cosiness, the instinct for special festival, the distinction between the dignities of man and woman, responsibility of a man under his roof. If you make the Revolution it will be marked by all the things that democracy detests and I detest; the talk about the inevitable, the love of statistics, the materialist theory of history, the trivialities of Sociology, and the uproarious folly of Eugenics. I know the answer you have; I know the risk I run. Perhaps democracy will never move. Perhaps the English people, if you gave it beer enough, would accept even Eugenics. It is enough for me for the moment to say that I cannot believe it. The poor are so obviously right, I cannot fancy that they will never enforce their rightness against all the prigs of your party and mine. At any rate that is my answer. I am not a Socialist, just as I am not a Tory; because I have not lost faith in democracy.

Defiance, not Defence.

I.

Beat ye no drums, and sound no trumpet calls,
Ye pale companions in the new crusades,
To us a starry victory soon befalls
Who fight no more with old untrusty blades;
Lo, in the shadow of men's hate and scorn,
The generation of our dreams is born!
O brothers, who with hidden wounds are bled,
What nobler race succeeds when ye are dead?
They answer "Brothers, let our blood be shed!"

II.

We have denied the right of Kings to rule,
Of usurers to control, of priests to preach,
And all the fools, who, in and out of school,
Teaching content, would blind us when they teach,
Wed them, O heaven, for better or for worse,
To one divine, annihilating curse!
O brothers, what if after all we fail,
And all our striving be of no avail?
They answer "Brothers, are ye still so frail?"

III.

The ancient fires die down, and the sad rout
Stir up the ashes to get heat and light,
Finding it not; and some more bold tread out
The fitful embers, and at length 'tis night,
When lo, from high a flaming torch is hurled
To light new fires before the envisaged world.
O brothers, when the lesser man has died
Who cares what may to over-man betide?
They answer "Brothers, we are satisfied!"

FREDERICK RICHARDSON.

Driving Capital Out of the Country.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

VIII.

Socialism and the Shopkeeper.

WHEN Socialism ruins a neighbourhood by destroying the industry of catering for the parasitic classes, it does not impair the purchasing power of the community as a whole: it only redistributes it. In fact, it increases it; for if the parasites are starved into becoming producers, as Socialism fully intends they shall be, they become genuine purchasers instead of—not to put too fine a point on it—thieves. The shopkeeper finds that the same operation that has deprived him of his few monstrously rich customers supplies him with a great many reasonably well-off ones, who not only buy more of what they consumed before, but a great many things which they formerly regarded as luxuries beyond their means.

Conceive the Bond Street stationer gazing in white-faced despair at the departure of his last millionaire customer from Park Lane. Enter a tripper from Yorkshire. He orders 750 visiting cards. He insists on their being gilt-edged: domn th' expense! Five hundred are to be like this:—

> MR. DEPUTY CHECKWEIGHER JOHNSON.
> North Riding Provincial Administration.
>
> 16, BUTTY BANK ST. WEST, CLIFTON ON CLEVELAND. — THE FIRS, WOODBRIDGE.

Two hundred and fifty are for Mrs. Deputy Checkweigher Johnson, with the additional information that she is at home on third Fridays. He also requires a supply of the very best hand-made notepaper, on which the address of The Firs is supplemented by directions in the corner that telegrams should be addressed to Ginger Johnson, Cleveland, and that the railway station (2½ miles) is Woodbridge Junction. The amazed stationer smells the checkweigher's money; says piously "non olet"; and trusts to be favoured with the renewal of Mr. D. C. J.'s esteemed order. Mr. D. C. J., after picking up some further trifles in purses, albums, and leather covers for his Whitaker, postal guide, and A.B.C., goes to the ruined outfitter next door, and revives him by ordering not only half a dozen shirts, but by discovering with delight the existence of the pyjama, and fitting himself out for the night with reckless splendour.

When Mr. D. C. J. next goes to Bond Street to renew his wardrobe, he will be a much more refined person. The pyjamas will have done their work. He will have worn them for many months, and lived up to them. Then his wife will come; and if the shopkeeper has been pining for the insolence of his old customers, it is quite likely that she may fill up that void in his aching heart so liberally that he may discover—what so few men nowadays seem able to discover—that it is possible to have too much of a bad thing as well as too much of a good thing, in which case he will be able to assert his dignity without ruining himself. Good manners are a product of equality. Even at present the Bond Street rule of obsequiousness for the shopkeeper and insolence for the customer—which is none the less a rule because it is suspended and replaced by honourable reciprocity of consideration when the parties are not snobs—is not universal. There are thousands of shops in which the shopkeeper and his customer are on the same level socially, the test being that the shopkeeper's son is an eligible suitor for the hand of the customer's daughter. In such cases there are no bad manners. The time will come when every lady who enters a Bond Street shop will do so at the risk of the gentleman behind the counter, when she says "I want a stick of golden sealing wax," replying "Take everything in the shop, including myself." Then there will be a very marked amelioration in the tone of these establishments. Bond Street will become as enchanting as a bazaar in the Arabian Nights: the enormous possibilities of romance in a world where love leaps at first sight across the counter will be realised. Shopping will become romantic and adventurous. Nothing in the possibilities of Socialism takes our breaths away at present so much as the enormous number of people our marriageable lasses and lads will have to choose from, and the huge mass of public opinion which every individual will have to reckon with in his conduct, both for support and opposition. It is highly significant that already, as a consequence of the merging of our gentry in our plutocracy, with its free intermarriage of rank and money, we have begun to talk of sets instead of classes. There will be no end of sets under Socialism; but they will be intermarriageable; they will be large; and the wise man will belong to several of them. Men will belong to the musical set, or the motoring set, or to both; and so will their tailors; with the result that a man will not cease to be a gentleman when he is dealing with a tailor, nor the tailor cease to be a man when he is dealing with a gentleman.

One advantage about the clientèle represented by Mr. D. C. J. is that it is numerous. The old saying that the displeasure of a lord is a sentence of death has still its terror for the man who depends on a select fashionable connection. How true the stories are one hears about the way in which fashionable dressmakers are blackmailed into submitting to bad debts by their fear of offending smart ladies, I cannot say; but anyone who reads the cases which occasionally come into court must feel pretty sure that fashionable shopkeepers are much more dependent on the individual customer than, say, Mr. Gamage, of Holborn. Withdraw your account from a select West End shop, and you will soon receive respectful letters expressing the concern of the shopkeeper and his anxiety to get you back again. The extreme economic instance is the painter whose pictures are bought by only one patron. Such a painter is evidently in a condition of abject dependence on his patron. At the opposite extreme is the cabman, who is so independent of the good opinion of any single customer that it is necessary to protect the cab-hirer by a special code. If any shopkeeper were to attempt to cheat his customers in giving change by the trick of putting down part of the proper sum on the chance of the customer picking it up and going away without waiting for the rest, as systematically as some railway booking-clerks do, he would soon lose all his business.

The moral of all this is that it is better to depend on a thousand casual customers, each of whom is no more to the shopkeeper than a unit in the statistical average, than on ten clients, each keeping a large account. It is better for the public, too, as the popularity of the Stores and Whiteley's shows. Some time ago a canvasser called on me to secure my custom for a new Press Cutting Agency. His argument was that as a new concern was not overcrowded with subscribers I should be sure of more individual attention. Six months later he returned and canvassed me for one of the older institutions, having changed his shop in the meantime. This time he argued that the large firm was on such a scale that nothing escaped them: they could afford to take in every paper in the world, etc. Whichever way *my* advantage lay, there was not doubt at all that the agency with the large connection was the better off. This would be so even if its takings were no greater. A dealer who supplies five hundred customers with three pairs of trousers per year has a safer and steadier income, and much more personal independence, than the dealer who supplies seventy-five customers with twenty pairs per year. The displeasure, insolvency, or death of a single customer is more than six times as serious a loss to the latter than to the former.

Socialism will, however, ruin one sort of shopkeeper very effectually. He who caters for the wretchedly poor will lose his customers for ever. The dealer in farthings-worths of tea, in second-hand clothes, in tenth-hand furniture and bedding, in meat that is really offal, will find his occupation gone. Lockhart will have to set up Holborn Restaurants, Aerated Bread shops,

perhaps even Carlton tables d'hôte or perish. The merchants of Rag Fair, who sell you a pair of boots for a penny and an overcoat for fourpence, will lose all their customers, whilst Peal and Poole will have a new world opened before their counters. And here let us pause and meditate on the folly of mankind. Those whose business it is to cater for people who can afford to pay a good price for a good article resolutely oppose a change which would enable everybody to pay a good price for a good article. Those whose business it is to cater for people who demand trash and filth because they cannot afford anything better, raise no outcry against the change, though it would not only empty their shops, but demolish them through the local sanitary authority as nuisances. They would be thrown, with the Park Lane millionaires, on the merciful consideration of a new world, which, let us hope, would be too well off to be unkind to them. Possibly some employment might be found for them in the Treasury Department; for they are mostly born financiers.

Please observe, however, that this enormous expansion of the custom of the better sort of shopkeeper will depend altogether on a positive vigorous Socialism. If you drive his customers to Nice and Algiers, to Biarritz, Paris, and Vienna, and allow them to take their purchasing power with them, which is exactly what the present system is doing, then you simply bleed Bond Street to death. It is no part of the purpose of these articles to reassure Bond Street. I repeat, you can, and do, drive income out of the country by your present system. It creates poverty; poverty creates ugliness and dirt; the English climate makes these more cruel and disagreeable than they are on the shores of the Mediterranean; the railway restaurant car makes travelling easier than it used to be; and the motor-car is making it positively delightful. The rich go away more and more; but neither rents nor rates allow for that. Socialism would apply the rents to defray the rates; would spend the balance (as much again) on making the town attractive; would replace the expropriated customer by ten impropriated ones; would nourish trade with unheard of accesses of purchasing power. Unsocialism means the status quo, with just enough *panem et circenses* to put up the rates, and accelerate the movement of the rich towards countries where there is no east wind and no income-tax.

Next week we can sum up all these apparent digressions and see how much is left of "Driving Capital Out of the Country" as an anti-Socialist scare.

(To be continued.)

On the Loose.

By George Raffalovich.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE: *Well, have your two prodigies taken you to any new planets since last month?*

ANSWER: *Alas, no, and I cannot think how to make my afternoon visitors return. I should so much like to make another trip in their company to some unknown land, some star of dreams.*

THE EDITOR: *Try will-power.*

I tried the will power. And my two friends answered the call—not at once, of course—but after a little perseverance. In what a state, poor fellows! Their complexions no longer possessed the same freshness; their eyes, with hardly a change, wore a dark, sombre hue—a moist melancholy expression. To emphasize the sadness of their appearance their skin clothes were of an earthy yellow, not at all suited to their complexions. In the most tactful way possible I inquired after the cause of their indisposition, and apologised for having disturbed them out of season. I even offered them the relief of science by proposing to take them to a distinguished vet They declined, however, with effusive thanks, and one of them said —

"We have been thinking a great deal since the day we met you; and without your strong and repeated calls we should not have returned. We have thought and suffered. In our voyages to the planets—especially to your planet—it has hitherto been our constant practice, based upon a wise precaution, to abstain from all intercourse with the different inhabitants. Your appearance suggested that we might make an exception in your favour. Your frankness inspired us with confidence. And therefore you have been enabled to see things hid from your fellows. In the interval since we last saw you, however, it has come to us very forcibly that you intermittent fools were not so unhappy after all. You know very little, but your ignorance is bliss. As for us, we already know too much." (My dear fat-head, centuries ago it was already said by one of our wise men: bonum est omnia scire, et non uti. Put that in your pipe!)

He continued. "Besides, have you not always some aim in life, some chimera, some fixed and false idea that constitutes a goal? And then your extraordinary instinct of life—pushing you to fight against misfortune, against disease, against death! With us, death is the expected issue, reasonable and sought for. Again, *we* are a little lacking in the sense of humour, and afford a little distraction one to the other. You, at least, are all mad, and can tip each other the wink. (Their use of English I noticed was often colloquial, not to say slangy. They were evidently not acquainted with the novels of Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine.) These reflections, you must understand, make us very perplexed. So much so that yesterday my friend here was on the point of settling matters by swallowing the black pill. However, you have called us by the force of your will—and here we are. Excuse me for mentioning that conversation makes us somewhat tired. A foreign tongue makes no difference: we have not the habit of talking. We therefore beg you to take the burden of the conversation as much as possible upon yourself, and, where it is convenient, we will answer with gestures."

I endeavoured to explain to them that with us also speech was tending to become of less importance; that we no longer held it in so high esteem as did the Greeks and Romans. They, even those of the lowest class, would have hissed an orator or an actor who lengthened or shortened a syllable out of place. But, on their insistence, I had to confess that, all the same, the power of speech was still great amongst us. "And what more natural?" said I, "Is not speech the interpreter of the heart, the paint brush of the mind, the image through which thought finds expression? Is it not the salt of life, the raison d'etre of our oldest institutions? If, like you, we despised speech, it would be the end of everything. No more lively dinner parties, no more party politics, no more dispensing of justice, no more journalism, no more disputes, no little everyday lies—the very foundation stone of polite society."

"How strange that you should care about such institutions," they answered. "But go on talking; we like to hear you, and we do not fear the contagion of madness. You can tell us everything, and repeat some such amusing story as the one about a rich marriage in London in the year 1907. When you become conscious of the approach of one of your periodic fits, warn us in time that we may take notes. It may be that we shall be led to the discovery of some means to cure you in part; *you* at least. And at the same time such a voluntary occupation will relieve us from the state of 'ennui' into which our contact with you has thrown us. (Delightfully frank they were throughout.) The madness of you men is singularly attractive. By and by, if you wish, we will conduct you to some planet in the neighbourhood of this, which you may find especially interesting. If, even on your own earth, we can be of any kind of assistance to you, we will lend ourselves to your wishes with the greatest pleasure."

"I would like to be a champion of diabolo," said I with the most audacious assurance.

"What's that?"

I showed them a set, trying to explain the movement of the thing. But they scarcely left me the time to speak, before one of them, taking hold of the sticks very delicately, began at once to throw the "devil" to a great height, catching it again with a wonderful dexterity on the thread, which his arms passed rapidly from right to left, and from left to right. Then he laughed and turned towards his companion, who fixed his eyes and laughed also.

"Oh!" said he, observing my surprise, "it is very simple; we are astonished to see that you madmen have been able to discover such a secret of science. This is neither more nor less than the first step towards the discovery of the principles by which we, in our planet, are able to go through space without the use of bags of gas."

Very much astonished, I put back the set in its box. For the easing of my conscience I resolved to know why these planetary individuals should not give our whole race the benefit of their scientific discoveries. But to all my questions my two friends only answered with evasive gestures I understood only that they took pleasure in making studies and remarks on the manner in which other worlds than theirs understood progress, and that they sometimes amused themselves by sending some frightful cataclysm to their neighbours From what they told me later I learnt that there existed a race, as different from themselves as they are from us, who spend the clearest of their nights in bringing about extraordinary events in all the other planets. It is to them we owe bad summers, earthquakes, and the inventions of certain political rights by those who put them into force Egoism and superstition were among their chosen gifts. To the inhabitants of the country of my two friends they suggested the idea of living idle. And I thought of the famous

words: "Wage du zu irren und zu traumen!" on discovering that no one could succeed in deceiving himself thus, if the unknown beings of that unknown star did not themselves put the lie into his head. Poor us! But enough of philosophy. Astonished to see the houses extending serried and dense over such a large area, the two big heads asked me why we men lived almost always on the same point of the earth. I gave them an explanation in these words:—

"There are many reasons. First, here we are in England, a country almost free (certainly very); then, the difficulty of learning all the languages and all the dialects hinders us from travelling a great deal. But not only that, travelling is expensive; because the laws of inheritance and speculation put all the railways and boats into the hands of people who exploit them for their own advantage; and also because even the poorest man amongst us possesses enough personal property to embarrass him when he travels. Besides, some parts of the earth are uninhabitable, either on account of climate, or on account of the savagery of the inhabitants, or again, because of the difficulty of getting there. Some of these reasons made them laugh; for with them science has equalised climate, destroyed savagery and invented the means of living very economically, as well as of travelling without expense, fatigue, or delay. One of them with a smile pointed out to me a little barrier in the fields and asked if that was another country with other speech and customs, over the fence? I replied with indignation that the whole island was the property of the British nation, and that the divisions into counties, of which they had doubtless heard, were only the last traces of different tribes of the past; and without counting that they were useful for purposes of administration (a word which amused them each time I used it). "Nada Zamyra," said they.

Some people who were passing stopped and began looking at my friends with such persistent curiosity that I felt embarrassed and persuaded them to transfer themselves with a hop some miles further, while I should go home to prepare myself to accompany them to a neighbouring planet. When I was ready and they had returned, they asked me by what miracle we, who are mad, had been intelligent enough to enclose our great men out of reach of necessity in magnificent parks. I was extremely astonished at what they said, not having the slightest idea of what they referred to. After their explanations, however, I understood that they were talking of a madhouse, and I was much astonished when they told me what wonderful discoveries were made every day by its inmates. Hidden behind a tree, they had heard some conversations, which had taught them things they themselves had not known. From that moment they treated me with more friendliness, and I felt very proud of those same great men and geniuses, who were the cause of this increase in my consideration

At this moment a funeral passed, and I explained to them in a few words, the rites of the dead and the way in which we bury them. They informed me that this habit was unwholesome and not a little ridiculous. With them, corpses are destroyed chemically as the inhabitants take the black pill. Proud of my science I at once put a stop to their argument by quoting the order of Jehovah to Adam and Eve: "Fill the earth."

At last we set off. I placed myself between the two of them, just as I had done on the previous occasion, and in some seconds we arrived at a tiny planet, hardly as big as England together with France and Japan, without any of their colonies. On the island—one may well call it so, provided one remembers that it is a round island turning in space—lived one single family of very ancient pedigree. But this old family is so extraordinary—I saw in this island things and beings so strange—that I ask your permission to withdraw into solitude for a week, to eat roots of the hazel-tree and leaves of the honeysuckle, in order the better to prepare myself to describe to you my voyage, and the different people with whom I was brought into contact.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Spirit of the People. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers. 5s. net.)

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer in the book before us completes the task which he proposed to himself some time ago, the task of attempting to delineate what seem to him the essential characteristics of that mass of complexities which we call the English nation. In his two previous books, "The Soul of London" and "The Heart of the Country," he took the Englishman in his typical surroundings, and showed the effect which these produce on his character. In "The Spirit of the People" he sums up his conclusions, and tries to give a composite photograph of the average Englishman. Mr. Hueffer has had rather exceptional opportunities for study of this kind, and every page of his book shows that he has used these opportunities to the very best advantage. His power of seeing the psychological content of apparently trivial occurrences and chance remarks uttered by casual people is quite remarkable. A conversation between schoolboys in a railway carriage, a dialogue between a commercial traveller and a waiter in a country inn, the attitude of a crowd of waiting passengers at a London station during the hopeless block of traffic caused by a fog—all these incidents, and many more, are to him so many valuable indications of the spirit of the nation which he has so closely studied. No one can question that this method, wisely used, is the right one. It is at moments like these, when men or bodies of men are off their guard, and speak and act just as they feel, with no motive for concealment, that one catches something of the ideas underlying their actions, the established notions which mould their lives. It is always interesting to have someone gifted with a quick intelligence come along and show us the reasons for our deeds, and the trend of thought which has made us do what we have done. It is a commonplace of psychology that very few of our actions are the result of premeditation, and we are grateful when the chain of causes is completed for us by some discerning person. To Mr. Hueffer's examples, and to most of the inferences as to character which he draws from them, no exception can be taken. We may, however, be permitted to question some of the larger results of his enquiry at which he arrives.

No one who is interested in observing men and things can fail, sooner or later, to ask himself the question: "What promise or menace for the future does this or that tendency offer?" A mere collection of suggestive facts belongs to a somewhat low order of scientific intelligence. One is reminded of Zola's collection of notebooks filled with the facts collected in a life-time of patient research, all to be used afterwards in that incoordinated mass of detail which we call the Rougon-Macquart series. Such collections are in the nature of statistics; and statistics of psychology are only one degree more interesting than those of the material world. Mr. Hueffer is keenly interested in the development of the race, and it is on his outlook on the future that the value of his work mainly depends. It is just here that we begin to differ from some of his conclusions. All through his book he insists on one essential characteristic of the English nation — its dislike for reasoned rules for action, its distrust of coherent programmes, and its consequent tendency to take things as they come and trust to the national destiny to pull it through without serious loss, nay, with actual gain. We do not deny that this is typical of our countrymen, and our history is full of triumphant examples of success attained by this method, if method it may be called. It is, moreover, true that we have as a nation shown an astonishing power of adaptability to changing circumstances and new modes of thought and action. The same faculty which allows Englishmen to found flourishing States amongst utterly alien races, and often in hopeless climates, carried us through such changes as the Reformation and the Industrial Revolution without any violent struggles and with little displacement of the national life. But, granting all this, we may well ask whether our development has been fuller and more complete on this account, and whether the persistence of this trait in our national character will not be not only retarding, but actively dangerous, to our position in the future. After all, the policy of "muddling through" is really a frank abandoning of any definite line of action, a yielding to the more indolent features of human nature, and springs from an altogether baseless reliance on that shadowy thing, the national destiny. Moreover, even allowing that the policy has not been unsuccessful in the past, it is open to grave doubt as a successful policy for the future. The whole point of the question is: Are we really interested in the future? Do we believe that it will be something infinitely finer and greater than the lamentable past and the sordid present? Have we the eye to see possible future results in present doings, some shadowy indications of future lines of development? If we are at all hopeful of what is to come, if we in any degree look forward to the world's great age beginning anew, we cannot believe that a mere

continuance of present methods will bring it about. It is perfectly true that the present is the most interesting period of our country's history; it may be the most important epoch the world has yet known. But it is only interesting and important in the sense in which all periods of transition are interesting and important, namely, as obviously pointing to something new and great to come, as containing the seeds of a new age. In itself it has little to boast of. An age which is still bound by the traditions of the past, even when they are admittedly obsolete, whose distinguishing mark is confusion, and which contains so few achievements of any real value can scarcely hope to be called great. But there never has been an age of so many and so great attempts to improve things, and to make the human race better and nobler. Does Mr. Hueffer think that all these unselfish deeds, these passionate aspirations, are inspired by the hope of continuing things much as they are, of perpetuating the policy of "muddling through"? If he does, we can only ask him to continue his investigations a little further, and this time to go a little deeper. We have enjoyed his book so much that perhaps he will forgive our making another suggestion. He has gone a great way towards finding out the ideas of the average man. But let him remember that the average man, in all ages and in all nations, has few ideas and no notion of progress. Yet there has always been progress, and all progress has been through ideas. This is because the small knot of people in a nation who have ideas and who believe in the future impress these ideas on the mass around them, and gradually inspire them to action. So if Mr. Hueffer really wants to know what the future of the English nation is going to be, he must consider what are the ideas which are being discussed and promulgated by our progressive thinkers, intellectual people inspired with a hope for the future, and having a sound knowledge of the world in which they live, its needs, and its problems. Let him, then, think what effect these ideas are having, or are likely to have, on national action and character, and we believe that Mr. Hueffer will extend some of his conclusions a little farther than he has as yet ventured to do.

CHARLES SMYTH.

REVIEWS.

The Curse of the Romanovs. By Angelo S. Rappoport, M.A., Ph.D. (Chatto and Windus. 16s. net.)

Catherine II. made a disastrous choice for Russia when she fixed upon the offspring of her union with Soltykov, one of her numerous lovers, as the father of the future Tsars. Catherine II. had been married for nine years to him who afterwards reigned for six months as Peter III.; the marriage was sterile. To the reigning Empress Elizabeth the birth of Catherine's son meant the guarantee of peace after her death, the consolidation of the dynasty. Dr. Rappoport skilfully marshals the evidence for the illegitimacy of this child, Paul I. Catherine II. was herself an obscure German Princess, so that the present despot on the Russian throne has no claim to Romanoff blood. Now, we do not pretend to have any objection to Nicholas II. on this account; that he is descended from the bastard son of Catherine II. and not from Peter III. in no wise influences our judgment of him or his forefathers. But in these days which have witnessed in England and elsewhere a recrudescence of all the fulsome flattery beloved by monarchs, it is advisable to expose the hollow pretensions of the reigning families to rule by hereditary right. We do not of course pretend that Catherine II. would not have been able in any case to find someone to father a successful autocracy. Dr. Rappoport remarks that: "Autocracy, I do not hesitate to mention, must be the enemy of the people or autocracy must cease to exist; but the logical result of its attitude will one day be its annihilation." "One must indeed be an extraordinary optimist to continue to see things in a roseate light, and a still greater optimist to expect reform, liberty, and progress from the Russian Government." It is not optimism that leads to loans and Anglo-Russian treaties; it is cowardice; for our Greys are unable to resist the power of Liberal money-bags, and are ever inclined to fawn upon royalty. Dr. Rappoport points out that all attempts to introduce liberal ideas are impossible in an autocratic government. Recent events in Russia justify this scepticism. There are no placebos for Tsardom; a surgical operation is required; Tsardom must be eradicated. Not till then will there be peace in those unhappy lands, now the plaything of some feeble impotent, now the prey of some bloodthirsty tyrant, now the sport of some madman.

Barbarities are daily executed under royal auspices in Holy Russia which make Republican Reigns of Terror read like displays of benevolence. But these atrocities hardly draw a sigh from us; as the mutilated corpses are borne before us, we, like Charlotte, go on calmly cutting bread and butter. Who shall then pretend that history has aught to teach us in a reshaping of our life; contemporary events, dramatic beyond all precedent, leave us cold and uninformed.

Dr. Rappoport's story is concerned with the lives of the Tsars Paul I and his son Alexander I. No sooner was Paul born than he was taken to the apartments of

Now Ready. 1s. *Paper;* 2s. *Cloth.* *By post,* 1s. 3d. *and* 2s. 4d.

THE REFORMERS' YEAR BOOK, 1908.

(Edited by F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE & JOSEPH EDWARDS.)

A Special Section of 70 pages deals with Questions of the Day, including: Handicraft, by HOLBROOK JACKSON; Indian Reform, by G. K. GOKHALE; Labour Daily Newspaper; Nationalisation of Railways and Canals; Socialism, Old Age Pensions, etc., etc. Unique information about Labour, Local Government, Women, Parliament, etc. Three thousand invaluable addresses

THE REFORMERS' PRESS, 4, CLEMENT'S INN. W.C.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!

NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT!

Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations (Elementary and Advanced) supplied.

STATE WANTS. SEND FOR LISTS. BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL.
BOOKS BOUGHT. GOOD PRICES GIVEN.

G. FOYLE, 135 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Just Published. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

HUMAN JUSTICE FOR THOSE AT THE BOTTOM:

AN APPEAL TO THOSE AT THE TOP.

By C. C. COTTERILL.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

Just Issued. NEW EDITION. REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED.
Crown 8vo, 64 pp.; wrappers, 6d. net, by post 7d. Paper Boards, 1s net, by post, 1s. 1d.

MAN: THE PRODIGY AND FREAK OF NATURE; or, An Animal Run to Brain.

By KERIDON.

"Well worth reading by all who are interested in mental evolution."—*Westminster Review.* "Its lesson learnt how rapid might man's advance become!" —*Literary World.* "A very interesting suggestion, and 'Keridon' works out some corollaries of it with clearness and cogency: it is worth weighing thoroughly."—*Morning Leader.*

THE SAMURAI PRESS, CRANLEIGH, SURREY.

HENDERSONS,

66, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.,

ALSO AT 15A, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.,

FOR REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE,

Socialist, Labour, Rationalist, and all advanced thought books and periodicals.

Publishing Office of "THE DEADLY PARALLEL." One Penny

BOOKS BOUGHT, SOLD & EXCHANGED.

BEST PRICES given for good books.

OBTAINABLE NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME AT A POSSIBLE PRICE.

THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM.

By Oscar Wilde.

Cloth gilt, post free, **3s. 8d.**

The most brilliant and beautiful exposition of Socialism ever penned.

Other books by the same author always in stock.

C. CANNON (Successor, D. J. RIDER), 36, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road. **BOOKS**

his great-aunt (by marriage), the Empress Elizabeth, by whom he was brought up. His mother, of whom he saw very little, had no share in his upbringing. After the death of Elizabeth, Peter III. ascended the throne, reigned for six months, and was then dethroned by his wife, Catherine II., and assassinated a few days later. Between Catherine II. and her son Paul there was little love lost. Even after his first marriage his mother allowed him to take no part in public affairs. It was believed that his wife could not give birth to a living child, so that "as Catherine was particularly anxious that an heir to the throne should be forthcoming, it was decided to sacrifice the young Duchess in the interest of the State. It is doubtful whether Paul's consent was first asked." Paul's second marriage resulted in a numerous progeny. The first son, Alexander, was at once taken to the apartments of his grandmother, the Empress Catherine II., by whom all his early life was directed. Her own instructions for his education are comprehensive. His dress, food, air, etc., are carefully regulated. "In winter their Highnesses' apartments are to be aired twice a day." He was to be out of doors as much as possible; it did not matter if he got sunburnt. In sickness, "all remedies and specifics are to be barred, except in case of extreme need." Taken up with her love for the grandchildren, Catherine became more and more estranged from Paul and his wife. It seems certain that it was only Catherine's quite sudden death that permitted Paul to become Tsar. The first few weeks of his reign created a favourable impression; he liberated Novikov, Kosciusko, and all the imprisoned Poles. Soon came the change. "The madness ever characteristic of the Roman Cæsars soon became manifest in the Russian Tsar. He mistrusted his wife, his children, and his best friend; he bewildered his generals and officers. Like that Imperial madman, Caligula, Paul soon astonished Russia and Europe with his conduct and whims." In the last years of his reign his insanity was beyond doubt. On March 11, 1801, with the knowledge of his son, Paul was strangled in his bedroom. "The officers whom he had tortured for four years had taken their revenge."

Alexander ascended the throne. Laharpe, the Swiss Republican, had been his tutor, and had deeply influenced the royal pupil. Alexander had excellent intentions, but he was too weak and vacillating ever to carry them out. He became more and more involved in a material mysticism. The Holy Alliance grew out of a belief that he was "the man appointed by God to form this Holy Alliance, based on evangelistic principles which should aid the oppressed and secure the triumph of the Cross." Dr. Rappoport's relation of his friendship and rupture with Napoleon is excellently done. He portrays the gradual changes that made Alexander, once a universal favourite, the "liberator of nations," the subject of a morose melancholy. Remorse for his complicity in his father's murder; unhappy domestic relations—Alexander was seventeen and Elizabeth fifteen when they were married—had some share, but mainly it was his own recognition of his failure. "Even his good intentions and liberalism ended in utter failure. So long as autocracy will jealously guard its prerogatives, its pretended liberalism will remain either a farce or a tragi-comedy. Alexander wanted to grant his constitution without abdicating his autocratic prerogatives."

Dr. Rappoport gives a circumstantial account of Alexander's last illness and death. We see the Tsar exposing himself to the dangers of an epidemic fever, his physician assures him, after five days of acute illness, that he cannot help him, the Empress bids him farewell, the confessor is with him, he sinks into lethargy, and dies on December 1, 1825. A post-mortem is made three days later. Dr. Rappoport brings no evidence to show that these particulars, which he gives in detail, are false. We are quite suddenly informed that Alexander "had probably fled from the throne to lead a life of abnegation and prayer." For this Dr. Rappoport adduces the vaguest gossip. Alexander was a religious mystic, true, but religious mystics can die of epidemic diseases. A hermit who died in 1864 was said to bear a striking resemblance to the Emperor. But hermits always resemble remarkable personages.

Like ladies who think Thursday quite sufficient to indicate address and time, Dr. Rappoport is too sparing in his dates. "On the 26th," "on the 23rd December," "on the 1st December" are statements that caused us, who have not the author's knowledge of the period, much bethumbing of the pages to fix the year. Could not the year be printed on each page? This would be a welcome addition to Dr. Rappoport's interesting character-study of two Romanoffs whom, even *he* occasionally forgets, were not Romanoffs at all.

The Prolongation of Life. By Elie Metchnikoff. (William Heinemann. 10s. net.)

At a temperance meeting an octogenarian created some discomfort by declaring that he owed his long life to vasty potations of the cups that cheer and inebriate. The chairman rose to the occasion. "Had you lived a sober life, sir, you would have been a centenarian by now." If, in addition to abstinence from alcohol, you are born without any large intestine, or daily absorb quantities of lactic microbes, longevity, barring accidents, is assured. Professor Metchnikoff's thesis: death a preventible disease—is well known from his former work, "The Nature of Man." Quite a considerable portion of the present is an extension of the earlier volume. His main contention is that senility is due to the replacement of the nerves and other "nobler" tissues by certain elements present in the blood and connective tissues. But not all the phagocytes, as they are called, are responsible; only the macrophags distinguished by larger size, lesser activity, and other important functional differences. The multiplication of these macrophags is due to the poisons derived from microbes in the large intestine. The evidence for this statement is not quite conclusive, but Professor Metchnikoff certainly meets some of the objections that have been raised by bacteriologists. At all events, the reader will be served by curious information regarding the habits of many animals, both big and little, the longevity of trees, and worms, and the living tragedy, Monstrilla, that crustacean parasite which is born but to die of starvation, for it possesses no means of taking in or digesting food;—we wonder what the Darwinians make of this recurring tragedy!

Professor Metchnikoff adopts the theory that sleep is the result of auto-intoxication, but he does not really dispose of the criticism M. Clarapède has levelled at this toxic theory. We regard that psychologist's view of sleep as a positive function, an instinct, the soundest yet brought forward. Some of our readers, members of executives and committees, will be more interested in learning how to still further prolong their lives. It is very simple. "Depend on general sobriety and a habit conforming to the rules of natural hygiene." In addition, take from one-half to three-quarters of a pint of "yahourth," the Bulgarian soured milk. If you are not interested in solving the Eastern Question, you can prepare this soured milk at home. The Pasteur Institute will supply you with the Bulgarian bacillus which causes the peculiar fermentation in the milk. If you can't take milk, you can still live a long life by swallowing these beneficent microbes in jam. Professor Metchnikoff has partaken of this sour milk for the past eight years "as a regular part of my diet," and he is still alive. At all events, he can claim that it fulfils the first requirement of every drug and every diet—*non nocet.* Obviously the rest must be left to further experience.

JANUARY
During 1908 I'll Drink
Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

For ourselves, we feel rather inclined to repeat the advice which, in one of Leopardi's dialogues, the metaphysician gives the natural philosopher. The latter presents his book on the art of living long to the metaphysician, who thereupon urges him to bury it, but to leave a record of the spot before he dies. The book can thus be brought to light when the metaphysicians shall have discovered the art of living happily.

Professor Metchnikoff's criticism of pessimism is not fundamental. He points out, correctly enough, that most of the great pessimistic writers have been young men; he concludes that "young people who are inclined to pessimism ought to be informed that their condition of mind is only temporary, and that, according to the laws of human nature, it will later on be replaced by optimism." He forgets, however, that man has not yet taken to drinking sour milk, so that senile decay is practically universal. Thus, when the feelings, appreciations, desires are becoming blunted man becomes optimistic, whilst the Weltschmerz takes its hold in the heyday of life. Professor Metchnikoff's unanimous tribute to the soundness of pessimism is even more convincing than that of Dr. Pangloss.

We must quarrel with a footnote reference to Nietzsche's works "as a mixture of genius and madness which makes them difficult to use." The commendation of Möbius's medical biography helps us to understand this now. Professor Metchnikoff should be aware that Möbius is quite unreliable; there is absolutely no evidence for the diagnosis he arrives at. We think, indeed, there is a good deal more to be said for Dr. Gould's view that much of Nietzsche's suffering was due to the physicians not testing his eyesight with sufficient accuracy.

If Professor Metchnikoff will read The New Age carefully we feel sure that he will alter his apprehension that "no shade of senilism will be able to solve the problem of social life with a sufficient respect for the maintenance of individual liberty." Our senilism implies no sacrifice of individuality to the community, although we shall not forget that man is a gregarious animal.

A penetrating analysis of Goethe's life from the psychological side can be profitably studied by our less courageous reformers. "The moralists who have been shocked by his amorous intrigues would have been satisfied, but the world would have lost a great poet." Of course, the moralists are bitterly disappointed when a poet's biography blabs not of what they label intrigues. Das Ewig-Weibliche, suggests Professor Metchnikoff, "is love for feminine beauty, a love which makes possible the execution of wonderful things." We think the choric Mysteries must bear quite another interpretation. The non-describable is meant quite literally to be not describable to us humans but as a vague, shadowy, most intermittent, possibly one day to be informed, mode of consciousness.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has succeeded in giving his readers a book in English which must appeal to many widely different classes of readers.

The Ghosts of Piccadilly. By G. S. Street. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is very grateful to find a Socialist, as Mr. Street avows himself to be, writing about the accidental or deserving great ones of this bitter world with such admirable judgment, such serene imperturbability, and such kindly tolerance. His unfailing broadmindedness, sympathy, and understanding demonstrate him immeasurably the superior of the desiccated individualists who so despitefully use him from blue vans. The unbending exercise of these excellent qualities has strengthened and braced him to the production of a book of a fascinating urbanity. As a Socialist should, he sees his ghosts sanely and he sees them whole. They are indeed monied ghosts, ghosts who when they lived, lived large and full and active lives on unearned increment. Had it not been for that unearned increment, most of them would have had, for us at any rate, no ghostly existence at all; for us, like the great host of their contemporaries, they would never have been. Like all true Socialists, Mr. Street is a man of the world and a philosopher, and the perusal of his book has induced in us this reflective appreciation of unearned increment in an individualistic world. Mr. Street has seen his ghosts in a methodical and orderly fashion to which they can be little used. He takes Piccadilly house by house, and evokes the spirits in each in their exact residential turn. He gets them of a vast variety—statesmen, beauties, gamblers, wits, rakes, and bankers. Sometimes, as in Charles James Fox, he gets a ghost who combines all the qualities proper to a resident in Piccadilly; sometimes, as in the fifth Duke of Devonshire, he gets a ghost who has none of these qualities. But he is as kind to the one as to the other. Possibly Mr. Street shines most as a corrector of prejudices, of the prejudices of biographers and writers of memoirs no less than of the prejudices of the vulgar. You cannot read his description of Old Q., the Duke of Wellington, Harriott Mellon, or Emma Hamilton, for example, without feeling that you have a clearer and more valuable all-round understanding of them than you have ever had before. His short sketches of their characters are worth yards and yards of the biographies of the painstaking or the enthusiastic; and as becomes a true Socialist, he is always less indulgent to the heroine than to the hero. We observed, perhaps, an unnecessary restraint on his part in the matter of using an honest English word so applicable generally to ladies who really shine in any grade of society: but no matter. He writes, too, whether he is writing of persons or periods, with unbroken, urbane charm, with an insight which now and again savours of the diabolic. Always the claims of the self-assertive present provoke from him a dry, ironic humour of the most pleasant. As we lay down the book we cannot help but wonder whether the writer of the future, writing of ghosts who are to-day flesh and blood in Piccadilly, will enjoy Mr. Street's fullness of knowledge. The amours and amourettes of our Liberal statesmen now—we feel that Mr. Street might very well make it his task to see that posterity gets an unprejudiced, all-round account of the great pure ones of to-day. It might be published by subscription, privately—quite privately.

The Excursions of Henry Pringle Price. Ed. by A Bachelor of Letters. (Open Road Publishing Co. 3s 6d.)

On glancing over the pages of this book we thought it was one of those dull attempts at making our world of conventions ridiculous by the stale device of introducing a "traveller from abroad." Most men, it is to be hoped, have intervals of sanity, when they see the familiar world in a humorous light, when even our most precious human institutions appear a trifle comic. Goldsmith touched the subject incomparably; and so, each according to his own glory, did Swift and Butler, and all the Utopians. (By the way, are there any Women Utopists?) Swift, however, is a Utopist upside down or inside out; and it is to the order of Swift that we found the anonymous writer of "The Excursions" to belong.

A genuine high-class beverage of absolute purity, having the greatest strength and finest flavour.

Made under ideal conditions of labour in an English Factory amidst pure and healthful surroundings where the well-being of the workers receives the constant care of the firm.

Everybody knows now that all extremes are ridiculous. Business, Morality, Sport, Science, Literature, and Art would each land us in a universal lunatic asylum if they became the chief object in life. Of course, it is not necessary that existing professors of each of these subjects should regard its Kantian universalism as either impossible or undesirable. On the contrary, it is part of the tragic economy of the world that every devotee of Art should believe that Art is enough, every devotee of Science that Science is enough, and every sentimentalist that Love is enough. It is the interplay and mutual conflict of these absolutes that make up the world of man.

Our author, however, indulges our imagination in the luxury of supposing our pet subject to have become dominant. He describes excursions to five towns, which he names Elwego, San Potonok, Eopolis, Extown, and Carosia. These are respectively the cities of Commerce, Morality, Sport, Science, and Art. In Elwego business is so strict that a statue is regarded as so many pounds sterling beautiful; and you send invoices and get receipts for dinner parties and kisses. San Potonok is the city of Charity and Morality; it is "a forest of steeples." There are societies for Providing Sparrows with Crumbs and Needy Mice with Cheese; there is a Home for Lost Centipedes; and an S.P.I.P., or Society for the Prevention of Intercourse between People. There also were to be found men who believed that Father Christmas and Humpty Dumpty were historical persons. In Eopolis, Sport and Physical were the Enough. They inscribed on their tombstones the single words: "He played the game"; and the Cabinet included a Chief Secretary for Inland Matches. Ex-town was devoted to Science. The customs duties were levied on imported ignorance, especially of the mathematics. Lectures were given on Dog-Barking in relation to Progress. The question whether two and two really did make four was the subject of a Special Commission of Enquiry; and kissing was formularised in the Spencerian vocabulary—"Kissation is an indefinite, incoherent, concomitant, integration and dissipation of sensation, during which the heterogeneous becomes homogeneous, and the retained sensation undergoes a parallel transformation." Carosia is a universal Fleet Street, along which can be heard the continual rumble of the market-writers' carts. Everybody writes or "arts." There is even a School of Art for Dogs.

"The Excursions" is a very clever satire by a very clever writer. It leads nowhere, but why should it?

DRAMA.

The Chester Plays.

THE four Chester plays which Mr. Nugent Monck produced this year for the English Drama Society were the three Nativity plays and "The Slaying of the Innocents," which, the programme informs me, has not been done since the sixteenth century. In their direct realism these plays have something very modern in them, and their mediævalism was so well conveyed as to make any scepticism as to the corporeal existence of the Angel Gabriel, for instance, out of the question. It is curious to think that between them and us stretches the wanton waste of plays which has brought forth at last those fine flowers of the theatre, the musical comedy and the pageant Shakespeare. It has brought forth some other things, and in its passage of that waste the drama has strayed into some more or less interesting bypaths, but it is only now that our modern drama is beginning to get back to the serious preoccupation with essential things which was the raison d'être of the "mystery." That this renascence of drama comes at the same time as the triumph of the scientific method in thought and the rise of the Socialist movement in politics is no accident. We are feeling our way again to a stability of thought and of society, to faith and humanity. The question is then, can we not learn some of the tricks of the trade from those old artificers who went before and who lived in a time of comparative equilibrium, and told of a life of straightforward affirmations and denials. To do more is to create moonshining nonsense. We have not that familiar belief in the interposition of angels and gods in the ways of men as to allow us to believe in an Angel Gabriel talking in a Welsh village or chiding the passers-by in Piccadilly. To set out to write "Eager Heart," for example, is to project our neuroses into a limelight from which they are better kept secluded. Pardon this reference to that performance, but I have not yet recovered from the shock to my moral and æsthetic feelings. Even those of us who do believe in the Christian religion follow Mr. R. J. Campbell or someone else, who interprets the plain story for us with glosses and emendations beyond any possibility of dramatic representation. No one believes these things simply, even those most filled with faith doubt its explanation, while the great multitude of the illiterate believers who have never been taught to question live lives of servitude to capitalism, the conditions of which make their faith a secondary and alien consideration. I have a strong suspicion that the "Chester Plays," on their merits, and in competition with the public-houses and the music-halls, would fail to draw a paying audience in the most Catholic district of Liverpool. They no longer touch our lives, they would be stranger before an audience of Christians in Chester than before an audience of infidels in Gower Street. But their beauty, their reality, and their sincerity remain. Acted upon the lecture platform of the Botanical Theatre of University College, the staged cramped, the lighting primitive, the performers almost brushing the feet of those in the foremost seats, they yet produced an almost perfect illusion. "The Shepherd's Play" in particular appealed to me by its jolly open-air feeling, by its constant application of the words "merry" and "merrily" to religious things, and by its scene where the three share a meal (commented on in great and heart-warming detail) and express the opinion that "in good meat is there great glee." "The Shepherd's Play," and all of them, owed very much to the dresses specially designed by Miss Jennie Moore. They were extaordinarily beautiful. And much they owed to the stage-management that allowed what is I assume the primitiveness of the original stage-management to remain, getting a fine effect in both the "Shepherd's" and the "King's" plays by making the Angel Gabriel act as a scene-shifter, drawing curtains back in person and displaying Mary, Joseph, and the Infant Christ.

In these mystery plays the stage-management is of the most direct, and the scenery utterly simple and not changed from start to finish. And they suggest reflections. Is our way back to a modern idea play through a similar simplicity? Is the expensive paraphernalia of stage, scenery, orchestra, lighting, and the rest of it a help to drama? Is it not perhaps a considerable hindrance? That it is a hindrance in one way at least admits of no argument—that of expense. To put on even one performance of a play like "Waste," costs as much as would serve to handsomely launch half a dozen volumes from a publisher. If we can reduce the complexity of our stage accessories (I am by no means sure we can) we shall do a good deal towards putting the essential drama of our time upon its feet, because the present is not the time for the best drama to pay. There is no serious modern mystery we could write to

Eiffel Tower
BUN FLOUR.
A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

TYPEWRITING AND SHORTHAND.
NEAT, ACCURATE, PROMPT. MODERATE CHARGES.
MISS SELL, 70-72 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

ZION'S WORKS contain explanations of the BIBLE, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read the "Dialogue, Vol. IV, and first Letter, Vol. IX. In the principal Free Libraries.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH," "UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY Explained" (Armstrong), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps) given post free.—Miss BARMBY Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

which men would flock as in the fourteenth century they used to the Chester plays. The modern play that must concern itself with the modern faith will have to re-educate its public into that wholesale common-sense familiarity with human things that existed so largely in the Middle Ages. The wage-slaves of modern industrialism are familiar with many strange things from the ends of the earth, but they are not familiar with health, with merriment, and with beauty, they are familiar with 'bus conductors and railway porters and clerks and foremen, but not with men and women. The modern drama, therefore, cannot be content with the implicit propaganda of those fundamental things we are now finding desirable. Socialism cannot be taken for granted, it must be explicitly propounded as a cure for existing evils. And in the directness of the propaganda of the "mystery" we can find a very good precedent. But apart from all this a very interesting question arises out of the production of these plays. The Vedrenne-Barker season at the Savoy will finish some time this spring; the mantle of the Court Theatre is to let. Are Mr. Nugent Monck and the English Drama Society candidates? They have a great opportunity. L. HADEN GUEST.

MUSIC.

A Christmas Carol.

IT really is not the season for Beethoven; and yet at the Queen's Hall they insist on the fifth Symphony. Mr. Robert Newman should go to Olympia, to the Mammoth Fun City, for the good of his immortal soul. There he would hear Olympian jests, debauch himself in a Rabelaisian exuberance of harmony (I think there are six steam bands all playing different tunes at once under the same roof), and forget all about the Christmas Songs of Robert Franz. The Queen's Hall Orchestra is much too appropriate. It may be out of cussedness, but they always seem to strike the appropriate nail on the head with a most emphatic foolishness. When Grieg died they had to play his silly Trauermarsch as an appropriate token of regret; and when Good Friday comes round the appropriate music from "Parsifal" must be performed. Apparently they are unconscious that it is the most immoral music ever written (or perhaps it is a cultured sense of the subtly incongruous?). For myself, I rather like this religious-setting-of-one's-teeth-on-edge; it is a fine stimulation of the Brahms-sated emotions. There is a corner in the Mammoth Fun City—I think it is where the lady wrestlers are—where "God Save the King" is played every seven minutes, just a little out of tune. The motive power is steam, I think, but even this does not at once drive away the melancholy of the noble tune, and the mammoth hilarity of the fun city is momentarily checked by the subjective piety of the King's anthem. But if you have been adjacent to this melody for any length of time, say three-quarters of an hour, the pious insistence of its beauty becomes, by a strange and delicate process of devolution, a positive diversion; so that one is rooted hypnotically to the spot and compelled by some Olympian magic to find a pre-Christian joy and laughter where all was before grave and dignified and respectable. This is the great achievement of West Kensington.

If I knew the Directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra I should ask them, in the interest of the higher musical education, to let us have an evening of cake-walk music and pantomime songs. How delightful it would be to see Mr. Henry Wood arranging an anthology of street music. One of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos would make a capital overture, and immediately strike the frivolous note; then we might have

And in her hair she wore a white camelia
And dark blue was the colour of her eye.

—passing on to the song about the bicycle built for two, which has quite a Haydnesque charm. The great artistic beauty of these songs is, I always feel, never quite appreciated by the academics, and there is here a marvellous opportunity for a generous art patron like Sir Edgar Speyer to institute a series of lectures (to be delivered, say, by Sir Frederick Bridge) upon the emulative influence of these compositions upon the imaginative work of the young composers still at school. My programme would include also "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you-ou," to be sung by Madame Clara Butt, with an obbligato on the saxophone played by Dr. Richter. I can also quite imagine how stirring would be the effect upon the youthful artist to hear Madame Blanche Marchesi sing, to the accompaniment of Mr. Wood's orchestra,

Do whatever you like to me after
But . . let . . me . . sing.

It is only by such excursions into the arcadian realms of un-Protestant song that one can attain to that ecstasy which was recommended by the gods and is the first attribute of divinity. "God Save the King" would have quite a different meaning after that.

HERBERT HUGHES.

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.

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have not yet observed that anyone in England has thought of an analogy to Old Age Pensions in a foreign country. Yet there is that grand colossal swindle year by year in the United States known as the Pension List, amounting to £28,000,000 and more: pensions to warriors and their widows, so that a girl may marry an aged warrior and succeed to his pension within the year; nevertheless, men who fought for the South in the Civil War are not eligible.

This burthen, equal to the annual cost of the Army of one of the great Powers on the Continent of Europe, is borne uncomplainingly and in silence; not even that fearless master of platitudes, President Roosevelt, dares to mention the subject, and yet we in rich England shudder at the thought of a smaller sum being set aside to assure moderate comfort to old strugglers in the evening of their days. Because our country is small in area, are our idlers proportionately humble compared with the United States?

At this season the lazzaroni—as you call them—swarm; in to-day's "Times" there is a piteous appeal signed by four men (two of them peer-bankers) asking for £20,000 for under-fed children. The old favourite excuse would seem to be not unreasonable, "I have so many calls upon me."

WILMOT VAUGHAN, Major.

* * *

"THE NEW WORD."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I fear that a misprint in my review last week may prejudice the minds of your readers against the author of this very entertaining work. "In the thirteenth century"—where he spends most of his time—should be "In the *thirtieth* century."

THE REVIEWER.

* * *

A LAPSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To those who value the traditions of our race it is gratifying to find that our true British Snobbery is not incompatible with Socialism, so that you can have the satisfaction of calling a man who disagrees with you a "parvenu doctor."

C. W.

WEARING WELL AND LOOKING WELL.

CLOTHES washed with HUDSON'S SOAP always look well because they are spotlessly clean and sweet when they come from the washing-tub; and it goes without saying that they wear all the better for it.

MR. JOHN'S DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Much as I admire Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, I feel he needs a mild reproof at least for his article on John's drawings at the Carfax Gallery. To begin with, he makes a great mistake in supposing that it is either necessary or desirable that every man who expresses himself pictorially has, or should have, the ambition to make highly finished pictures. Highly finished pictures are one thing and Mr. John's drawings are quite another, I admit. But that they are quite equally valuable in their way Mr. Taylor seems unaware. To compare them to Mr. Wells's wastepaper basket scraps is ridiculous—even in fun. A drawing may be a study without being a study beyond itself. It is Mr. John's genius that he is able to register his flashes of insight or inspiration in pencil or paint. Why demand more of him?

And then I take it very unkindly of Mr. Taylor that he omitted altogether to mention what, after all, is the really great thing about John. And that is that, while he has attained to a man's mastery of his tools, he seems to have retained the insight, the unsophisticated vision of the child —all the child's freshness and candour—its refusal to see or think except as it is by nature impelled—the child's instinct unspoiled by the man's reason.

I can imagine Mr. Taylor or my aunt saying as they looked at John's "Cleopatra" (a drawing, by the way, quite without "rhyme or reason," and why shouldn't it be?)— "I could draw better myself." Well, the fact remains, so far as I know, that they do not. A. E. R. Gill.

* * *

MR. MONEY'S GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I notice that in this week's issue of The New Age you have reproduced, without comment, and apparently with approval, a table showing Mr. Chozza Money's proposals for a graduated income tax. I write to suggest that these proposals are not of a character to commend themselves to Socialists, or indeed to anyone who desires an equitable distribution of direct taxation.

There are two principles to be applied. First, graduation, i.e., a heavier tax pro rata on large than on small incomes. And second, differentiation, i e., a heavier tax on unearned than on earned income of the same amount. Given these two principles, a further question arises as to what is to be the relation between them. Or, to put it more clearly: suppose we call the ratio between the taxes payable on unearned and earned income of the same amount the ratio of differentiation; then the question is, is the ratio of differentiation to vary according to the amount of the income, or is it to remain constant for incomes of all sizes?

Now I suggest, Sir, that this ratio ought to increase with increasing incomes, because the particular kind of unearned income which we wish to get hold of is that kind which arises from urban land and from industries of a monopoly character, that is to say, the kind which is held mostly in large amounts by the really rich class, and not the kind which arises from small holdings in small concerns, mortgages, and other investments at fixed interest, and which is generally held by comparatively poor people. But although this is my opinion, I would not quarrel with the man who held that all unearned incomes should be classed together and that the ratio of differentiation should remain constant all the way up the scale.

But what Mr. Money has proposed is the reverse of the above. His ratio of differentiation begins at 2 for incomes of £160 and dwindles down to 1 for incomes of £900 and over. He proposes, in fact, that a man who has an unearned income of £900 (or any larger sum) shall pay precisely the same tax as the man who earns £900. The thing is so obviously unfair (once the principle of differentiation is granted) that I was temporarily at a loss to understand how a professed Socialist like Mr. Money had ever come to propose it. But on further examination of the table I noticed that while the taxes on earned incomes ranged from a penny on £200 a year to 1s. 6d. on £10,000—a very reasonable proposal—the taxes on unearned incomes ranged from twopence on £200 up to the same maximum of £10,000. There I saw the explanation. Mr. Money, as a member of the Liberal party, writing in a Liberal paper, had to observe some sort of tenderness for big incomes. His party would not stand an income tax of more than 1s. 6d. in the pound for anyone. And since that maximum was by no means too high in Mr. Money's view for large earned incomes, it was impossible to make any difference between earned and unearned incomes in the upper portion of the scale.

But although this may explain Mr. Money's apparent neglect of the principles of equitable taxation, there does not appear to be any reason why we Socialists, who are not troubled with the Liberal party's respect for great wealth, should acclaim his proposals. And I would suggest that it is our business to insist on all occasions, and without any regard for the feelings of Liberal capitalists, that unearned incomes shall be taxed higher than earned incomes, no matter how big they may be. Clifford Sharp.

[Mr. Money's table was designed not as a model but as an easy example for beginners. He specifically stated that his figures were tentative.—Ed. New Age.]

* * *

WAGES BOARDS AND THE RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

May I point out for the benefit of whoever wrote under this heading in your current issue the necessity for exact definition when next he writes about Wages Boards? "Wages Boards" is not a term of art and when your contributor treats as identical Boards that differ from one another in the most vital way, he only puzzles and confuses. Let your contributor first clearly understand that in the Boards of the Railway Settlement, Mr. Lloyd George has created a new species, from which it is strictly impossible to reason in respect of any other boards in this country or elsewhere. Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald, though opposed to Boards of any kind, is evidently aware of this difference, for, writing in the current "Labour Leader," she says, apropos of the Sweated Industries Bill, "It remains to be seen whether the English employers will allow a Bill to pass which binds them under legal penalties to certain fixed rates of wages without binding their employees in any way to accept such rates and without any chance of appeal from the decision of the Board."

Even your contributor will see in this passage a description of machinery very different from that of the Railway Settlement. With the arguments of his article I do not propose to deal, since they are all invalidated by the confusion to which I have drawn attention. But one or two questions of fact arise. Your contributor says it cannot be claimed that Wages Boards avert strikes. In reply I claim it and produce the concrete case of Victoria. Will your contributor say how many strikes have troubled that Colony since the Boards were established? When he talks of "leaping with the Liberal Party," I point out to him that the Liberal Party is not leaping, and in the opinion of Mrs. Macdonald, at any rate, is not likely to leap into the establishment of Wages Boards. The Sweated Industries Bill is a Bill of the Labour Party. With regard to it the Liberals have simply no policy at all.

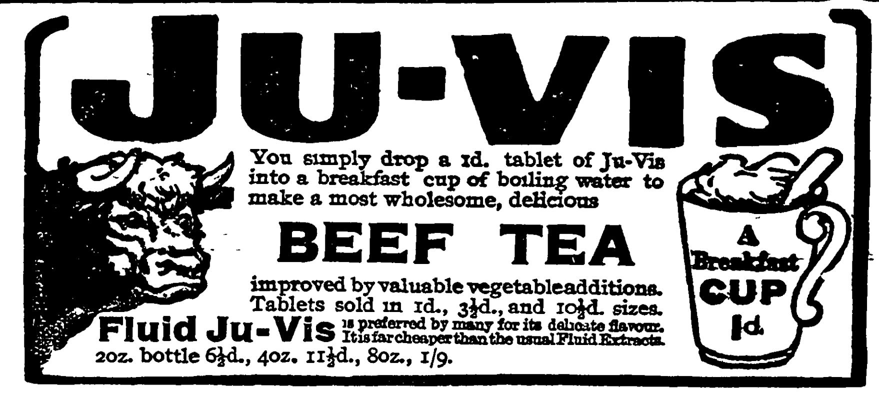
Your contributor, after stating that the ground of battle must be shifted from the industrial arena to the political one, talks of Wages Boards as a diversion "of the mind of Trade Unionism from its true political and economic path."

I should have thought that fixation of wage through legal machinery was exactly such a shifting as your contributor seems to desire.

One final word: Does your contributor, or does he not, suggest that women are to be substituted for men in the booking offices because of the recent Railway Settlement? D. Sanders.

WASH UP! WASH UP! WASH UP!

Wash up the breakfast, dinner and tea services with Hudson's Soap. Makes grease fly! nevers clogs! Leaves knives, forks, and anything washed with it scrupulously clean and sweet.



BOOKS FOR MODERN READERS

BOOKS ABOUT NIETZSCHE.

No Socialist can afford to leave unconsidered the ideas of Friedrich Nietzsche, the greatest teacher of the aristocratic philosophy.

NIETZSCHE IN OUTLINE AND APHORISM. By A. R. ORAGE. **2s. 6d.** net., by post **2s. 8d.**
A complete guide to the philosophy of Nietzsche.

NIETZSCHE, THE DIONYSIAN SPIRIT OF THE AGE. By A. R. ORAGE. With Portrait, **1s.** net., by post **1s. 1d.**
CHAPTERS: His Life. Apollo or Dionysus? Beyond Good and Evil. The Superman. Books of the Dionysian Spirit.
"This little book on Nietzsche is badly wanted in England . . . . very interesting and readable."—*Fabian News.* "Ably gives an outline of the aesthetic system upon which Nietzschean doctrines are based."—*Yorkshire Post.* "A very interesting and arrestive little book."—*Queen.* "Full with suggestive interest."—*Planet.* Bernard Shaw, in the *Fabian News,* says: "Mr. Orage's statement of Nietzsche's position is just what is needed."

Now Ready.
LOVE POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON. Paper covers, price **1s.** net., by post **1s. 2d.**
Contains some of the most passionate and beautiful lyrics of recent times. Particularly straightforward and daring. An honest expression of genuine passion.

THE REVIVAL OF ARISTOCRACY. By Dr. OSCAR LEVY. **3s. 6d.** net., by post **3s. 9d.**
A brilliant study from the Nietzschean point of view.

Now Ready.
THE SANITY OF ART. By BERNARD SHAW. Price **1s.** net. paper covers, by post **1s. 1d.; 2s.** net. in cloth, by post **2s. 2d.**
A reprint of Mr. Bernard Shaw's famous essay first contributed to the pages of *Liberty* (New York), and never before published in England. The copies of *Liberty* containing the essay are now out of print and of great value. A new preface has been specially written for this issue. "The Sanity of Art" is Mr. Shaw's most important pronouncement on the subject of Art, and admittedly one of the finest pieces of Art criticism in the language. *Orders may be placed now.*

THE G. B. S. CALENDAR.

Now Ready. Order Now.
THE G. B. S. CALENDAR. Price **1s.** net., by post **1s. 2d.**
Just the thing for a Christmas or New Year Gift. Useful, instructive, entertaining. A quotation from the plays and essays of Bernard Shaw for every day of the year. No other Calender contains so much really palatable food for the mind. Valuable alike to the Socialist and the Anti-Socialist. A stimulus to the one and an encouragement to the other. There is nothing to equal it as a daily companion or as a propagandist of the new faith. Age cannot stale its infinite variety; it will last as long as time. The Calendar is beautifully printed and made to hang on the wall. Order at once.

AN APPRECIATIVE STUDY OF BERNARD SHAW.

BERNARD SHAW: A Monograph. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. With Four Portraits. Price **5s.** net., by post **5s. 3d.**
"A really interesting and capable book on G. B. S."—G. K. Chesterton in the *Morning Post.* "An acute and interesting study."—*The Scotsman.* "Readable and clever—boasts a fine enthusiasm for its subject—reveals an original, penetrating mind."—*Daily News.* "Mr. Jackson's enthusiasm never degenerates into idolatry—a lucid and admirable summary and interpretation."—*The Reader.* "Lucid and able critical essays."—*The Outlook.* "I commend Mr. Jackson's joyous panegyric of Shaw to the Shavian and the Anti-Shavian."—James Douglas in *The Star.* "You must read the book, if only for the Preface."—*Punch.* "Brightly and cleverly written—though eulogistic, does not indulge in fulsome adulation"—*The Bookman.* "A degree of understanding and knowledge which is inspiring."—*New York Times.* "If anyone wants a Child's Guide to the Life Force, here it is."—*Times.* "Should be read by all who care for the social and artistic ideals of our time."—*Sunday Sun.*

LIBERALISM
from the Socialist point of view. If you still think Liberalism leads to Socialism—Read this book.

GLADSTONIAN GHOSTS. By CECIL CHESTERTON. Price **2s. 6d.,** by post **2s. 9d.**
The most able criticism of Liberal politics and the doctrine of *laissez faire* now before the public.

SOCIALISM AND CRAFTSMANSHIP.
The question of Art under Socialism.

THE RESTORATION OF THE GILD SYSTEM. By A. J. PENTY. Price **3s. 6d.,** by post **3s. 9d.**
One of the most thought-provoking works on social economy. Should be read by all Craftsmen and students of Sociology.

BELFORT BAX ON SOCIALISM.

ESSAYS IN SOCIALISM. By E. BELFORT BAX. 135 pages. Price **6d.,** by post **8d.**
A reprint of the brilliant and thoughtful essays of the Socialist philosopher.

A PLAY BY FLORENCE FARR.

Nearly Ready.
THE MYSTERY OF TIME: A Play. By FLORENCE FARR, author of "The Dancing Faun," and the brilliant articles now appearing in the *New Age.* Price **6d.** net., by post **7d.** *Orders may be placed now.*

A remittance must accompany all orders. Kindly make out postal orders to the New Age Press, London.

NEW AGE (BOOK DEPARTMENT), 139 & 140, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

Printed by A. Bonner, 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C. Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co. Agents for South Africa and Australia: Gordon & Gotch, London, Melbourne, Sidney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa), Central News Agency, Ltd.
Publishing and Advertising Offices: FRANK PALMER, 139 & 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Tel. 6111 Central.
Editorial communications must be sent to 1 & 2 Took's Court, E.C.