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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal throws a flood of light on the political situation in that country. During the past few weeks there has been a vigorous campaign of letters and articles in the London press, urging the restoration of the monarchy, and asserting that the malcontents were merely a few corrupt and disappointed ex-bureaucrats who had been deprived of their sinecures by the "cleansing" policy of Senhor Franco. Saturday's tragedy, which was no inconsequent Anarchist outrage, is the reductio ad absurdum of these statements. Corrupt bureaucrats do not give their lives for their cause, as these assassins, whoever they were, deliberately did. The clear deduction is, that the revolutionary movement in Portugal is much more alive and determined than the English public have been allowed to know. We can only express the hope that the Portuguese Government will take their lesson to heart and realise the serious consequence which we are far from desiring, there is one man who should have fallen upon Mr. Asquith was perhaps in the respect of the House and of the country and the allegiance of the whole of his own party.

The opening of Parliament has been accompanied both inside and outside St. Stephen's with the usual quantity of rather aimless discussion of all things under the sun. The in no wise remarkable proposals contained in the King's Speech are dealt with in some detail elsewhere. The first day's debate on the Address served no particular purpose but to reveal Mr. Asquith as the deputy-premier during the absence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. That the choice on this occasion should have fallen upon Mr. Asquith was perhaps inevitable, but we hope it does not mean that he is to be the permanent successor of the present Premier, should the rumours of that gentleman's approaching retirement turn out to be true.

We cannot imagine any likely event which would be a graver disaster for the country, and, incidentally for the Liberal party. Not only is Mr. Asquith a confirmed Whig of the most reactionary type but he is the most unpopular of the Government both in the country and amongst his own party. He has no qualifications whatever for the position of Premier, except those of long and faithful service on one side of the House. And although these things may seem to give him some legitimate claim on the gratitude of his party, they ought not to be considered in the filling of so important a post. What is wanted is a man who can hold the present great majority together and wield it effectively to further the class of legislation which the larger and more vital section of the party desires. Mr. Asquith's best friends must admit that he is not in sympathy with the aims of most of his colleagues, nor with the views of the mass of Liberal members. He has only retained his present minor position with the aid of a certain amount of compromise and his accession to the leadership could only mean internal squabbling and wasted Sessions. If the present Premier should resign, which we are far from desiring, there is one man who is marked out by his special qualities and his general popularity to succeed to the leadership of the Lower House and the Government. We refer to Mr. Haldane, who although a comparatively new Minister is the only man who can command, at one and the same time, the respect of the House and of the country and the allegiance of the whole of his own party.

The debate on Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's amendment to the Address dealing with the unemployed was made notable by the two speeches delivered from the Government benches by Dr. Macnamara and Mr. John Burns respectively. The "deep and sympathetic" attention which the former gentleman has given to the subject appears to have led him to the conclusion that there are three remedies. Technical education should be increased, mothers should stop at home to look after their children instead of helping to overcrowd the labour market and child labour should be further reduced. As regards the first we should like to know how further education is going to help us until it can be shown that there is a great and unsatisfied demand for highly skilled labour. The second is a hopelessly "chimerical" remedy until the wages of fathers are sufficient for the needs of a family. And as to the third, it is only necessary to remark that there is no mention in the King's Speech of any legislation raising the age-limit for half-time employment, unless the vague reference to the further "Protection of Children" is intended to convey something more than the proposed consolidation of previous Acts. All these reforms are evidently desirable in themselves, but as remedies for the unemployment of 300,000 able-bodied men they are merely childless and stupid. Give us rather Tariff Reform and "Work for All."

The speech of the President of the Local Government Board was even worse. He has too intimate a knowledge of the serious nature of the problem to put
forward any such superficial and exploded suggestions as those of Dr. Macnamara, and so he defended his inactivity by a vague and ill-considered essay in optimism. We have referred hitherto from adverse criticism of Mr. Buns's motives in accepting office under a Liberal Government. We were inclined, on the strength of his past record, to believe that his intentions were of the best, and that, if he were given his time, he would justify the confidence of those industrial outcasts with and for whom he had worked so long. But this speech of his in reply to the appeal of the Labour party has dispelled all such hopes.

It may be that he has been soothed by the attacks which have been made upon him by his one-time friends or it may be that he resents the loss of his unique position as the only "able" working man in the House. Of the underlying causes we cannot judge. But the fact remains that the whole tone of his speech on Thursday evening was grossly offensive to the members of the amendment, to the body of Labour members for whom they spoke, and to the members of the unemployed workmen in the country. Unfortunately a verbatim report of the speech is not yet obtainable, but it is clear from the "Times" summary that the right honourable gentleman, as we expected, told his past position as his friends were making a great fuss about nothing, the amount of pauperism in the country was greatly exaggerated, and England was really a very nice place for unemployed workmen to live in. Beautiful parks to lounge in, bands to listen to, charitable people to beg from, and at night a fine Embankment to resort to and get soup and shelter. For his part he would do nothing to compete with the field of queues and unemployment which he wished the state workshops or municipal industries "competiting with regular trades." Nothing remains now for Mr. Burns to do but to complete his exit from the ranks of the Labour and Social Reform by joining Lord Balfour of Duleigh and Mr. Harold Cox in the British Constitution Association.

The news from the Transvaal that Mr. Gandhi and his fellow-prisoners have been released is very welcome. Intolerable as it was that any of His Majesty's subjects should be subjected to the indignities which the Transvaal Government imposed upon all the Indian residents, it was nothing less than a national disgrace that any prisoner who had shown the devotion to the Empire which Mr. Gandhi showed in organising medical relief for our troops during the late war should be treated as he was treated. The incident is closed on a basis which seems to be satisfactory to all parties, we hope the nation will take its moral to heart. If the Empire is to maintain any sort of harmony between its various members, it must be the head of it a body more influential and more representative of Indian and Colonial interests than the English Cabinet can ever hope to be. Any forcible interference by Lord Elgin during the recent controversy would quite naturally have caused great resentment in the Transvaal, and any strong action by an English Colonial Secretary in the future will always be resisted until he has his back an Imperial Council with something more than advisory powers.

Speaking at a meeting of the Income Tax Reduction League on Monday week, Lord St. Aldwyn made some remarks which, having regard to his past position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, are highly interesting. Referring to "certain persons" who openly advocate a great increase in direct taxation on incomes over £5,000 a year, he said that "in the first place there were very few persons so fortunate as to enjoy £5,000 a year and the second place most of those fortunate persons were quite capable of taking care of themselves. In these days of international finance it would be easier than for such persons to evade the Income Tax, and he would venture to prophesy that if any Chancellor of the Exchequer should ever attempt that kind of Socialistic taxation, he would very soon discover that the receipts from income-tax were much less than he expected."

Perhaps it is not worth while pointing out that such direct suggestions coming from a man in Lord St. Aldwyn's position are in the last degree subversive of public morality. But we may at least say that we have never been foolish enough to base our proposals on the innate honesty of persons possessing over £5000 a year. The deliberate evasion of the Income Tax at the present time by persons with incomes of all sizes is a very depressing and to be expected with the compulsions of the ever increasing vigilance on the part of the Inland Revenue authorities. Inquisitorial machinery, objectionable as it is, can easily be, and may have to be, enlarged and perfected. And after all it is only a certain class of foreign investments that can ever be concealed and these do not constitute a very important part of the national income. Lord St. Aldwyn's threats may increase the amount of evasion in the near future, but they can have no permanent effect except in arousing the disgust of the best elements in all political parties.

Within a few hours of the reading of the King's Speech with its conspicuous avoidance of the subject of Sweating, there was held in Queen's Hall one of the largest and most impressive national demonstrations against Sweating ever witnessed in this country. Bishops, M.P.'s, Earls, and Ladies were there in crowds, not to mention members from the colonies. Probably no assembly like it has been held before. And there is no doubt that the meeting represented England if anything ever did. We may say emphatically that sweating is despised, hated, and feared over the three kingdoms. There is not a human being who does not wish to abolish it. Is not that universal wish mandate enough? Would not "Government of the People, etc., etc." cover such a demand? Even the King is desirous of abolishing Sweating. He could scarcely be otherwise. Why then does this Speech ignore the subject? Is it because Mr. Asquith is deputy-deputy-deputy Premier?

The Trade Union deputation that waited on Mr. Burns with a request for the use of public buildings for Trade Union meetings should have the support of temperance reformers, as well as of craft-gild restorers. After all, a bar-parlour is not a place for business, and though, of course, it pays a publican to have such meetings on his premises, it does not pay the members. Further, we are pretty sure that the status of Trade Unions is rising rapidly. Before very long they may easily become responsible semi-public organizations with specific privileges granted in return for specific responsibilities. Suppose the Engineers, for example, and the dockers solemnly and publicly turn out and proudly proclaim that their first-class work, their union would become an institution of enormous public importance and value. We hope the unions will get their rooms if only for the sake of what they may become.

Mr. Asquith's reply to the Suffragettes was at least candid: the Government had no intention of extending the suffrage to women. His plea that there was no mandate is, of course, a mere excuse. We venture to say that mandate or no mandate, any Government would find a time for doing anything it particularly wanted to do. The fact is that in the blessed name of democracy, democracy is fast becoming an excuse for doing nothing at all. The whole theory of Mandates is totally false and thoroughly undemocratic to boot; since we are not living in Switzerland. The Suffragettes, fortunately, are not likely to be quarrelled by Mr. Asquith's flourish of democracy. They will continue to agitate, agitate, agitate, until somebody's temper gives way. Moreover, the expense they put the Government to is incomprehensible. Eight thousand police were on duty at and around Westminster during the royal opening of Parliament. Rather a big muster for a dozen or so ladies!

[NEw WEEK.—A six-column article by Bernard Shaw, "Re Belle, Bectiusent", "Socialism in New "and, by Percy Allen, M.P.; "Stock-Takers", a Sketch, by Dr. M. D. Eder.]
The King's Speech.

We cannot recall during recent years a duller pro-
gramme of legislation than that which the Government
proposes for the coming Session. There is nothing of
the unexpected in it, and, apart from Old Age Pensions,
little that is even interesting. The only things which
have excited discussion are its omissions, which include
all the most vital problems of the day. A visitor, un-
acquainted with the red-teapism of British state-
ship and the devious ways of British party politics,
could not avoid the conclusion that His Majesty's
Government must be wholly unacquainted with the real
needs of the people and the hard facts of the nation's
condition.

We could not expect the present Government to tackle
seriously the fundamental injustice of our present
methods of distributing the nation's wealth. But we
had every right to suppose that some remedy or pallia-
tive would be suggested for dealing with our armies of
sweated, unemployed. These matters to which the country is alive to an extent which
at least exceeds the interest taken in the whole of the
Government's present programme. Yet there is not
even a platonic reference to them in the King's Speech,
nor to woman's suffrage, nor to the better administra-
tion of the Poor Law, nor to the equilisation of
local rates, and levying them mainly upon ground values,
which are found for equalising
rates, and levying them mainly upon ground values,
anything which tends to increase local charges and the
financial embarrassment of local authorities is to be
strongly deprecated. As regards the question of exclud-
en, we do not think that there is reason to fear that
the Government intends to make the past receipt of poor
relief a disqualification for a pension. Of the injustice of such an ex post facto condition, its practical
disadvantages are too obvious. There but are indica-
tions that past criminality is to be treated as a disquali-
fication. We sincerely hope that this is a false alarm.
The only argument in support of a clause of this sort is
that it would to a certain extent reduce the numbers of
applicants, and therefore the cost of the scheme; while,
on the other hand, it would be putting a premium on
crime by depriving the youthful criminal of all hope of
ever regaining his full rights of citizenship. We hesitate
to believe, however, that a majority of the House will
ever consent to this exclusion, even if Mr. Asquith
should propose it.

After the Pension scheme, the Licensing Bill will prob-
ably attract the most public attention. Various classes
of people are greatly interested in this matter and have
one reason or another. The brewers and the publicans are
naturally concerned to get the best terms for themselves,
their friends in the two Houses will doubtless make a
big fight over the question of the time limit. The cries of "Confiscation" and "Highway rob-
bery" have already become familiar to us in this partic-
ular controversy, so familiar that it is difficult to see
how the representatives of the Trades will find words to
express their feelings adequately when their day of
reckoning really comes; but there will certainly be some
very lively discussion. Most temperance reformers will
such, however, will probably regard the other provisions
of the Bill as of greater importance for their cause. It
appears likely that there will be clauses providing for
Sunday and Saturday night closing, excluding children
from public-houses, bringing clubs within the control of
the law and the revenue authorities, and granting local
option in regard to the issue of new licenses. To all
these things the Temperance reformer looks for a re-
duction of drunkenness, and, however much he may be
mistaken, they will all probably be insisted upon. From
our point of view, of course, the main interest of the
Bill lies in the fact that it will probably lead to the
resumption by the State of the full monopoly value
of all licenses, at the expiration of the time limit. The
benefit which will thus accrue to the public will be some-
delayed, but none the less valuable; and, in the long run,
the way will have been considerably cleared for the
eventual transference of the whole trade and industry
into the hands of the State. Our chief concern, there-
fore, in this matter is to see that the time limit is made
as short as possible.

As regards the Education Bill, it is difficult to speak
with any certainty. But whatever it may turn out to be
like, it seems quite certain that the Liberals will not be
able to make much use of it as a stalking-horse for an
attack on the Lords. The public have been steadily
losing interest in the whole schoolable over since the pre-
cent Government was returned to power. Almost every
one has realised by now that there is no possibility of
compromise over the religious difficulty. The faithful
followers of Lord Hugh Cecil and Dr. Clifford respec-
tively are fewer in numbers, but irreconcilable as at any
rate, and the secular solution is inevitable sooner or
later. The Liberals, of course, cannot adopt that solu-
tion this side of a General Election, and consequently
must seek some other way of winning their day in the
future to be a failure, to stir up fresh sectarian rancour,
and, worst of all, to waste a lot of valuable time. It is
unfortunate that they have not been able to swallow
their pride and force Mr. Asquith to accept defeat for the
present, for this necessarily worthless measure will very much reduce the chances of other
and more useful legislation getting past the two Houses
during the Session.
In the proposed foundation of a Catholic University for Ireland we have another example of the waste of educational energy by religious rivalries. No one with any knowledge of the facts can doubt that, as long as the differences between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland remain as acute as they are at present, the former will always demand a separate University merely on grounds of civic equity. But, on the other hand, we cannot but recognise that the State endowment of religious education is alien to all modern principles of government, and that the necessity for setting such a step as a disgrace to the parties concerned. At least, Mr. Birrell should have been strong enough to resist the absurd demands of the extreme Protestant faction and make use of the existing machinery of Dublin University. As it is, we understand that he intends to disarm opposition by leaving Trinity College entirely outside his scheme, thus creating a further multiplication of educational authorities in Ireland.

The Bill "to regulate the hours of underground labour in coal mines"—known to the world for many a year as "The Miners' Eight Hours Bill"—is to be introduced by Mr. Gladstone early in the Session. It has been a long time coming, but, unless the present high price of coal should induce the Government to so emasculate its provisions as to forego the support of the Labour Party, it ought to reach the Statute Book at last.

As to the Bill for the Better Housing of the Working Classes, it can hardly fail to be useful, if only simplified machinery is put into its predecessors in former years. We hope, however, that it will do more than this, and particularly that it will give the local authorities increased powers of developing new urban areas on a definite plan (as distinguished from mere slum clearance). At the same time it should create a new Department of the Local Government Board, with special instructions to interfere where the local authority neglects to make use of its powers.

The last Government Bill which we intend to mention is by no means the least important. Indeed, it may ultimately prove of greater value than all the rest put together, with the exception of the Old Age Pension Scheme. We refer, of course, to the Bill relating to the separate assessment of ground values throughout England and Wales. Provided it emerges from the ordeal of the House of Lords in a workable form, which is somewhat doubtful, it should serve as a basis for gaining control in the future of one of the largest and most fruitful sources of unearned increment.

Unfortunately for the Government Bills foreshadowed in the King's Speech. As we have remarked before, however, its omissions are of more importance than its positive proposals, and it is with an omission that we must conclude. There is one weak point which runs all through the Government's programme, one thing which quintessentially suffices the best Intentions of Liberal legislators. And that is a lack of money and a lack of determination to get it. There are no indications whatever that the Government is going to propose any increase in the taxation of unearned incomes. Indeed, with Mr. Asquith at the head of affairs any such development is out of the question. His conservative temperament, his political faith, and his personal convictions make it impossible. Yet something must be done. The plain fact is that the traditional Liberal policy of retrenchment is incompatible with their more modem aspirations to be the party of social reform. Unless they are going to conduct, of the House of Lords, filled with the more or less dignified figures of peers in scarlet and ermine, and with peersesses in rich and costly gowns and brocaded mantles, diamonded, wearing their silks and velvets and laces with the assured and elegant air of delicate creatures born to be served and to have the best of everything provided for them as by right—looking down on a motley and glittering assemblage gathered round the thrones set up for King and Queen, I felt that there was something crude and bizarre in the thought that anything could happen to interfere with the system, rooted far underneath; and we know what a rude awakeningspring.

Yet it was just as hard for those who saw the splendour of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth to realise the volcano underneath; and we know what a rude awakening they had.

Nothing, I am persuaded, ever moved nations to better themselves but Hunger. Political wrongs only affect a few. Religious persecution passes by the great masses, while the small political class who have political beliefs. Political and religious reforms, the programme of the House of Commons, is out of the question. A nation only demands them when it has been stirred up by the enthusiasm of its leaders.

But Hunger moves the heart of mankind as nothing else can. Upon those who are actually in want it has generally an effect the reverse of energising. But the knowledge that men and women and children are habitually hungry must arouse in every man and woman who is capable of human emotion a desperate sense of injustice and bitter wrong. And it is from such feelings of revolt against unjust and cruel conditions that Revolutions spring.

Exactly a week before the opening of Parliament I had spent a day marching with the Unemployed who were on their way from Manchester to London. As I thought of the hollow-cheeked faces and gaunt raggled clay figures who formed the phalanx and of the twenty or thirty bare rooms where they slept in their thin, tram-stained clothes—and as I contrasted these memories with the gay and luxurious life of the House of Lords, the contrast was so vivid as to be almost heart-breaking.

No one realises more clearly than I the pathetic futility of such "marches"—particularly when the leaders are utterly lacking in the faculty of organisation. Yet it was impossible not to sympathise with these poor
trampers, most of whom had jumped at the chance of walking from Manchester to London simply because Society could find no better occupation for them, and they were tired of hanging about waiting for employment to come their way, done it for a decent lot of men. They faced the fatigue and privations of their march with cheerful fortitude. I am sure that nine-tenths of them would have taken work if they could have got it, though whether they would have done it efficiently is another matter. That would be rather too much to expect of men who had been condemned to loaf and "clam" for weeks and months together. When a machine has been rusting unused for a time, no matter how good its work, look to it to work properly all at once. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that a casual worker can ever be so capable as a man in a regular job.

However, there is a side issue. Here is the main point. These sixty were just a handful out of an immense number of Unemployed all over England; I have heard the number put as high as 350,000. Everyone can see that the problem is a colossal one. In every respect, every district of the country, it is obvious that the difficulty is greater than it has ever been before. There is no difficulty facing us at present which is in any way comparable to that of the twelve millions on the verge of starvation and the 350,000 unemployed.

And yet the King's Speech—the programme of the Government for the Session—had not a word to say about this. This inquiry into the 1874 famine was done in India, but not famine in England. Yet at the time of the worst famine of this century in India there were not as many people in receipt of relief as there are to-day in Great Britain. The sufferings of the Macedonians were acknowledged to be distressing, but there was no word of pity or hope for the suffering poor at home. Anxiety was expressed as to the treatment of the natives of the Congo State, of the treatment of the United States by the Government of the United Kingdom; it is evident that the Government be all that they can wish.

Education and Licensing—the old catchwords; these are what Sir Henry St John-Banister has been persuaded to rely on. He reminds one of the old type of provincial theatre manager who, when he was gravelled for lack of matter, always fell back on some old favorite such as " Last Year's " or " To be or not to be."

"Every year," he would say, "why shouldn't it do as well to-day?" Evidently politicians of the fossilized party type are as little able as theatrical managers to understand that the world moves, and that the centre of interest shifts, and that one does not think exactly as their fathers thought before them.

Who cares about the religious squabble in the schools now? A few clergymen of the type of Carlyle's "four-soups-up-Hallow- omen" crew; a few Nonconformists who are afraid that children brought up in Church doctrine will not think it respectable to be Wesleyan or Congregationalists any more. Who cares about Licensing? No one who has studied the drink evil in connection with other social plague-sore. All who have done that (first clearing their minds of cant) must have come to the conclusion that the only way to keep people off the public houses is to give them decent homes.

Ceremony is good if it stands for something real and helpful. The pomp of State processions is by no means connected with other social plague-sore. All who have done that (first clearing their minds of cant) must have come to the conclusion that the only way to keep people off the public houses is to give them decent homes.

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THORPE LEE

John Bull as Knight Errant.

BROADSIDES OF CHAFF ARE LEVELLED FROM CONTINENTAL PRIVATISTS AGAINST THE QUIETISTIC AMBITIONS OF JOHN BULL WHEN HE SEeks TO RESTORE SOME MEASURE OF JUSTICE AND LIBERTY IN LANDS THAT ARE NOT TO BE INCLUDED IN HIS "DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS." MORE THAN AN ECHO IS RESOUNDING ON THIS SIDE THE CHANNEL. WE ARE ASKED WHAT HAVE MACEDONIA, ARMENIA, ALBANIA, OR THE CONGO DONE FOR US THAT WE SHOULD GO FORTH WITH LANCE AND BUCKLER TO BATTLE FOR THEM. HAVE WE NOT OUR OWN OPRESSED, OUR UNEMPLOYED, OUR SWEATED WORKERS, OUR SERVILE LABOURERS TO BEOUDEN FROM THEM? EVERYTHING IS TOLD; IT IS TASK ENOUGH TO SCATTER OUR FORCES OVER THE WORLD AND BE BAD GENERALSHIP. IF MACEDONIA CANNOT FREE HERSELF OF TURKISH THRALLDOM SHE MUST SUBMIT TO THE INELICITABLE. IT IS TRUE OUR AND THE BERLIN CONFERENCE MAKES US LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, AND WE DIDN'T THEN KNOW WHAT WORK OF OUR OWN WAS AT HAND IN THE ISLAND. IT IS A VAIN THING TO INDULGE IN EXPRESSIONS OF SORROW WHEN YOU DO NOT MEAN TO BACK UP YOUR FEELING BY ACTION. EVERYONE KNOWS SULTANS AT CONSTANTINOPLE AND AT BRUSSELS THAT WE DO NOT MEAN BUSINESS. MONEY SPEAKS, AND WE ARE NOT GOING TO PUT UP ANY MONEY FOR THEM. WE ARE NOT IN POLITICS FOR OUR HEALTH. MR. SHAW HAS JUST BEEN ASSURING US THAT EACH COUNTRY MUST WORK OUT ITS OWN SALVATION, AND HE HAS RECENTLY EXPRESSED HIS ATTITUDE WITH ACCUSTOMED VIGOUR AND LUCIDITY.

FOR A DIRECTLY CONTRARY VIEW WE TURN TO THE RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT THE MEETING OF THE BALFLEET COMMITTEE ON JANUARY 29TH. ON THE MOTION OF THE REV. J. SCOTT LIDGITT, IT WAS RESOLVED THAT THIS CONFERENCE, VIEWING THE CONTINUANCE OF MISRULE IN MACEDONIA AS A DISGRACE TO CIVILIZED EUROPE, AFFIRMS THE DIRECT RESPONSIBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN IN PARTICULAR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, AS ONE OF THE OTHER GREAT POWERS, FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ORDER IN THAT COUNTRY, AND DESIRES TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE AUSTRO-GERMAN MÜRZSTEG REFORM SCHEMATIC FOUR YEARS AGO, AND IN A PERIOD OF NOMINAL PEACE, THERE HAVE BEEN, ALONG WITH UNCOUNTED OUTRAGES UPON WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY, VIOLENT DEATHS IN A POPULATION ESTIMATED AT ABOUT 14 MILLION.


WHAT IS THE POSITION OF THE SOCIALIST IN THIS MATTER—OF ONE WHO SEES WITH UNRELIEVED CONCERN THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLES OF ENGLAND—but that we do not find that the legislation of the last fifty years has made any improvement in their condition? SHALL WESIDE WITH THE ROBUST IRISH SENSE OF MR. SHAW OR WITH THE ROMANTIC COMMON SENSE OF MR. MASTERMAN?

FOR OURSELVES WE HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION IN THROWING OUR WEIGHT INTO THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT, AND CHIEFLY BECAUSE IT IS NEITHER SENSIBLE, OUR LOGICAL, THAT
the enterprise is difficult, dangerous, nay, perhaps impossible of success, is the better reason for asking the support of all staunch Socialists. We were surprised that the negative policy should go further than the question of the appropriation of the world's oppressed smaller nationalities or savage peoples. The work lifts us out of our humdrum lives, and we can revel in a new sensation as we come in contact with something new beyond our own horizon; the commonest and most trivial of such sensations sends us back with renewed zest to work in the domestic circle of Bills and Amendments.

To every nation, as to every individual, there comes an interval when the daily routine, the day's dress, must be changed if it would preserve sanity and health. The somnolent, capa, and mandoline are ill adapted to pilot a Bill through the Houses of Commons, but we all like to turn ourselves with this becoming attire, when seeking in quest of some foreign enterprise, we can dof something of our stiff habit.

We present these as quite sufficient reasons why we should protect and propagate the protection of the world's oppressed smaller nationalities or savage peoples. The work lifts us out of our humdrum lives, and we can revel in a new sensation as we come in contact with something new beyond our own horizon; the commonest and most trivial of such sensations sends us back with renewed zest to work in the domestic circle of Bills and Amendments.

The policy of non-intervention is, as Mazzini said, "the native principle." He was right in claiming that merely from self-interest England should reflect that the struggling peoples when free would remember whether England stood by an inert nation, as to every individual, there comes an interval when the daily routine, the day's dress, must be changed if it would preserve sanity and health. The somnolent, capa, and mandoline are ill adapted to pilot a Bill through the Houses of Commons, but we all like to turn ourselves with this becoming attire, when seeking in quest of some foreign enterprise, we can dof something of our stiff habit.

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the calm assurance that his people would pay it back for him. The English creditors had to be bought out. A combination of banks, at the head of which stood the Banks of Paris and of the Netherlands, was formed on the
morrow of the Anglo-French Treaty of 1904 for the purpose of supplying the French with funds to enable him to pay off all foreign creditors — that is, all except French ones. The Morocco Loan amounted to 60 millions. The Bank of Paris issued bonds at 475 francs, and as it got them from the firms at 450 francs, here was a profit net of 75 francs per share, or about 20 per cent. In a few days the shares had gone up to 536 francs, and as it is probable that the Bank had not at the first blush put all the shares upon the market, but kept a part of them until they had risen to more than 500 francs (perhaps even to 520 francs), you can see about what was its total gain on the transaction.

Competitors had been evicted, English creditors paid off, "pacification" was in process of undisturbed accomplishment when an unexpected competitor arrived on the scene: the German Emperor came to Tangiers and took the Sultan of Morocco under his wing in a very "day.

This was in 1905. Your newspapers, you will remember, began to threaten Germany with the guns of the "fleets. Then one day there was a party at the Chamber of Deputies; the rumour spread that mobilisation was about to be ordered; there was at least an apparent "presence of war; and the Government entered into a liability of nearly 500 millions (to he exact 193 millions) without consulting the Chamber.

I have before me the report on the War Budget, wherein the use this sum was to be put to is made clear. Of the 193 millions, 137 millions were devoted to the Army and a large part of the order went to the firm of Schneider de Creusot. Says the report: "However loath we are to cast discredit on the honesty of those concerned, we cannot pass over in silence the following facts. The workshops not being in a position to deliver certain heavy artillery munition, it was found necessary to invite tenders, with the extraordinary result that the order for 500 gun carriages was given to that one of the two competing firms which submitted the higher tender. Upon being asked to explain the anomaly, the War Office stated that 'tenders were invited towards the end of 1905, when the gravity of the political situation abroad rendered the delivery of the carriages not later than the end of 1906 imperative. Only two tenders were received, that of Messrs. Schneider and Montgolfier (at a fixed price of 13,500 francs) and La Société Française de Construction Mécanique (at an initial price of 10,000 francs); the majority of the firms approached finding the time-limit prohibitive, and even Messrs. Schneider declared their inability to guarantee prompt delivery without the co-operation of other specifically-mentioned firms. In these circumstances, and in view of the technical and practical difficulties incident to this class of work, it appeared certain that the Société Française de Construction Mécanique (smaller and worse equipped) would find it impossible to comply with the time limit."

Please note, gentlemen of the jury, that the smaller firm, which offered to supply the carriages for 125 francs would have been liable to heavy penalties for delay, while the successful tenderers expressly refused to bind themselves. Listen, moreover, to what the report on the War Budget thinks of the War Office:

"We did not consider these explanations very plausible, and we think that the order could at least have been split up between the two firms. There is nothing to prove that had La Société Française been able to turn upon part of the order, they would not as equally have failed. Messrs. Schneider's, have secured the co-operation of other firms. It appears to us essential that Parliament should be made aware of this regrettable and dubious transaction."

Thus from the first moment the Morocco adventure brings to a group of financiers a dividend of 20 per cent. on a loan of 60 millions; to M. Schneider a profitable order for guns and carriages; and to the patient taxpayer 200 millions of outlaw. But our piratical financiers and manufacturers had loftier ambitions. Morocco was to be marked out for dissection. Simultaneously with the issue of the Morocco Loan, we sprang upon converses with financiers in the famous makers of German guns!

It is true that the Conference of Algeciras brought a temporary reconciliation about between Paris and Berlin—Paris undertaking to maintain order in the Moorish ports by the aid of a native police force, and to assure to all foreigners equal rights with Frenchmen throughout the Empire of Abd-el-Aziz. Difficulties with Germany being smoothed over, the Moors had now only to be circumspect in their behaviour; but it was obvious that any pretext would serve as an excuse for intervention.

The pretext soon presented itself. On July 31 a brawl took place at Casablanca between some Moors and some European workmen. The workmen of whom? Of M. Schneider, of course!

What happened? The French newspapers will tell you: "Massacre of Frenchmen! Two French Workmen, Two Spanish, Two Italian Workmen Killed! Burst of Mussulman Fanaticism! No Other Possible Explanation!"

Happily there is a newspaper in France, beside the "Guerre Sociale," which when it knows anything insists upon saying it, heedless of whether it treads roughly on the sensitive corset of Finance. I speak of "L'Humanite," the organ of the French Socialist Party. In this paper appeared an article giving the result of an enquiry made on the spot by the well-known Spanish paper, "El Pais," and tracing the causes of the disturbance to the infamous conduct of a number of French business men who had calmly worked a quarry upon an estate which did not belong to them, had laid down their railroad, without permission asked or granted, across private land and public roads; had laid bare in the course of the construction the bones laid bare in the course of the construction of the line.

This was the beginning of the trouble!

(The end.)

Divorce Law Extension.

By the Hon. Sir Harley Williams.

Divorce Law may be too liberal, or it may be too rigid and limited, in the relief it affords. State Divorce Law in America serves to illustrate the former proposition; our English Divorce Law is an apt illustration of the latter. The one tends to make a burlesque of the contract of marriage; the other is the undoubted cause of untold torture, misery, and degradation.

We English, as has often been remarked, are slow to move; unduly hampered by tradition, custom, and conventions, we plod along in old and well-worn grooves and rutts, and complacently ignore the better tracks which are pointed out to us by others. In short, we are too conservative, too prejudiced, too unprogressive. It has taken us, roughly speaking, a score of years to recognise and validate marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Other English-speaking countries, including portions of our own Empire, adopted divorce by ballot; a free and remunerative system of education, legislative exclusion of undesirable aliens, and other remedial and progressive measures years before we in England made a move in the same directions.
We admit to the full the horrors of, and the physical and moral degradation and deterioration caused by sweating, but while our kinsmen beyond the seas have long since acted, and acted with exemplary effect, by means of anti-sweating legislation in the shape of factories, factories, and the enforcement of a Minimum Working Wage in numerous branches of industry and trade, we are still only in the stage of discussion. For years there has been much talk and debate as to the necessity for the simplification of title to real estate: in remote parts of our Empire this has been effected scores of years ago by our children. Instances of the same kind have been brought forward, and from making new departures might be easily multiplied, but the above may suffice to justify the criticism we have made.

Turning now to the subject of this article, we find in relation to it the same apathy, the same reluctance to make a new departure, the same refusal to take the progressive steps which have been elsewhere taken with good and beneficial results. Bearing in mind the precise nature of this subject, and that we are not here concerned with the question of nullity of marriage, or that of judicial separation, let us consider for a moment how the English Law stands at the present day in relation to the dissolution of marriage.

A husband may petition against his wife for a divorce decree on the ground of her having committed an act of adultery. A wife may petition against her husband for the ground of his having committed an act of adultery, coupled with cruelty, or with desertion of her for two years and upwards. Put shortly and boldly, these are the only grounds upon which in the present day it can be obtained for dissolution of marriage. This state of the law is, we venture to assert, cruel, unjust, and almost intolerable. Let us consider for a moment its consequential effects, and so testing the situation, see if the allegation we have made we shall be substantiated.

(a) According to the law as it stands, a husband may commit the most abominable and hideous criminal offence (not being capital), and on conviction may receive a sentence of fifteen years, yet his wife is unable to put an end to the matrimonial relation. For that period he remains the husband of his wife. And how the English Law stands at the present day in relation to the dissolution of marriage.

(b) The commission of incestuous adultery by the husband even in the conjugal residence is per se no ground under English Law upon which the wife may obtain a divorce.

(c) A husband has been for years an habitual drunkard, and has habitually left his wife without the means of support, or has been habitually guilty of cruelty to her (the conditions, it will be observed, are habitual drunkenness, or habitual violent cruelty towards his wife and the father and natural custodian of the children.

(d) The commission of adultery by the husband even in the conjugal residence is per se no ground under English Law upon which the wife may obtain a divorce.

(e) The husband deliberately attempts to murder the wife, and, being tried for the offence, is convicted. In neither of these cases is the wife enabled to put an end to the matrimonial relation.

(f) The commission of adultery by the husband even in the conjugal residence is per se no ground under English Law upon which the wife may obtain a divorce.

(g) A husband may commit scores of acts of adultery, with scores of women, and yet under English Law the wife cannot obtain a divorce.

(h) The commission of incestuous adultery by the husband, or of bigamy with adultery, are neither of them grounds upon which a decree for divorce may be obtained by the wife.

Now, let any fair-minded man or woman who is able to bring a calm and unprejudiced mind to bear upon the subject consider the injustice, the cruelty, and the degradation of keeping alive against the will of the aggrieved party, the marriage tie under conditions such as those set forth in a, b, c, f, g, and h. Surely, after very little reflection, such a person's state of mind must be one of horror and amazement at the twentieth century under English Law the miserable, unhappy, outraged, and aggrieved party has not the option of putting an end to the matrimonial relation.

For that is all that is asked for, viz., that the aggrieved party may upon the grounds set forth in a, b, c, f, g, and h, have the option of presenting a petition.

There may exist a difference of opinion possibly as to the advisability of grounds a and d, but it is certain we shall find any good reason why, if the husband has been for years an habitual drunkard, and has during that period habitually left his wife without the means of support, or has been such habitual drunkard and habitual guilty of cruelty to her, the wife should not under these conditions have the option of presenting a petition for dissolution of the marriage, and the same observation applies to the position of the husband when the wife's conduct satisfies the conditions stated in d.

In legislating upon a subject like the one we are considering, we legislate for all classes, and not for any special class, or for particular classes, and from making new departures might be easily multiplied, but the above may suffice to justify the criticism we have made.

In the State of Victoria, in Australia, and we think also in the State of New South Wales, there has existed for the last seventeen years a Divorce Law, which will be found embodied in the "Marriage Act, 1850," of the State of Victoria. This law gives the petitioner leave to present a petition for divorce on any of the above-mentioned grounds, and also on some others which need not be here specified. This liberal, but not too liberal, this just, wise, and humane law has on the whole worked well, and in a distinctly satisfactory manner. Of course, it contains the usual provisions against perjury, collusion, and connivance, explained of, etc., and for the intervention of the Law Officers of the Crown. There is also a very useful and necessary clause inserted in the same Act for the purpose of supplying an impecunious wife, whether she be Petitioner or Respondent, with the means of establishing her cause of action, or defence, which runs somewhat to this effect: "If the wife has not sufficient separate means of maintaining her, the Court may order the husband to pay into Court a sum of money sufficient to enable her to pursue her cause of action, or, defence, on the merits, the husband may be ordered to pay into Court a further sum of money to be fixed by the Taxing Master, etc."
Divorce Law with that afforded by the Act just mentioned is not unlike comparing a mountain to a mouse, and the numbers afforded by the one to the other as a drop in the ocean compared with the numbers injuriously affected by the unrighteous condition of our present Divorce Law. It may seem to be a hazardous statement, but one perhaps not so hard to make, when we see that the three main important legislative measures, immediately necessary for the amelioration of the social conditions of the people of England are measures which will furnish the machinery for doing in Minimum Working Wage in all branches of trade and industry, in piece work as well as in day work, which will enlarge the scope and operation of the Divorce Law, and which will more strictly regulate and limit the traffic, and thus diminish its consequent evil and destructive effects.

It is not an irrational belief to hold that, by the extension of the franchise to women, the passing into law of the measures here suggested would be greatly expedited and a tremendous impetus given to those movements which have for their raison d'être the amelioration of the social conditions of the people. In making this prophecy, it cannot be laid to our charge that we are guilty of vague and blind speculation, for in remote prophecy, it cannot be laid to our charge that we are guilty of vague and blind speculation, for in remote prophecy, it cannot be laid to our charge that we are guilty of vague and blind speculation, for in remote prophecy, it cannot be laid to our charge that we are guilty of vague and blind speculation, for in remote prophecy, it cannot be laid to our charge that we are guilty of vague and blind speculation. I have pointed out to me that Chesterton in turn has written in answer to Wells. He wants to know whether I have any "answer ready." I think I have; but The New Age being the one really interesting paper now published (because it seems to me to be the only one with some idea of intellectual freedom), it seems a shame to keep out of its columns. I don't think any other paper would have had the courage to publish even the very simple remarks upon the Congo Reform business which were kindly printed for me the other day. And courage always makes things interesting. So let me attempt, by way of gratitude, to say something in this New Age, though upon my soul I do not see what it has to say.

I cannot "reply" to the numerous comments which my article of December 7 called forth, because none of them so far as I can see concern my points. I said, for instance, that the chief order of error in modern evolutionary trash was the lack of appreciation of "a thing." If somebody will write a letter maintaining that the universe, though one, is not also complex, and that this complexity is not a congeries of distinct and highly definable things, there will be something to reply to; and a very interesting discussion it will make: for whoever writes that letter will have proved himself the author of novel philosophy, and we have had no really novel philosophy since Europe was Europe. Perhaps there isn't one.

If someone will write a letter showing that mankind is mixed up, not only with other animals, but with plants, feet, eyes, top hats, wheat, bricks, etc. (which are things) as with that other undoubted truth that they do all merge and pass into one another, than I say that letter would be very interesting. But until such a letter is written, I can only say in my opinion that the modern insistence upon transformation and general unity is just a bit of academic disassociation from life and, pushed to its end, it has been a disease.

As to what I said about the Modernists, no one has denied it; so there is nothing to reply to. I said that if you wanted an empirical test of the presence of true Catholic feelings, your best test was a devotion to our Blessed Lady, or (b) that this devotion is normally present in Modernist writings, what I have said stands and has not been attacked.

As to the considerable irritation caused by my taking it for granted that Jews and Europeans were two different types of men, I simply cannot understand it. If I were a Jew I would not try to appear anything else. Jews are just as now very truly and justly diminish their consequent evil and destructive effects.

*Not a Reply.*

By Hilaire Belloc M.P.

The Editor of The New Age has pointed out to me that Wells has been writing upon Chesterton and me and that to the remarks I made some weeks ago various answers more or less violent have appeared; I have also heard that Chesterton in his turn has written in answer to Wells. He wants to know whether I have any "answer ready." I think I have; but The New Age being the one really interesting paper now published (because it seems to me to be the only one with some idea of intellectual freedom), it seems a shame to keep out of its columns. I don't think any other paper would have had the courage to publish even the very simple remarks upon the Congo Reform business which were kindly printed for me the other day. And courage always makes things interesting. So let me attempt, by way of gratitude, to say something in this New Age, though upon my soul I do not see what it has to say.

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As to the considerable irritation caused by my taking it for granted that Jews and Europeans were two different types of men, I simply cannot understand it. If I were a Jew I would not try to appear anything else. Jews are just as now very truly and justly diminish their consequent evil and destructive effects.
the toothache, too, which adds singularly to his zeal) the remedy is so simple that he cannot understand the passage in which the writer begins arguing, now, to crudely, now extravagantly with the patient. Sometimes he thinks that the patient is not yet "educated up to the idea of having no teeth"—that is the Collectivist's way of saying that we must "educate" the public to feel intimate personal possession in communal capital and land. Again, he points out the ease with which modern science can provide artificial teeth, and hopes for a indefinite future improvement—this is the Collectivist when he points out the increasing facilities of a modern Government for managing the business of the community; and he is quite right. Again, he shows that the human mouth is not a "thing" capable of definition, but in mere form of universal change like all other organisms; again, he proves conclusively that protoplasm had no teeth—that is your Collectivist appealing to the hypothetical primitive customs; lastly, he shows how our teeth are renewed, so that having teeth at all may be regarded as a passing stage in human development—that is your Collectivist appealing to the historic changes in the legal aspect of private property.

But the patient continues reluctant; he hates the toothache, but he remembers thirty or forty years of happiness during which he had good healthy teeth, and he thinks his mouth would feel lonely without them. He loves to chew; and when he is told that chewing with artificial teeth is precisely the same as chewing with real teeth, he flatly contradicts it; he says it isn't! Then, says his adviser, who is for pulling out the teeth, "Well, then, what alternative do you propose?" And it is a stumper.

Now, to drop the metaphor, I meet that question in the following way:

I premise that man, in order to be normally happy, tolerably happy, must own. I premise that no family or small unit of the State can live a tolerable life unless it is possessed in private possession of a minimum of the means of production. Anyone not so possessed is in effect not a citizen, but a slave. I premise that the economic evil from which we are now suffering, especially in England, in North Germany, and in the old Puritan centres of the United States, though it is the effect of a vile philosophy and not the cause of it, is, in its effect, most evil, precisely because so large a proportion of men who are nominally citizens do not own.

It is not only, nor even mainly, the disproportion in effective demand which constitutes our modern economic trouble: it is the disproportion in control of the means of production; for with the means of production in few hands, those few control even the parish; so that even so partial and momentary a success is not an inevitable thing, still less that it was due to the growth of something without will and without true existence, called in the modern jargon, "economic development" but that it was due to a theoretical and mechanical way of thinking backed by convinced persuasion, by ardent missionary work, and by not a few acts of despotism, the result of which, in their time publicly condemned, which between them destroyed the common religion that was the salt and conservative vital principle of the whole European machine. Moreover, I should add that if you could create again (or rather, when the breakthrough of our time has created again) a society of owners, such a vital bond among them will re-arise.

I know that some men deliberately support the Collectivist campaign upon the plea that the means of production once socialised in theory will very soon in practice be distributed among individuals. It is not impossible that this calculation is just; but no one who respects his honour can pursue such a method of arriving at the proper distribution of capital; no one can decently call that true which he believes to be false in the hope that, by his lie, a good result shall arrive in a round-about fashion. I know others, and they are many, by whom the Collectivist idea, though abhorrent, is accepted as a counsel of despair. "It would be no worse," they say, "than our modern society." Yes, it would be worse; because our modern society, though it has gone wrong, does not openly profess a false ideal. It is still in theory revives things normal to mankind, and notably the independence of the private owner; though in practice it has so grievously encroached upon those formal arrangements, and thrown it propped on by Joel, Carnegie, Morgan, and the rest who are the incar- nate negations of Property.

The Collectivist is fond of prophecying. The man in touch with his fellows is very chary of prophecy. Nevertheless, those of us who know more or less what the body of Europe is, can venture so much with regard to the future: You will never establish a Collectivist State among us. You may just possibly arrive at an inartistic bungling experiment, parallel to all the other inartistic bungling of modern physical science, at a sort of slavery, in which a few privileged men, thoroughly contented and possessed of enormous power, will order the rest of the community at their bidding. Even this destorable argument you will only achieve in the end, if you can convince the mere force of humanity organise co-operatively. The barriers which indirectly but effectually prevent ill-balanced accumulation grow of themselves, they are customs rather than laws, they endure for centuries. Try to accumulate land in Ireland to-day. You will be astonished. If I am asked why then has such a system of divided capital, once stable, broken down in our particular case, I should say that the broken-down one is not an inevitable thing, still less that it was due to the growth of something without will and without true existence, called in the modern jargon, "economic development", but that it was due to a false philosophical theory backed by convinced persuasion, by ardent missionary work, and by not a few acts of despotism, the result of which, in their time publicly condemned, which between them destroyed the common religion that was the salt and conservative vital principle of the whole European machine. Moreover, I should add that if you could create again (or rather, when the breakthrough of our time has created again) a society of owners, such a vital bond among them will re-arise.
The Dog-Dream.

By E. Nesbit.

He had come out of school with the rest; the big, airy school, with pictures on the white walls and windows large enough to show the changing shapes of clouds. The school day had been longer than usual, and teacher had read them a story of some naughty little boys who had thrown a dog into the water and aimed stones at it, and a good little boy—so the story had run—saved the dog. And the dog had then loved him ever after. The other boys came out of school, and went down the road shouting and larking. To Alf it seemed better to go home the longer way, by the high-called tarry path through the gasworks, and to be, all the way, the hero of that story. He saw himself, proud and defiant, standing up to those other boys—six at least; there must have been six. Teacher had said "a number of boys." Standing up to them "determined," so the story had run, "to put an end to their cruel sport." He saw the "number of boys" "cowed by his brave demeanour." He saw the pond on the heath—he had instantly visualised that as the scene of the heroic act—the pond by the Hare and Billet, saw himself wading into the water ankle-deep, knee-deep, then swimming; he must learn to swim. He felt in a sudden thrill the capture of the moment when he caught the dog—he pictured it acquiescing gratefully in the rescue—and swam back to shore with it in his arms. He would save half his dinner for it—the half of the yard. But in this bit of a place—it 'ud terrify us to; not otherwise. And not then if Speaking could be avoided. But now spurred by the dream, he spoke.

"I say, aunt?" he said heavily.

"Well, what d'you say?" the aunt's amazement was complicated by a feeling that perhaps Alf was "coming out." "I wish I'd got a dawg."

"Bless and save us!" She looked round the kitchen—the cleanest, one supposes, in that street, probably in that district—"a dog? Anyone offered to give you a dog?"

"No," said Alf.

"That's all right. Where'd you get the seven and six for the licence?"

"If dunno," said Alf; and indeed he did not. The idea was new and unpleasant. How had he managed about that in the dream?

He spoke again, and still with effort:

"But s'pose I'd got the seven and six?"

"Then it 'ud go to buy your new boots."

"I should like to 'ave a dawg."

I desay. And what about me? An' my clean floors and jumping up on the furniture. Like it to sleep with you perhaps?"

Alf made no answer to this bitter sarcasm. In point of fact, the idea had visited him as a beautiful possibility.

"If I 'ad a dawg," the child went on, trembling with the agitation of a conversation begun by himself, and with this new insistence of desire, "I'd never want no more pennies; never no more, if I 'd got a dawg."

Go along with your dongs," said her aunt briskly. "You get your lesson against tomorrow. That's what you better do. And then go up the heath and hunt about a bit. You're as white as paper an' thin as a rat in an ironmonger's. You don't never answer to your food, like some boys."

Something in the child's face and large eyes caught at her as she took up the tea-tray, and she paused a moment.

"If we was in the country," she admitted, "I'd as lief as not keep a dog. It could live in a bar'l in the yard. But in this bit of a place—it 'ud terrify us no bounds to it."

Alf knew that to terrify means to annoy; "in the country," where dogs were possible. He had always had dreams ever since he could remember—dreams of the farm in Kent that his aunt talked of, where the cherry orchards were, and the pears on the sides of the house, "so you could pick 'em outer window." He had dreamed of being King of England, with ermine robes, so jolly for the winter, and a gold crown, less convenient perhaps. But now the dog-dream drove all other dreams away. The contemplation of this imagined heroism stirred the agitation of a conversation begun by himself, and with this new insistence of desire, "I'd never want no more pennies; never no more, if I 'd got a dawg."

"I say, aunt?" he said heavily.

"What was you doing?"

"Nothing!"

"There you go," said the aunt, pushing his bread and butter across the clean brown and mauve of the oilcloth covered table. "Nothing! That's you all over, that is! If you can't do nothing else, I should think you'd think about your blessings. Many a orphan hasn't the cleanest, one supposes, in that street, probably in that district—"a dog? Anyone offered to give you a dog?"

"No," said Alf. "I say, aunt?"

"What d'you say?"

"I say, aunt. ?" the aunt's amazement Was 'Well, what d'you say. ?" he said heavily.

"What's the Really Right Thing—did it bravely, and was rewarded by love, given and returned."

He had not found it possible to love his aunt. And there was no one else in his world. In books boys loved their teachers. Alf was not in a book. He took the dream to bed with him. Oh! if he could only have taken the dog, alive, warm, responsive, loving and beloved!

He had not found it possible to love his aunt. And there was no one else in his world. In books boys loved their teachers. Alf was not in a book. He took the dream to bed with him. Oh! if he could only have taken the dog, alive, warm, responsive, loving and beloved!

The dream was there when he awoke. He took it with him to school; and, out of school, played with it near all the water he could find. By the Ravensbourne and the Quaggy, by the ponds on the Heath, dogs he saw a plenty, and boys. But the boys were just boys that played and the dogs were happy, and splashing, bounding into the water of their own free, gay will, climbing out again with agile blunt-clawed feet to bedeck the bank and the onlookers with the scattered spray of their splashing. "If only I could have a chance," he said. Then the boys at school should see. "Cowardy Custard," they called him because he was appalled by the giant-stride, and "Miss Mum" because he had no words, and the swings made him sick. "I'd like them to be there.
when I pulled the dog out," he said, and pictured their faces. He had not learned to swim—the water did not seem deep enough to make that worth while. The chance to save the dog was what he longed for. And the chance came. Not exactly as he had pictured it. But then our chances seldom do.

It came one day by the little river, running full now and swollen with two weeks of heavy summer rain. The child, haunting the waterside as usual, saw a boy, a well-dressed, disagreeable-looking boy, dragging a rough brown dog by a string. The dog’s long hair fell over eyes that looked wild terror and appeal. "Go along in there," cried the boy, and threw a stone.

"In; fetch it!"

The little dog cowered and pulled the string taut. "Go in. Fetch it, then!" the boy repeated. And still the dog cowered resistant.

"You little beast," said the dog’s master between set teeth, drew in the string, caught up the dog, and flung it far into the water.

Alf thrilled, made a step, stopped. The dog was swimming. Had the dog in the story been able to swim? It dragged itself ashore. "I’ll teach you to come when you’re called," said the slaver-driver. He shortened the string, caught the dog by the neck; and Alf’s heart thrilled to the sound of the strangled life, a cry and splash, and Alf ran. He paused under the railway arch—there was no pursuit. What was he to do? He dared not take the dog home to his aunt. Perhaps Abe Toovey’s father would keep it till he could sell it.

The little shrinking slave cowered and retreated. "Come here, sir!" shouted its master. The little shrieking slave cowered and retreated. "Come here, sir!" The master got his foot on the end of the string.

"I'll teach you to come when you’re called," said the slaver-driver. He shortened the string, caught the dog by the neck; and Alf’s heart thrilled to the anguished cries of the helpless little slave. It was a swagger-stick such as soldiers carry—a horrible stick, with knobs on it.

"Stop it," said a voice Alf did not know. "Mind. Your. Own. Business," said the other, with, between the words, full-stops that the blows might not hurt.

"Stop it, I say," said Alf in that new voice. Only the sound of the stick against soft flesh and bones answered. And at each blow the dog cried out aggrievedly.

Then Alf snatched at the dog—got it—held it tight. The other boy was coming at him; he would take the dog away, would beat it again. Alf pushed, there was a cry and splash, and Alf ran. He paused under the railway arch—there was no pursuit. What was he to do? He dared not take the dog home to his aunt. Perhaps Abe Toovey’s father would keep it till he could sell it.

The moment was the dearest the child had ever known, the first-fruits of the love, given and returned, that was to light the lamp of joy. A dream-jewel to be treasured by the whole dream-travellers of a life. * * * * * Before the magistrate next day Alf, confused and dizzy with horror, heard how he had stolen a valuable Aberdeen terrier, had made a murderous assault on a harmless little boy, the son of an eminent solicitor, had tried to drown him, had induced a school-fellow to hide the stolen property—this a very damning clause—with other offences.

He tried to say that the harmless little boy was cruel—as beating the dog. All sorts of people sprang up to say how gentle, how noble, how truthful, how good to dumb animals the harmless little boy was.

"The dog is very much attached to my son," said the solicitor’s wife. "If it could be produced in court—?"

"Evidence of premeditation," was the word that struck like a heavy club in a dark night.
which by its intense nationalism, is not only vitalling the
mind and imagination of its own people, but has
actually succeeded in contributing something to the
treasury of the language which is the heritage of all
dwellers in these islands, whether they be Teuton or
Celt. Television, they say, does not apprehend, and
not. It is reminded of this by the attitude of the Gaelic
revivists; that is, of those enthusiasts who aim at rehabilitating
the ancient language of Ireland. Surely the business of
literature is to imbibe the Gaelic language. I fear, as
in their gait he with the colour and fragrance of their
own land, rather than attempt to give currency, which
never hope to be more than a conceit, or at best an
accomplishment like Language, Greek, or Latin, a language
that has been superceded by the language of Milton and
Shakespeare. Lady Gregory, Dr. Hyde, and Mr. W.
Yeats have shown us what can be done in a better
way. They have gone back to the ancient lore, dug it
out of its out-moded words, and enhanched it in the great
language which is common to the British and those of
British descent all over the world. And in doing this,
what is peculiar and individual to Ireland has not been
lost, it has been emphasised and made known. This
being so, why should the author of "The Gilly of
Christ" inflict upon the harmless and well-disposed
Saxon, who presumably is invited to read the volume,
for the rest of it is in English, such an impossible name
as that immediately following the title? I shall be
meant to both reader and compositor, and not write
it again. Such a name means absolutely nothing to
English. Ugly, it is absurd from the point of view of phonetics, and it does not convey
whether the author is man, woman, god, or devil. And
the aggravating thing is that probably the author has
something similar in mind as Connell, Connell, or,
better still, Smith. The poems themselves are very
good examples of symbolical verse. They are not too
mysterious, and here and there rise to genuine heights
of simple poetic expression.

When rocks fly homeward
And shadows fall,
When roses fold
On the hay-yard wall,
When blind moths flutter
By door and tree,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me.

At the same time a few explanatory notes would seem
to be necessary for readers unacquainted with Gaelic
phrases and Christian-mystic terms. The book is
marked by one error. Close to the end is the word
"shields" three symbols which look like exceedingly bad designs for
modern handicraft jewellery.

Mr. James H. Cousins's volume, with its charming
border decorations, savours rather of English than of
Irish verse. It is Wordsworthian in texture. Mr.
Cousins is reflective and transcendental rather than
passionate and direct. His poems dream pleasantly of
better things and more joyous moments. At times one
feels that his aspiration is too constant, in spite of its
delicate expression. One cannot live for long upon the
desire of to-morrow, no matter how glorious it promises
to be, nor out of such things as wings for "the soul to
soar, and leave behind life's inessentials." One begins
to long for those same inessentials in very self-defence.

But Mr. Cousins's sonnets are well worth reading.
The best volume of the three, however, is Mr.
Padraic Colum's "Wild Earth," in its pleasing brown
boards and buff back. Mr. Colum has managed to put
into verse that fine sense of character which was so
dominant a feature of his play, "The Land." At
the same time he has retained the poetry. There is an
insinuating charm about the simple poems in this
little volume. They are so free, yet so obvious. There
is no stranger after those innumerable and wearisome
little conceits which so often cloak the meagre emotions
of the minor poet, but instead there is that most satis-
fying of all poetic qualities, an air of spontaneity and
a suggestiveness of the inevitable.

Ah, strange were the dim, wide meadows,
And strange was the cloud-strown sky,
Lord Burleigh's policy was apparently designed in the first place to ensure contentment and efficiency at home, and in the second place, to increase foreign trade and encourage the importation of gold and silver bullion. The ideal at which he aimed was one of national power; and of this power he understood that it would be ineffective, industrial population and a large and expansive source of revenue in case of war. Acts were passed removing the legal maximum wage which had hitherto obtained and giving the judicial directions to assess the wages of all labourers and artisans throughout England on the basis of the cost of living. At a somewhat later date public officials were appointed to inspect the quality of goods produced, whether for export or home consumption, and cheap, inefficient processes of manufacture were made illegal. The ship-building industry was encouraged by a system of bounties which laid the foundations of English maritime power. At the same time a new impulse was given to the improvement of native industries and the introduction of new ones by Burleigh's policy of granting to foreign religious refugees full rights to practise their trades in competition with natural-born subjects.

This idea of the importance of controlling commerce and industry in the interests of the State was retained and developed by the Whiggish politicians who succeeded Burleigh throughout the seventeenth century; and out of these arose a policy which Dr. Cunningham terms Parliamentary Colbertism. This was the policy of deliberately regulating foreign trade, subsidising important industries, and controlling the development of all territories under British rule in such a way as to react on the prosperity of British industry. The Whigs were inclined to allow considerable freedom of trade, but the Whigs insisted on the practically complete exclusion of all foreign goods which could be manufactured in England. The agricultural industry was fostered not only by high protective duties on imported corn, but also by giving bounties on its export. Ireland, with her agriculture and her industries, was sacrificed ruthlessly for the benefit of the English producer. She was practically excluded from the English market, and measures were taken to kill her export trade with the colonies and other parts of the world, wherever she seemed likely to become a dangerous competitor. It was the same policy in the American colonies which apparently led to their secession and thus finally discredited Parliamentary Colbertism. The immediate effect of the Declaration of Independence was to induce British Ireland more favourably. In 1779 Lord North endeavoured to remove the main commercial disabilities of Ireland, and from 1782 onwards definite efforts were made to foster Irish agriculture and industry.

This breaking up of all the traditions of British economic statesmanship synchronised in an extraordinary manner with two other events of supreme importance; the beginning of the Industrial Revolution and the publication of Adam Smith's epoch-making book on the "Wealth of Nations." Up to that time the requirements of the State had been the first consideration of economic writers. Adam Smith approached the subject from the other end. The first object of political economy as he understood it was to provide a plentiful revenue or subsistence for the people; the second was to supply the State or Commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. He simply disused the subject of Wealth; its bearing on the condition of the State appearing afterthought. He held that if each individual were free to seek his own wealth the national wealth would increase, and that special encouragements were needless and costly. And he showed unmistakably, by written evidence with any individual in the way he conducts his business can scarcely ever be justified on strictly economic grounds, and that costly attempts to foster exotic trades or to stimulate native industries are on the face of it absurd. Adam Smith's theories were readily adopted by both Whigs and Tories, and thus was born the system of economic individualism, or laissez-faire, of which Dr. Cunningham's second volume treats. The story which he tells of the Industrial Revolution, the introduction of machinery, the growth of large factories, and the progress of Capitalism is more or less familiar alike to all who have studied the origins of modern economic conditions. But his detailed study of the terrible evils of the transition period, aggravated as they were by the hopeless attitude of the economists with their "wages fund" theory and their obstinate refusal to make all improvements, whether by legislation or private philanthropy, is probably at once the most impartial and the most crushing indication of economic individualism which has ever been written. Whilst apparently retaining some sort of belief in the efficacy of laissez-faire doctrines, the author does not hesitate to expose the evil record of the Manchester economists. He not only shows that all their pessimistic predictions regarding the effects of ameliorative legislation on commerce were falsified, but he also infers strongly that the same policy in the American colonies was announced all interference with child-labour and all factory legislation, even when evil consequences to trade, from foreign competition or otherwise, were clearly impossible.

Dr. Cunningham's masterly work ends at the year 1850, and it cannot be doubted that the date is a well-chosen one. He has given us the history of laissez-faire from its birth and through its prime, up to the time when its eternal validity began to be doubted by the leaders of economic and political thought. The history of its decline and fall will be the history of Socialism triumphant, and that cannot be written yet.
ranks and became one of Napoleon's inferior generals, married Josephine Bonaparte's wife's sister, who had been Napoleon's first love. His continuous rise, until he became King of Sweden, was not due to his special merit, but to Napoleon's regard; Napoleon, in the words of M. Kielland, "was pleased to make his early love a princess and a queen." Bernadotte was hardly fit for such an elevation as a throne, being a man of a Ilot and incompe:ent. He repaid Napoleon with the blackest ingratitude and treachery. No wonder M. Kielland "was rather amazed to hear King Oscar II say in 1865: "The one man who could have taken Napoleon's place was my grandfather. He said it so quietly and unhesitatingly that one could see this was the way he had been taught history.

Napoleon was never alarmed or put out by treachery. He could be treacherous himself, when it suited his purpose. But he was neither vindictive nor cruel. Josephine and Marie Louise were both unfair to him; and for the former he had a regard and great patience. "Marie Louise said in 1815, "Lord Wellington does not know how much he did for me when he won the battle of Waterloo." Lord Wellington did know: "He had himself said: 'It is a fine thing that she was already expecting a child by the Austrian Baron Neipperg, whom she afterwards married.'"

Napoleon was the most selfish of men. The generosity of his gifts and rewards to his family, and his generals, as M. Kielland justly observes, had nothing in the nature of sacrifice in it, but they were the outpourings of a splendid opulence, as of that of Nature herself. It was only when his enormous natural force began to wane that it was possible for the combination of the nations of Europe to crush him. And crush him they did. He took it with as bad a grace as that with which England treated him. Most of his friends deserted him, even when honours and place were offered them to do so. Las Casas, after his return from St. Helena, "was urged to accept a position at Court in consonance with his rank, but he refused. "We have served the great lord of the earth," he said. 'When he sent us to foreign courts we were treated as the equals of princes because we wore his uniform, and we felt ourselves to be their equals. We have seen seven kings waiting in his ante-chambers like ourselves.""

Napoleon, speaking in 1813 of the officers who deserted in the Saxon campaign drew a distinction between a conscientious man and a man of honour. "Turning to Marmont, he said, 'If, for instance, the enemy had taken France and were in possession of the heights of Montmartre, and you thought-perhaps rightly—that the good of the country demanded that you should abandon me, you might be a good Frenchman and a brave and conscientious man, if you did it, but you would not be a man of honour.'"

For those who want a concise account of Napoleon in his greatness and his littleness, we may say that it is to be found in this book. There is a preface by Professor Oscar Browning; from which we learn that the book has had a large circulation on the Continent. It is worthy of it here, for M. Kielland is far above the ruck of the ordinary writer.

The Boats of the "Glen Carrig." By William Hope Hodgson. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.) "Being an account of their adventures in the strange places of the earth, after the founding of the good ship "Glen Carrig" through striking upon a hidden rock in the unknown seas to the Southward. As told by John Winterstraw, Gent., to his son James Winterstraw, in the Fall, 1757, and by him committed very properly and legibly to manuscript." So runs the sub-title. We are glad to welcome this fascinating yarn of the sea by a new author, one who evidently loves the sea, and who has been in countries getting into his work that almost undeniable quality we call atmosphere, in this instance, an atmosphere with salt in it, free and open. In language simple and quaint a highly imaginative story is revealed. When the book is finished, we feel that we have accompanied the wanderers in many of their experiences. From the many suggestive word pictures we quote the following, descriptive of a storm:

As each huge sea came towards us, the boat shot up to meet it, right up to the very crest, and then back again, mighty, old sailing the crest of each sea would hurl forward before we had reached the top, and though the boat shot up.

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ward like a veritable feather, yet the water would swirl right over us, and we should have to draw in our heads most suddenly; in such cases the wind flapping the cover down so soon as our hands were removed. And, apart from the way in which the boat met the seas, there was a very sense of terror in the air: the continuous roaring and howling of the storm over the broken foam, as the frothy summits of the briny mountains hurled past us, and the wind that tore the breath out of our weak human throats, are things scarce to be conceived. But towards midnight, as I should judge, there came some mighty flames of lightning, so bright that they lit up the boat through the double covering of the canvas; yet no man of us heardught of the thunder; for the roaring of the storm made all else a silence.

The book we heartily recommend as a recreation, it points no moral, but suggestst value. Its workmanship is good, and it shows some imagination of interesting and exceptional character. We especially enjoy the author's beautiful dedication to his mother, and we look forward with pleasure to the next work from the same hand.


(E. Grant Richards. 6s.)

In the ocean of mercantile fiction which floods the bookstalls and the libraries, and laps idly round the turgid imaginations of suburbia, it is as rare as the lot of the swallow to happen upon a book which, if not exactly of the colour of the wine-dark sea, partakes at least of its invigorating elements. Of such is this "The Unpardonable Sin." Mr. James Douglas has written a novel which neither insults the intelligence nor the imagination. We would not suggest that the book is a masterpiece, but that it is alive. Its atmosphere is living plainly amid actual pictures and real desires; the hot strife of creeds and the fundamental desires of love and power and peace. Mr. Douglas can engage our interest in these things in spite of a style over lavish of adjectives, and often suggestive of a book-fed imagination. He gains most of his effects by a skilful use of contrast. For instance, we have the admirable pictures of religious stress in the riots at Bigotsborough (Belfast), and the wild dream (realised in the novel) of the Love of Aideen, which has nought of flesh in it, and all the sciences, sociologies, and dreams of humanity, not only in an all embracing tolerance, but in a New Vatican which puts St. Peter's out of court, and makes a toy of St. Paul's. Again, there is the contrast between the love of Aldenstein, which has nought of flesh in it, and that of Fionula, which can only realise itself in a colossal sensuousness which staggering the world. It is Fionula who builds the New Vatican out of her love for Gabriel Gordon, the young Protestant parson who nearly suffers martyrdom in one of the chronic riots of holy Bigotsborough. Gabriel is the hero. He becomes Pope of the Vatican, and commits the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is Love. As to how and why he does these things we must commend the reader to the book. Before closing, however, we may say one word in recognition of the commensurate art with which the incidents in Bigotsborough are drawn; the humble birth of Gabriel is excellently done; whilst the descriptions of the religious riots stand done; whilst the descriptions of the religious riots stand

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DRAMA.

Cupid, Commonsense and Parliament.

It is to be hoped that "Cupid and Commonsense" will soon find its place in the ordinary theatre; the performance at the Stage Society ought to be only the prelude to that. In Mr. Arnold Bennett's play there is a great deal of ordinary "commonsense" (commercial variety) and precious little Cupid. That in itself is an advantage, but the positive virtue of the play lies in its study of the manners and customs of the "five towns" population. Mr. Bennett has dared to go thus far in search of his subject, but has not made the play predominantly one of ideas; in consequence I am afraid a London production would be very risky, although there should be an audience for the play in every northern and midland manufacturing district. As an instance of the decentralising of the drama, "Cupid and Commonsense" is to be cordially welcomed. We ought to have seen old Elie visibly grinding the teeth and driving some woman-worker out of a job--or perhaps I may be wrong, but this play is a more parade of politicians at dusk than the parading out of all lines and curves of expression, and it is difficult for our actors to convey, unless with gross exaggeration, the individuality of a definite locality. This is merely one more instance of the levelling-down and uniformity-compellingnature of our present system of society. Even our present system cannot in fact stamp out individuality, but it can and does promulgate the idea that local and provincial differences are vulgar and unmeaning, particularly in the drama. All the usual run of plays are acted in the provinces by ladies and gentlemen who painfully aspire never to lapse from the outside Midland, Scottish and fashionable continental resorts. The time will come I hope when the Cockney struggling manufacturer, can hardly be said to count. We ought to have seen old Elie visibly grinding the teeth and driving some woman-worker out of a job--or perhaps I may be wrong, but this play is a more parade of politicians at dusk than the parading out of all lines and curves of expression, and it is difficult for our actors to convey, unless with gross exaggeration, the individuality of a definite locality. This is merely one more instance of the levelling-down and uniformity-compelling nature of our present system of society. Even our present system cannot in fact stamp out individuality, but it can and does promulgate the idea that local and provincial differences are vulgar and unmeaning, particularly in the drama. All the usual run of plays are acted in the provinces by ladies and gentlemen who painfully aspire never to lapse from the high-toned accents and gestures of Vere de Vere. And the all the usual run of dramatists endeavour painfully to conceal the fact that they have any experience of life outside Midland, Scottish and fashionable continental resorts. The time will come I hope when the Cockney will drop his h's with ostentation, and the Oldhamite speak crude words which shall be to Londoners as a foreign tongue. As a matter of mere historical insistence we will be compelled to study it more accurately, and nearer a complete socialism, and a localised drama can help us to this more than any amount of localised literature. Too often a localised literature hails from their contact, be content to let that sham fight go by, be ready to jump on it and arrest it on the slightest provocation. In order to catch a glimpse of the procession I stood for some three-quarters of an hour near the Houses of Parliament noting the other spectators. There was there some from the Manchester School in operation. And this theme Mr. Bennett has not treated ruthlessly enough. I am aware that old Elie Boothroyd (wonderfully played by Miss Lucy Wilson) at a considerable disadvantage. Not only here, but nowhere was the drama quite definite and explicit enough--it was more of a study than a play, more of a presentation of characters than a drama.

The second drama of the week was the State opening of Parliament by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, and it was one of which I had considerable expectations. There is always nowadays the pleasing possibility of the reality of life surging athwart our cessions and spectacles in the rush of a real crowd. Some one might have invited His Majesty to drive his State Coach over Westminster Bridge and explore a few acres of his silt kingdom in Lambeth. But there were too many precautions against this. The streets were lined with Yeomen and with Guards, and squads upon squads of large policemen were unbearably disposed at convenient points. It is obviously necessary to keep the loyalty of the nation at a distance. And this theme Mr. Bennett has not treated ruthlessly enough. I am aware that old Elie Boothroyd (wonderfully played by Miss Lucy Wilson) at a considerable disadvantage. Not only here, but nowhere was the drama quite definite and explicit enough--it was more of a study than a play, more of a presentation of characters than a drama.

The streets were cleared, the movements of the crowd were a great many dressed in very old and ragged clothes; the contrast between us on the pavement and the King and Queen in their glass and gold chariot (with the waving of one faint cheer, and no more. It was a cheer any organiser of a Socialist demonstration would be heartily ashamed of); it was the kind of cheer you would get from the Fabian Society in response to an invitation to cheer for the Prince of Wales, hardly kept the sea of bowlers in my view an inch away from the exquisite motors and carriages, was quite a daring effect; the soldiers between us were perhaps requisite--our loyalty was not extreme. As a matter of mere historical fact I must labour this point; nearly all the papers in their description of the show laid so much stress on the loyal cheers. Where I stood, and up Whitehall and to the door of Parliament, there was a wave of one faint cheer and no more. It was a cheer any organiser of a Socialist demonstration would be heartily ashamed of; it was the kind of cheer you would get from the Fabian Society in response to an invitation to cheer for the Prince of Wales, hardly kept the sea of bowlers in my view an inch away from their owners' heads. No, the motive of loyalty was not marked. There was only wonder, curiosity, and an indefinable sense of brooding, a thunder-feeling as of something about to happen. Parliament is a sham fight, no doubt. But how long will the crowds that see the parade of force guarding the King and that assembly from their contact, be content to let that sham fight go on? One felt that this flaunting of tinsel against shabby clothes; the contrast between us on the pavement and the King and Queen in their glass and gold chariot (with the waving of one faint cheer, and no more. It was a cheer any organiser of a Socialist demonstration would be heartily ashamed of); it was the kind of cheer you would get from the Fabian Society in response to an invitation to cheer for the Prince of Wales, hardly kept the sea of bowlers in my view an inch away from their owners' heads. No, the motive of loyalty was not marked. There was only wonder, curiosity, and an indefinable sense of brooding, a thunder-feeling as of something about to happen. Parliament is a sham fight, no doubt. But how long will the crowds that see the parade of force guarding the King and that assembly from their contact, be content to let that sham fight go on? One felt that this flaunting of tinsel against shabby poverty, this parade of disciplined arms against the undisciplined hopes and fears of the crowd, if not a drama in itself, was the prologue to a great drama. The streets of London were cleared; the presence of the crowd were stifled, the King himself rode by in his gold and glass chariot. Line on line of soldiers stretched up and down all the streets one could see. Here was force and power, and there in the middle the House of Commons...
from which that power and force is wielded. How and when will that power be used? The question brooded over the crowd almost visibly. It is a theme of possibilities.

L. HADEN GUEST.

MUSIC.

I suppose when a carping critic is thoroughly angry and disgusted his opinion isn't worth a rap; at any rate, it is qualified by his ungenial state of mind. It is nearly a week, however, since I heard Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's last performance, and I haven't yet got over my feeling of impatience and irritation. It was his setting of "Apollo and the Seaman" (by the latest Society poet, Mr. Herbert Trench), a poem that has been run and advertised beyond all good taste and dignity. In accordance with somebody's ridiculous notion the Queen's Hall was darkened and the opening of the poem was thrown by limelight upon a large screen which was erected on the platform, hiding chorus and orchestra and (hencevolently) the conductor. Mr. Holbrooke's music was, ostensibly, intended to illustrate the poem, to enlighten the audience as Mr. Trench's philosophy, to add something to the beauty of his verse. I think it did nothing of the kind. The poem is perfectly obvious, and requires no elucidation; the philosophy is perfectly middle-class, and requires no apology; the beauty of the verse is a question of opinion, and Mr. Holbrooke's music went its own ugly and horrid way without apparently the faintest reference to the text. There were moments when a phrase or a cadence would arrest ear with a promise of some beauty, but to wait for these was like playing the game of Dorcas Magic-Lantern.

Once upon a time I heard some- A whispered rumour has come to my ears to the effect off the platform with vine leaves in his hair when he and disgusted his opinion isn't worth a rap; at any rate, it is qualified by his ungenial state of mind. It is nearly a week, however, since I heard Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's last performance, and I haven't yet got over my feeling of impatience and irritation. It was his setting of "Apollo and the Seaman" (by the latest Society poet, Mr. Herbert Trench), a poem that has been run and advertised beyond all good taste and dignity. In accordance with somebody's ridiculous notion the Queen's Hall was darkened and the opening of the poem was thrown by limelight upon a large screen which was erected on the platform, hiding chorus and orchestra and (hencevolently) the conductor. Mr. Holbrooke's music was, ostensibly, intended to illustrate the poem, to enlighten the audience as Mr. Trench's philosophy, to add something to the beauty of his verse. I think it did nothing of the kind. The poem is perfectly obvious, and requires no elucidation; the philosophy is perfectly middle-class, and requires no apology; the beauty of the verse is a question of opinion, and Mr. Holbrooke's music went its own ugly and horrid way without apparently the faintest reference to the text. There were moments when a phrase or a cadence would arrest ear with a promise of some beauty, but to wait for these was like playing the game of Dorcas Magic-Lantern.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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AGAINST THE LIVING-IN SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The members of our Union are anxious to make a success of the Great Meeting on the Living-in System which we are organising at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on February 11th.

We have had some remarkable meetings on this question in the Provinces at which we had the presence, in large numbers, of our Labour and Socialist friends. We make a direct appeal for your assistance to ensure the same success in London.

While we write, we learn that a large firm in the West End of London, i.e., Messrs. Swan and Edgar, Regent Street, have decided to abolish the system for their staff.

We want to demonstrate in an unmistakable way that we have public opinion on our side; no firm in our trade can afford to resist that influence, when expressed in an emphatic manner.

JAS. MACPHERSON, General Secretary.
MARGARET E. BONDFIELD, Assist. Sec.

IRELAND AND MR. CHESTERTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When Mr. Chesterton writes about beer I receive what he says with attention and respect, but when he writes about Ireland I am tempted to put down my pint-pot and take up my pen. Mr. Chesterton refers to the classicist of property as "triumphant in France and gradually triumphing in Ireland." Pray what does he mean by that? Who has told him that the equalisation of property is triumphing in Ireland? Mr. Burrell? Mr. Redmond? Or has he observed it for himself, and if so when, and in what way?

Lest any of our readers who do not know Ireland should be tempted to believe this very definite statement of Mr. Chesterton's, I wish to contradict it with equal definiteness. The equalisation of property is not triumphing in Ireland, and do not believe that such a political or social scheme is "triumphing" there. The only thing that is triumphing in Ireland is temperance, powerfully backed by a religion that exactly suits it. Ireland is like a wretched patient in a hospital bed, on whom a succession of inexperienced doctors are permitted to experiment with a succession of druggings of their own concoction; she is always swallowing medicine, and, like the people who write those picturesque testimonials to the patent-medicine people, she has got into a state in which drug-taking has become a bad habit. If the drug contains a strong opiate, and keeps her quiet for a few months, one section of our wise politicians calls it a success; if it contains an stimulant, and stirs up her latent activities, another and more robust section regards it as a triumph.

H. G. WELLS.

SOCIALISM AND THE BAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

With regard to solicitors, it is almost an impossibility for them to take an active part in the Socialist cause and at the same time make a living by private practice. Of all men they are the most utterly free to advocate and organise as a matter of a living with them. How then can you expect to convert them? Up to now there has been no room for them in the Socialist or Labour ranks. Labour requires to be a little more democratic; when she is prepared to stand by any candidate supporting her views — even of her class, then the movement will be strong indeed.

A SOLICITOR.

ON CHESTERTON AND WELLS—AND BEER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"It has taken me a long time to get to the point," says Mr. Chesterton in his reply to Mr. Wells. The point, when examined, has rather the appearance of two points,—horn-points of a dilemma.

"If," says Mr. Chesterton, "Jones and Brown were both well-paid State servants drinking in a ... State restaurant, there would still be no law to prevent Brown caddging for drinks. If-it continued — Brown caddaging Brown must be a citizen and have a certain spirit. What influence will give him this spirit? There are many reasonable answers: one is property."

Here, then, is the dilemma. If "property" tends to destroy this caddging spirit by virtue of the fact that possession of property renders Brown economically independent of Jones, then obviously the better a well-paid State servant, the more he has the economic effect, must also have the same spiritual influence. But this is just what Mr. Chesterton denies. His point is that modern evil, typified by the caddging of drinks, could not even feebly be attacked by Socialism. Yet he gives as an example that kind of influence resisting which is nothing more than an influence (property) operating now upon a small minority only, which is essentially the same as the influence which Socialism ("State servants well-paid") would bring to bear upon all men.

The alternative is to assume that property under Individualism tends to destroy the caddging spirit, not by virtue of its rendering Brown economically independent of Jones, but by virtue of some other characteristic. If this alternative is true, then—what is that other characteristic?

* * *

RUSSELL THOMPSON.

MR. BLAND'S FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have just read with mixed emotions the concluding instalment of Mr. Bland's paper "The Faith I Hold." I was unable to attend the meeting to which that paper was read, but I have been living in the pleasant delusion that he had accepted the amended Basis and was prepared to follow out the assertion of the equal citizenship of men and women to its logical conclusions. But here I find him back in that queer position of his that Socialism aims merely at an economic change that will increase the earnings of men, and that, as for the women, a man will be free to keep a wife and children, or a wife without children, or dogs, or rabbits, or any other pets just as he fancies. Mr. Bland, it seems, is still tankering on the dependence of the single mother and unmarried daughter that the mother and unmarried daughter must be supported by, or at any rate be dependent upon, the father in the good old unconditioned style. We men are going to pick over the women and babies as if we feel disposed to do so may, out of the wages the State will pay us, support wives and daughters—"the rest does not interest him."

I do not think that Mr. Bland's paper succeeds in showing up the logical consequences of his position more clearly than Mr. Fabian Society. Our aim is the equal citizenship, the personal independence of women, "the abolition of property in women and children." Mr. Bland in his flourishing way calls that a rhetorical flourish. It is not; it is the very core of modern Socialism. It seems to me very desirable that this issue should be debated by the Fabian Society at the present time. Hitherto, it has arisen only as a collateral question in such discussions as that on Mr. Bland's paper, or on the proposed revision of the Basis. It deserves, I think, a more straightforward treatment.

* * *

H. G. WELLS.
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