NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the pages of the Political Chronicles, somewhere even now being transcribed for an enlightened posterity's amusement, the visit of Mr. Asquith to the King at Biarritz will surely rank as a first-rate myth. With the incorrigible romanticism of our matter-of-fact age, the incident has been described as if it were the ascent of Sinai by Moses. A whole Empire hung upon the details of the journey, and the wires of two hemispheres quivered with excitement.

True there was nothing very momentous in it all. Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi. And the centre figure of the scene was so far from heroic as to occupy himself on his outward journey with a yellowback. History will note its title: "L'Amour qui pleure." Had the occasion been greater the title might have been changed to "L'Angleterre qui pleure." But neither C.-B. for all his virtues, nor Mr. Asquith for all his defects is worth a title like that.

The "Times" alone of the Tory press commented on the inconvenient absence of the King, an absence which cost Mr. Asquith all that pain to seek him at Biarritz. Parliamentary business has been at a standstill save for the manœuvre of two wires—a most vigorous business, however. Even the political epoches of the interregnum have been listless and more than usually in-sincere. Nothing has been doing. Moreover, it cannot be said that the resignation of C.-B. took anybody by surprise. He has been resigning ever since he took office. Of course, the united Press was up in arms against the "Times" for less-majesté or something very like it. The King was doing this, that or the other, and could not be expected, etc., etc. But the almost unanimous defence was an ominous sign for democracy. The great English heart is still beating to the tune of Feudalism if not to a still more primitive cult.

Regarding the reconstruction of the Cabinet we need only mention a few of the incidents of the whole campaign. Firstly we regret that in the tributes to C.-B. in the House of Commons on Monday the Labour Party took no share. The "Daily News," with its usual God-like capacity for finding good in everything, remarked that Mr. Henderson was not the sort of man to advertise himself. So much the worse for the Labour Party then! The business of a handful of men with ideas in the House of Commons is to make their ideas known, and to get them talked about. Mute Miltons are all very fine in elegies, but they are no use in political warfare; and the Labour Party needs every drum and trumpet it can muster. Mr. Redmond did not fail to advertise his cause, and Mr. Henderson should likewise have sacrificed his fine shades of sentiment on a unique occasion.

Secondly, we have to remark on Mr. Morley's descent to the House of Lords. Descent is quite the right word in view of Mr. Morley's invention of the phrase "mending or ending" that institution. Strange that with every inducement, that old Tory aristocrat, Mr. Gladstone, should have steadily refused a peerage, while the Radical democrat, erstwhile his lieutenant, Mr. John Morley, should accept the same! Compromise we suppose it was that did it. Of course, there are excellent reasons. Mr. Morley is growing old, the House of Commons is growing painfully young, and, besides, three ex-Viceroys of his Imperial charge will sit with him in that Upper Room. Also Mr. Morley will find himself at home there. Ever since he looked into the history of 1789 and 1793 in France, the memorable years of the Revolution, Mr. Morley has been transformed into a pillar of salt. Mr. Morley once defined Carlyle as "the male of Byronism." Mr. Morley is himself the old maid of Radicalism.

We are glad to see Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George is an ambitious man with a Celtic imagination. That means that he will stick at nothing, even at Tariff Reform, to accomplish his ends; though the rose will be differently named. He is a man of ideas, with an excellent sense of organisation, and organisation is surely what is needed in our mad world of commerce and finance. The problem before every Chancellor is the problem of new sources of revenue. One might almost say that the successive solutions of this problem constitute the political history of a people. It will be interesting to learn Mr. Lloyd George's solution in his first Budget next year.
About Mr. Winston Churchill's new position it is difficult to make up one's mind. Mr. Churchill is an extraordinarily wide-awake man, and has the touch of genius' ally. This latter quality gives him an atmosphere of surprise which might almost pass for imagination, if it were not for the journalistic odour of his writings and speeches. Among the first to burst into the silent sea of the future, Mr. Churchill's election address to his constituency contains foreshadowings of the reconstructed Cabinet's policy. There is not a word about the House of Lords. More significantly there is no mention of Old Age Pensions. If the latter should prove a foreshadowing of Mr. Asquith's Intentions, we hope the Labour Party will have something more effective to say than can be contained on a printed circular.

The swapping of horses while the Government was crossing a stream has afforded an opportunity for dropping one or two inconvenient passengers. C. B.'s war cry, Delenda est Carthago, or Ioannis with the House of Lords, will not, we fancy, be heard on the lips of Mr. Asquith again. In point of fact, except for the Labour Party and a few unsophisticated Radicals, nobody ever took the cry seriously. Don Quixote tilting at windmills was the image that occurred to most minds. The Education Bill may also be added to the list of extinct monsters—of which, by the way, the present Government has now a museum full. As for the Licensing Bill, we are still in doubt whether it has perished in the passage of Mr. Asquith over Jordan or only been concealed. We strongly advise him to drop it, if not too late. Except for the time-limit, there is nothing in it worth keeping alive.

We unfeignedly regret the retention in the Cabinet of Lord Ripon and Sir Henry Fowler. Both of them are old enough to know better than to outstay not only their welcome (that was worn out long ago), but their public utility. Sir Henry Fowler was born in 1839, and is therefore nearly an octogenarian, while Lord Ripon is older even than that, having first seen the light in 1827. It is ungrateful, doubtless, to dismiss the aged and illustrious Mr. Disraeli, whose skill in mangling words has been the wonder of our time. Yet it is not very well. We care as little for the poor as anybody. We hate them. Only, the Liberal Cabinet is not the place for pre-Victorian statesmen. They will fly at the first sight of battle.

We turn from the spectacle of a transmogrified Cabinet to the one party that affords us any hope. The Independent Labour Party are holding their annual Conference at Huddersfield on April 20-21. From the report before us, the party appears to have had an encouraging year of propaganda. Two hundred and twenty new branches have been formed, making 765 in all. The income of the party has increased by £1,673, and an excellent scheme of divisional propaganda and organisation has been set in activity. So far as the body of the party is concerned, there appears to be little to complain of. On the other hand, we have to deplore the lack of spirit exemplified in the meagre list of candidates endorsed by the National Council. We cannot too often repeat that the I.L.P. has a duty to discharge to the Socialist Movement, a duty which is not fulfilled by simply co-operation with the Labour Party in Parliament. The true point to reaccur in a score of ways, in ways intellectual no less than in ways political. We should not be a bit surprised to see the Socialist movement sunk in the morass of practical politics within the next ten years unless the I.L.P. or still more advanced Socialist bodies realise the necessity of not only vigorous but effective propaganda.

We know very well what we are aiming at. We are aiming at the destruction of the whole system of capitalist production and distribution and the substitution of communal production and distribution. On such a change involves, we are prepared to admit, enormous changes in the whole field of social life. Class distinctions must go, sex distinctions (in terms, that is, of human value) must go, and the whole system of society based upon private capitalism be shaken from top to bottom. That is not a small revolution to contemplate, nor a revolution easy to achieve. Against it are set the tradition of a hemisphere and thousands of years of civilised life. Frankly, it is a human experiment, an adventure of intelligence. There is danger at every step. But so much the more need for courage.

That is why we insist on the necessity of a plan of campaign. Is it realised that the political Socialist is a soldier in an enemy's country? That the I.L.P. is an army on campaign? We imagine that fewer people would jabber about Socialism if they knew what it really meant. At present half our numbers are romantically-minded camp-followers and sentimental sight-seers. They will fly at the first sight of battle.

If we could only feel that there were ten thousand or a thousand or even a hundred individuals calling themselves Socialists (or any other name) who were prepared to fight for Socialism as the early apostles fought for Christianity (a far more "crack-brained" cause) we could rest secure of ultimate victory. But in the whole desert of politics only here and there one, and these few divided by misunderstanding, appears to the naked eye. Education and organisation are, of course, indispensable; but how slow.

Meantime the problems are becoming more acute and insistent. Pauperism in London is this year the worst recorded for twenty years. Obscenely in small print the papers detail the abominable figures. With "scare" headlines, insignificant scandals or petty disasters glare and bellow in the principal columns and on the placards. Exactly as in life, the real problems are pushed out of sight. Save that a problem in the form of the uneminent this week, for example, has illustrated this. During the Assizes which have just concluded at Carlow, twelve by Mr. Justice Lawrence and two by Mr. Justice Bray. One might have supposed, had one been a visitor from another planet, that such a brutal and cowardly assault on defenceless persons in the name of justice would have raised the common blood of men to boiling point. Nothing of the kind. The spectacle of
We have no notion what the offences of the fourteen victims were, nor are we disposed to inquire. We do not propose to strain at their gnats and swallow the camel of society's crime. If they were brutal, society—in the person of these justices—has been a thousand times more brutal. Those sentences have contributed more to brutalise the nation than a hundred such offences as they were supposed to correct. Yet, probably, it is the very class that suffers most from them that defends and applauds the sentences.

Again, in a much larger case the deplorable insensibility of public opinion (that is, the opinion of the poor in spirit) is revealed. We refer to the absolutely callous indifference with which the country receives the news of the ever-increasing native labour troubles of this chaotic Empire of ours. In Canada, in Australia, in South Africa, in Uganda, the problem—to call an unrealised thing by a dignified name—of the relations that shall exist between white men and coloured men is being stated in letters of pain and misery. For the most part, we have not the smallest doubt that the majority of our countrymen are disposed to regard natives everywhere as nothing more than brutes. Certain it is, however, that the question of native labour are discussed publicly as much as privately lead to no other conclusion. Yet it is true that the cause of the black native in Africa is identical with the cause of the white wage slave in England. We do not say that the white slaves of England cannot be free until the black and yellow slaves of all the world are free. St. Paul said that in effect in his epistle to the Romans. But what is true is that no white slave can be free who endures voluntarily in black slavery. No white civilisation is secure that does not respect black civilisation.

The truth is so obvious, of course, that most people miss it. That is why our task is so difficult. The very men in England whose own condition is in need of remedy too often ascribe to the continuance of such conditions for their extra-racial pace. It takes a slave to tolerate a slave.

We are glad to see that Lord Ampthill, at a meeting of the Colonial section of the Royal Society on Tuesday last, made the suggestion that an Imperial Conference should be called for the "full and frank discussion" of the native question. Surely that and the question of an Imperial standard of living would be problems for a special conference of the representatives of the Empire. It is disgusting to reflect that the last Conference was occupied mainly with futile debates on subjects of almost no importance to the vast majority of our populations. With real issues of the nature of those above suggested, our Imperial Conference might easily become dominant, instead of negligible, factors in Imperial life.

Lord Ampthill's suggestion has been endorsed in a letter to the "Times" of Monday, April 13. We commend to the notice of Lord Crewe, who might launch his new office of Colonial Secretary with some splendour by this means. As the son-in-law of Lord Rosebery, he ought not to turn a deaf ear.

When it comes to the question of native labour troubles, there is no need to go outside the Imperial Conference to remedy the wrongs. The South Africa Act makes provision for a conference to be held in South Africa, in which all the parts of the Empire should be represented. It is time to get the Imperial Conference to make its own provisions for such a conference in South Africa. It is a question of Imperial organisation, and not of any particular treaty or agreement. The Imperial Conference should be the supreme authority in the matter of Imperial organisation, and the South Africa Act should be amended to make provision for it.

The I.L.P. Conference.

The sixteenth annual conference of the Independent Labour Party, which will meet at Huddersfield on Easter Monday, is awaited with the interest which naturally attaches to the official deliberations of the most hopeful element in our political life. The Primrose League and the National Liberal Federation are, in funds and numbers, stronger bodies; but even an unlimited balance at the bank and a long membership roll are not sufficient to retain permanent interest in the politics of people who fight for abstractions of the imagination instead of living realities. The Tories may save the British Constitution—that, I understand, is the avowed threat of the Primrose League—the Liberals may preserve Non-conformity and Temperance; and yet this ridiculous muddle of society remains. To the politics of abstractions the Socialists oppose the politics of reality and common sense. And the chief sect of the Party of Common sense will meet at Huddersfield next week.

The Independent Labour Party is the most Important Socialist Society in this country. In the great propaganda work and in political activity it is easily first; and its peculiar strength lies in the skill with which these two sides of Socialism are blended together. The I.L.P. has realised that after it has discovered what Socialism is, it has after it has settled what changes in social organisation must be made in order to do away with the present system of Capitalism, all its learning is thrown away unless it can get its theories put into practice. The purest milk of the word is worth little if we cannot drink it. The agenda paper of the coming Conference is an excellent example of the Socialism which we can fight for at elections, as well as talk about in debates. The combined aim of the party, to teach Socialism and to reach it, is apparent on every page. It is primarily the agenda paper of a party which has definitely made up its mind that the House of Commons is the battle-field, and that, consequently, it follows inevitably that its programme must be such as will appeal to the electors. No Socialist politicians, no Socialist members of Parliament. No Socialist members of Parliament, no Socialism. That is the argument at the root of the I.L.P. position. It is a combination of abstract theory and political practice. There is nothing about the abolition of the monarchy or the repudiation of the national debt, because they are—slightly abstract issues; there is nothing about Free Trade, because that does not necessarily concern Socialism—even if it did we must really leave the Liberals one idea which they can claim as their very own invention.

Here is a list of the main points to be discussed, as they appear on the agenda paper:—The Right to Work, Old Age Pensions, Naval Armaments, the Russian treaty, the Congo, Education and the provision of meals for children, the Agricultural problem, Housing, Sweating, a Minimum Wage, Workmen's Compensation, and Municipal matters; then, characteristically taking up more room on the paper than any other subject, we find a whole page and a half filled with resolutions on the subject of the organisation of the I.L.P. for propaganda and political attack. Both in the selection and in the manner of treatment, this list is an authoritative exposition of Socialism as the most important element of English politics to-day.

Note, first, that the I.L.P. repudiates any intention of limiting its scope to what are usually called industrial or labour problems; for it calls upon its members to declare their views concerning the increase of our Navy, and our international relations with Russia and Belgium.
The Storm in the Tea-Shop.

As to the rights or wrongs of the girl strikers at the Cabin Tea-shop in Piccadilly, I confess I am not very clear. The newspapers which gave so much space to the lighter side of the incident did not seem to think it worth while to find out and tell their readers exactly how the trouble was about. I had rather be in question a "wrongful dismissal." Then there was a story that the waitresses were dissatisfied because a King Stork superintendent had been substituted for a popular but inefficient King Log. Finally, the appeal to the public was largely based upon the softness of the girls. It was characteristic of the daily newspapers' low opinion of their readers' intelligence that they did not suppose anyone would want to know the cause of the strike.

However, the cause really does not matter. The true inwardsness of the episode shines forth with equal radiance whether the girls were right or wrong. And that true inwardsness is that true inwardsness of which true intellectuals are so often intelligent enough to organise anything. The girls who bit and whom the newspapers call "revolutionaries" are not often intelligent enough to organise anything. The weakness of the protest here is not, therefore, the weakness of the truth in it, but the weakness of its method. It needs a tremendous effort to arouse men to action even to get rid of a burden which presses heavily upon their own shoulders every hour of the day. The psychology of this difference between Man and Woman Worker is on her way to the realisation of Herself. She is becoming class-conscious, to use that in- , but useful Teutonism. She has given just a hint of the sort of Donnybrook Fair into which in due time she will turn the Labour Market. She has shown the Employer what a folly he committed when he went in for hiring women's labour in the belief that women were more tractable than men.

Women, of course, are born revolutionaries—as soon as they have decided that they want a change. Men will go on grumbling and urging reforms all their lives, yet never lift a finger that can touch the source of their ill- fortune. No man has any real power in his business. Whether he be Prime Minister or junior clerk, he is hemmed about by so many restrictions, his liberty of action is so circumscribed by the liberty of action of others, by the dignity of his office, by the jealousy of colleagues, by the rigidity of his employers of labour have naively supposed that by sub- mission women for even the position more secure. They have imagined women to be the servile sex. They thought they could go on for ever paying women lower wages than men could afford. And they did take. Women, they had no sense of solidarity. They cannot combine. They are timid, naturally inclined to obedience and submission. Any business which can employ women is perfectly safe.

For years past I have chuckled to myself at such reasoning as this. For years I have been looking forward to what happened last week. It has come even sooner than I expected. It is as yet but a premonitory symptom. But a beginning has been made. The Women Worker is on her way to the realisation of Herself. She is becoming class-conscious, to use that in- elegant but useful Teutonism. She has given just a hint of the sort of Donnybrook Fair into which in due time she will turn the Labour Market. She has shown the Employer what a folly he committed when he went in for hiring women's labour in the belief that women were more tractable than men.

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have it all altered; or, if she does not keep servants, she can set to and move it around herself until she has arranged it to her taste. She can order whatever she fancies for dinner. If her butcher displeases her, either by supplying indifferent meat or by having cross eyes, she can bid him begone and give her custom elsewhere. She is a despot; not in name, for Englishwomen have dubbed her slave, and she, smiling sardonically, has let the silly fellows keep their illusion; but in fact. The title is nothing to her so long as she has the reality. In her mind objecting to anything and altering it are part of the same operation. She cannot conceive of anything being obviously in need of alteration and yet not being altered.

In the Labour Market it is woman’s greater ingenuity and unscrupulousness which are going to make employers rue bitterly the day they ever employed her. The Cabin waitresses laid their plans with cunning and “struck” at the very busiest time of day. Men would have too much “sense of fair-play” to use such an obviously useful weapon. They would say it “wasn’t cricket.” Women, too, say it isn’t cricket, but with a different meaning. “Play a game as you please,” they say, “with any fantastic rules of what is and what isn’t honourable that your fancy may invent. But à la vie comme à la vie. In a matter that affects your life and your well-being and your children perhaps, whether they are actually here or as yet dim possibilities of the future—in such a grave and serious matter as that, don’t worry about rules or finick over scruples. Make up your mind what you want and get it by the quickest means you can.”

We don’t yet know what strikes are. Men have played at striking. Women will show how employers are to be fought in dead earnest.

In politics, too, the participation of women will make tremendous changes. I want to attend a political meeting the other day with two women. The speakers droned on about Tariff Reform and the Licensing Bill and the Eight Hours day for miners, assuming everyone present knew all about these measures, filling the air with a dull murmur of figures and foolish comparisons and futile appeals to past history. The men present— the audience consisted almost entirely of them—listened with a sheep-like patience, applauded at intervals, evidently thought it was all right, although they didn’t in the least understand what the speakers were saying. They didn’t even understand the words they used, much less their sequence of ideas. How those two women gave it me when we got out into the wholesome night air! They insisted on knowing all about Tariffs and Protection and Free Trade. They required me to give them a history of the Licensing question, and a full statement of the arguments for and against the eight hours day. They spoke with contempt of the orators. They called them dull and wordy, and said they didn’t seem to know at all clearly what they were talking about.

Just imagine ordinary public speakers on politics before an audience of women: their drab, halting utterance, their obvious insincerity, their inability to lend life and interest to the discussion of public affairs, would not be tolerated for two minutes. Men go to public meetings as a kind of ritual, women will ask first and last: what is the object of them, and secondly, whether they cannot get a living any other way. The road to social purity lies through social justice. Women will have to make you understand that.

THORPE LEE.

The Strange Case of Lord Ashtown.

By "Stanhope of Chester."

It was exceedingly unfortunate that Mr. Haviland Burke’s motion for a public inquiry on oath into the circumstances of the explosion at Glenhury Lodge, the property of Lord Ashtown, should have been rejected in the House of Commons on April 20th, by a majority of 27.

What is the history of the Glenhury crime? A bomb was placed on the window-sill of Lord Ashtown’s house, by some persons unknown; it exploded at 1:35 a.m., on August 14th. District Inspector Preston was sent for; he examined the rooms which were damaged by the explosion. He also investigated the probable condition of the drawing-room at the time of the explosion; his conclusions were embodied in a report, which is a document of great importance in the case. Lord Ashtown and his servants pledged themselves that the windows of the drawing-room, on the sill of which the bomb was placed, had been closed on the night of August 13th. But after careful examination, Inspector Preston arrived at a different conclusion.

Later on, the Home Office expert, Captain Lloyd, who was called in to make an independent survey, confirmed Inspector Preston’s observations. Inspector Preston, after a rigid scrutiny of the locus in quo, drew four conclusions. (1) Strangers would have been deterred from a criminal intention by finding the window unexpectedly open. (2) Had the perpetrators intended to kill Lord Ashtown, they would have been more likely to do so if they had put the bomb inside the room—which was simple when the window was open. (3) To open the window, shutters, and door was calculated to minimize the damage by reducing the resistance. (4) If Graham’s and Alice Cudd’s statements are correct, the shutters (at least) must have been unfastened by some one from inside between 9.30 p.m. and the time of the explosion.

The pot used to make the bomb has a peculiar ‘lug’ or ‘ear’ attached to it to enable it to be slung on the ‘hangers’ over a fire. A portion of the bomb with the ‘lug’ attached was shown to Mrs. Williamson, widow of the late gamekeeper at Glenhury. She says that when she left Glenhury Lodge, rather more than a year ago, she left behind in the pump-house a similar pot in size and shape, with similar ‘lugs.’ She said this pot was used to hold lime-wash, and was covered with lime, both inside and outside. The fragments of the pot have since been analysed, and are found to be stained with lime on both sides in considerable quantities. (Cd. 3,977, pages 4 and 5.) County Inspector Jennings, in a report dated August 17th, expressed this definite opinion: “The only point of which there is no doubt is that whoever placed the explosive engine had a thorough knowledge of the chemical arrangements and of the premises.” (Cd. 4,010, page 3.)

Lord Ashtown claimed damages against the Clonmel Rural District Council for the losses he had sustained in consequence of the explosion. The action was tried by County Court Judge Fitzgerald last September, and Lord Ashtown recovered £140, a decision which was affirmed by Mr. Justice Kenny on appeal.

Lord Ashtown was called as a witness, and some interesting questions were put to him by Mr. Healy: “Is that a fac-simile of your signature?—Yes, it is. Did you write it?” No. That signature is attached to an article in ‘Answers,’ dealing with this case. Is it a concoction? —I did not write it. . . . ‘Special article by his lordship written for “Answers”’?—That is false. I never wrote it. . . . You have denied every state-
The Editor of "Answers" wrote to "The Irish Times" that Lord Ashtown had denied on oath that he was responsible for the allegations against him, and slandered the Irish people, contained in the "Answers" article, "How Irish Landlords have to live," and that he would grant the courtesy of your space for the following sworn declaration which has been handed to me by the gentleman who conducted negotiations with his lordship on my behalf. He solemnly affirm that the article which appeared in "Answers" was dictated to me by Lord Ashtown at the Euston Hotel, on August 19th, that he told his lordship that the article was for publication in that journal; and during the course of the dictation again and again asked me to alter the language where it required verbal alteration, and that he gave me his signature to append to the article. I may say that the M.S. bearing his lordship's signature is now in my possession.

Lord Ashtown replied to this letter, but his reply did not clear up the dispute. It is plain that there is a direct conflict of testimony as to the authorship of the "Answers" article.

It is significant that Lord Ashtown only denied its authorship, when pressed in cross-examination. The "Answers" writer has never been produced in the witness-box, and could not be called as a witness except under the special powers of a Commission.

Lord Ashtown, in cross-examination, was confronted with a publication, "Grievances from Ireland," which he had compiled. Did you foresee this outcome in that publication? - I do not think so. Are you responsible for the statements in it? - Yes. Did you write: "This Nationalist storm of wrath is clear proof that the remuneration and residence levy would gladly blow us from off the face of the earth if it were within their power?" - No, but I take full authority for what was in it.

These extracts from contemporary documents establish the astounding character of this case, and in what an anomalous position the whole incident has been left by the refusal of the Government to order a further inquest. The charge against Lord Ashtown is a terrible one. On the other hand, he has the declaration of two Judges in his favour, and it is difficult to understand how he could have induced his servants to lend themselves to a bogus outrage of this description. Yet, no steps were taken by Lord Ashtown to clear up the matter, no enquiries were made of Lord Ashtown's servants, no one was examined before a jury to view the body. The practice dates back to the time of Alfred. Viscount Helmsley remarked that the argument "was hardly strong enough to justify the dismissal of Lord Ashtown with so little ceremony." The total sum of stocks and investments held by the official trustees of charitable funds on December 31, 1907, amounted to £60,024,772, yielding an annual income of £72,000. (Charity Commissioners' Report.)

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Colomb thought that the proposed Imperial grant should not be spent in battleships instead. An 8000-ton ship-building yard employing 3,000 hands comprises quite two dozen different trades and almost as many trade unions. We ourselves live in far too brittle a glass-house for us to throw stones at the Ancient Egyptians for being behind the times.—Professor Turner.

Mme. Zola regrets that her husband’s remains are to be disturbed, and expresses the conviction that his labours of forty years, his attitude at the time of the Dreyfus case, and the sufferings of the Dreyfusards will be a more fitting monument than a grave in the Pantheon.

The House of Lords Committee on the London Electric Railways, a Liberal, Lord Loty (formerly Progressive member of the L.C.C.), Lord Lytton, Lord Cobham, and Lord Lamington. It is expected that the late Progressive proposals will be reconsidered.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales passed on April 6 the Industrial Disputes Bill, providing for the appointment of boards for the fixing of wages and hours of labour, on which employers and employed are to be equally represented.

The Native Affairs Commission in Natal which reported last July, concluded that the existing system of native administration in Zululand indicated on the part of the Natal Government lack of knowledge, poverty of resource, and erroneous methods, and that the law applied to the natives exhibited a total disregard of native feelings and morals.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw (Hons: Mr. May Morris) has refused to exhibit in a special Women’s Section at the forthcoming Edinburgh Exhibition on the ground that “the work of artists should be judged without regard to questions of sex.”

Mr. T. A. Brassey, a director of one of the South Wales coal-owners, was writing to the “Times” (April 8) that “if the Miners’ Federation is unable to exact for its members reasonable conditions of employment there is little justification for its existence.”

On November 25, 1906, the Chinese Government approved the regulations for the gradual suppression of opium cultivation and consumption throughout the Empire. The actual effect is trifling. But from many rural districts reports come that the dens have not been closed, but have been converted into Government offices for the disfranchisement of the officials.

At the annual meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society Sir Henry Cotton, M.P., said: “If ever South African Federation was to succeed it should only be realised on the lines that had brought him only ill, that his heart was always.

In Italy, and that upon his tombstone in Montmartre, he would not be buried in France, in the ungrateful soil that had brought him only ill, that his heart was always.

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“Stendhal, the Prophet.
By Dr. Oscar Levy.

Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium arder praeva jubentium,
Non Vultus, instante carmine,
Mente quasit solid a...

[The Man, in conscious virtue hold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold.
In flashing they hear the triumphant cries,
And th’ impious tyrant’s angry brow defies.]

—(Horat. Carm., lib. III. 3.)

It is because I am myself a member of that holy race, which has produced the great prophets, that I also like and admire in other and less holy races those men who throw themselves into opposition to their age and sacrifice health and happiness for their ideal, as for instance the Frenchman, Henry Béyle (Stendhal). His name is not too often heard in this country, nor will his books be ever universally read, in spite of my poor efforts: England is not the country for prophets, who almost invariably over here degenerate into reformers and cranks of the Ibsen-Stockmann type, i.e., the Philistine fighting the Philistine, the Philistine with the Philistine, the publication of his correspondence by M. Ad. Paupe and M. P. A. Cheramy will draw some stray Englishman’s attention to that now immortal name.

This first complete edition, contains more than 700 letters; of these 300 are now published for the first time, together with three portraits of Henry Béyle (Stendhal).

The preface is written by Maurice Barrès, of the "Académie Française," and the praise of so many will not be thought excessive considering the efforts of the able editors to secure and arrange their material, and the fact that the profit will go to the Stendhal-Monument Fund.

May I be allowed to say a word to my Parisian friends whom my own essay on Stendhal has gained me? Do they really think they have a right to erect a monument to this first cosmopolitan, who was not a common lover-your-neighbour-as-yourself Christian, who was no revolutionary, but an aristocrat and certainly no democrat—this monument is to be erected in democratic France, a country he despised, in spite of his having been born there? Have they forgotten his words about post-revolutionary France? Do they not remember that he once called it: “le plus vilain pays du monde que les Ingis becquettent”? That he once called it: “le plus vilain pays du monde que les Ingis becquettent”?

I know my Parisian friends are excellent men, and they wish to atone for their fathers’ sins against Stendhal, but not put up first a monument in their hearts before building one on their soil. For the Philistine, ungrudgingly hush up the antiapostolic attitude of that great man, a man of wide and noble sympathies, who very rightly felt that he sometimes had more in common with men foreign to his race and country than with the rabble that spoke his own tongue and professed his own creed.

“My country is where there are most people like me,” Stendhal used to say. Why have they also forgotten

1 "La Correspondance de Stendhal" (1806-43), published by Ad. Paupe et M. A. Cheramy. Librairie Bosse, 48, Rue La Fayette, Paris. Prix des trois volumes, Frs. 50...
that other aphorism of his: 'a patriot is either a doll or a rogue?' Why his contention that in Europe one could live in one country as well as in another? Why his contemptuous 'Je m'en fiche d'être conquis?' Why none of my friends, as far as I know, come forward and plainly renounced against that 'national feeling,' which made us French as well as in other countries? Why not? Why does M. Maurice Barrès, the ardent nationalist, write the preface? Why a monument and panegyrics and journalistic eulogies for a man whose ideas have not yet taken root in the hearts of his worshippers?

I know, even this little controversy will be enough to deter any true Englishman from pursuing Stendhal, which is one of the reasons why I wrote it. Perhaps it will not discourage those Englishmen who pride themselves on their open-mindedness, on their ready acceptance of continental ideas, and their freedom from insularity. But this unsinful mind—superabundant even in non-insular countries—will be less capable still of understanding our Frenchman. It should be remembered that Cosmopolitanism of the Stendhal type is not below national feeling, but above it: it has outgrown the nation. Friedrich Nietzsche said: 'guter Deutscher sein, heisset sich entdeutschen.' ('To be a good German means to ungermanise oneself.')

You think that this is only right for Germans, dear European. Have pity on you! Anyway, as I am writing for The New Age, I may dismiss these two types of the old one, the patriot and the humanitarian, and imagine myself asked by a new reader to tell something more about Stendhal's ideas. For this it may be best to let Stendhal speak for himself and simply to translate into English those aphorisms which I marked in my copy of 'Rome, Florence and Naples' ten years ago, and which still stick in my mind to possess a great deal of freshness:

'They talk a lot of bad things about Rossini. He was lazy, he cheated his impresarios, he stole other people's music—yes, I believe it, but then there are so many honest composers who make you yawn.'

The politicians in England are too much occupied to see their literary men, and their leisured class is too stupid and too frivolous. Talent and society ought to mix more in this country: the literary men would give society more ideas, and in exchange for that society would teach them how to live, and would become more respectable, amiable, happy, and better mannered.

If Napoleon had only had the courage to have two sons, and this retreat from Russia, he would not have lost more than six thousand men. A professor is paid by the government to have and teach a certain opinion, but mostly this opinion is not worth buying.

There is neither vice nor virtue without passion. 'It is easy to wake sympathy nowadays.' In other words, it is never profoundly awakened.

In an orchestra the violins should be played by Frenchmen, the wind instruments by Germans, all the others, including the conductor, should be Italian, and an Englishman should sell the tickets. To-day, who, following Bismarck, seem to 'see red' whenever the word Socialism is mentioned. He would possess virtues which it has taken centuries to develop, virtues which are of the greatest value, because they must always be possessed by the majority, virtues that are not in contradiction with Christianity, but perhaps its very flower, its choicest fruit. He would, therefore, not have meddled with that excellent religious basis for the gigantic pyramid of a future civilisation, which is forming itself in our midst and in our times, a basis which only wants supervision and restriction, not open enmity. Let us not touch it either! As for the pyramid itself—trust to the prophets!

Stendhal was one of them, and a true one, not only in those things he said about Russia, but also in those things he said about himself. When he died in 1842 he said:—'I shall not be read before the year 1880.' And as on the mudbanks of the barbarous Thames no prophet or angel has ever appeared 'this is Disraeli's word, as it has to come sometimes from the pen of every honest litterateur.' And it is I who have to do these dreadful deeds, it is I with my tender and loving heart! Stendhal was also too much of a thinker to be a savage reformer, he knew that there must be and should be always mediocrity, and that mediocrity is absolutely right—in its place.

He, therefore, even valued it highly:—'if I had overlooked the healthy side of Socialism, as did the first German Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck; he would never have initiated the English statesmen of to-day, who, following Bismarck, seem to 'see red' whenever the word Socialism is mentioned. He would have seen that, if not Socialism, at least the Socialists work for order, obedience, work, industry, duty, soberness, vegetarianism, and all good things, that they possess virtues which it has taken centuries to develop, virtues which are of the greatest value, because they must always be possessed by the majority, virtues that are not in contradiction with Christianity, but perhaps its very flower, its choicest fruit. He would, therefore, not have meddled with that excellent religious basis for the gigantic pyramid of a future civilisation, which is forming itself in our midst and in our times, a basis which only wants supervision and restriction, not open enmity. Let us not touch it either! As for the pyramid itself—trust to the prophets!'
Socialism and the Medical Profession.

In the first place I must express my gratitude for the letter of "A London Graduate," since it allows me, with the Editor's permission, to avow my responsibility for the three reviews which your correspondent complains attacks the medical profession. It was indeed merely through an oversight that my signature was not appended to the review of Dr. Leffingwell's book on the vivisection controversy.

If "A London Graduate" will honour me by reading a short contribution to the current number of "The Socialist Review," he will recognize that my attitude towards my own profession is not one of undiscriminating blame. I would add that in lectures I have delivered in many parts of the country on such subjects as "A National Medical Service," "The Cost of Death;" in articles contributed to these columns and elsewhere, I have been no niggard in estimating the value of the work done by doctors in compelling the Factory Act legislation and the like; here I did but follow in the wake of Karl Marx. Before both middle and working-class audiences I have constantly referred to the work of men like Sir John Snow, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Greenhow, Dr. Farr, Dr. Russell in the past, or to that of, say, Dr. Bulstrode, Dr. Farrar, Dr. Kerr, Dr. Newsholme, Sir Victor Horsley, and a host of others in the present. I have claimed for many of these devoted, untriring advocates of a worthier England that they are in essence Socialists by whatsoever label they prefer to be recognised.

Burke was right: no one can be wise or good without being silent when I find from the early education of the doctor to his settling down into practice much that is archaic, revolting, ignoble, vulgar. My attack is particularly directed against the private medical system whereby medical men become directly dependent for a livelihood upon the existence of disease in the community. This system I have inveighed against before and elsewhere, I have been no niggard in estimating the value of the work done by doctors in compelling the Factory Act legislation and the like; here I did but follow in the wake of Karl Marx. Before both middle and working-class audiences I have constantly referred to the work of men like Sir John Snow, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Greenhow, Dr. Farr, Dr. Russell in the past, or to that of, say, Dr. Bulstrode, Dr. Farrar, Dr. Kerr, Dr. Newsholme, Sir Victor Horsley, and a host of others in the present. I have claimed for many of these devoted, untriring advocates of a worthier England that they are in essence Socialists by whatsoever label they prefer to be recognised.

Let me be observed that I in no wise urge that doctors should work for nothing or indeed for indirect payments, such as serving as unpaid physicians to hospitals. I would have them perform good work and receive adequate or even handsome remuneration in our present neglect of simple hygiene, one must stigmatise as banal questions. In 1903-4 the reports of the Charity Organisation and Local Government Board to create such a hubbub as would have

Butlfur is that of vivisection, cancer research funds, and inoculation. Consider the reports of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. Amidst much that is of real value you will find money and time devoted to what, in our present neglect of simple hygiene, one must stigmatise as banal questions. In 1903-4 the reports of the Charity Organisation and Local Government Board to create such a hubbub as would have compelled action?

Your correspondent complains that I fathered Dr. Rentoul's personal views upon the profession. Not so. My charge was that medical men are ever advocates of aggressive restrictions upon the individual. The whole of the Vaccination Acts and the C.D. Acts sufficiently bear out my statement. Other instances are seen in the contumely with which any medical innovation is treated. Other instances are seen in the contumely with which any medical innovation is treated.

Wor was not Harvey's practice nigh ruined by his paper

Research Fund with those, for instance, now being carried on by Dr. Hadeson Guest on feeding school children in Southwark. His is work of inestimable value, and yet it would not be recognised as giving him any claim to professional dignity compared with having possibly sown some cancer cells in mice and rats and then proving nothing thereby. A similar tendency is shown in the suggestion made for spending large sums in erecting sanatoria for the cure of consumptives. In my opinion all money now spent on such experiments or such buildings, unless the nation will accept the results of what is already proven, is waste. Dr. Newsholme has shown that 50 per cent. of our present mortality is due to preventible disease (my own estimate claims two-thirds).

Since, then, about half our present mortality is preventible by a reorganisation of our lives on such common sense lines as were outlined in my review on the vivisection book (New Age, p. 434). Surely it is for the doctors to insist upon this reconstruction. When we have for all sufficient food and water, proper housing accommodation, pleasurable work and ample leisure, and our children no longer martyred by our present cruel education system, then will prove that cancer still persist—and to great an authority as Mr. Butlin does not exclude cancer being related to our social conditions—we doctors may consider the question of vivisection, cancer research funds, and inoculation.

As to the work of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, amidst much that is of real value you will find money and time devoted to what, in our present neglect of simple hygiene, one must stigmatise as banal questions. In 1903-4 the reports of the Charity Organisation and Local Government Board to create such a hubbub as would have compelled action?

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Wor was not Harvey's practice nigh ruined by his paper
on the circulation of the blood; Elliotson (Thackery's Dr. Gooming) denounced as a humbug the employ-
ing a stethoscope, that "useless bit of wood"; himself forced to resign from University College Hospital because he practised hypnotism; Simpson's discovery of chloroform proclaimed "an attempt to contravene the arrangements and decrees of Providence"? Is it not a disgrace that a body called the General Medical Council should spend a large portion of its time and money on public discussion about medical etiquette or in measuring the letters of a dentist's sign-board?

I am asked what is meant by my request to students to examine for themselves the basics of the sciences in which they are instructed. A few examples will make my meaning clear.

Halliburton's "Physiology" is probably the most widely read student's book on this subject. In the 8th edition, page 2, we read: "It may be frankly admitted that physiologists at present are not able to explain all vital phenomena by the laws of the physical world; but as knowledge increases, it is more and more abundantly shown that the supposition of any specific or vital force is unnecessary." I ask is there one vital phenomenon that can be "explained" by physical laws; indeed, is there one physical law that can be "explained" at all?

Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." Is it honour-
able to turn out doctors with nothing further than the ignorance and vulgarity of their schoolboy knowledge on this important subject?

Take another popular text-book which bears out my charge. On page xlii. of Dr. Sidney Martin's "General Pathology" the force is unnecessary statement: "Disease is a result of several causes, the majority of which are external agencies." Then follows the statement: "There is no hint as to what is meant by health or the normal. There is no word about the mental factor in disease. Imagine the philosophic treatise upon general pathology there is no mention of the nervous system or of the brain." The author remarks: "We are never taught in my student days, and it still appears to be considered unnecessary. Halliburton has a short chapter on the reproductive organs, which is purely anatomical. There is no hint in the book of a doctrine about the something about the functions of these organs and their interaction in the two sexes: something to be treated in the reverent spirit of Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." Is it honourable to turn out doctors with nothing further than the ignorance and vulgarity of their schoolboy knowledge on this important subject?

Finally, I am asked what use there is in printing a description of the different vitalistic doctrines held to-day by the most eminent biologists and physiologists. Sinil, consider that in Halliburton's "Physiology" there are just ten pages out of 890 devoted to food, surely one of the most important subjects to a medical student. Dietetics was never taught in my student days, and it still appears to be considered unnecessary. Halliburton has a short chapter on the reproductive organs, which is purely anatomical. There is no hint in the book of a doctrine about the something about the functions of these organs and their interaction in the two sexes: something to be treated in the reverent spirit of Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." Is it honourable to turn out doctors with nothing further than the ignorance and vulgarity of their schoolboy knowledge on this important subject?

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The Lamp.

Night, and the curve of the long promenade with palm-trees embroidered, stretching from gloom into gloom! This haughty macadamised edict Bids, O sea, thy rude breakers to shatter themselves with decorum, Warns them they must not disturb the ineffable calm of the city, Sacred to pleasures correct and supporting the cancer of canals Splendidly under the agoroned radiant mask of a marty.

Blanch in the moonlight the monstrous hotels that encumber the hillside Prison their thousands of hearts, who, immortal but mortally stricken, Seek by inordinate usage of bed to curtail the affective Labour of elegant living and dying. And I alone here, Proud, nay, vain as a youth, of my mind so perceptive and busy, Scorning the dullard existence that feels not the magic around it, March with joy to the call of the wind and the sea's impression. Torrents of mystic vibrations rain down on my spirit responsive, Waken to exquisite crises a sense more recondite than rapture, And the dark mists of the soul with a shimmer enchanted illumine. Large is the sky and large the being horizonless ocean; High and inhuman the glitter of stars; inhuman the tempest. Merged in the welter of infinite being, afloat on the mistral, Caught up to the sky, and dissolved in the sea, I too am inhuman, Large, omnipotent, everywhere, formless, uncaring, divine! Numberless poets have sung it, but I am not like those before me, Nor, let me say of the rest, did one ever resemble another. I swoon to the spheres in a frenzy of wild exaltation, Nevertheless stand firm on the long promenade with its palm-trees. Clear—oh, clear is my brain, and clear at the stars, nor the ocean. Gaze I entranced! What I see is an infinitesimal street-lamp— Fire upraised in a cloister of glass on a pillar of iron—Chiefly expending its beams to enig the fringe of a date-frond. Burns the miraculous flame with a calm that is endlessly patient. Pure in the night of the town! And the practical persons who lit it Never, awake or asleep, shall conceive that they have lighted Rivals in wonder the sea and the stars and the wind— and the lighters. Gibbly they chatter of heat, and energy, the incandescence, Mesopotamian words that; ensued but glue no explanation. I here alone in my ecstasy gaze at the sailing street-lamp. Moths are destroying their wings on the glass of eternal enigma.

† In Zeitschrift für Entwicklungslehre, 1907, band 1.
Oriole Notes.
By Beatrice Tina.

To make a book whose theme should be Life's sunshine; to sing the lyric of gratitude! Mine. Yet I fare along as though Time were dead.

In the radiance of the sun—feeling is no moment outside sensation, I am aware of all the exultants of my wandering adventures with joy. I have sought Life at noonday. The artist must build a fane and go meditate; there he draws into him the hints of the day, shapes, murmurs, colors, the symbols of the artist. With these he fashions within his temple. I am out in the wilds with Pan, who builds no shrine to Pan.

Water: mud: me: macaronics.

Lo, jests with those who would make inventory. Through the House they are led as though to the throne-room: and behold! no throne, no hear, an empty chamber, a link wanting. And while the unhumorous victim ponders a peep, Life is off to Nature's youngest, blue fashions deep in some new sea. Life pranks with the oaf intruder. From the artist, the idealist, a divine hostage is demanded. Nature is bent to be ensouled, but he who would create a soul within his temple must pledge his own. No arrogance, no cunning will serve. Not lacking in reasons is the oblivion of one artist, the apotheosis of another.

As if on a questing morning, many set they espys Nature, meek and dewy-eyed. She sings a languishing song of solitude. She waves hands, while as the bitter almond, blue-veined as the lotus, scarlet-tipped as the dread poppy,

Up to her the limner-knights, the poet-princes! And one or two or three artists to make a roundclay, and one, with his blank shield for a mirror, idly woos her. She leaps forth upon the highway, no wench disturbed; but an Amazon. On she strides, far outstripping their puny limbs. The sun gazes down. The moon gazes down. The sun gazes down. The clouds faint from the blue heavens. The desert is ahead. She glances at the bewildered train, and, before the glinting mockery of her orbs, drop the wooers, withered like grass at noonday.

True art seeks neither to enwive nor worship Nature; but to discipline.

Not under the hedge, not on the highway, not in the desert shall the artist redeem his soul-hostage. Morose must he become, a hermit of temples. He needs the lack of the poppy, silence, the shadow of walls.

I am out in the wilds with Pan. In no temple dwell I. I sing with Sebota, who builds her nest by the way-side and is not afraid. Friendly bird! She whistles to the waggon-driver. Forth from the sand or the scanty bush she flies. She circles about the oxen of the team. The whip spares her, and the wheels are drawn to avoid her nest in the low bush.

Into the wilds I follow her, where the oblique beams slant across the morning.

Here I behold M'Lamba, that true smith. M'Lamba, where is vanished thy majesty? Thy vast trunk shaded earth; thy flowers shined as wax; thy cup gushed water. But twisted are thy laughters limbs; thy snow is soiled, thy cup become a pod. Leper among woods!

And thou, N'gachi! Hath a witch banned thee, too, that thou spittest so poisonous sap? Thy uplifted arms rise as an adoration. But petrifaction has surprised them. Saturnine: thou seemest fit sentenced for some demon's cave.

Out of the hills leaps Chiren, black and hairy. What creature of what world is this, imagining man? Like lambs its eyes gleam in the noontide gleam. Above him, swings Inyoni, noisome accipitrine. Naga etschla! The Land is grey.

A little cloud bursts above the river-bed. From the wet sand leaps a troop of eager weeds. They flower before the tougher leaf breaks: pink and purple frailties in forms of star and sun and cup. The gale of a day The flowers and the meridian loosed no cloud. The sea was a crystalline drop, the sun a single ray, that vast beam. Pan had fallen a-slumbering! Now might an artist go build a temple?

The question wrestled with death in utterance. I wound my fingers in the hair of Pan.

Leisurely, leisurely! The sun rises every morning. There is always time. The eternal day will not dawn before perfection; and perfection lingers from age to age, yet Time must serve till Nature paragons her youngest.

Let me loiter like perfection; and if the busybodies call it idleness, what event is there? In the wilderness the amaranth blooms. Questionable is the use of the amaranth there. Unseen! Waste! The flower retorts by being.

Shall I, while the sun shines, run in to record his shining? It is the impulsion of the captive to imprison the sunbeam. In no temple dwell I.

How rigid is language, how elusive thought. I write, for poets, that eternities of thought lie between any two words.

Thoughts are rarely born singly. A lily is the symbol of onelinceness. Wood flowers spring in myriads at the bidding of a sunbeam. Few thoughts are true lilies.

There lived a sweet soul once who was my ancestor. He served not Mammon, but Bacchus and the Muses; and the gods took him early. Some say that he lived poor and drank and lived young. He led the band of a Highland regiment in the days when bands played into action; when wars were wars! His wife, energetic dame, made him quit music. He wrote poems. She bade him quit poetry. He began to teach little boys for money. Soft-spoken as his name—William—and patient, he followed his Muse in the byways. But that vexed his soul, and his soul told him bitterly that she was lost. Soon his body was stricken; and he lay down; and not any of the physicians could heal him.

HAD I LIVED THEN, THOU HADST NOT FOUND The world so foreign and so cold.
HAD I LIVED THEN, THOU HADST NOT THOUGHT That thou was old.

I do not marvel that thou passed With so few winters on thy brow; For I, with half thy fifty years, Am tired now.
Thou wast musician, poet too, Thou shouldst have soared with song and lute; But Fortune graces thee on her wheel Till thou wast mute.

Yet, hast thou stayed until I grew Just of the height to take your hand, How often would me two have strolled To Fairyland.

Dying a few days before I was born, he foretold truly that I should be, at first, blind. He hazarded also a quaint caution that I might prove of an irrepressible disposition. He bequeathed to me his arts. Sensible of the merits of my legacy, I, while I live, shall let it be known. 'Those who lose cannot win.'

The Zulus were preparing to storm the tiny fort. A crying woman loaded his rifle. "Cheer up," said he. "Those who lose cannot win."
came piercing the void in the teeth of an ambush. A hundred yards from the gate, the horse of the rough-rider dropped under him, slain by a spear from a black shield.

Now, wan, thirst-dying men tear and wrench at the stockade. And swiftly the eager file pushes between the defending barriers. They surround the messenger, fallen amid a storm of daggers; and while two arrows baffle the others cover his rescue. They back towards the fort, returning death for death. And a second corps have they to carry within the gate.

Gna is in the wilds. Fly hence, Sebota! None will answer thy friendly call. Neither the Bantu nor the Settler may tread this strip of Africa. Forbidden alike is the foot of white and black.

Silenced, here, is the cry of man, once loud in terror or in glory. Only Chuen, the baboon, battles with Chuen; and Inonye, obscure bird, circles warily towards the vanished.

Wing, Sebota! But I, with Pan, will stay to greet dawn in the wilds.

The sighs of night flee westward. The seven priest hues of morning array the expansive sky. Earth uplifts a machine that would produce them. Such as, contrived upon a formula so exact that one could almost kill a good deal of "Atalanta," and of "Itylus," and killed dead ages ago by a pack of murderous parodists—notorious inventions as "Dolores." "Dolores" was a pattern of pretty sounds—sounds sometimes more than Iwan Muller among the number.

But you—came, O you procuratores, and ran us all in!

No! I mean no to these divine sacred things. I mean a good deal of "Atalanta," and of "Itylus," and nearly all his sublime raging in favour of the sea and the roar of the sea. And I mean the entirety of his Elizabethan beauty; his pronounces and pronunciations; the wonders of a woman with the wonders of nature, contrived upon a formula so exact that one could almost construct a machine that would produce them. Such as, in "The Duke of Gandia."—

And his face, which makes pale the sun in heaven, whose eyes outlodge the splendour of the sea, whose hair has all noon's wonders in its weft, whose mouth is God's and Italy's one rose, Lucrezia.

It is fervid, but it is not immortal. Nevertheless, the fragmentary Duke of Gandia is perhaps the best piece of work that Swinburne published over two years at least. Personally I am convinced, that Swinburne's masterpiece is the elegy on Charles Baudelaire. It runs with "Lyceidas" and "Adonais," and is clean out of sight of "In Memoriam." But what a subject—for an Englishman!

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

Algernon Charles Swinburne, at the age of seventy-one years, has published "The Duke of Gandia." What's portrait gives a vision of a noble youth, and to-day Swinburne carries a head nobler even than the picture, the head of a man who has consistently lived for beauty and for fame. It is written and stockbrokers happened to walk down Putney Hill from their pompous residences at the hour when Swinburne still walked up it from the Pines, even stockbrokers, one would suppose, must be struck into respect by that marvellous brow and resplendent eyebrows, which Swinburne still walks up in a state, therefore, of my own observation, that Swinburne's trousers are quite well cut, are even distinguishable; and I would maintain this even against the expert of "The Tailor and Cutter." But as it is his fate, at least, to mishandle by the inept, I am confident that his trousers should suffer rather than his verse.

When one thinks of the vast body of Swinburne's poems one is overtaken by an impressive sense of the grandeur of all his themes. The constant splendour of the poet's intentions! But I assume I am not alone in finding, now, that a large part of his work has failed to retain the admiration it once aroused. For once, nunc and mille of it have ceased to be anything but a pattern of pretty sounds—sounds sometimes more than pretty, but without significance. I do not mean such magnificent notions as "Dolores." "Dolores" was killed dead ages ago by a pack of murderous parodists—Iwan Muller among the number.

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probably no great poet of his years has ever had less of popular appreciation than Swinburne. He is as contumelious to the English public as he was twenty years ago. Except among undergraduates in the more medieval tracts of that weird expanse, the nineteenth century, he has never had more than a succo d'estimee, and perhaps he never will. His outlook is not the English outlook. The god Pan has never found foothold on those island shores, and if any poet ever worshipped, candidly and passionately, at the altar of Pan, Swinburne is that poet. The amazing thing is that Swinburne did not have to pass through an English prison for the expressions of his faith. English writers have gone to prison for far less. Imagine "Anactoria," order of the Consciousness of a Pan! It baffles conception. In Villiér's de l'Isle Adam's "Historic Insolites," is to be seen a prose translation into French of "Anactoria," put forward as a specimen of what the English race can do when a genius essays to beat the Letitia spring on its own ground. And, in prose, "Anactoria" certainly is rather startling. As a fantasy of the perverse it stands, I daresay, unequalled among the masterpieces of any language. It makes the audacity of a Baudelaire, with his .

Una nuit que j'étais près d'une affreuse Juive, and his celebrated giantess, beloved of Mr. George Moore, seem puerile. And it is written in the tongue whose highest interests are so faithfully guarded by Mr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Professor Churton Collins, H.R.S. It is written and stockbrokers happened to walk down Putney Hill from their pompous residences at the hour when Swinburne still walked up it from the Pines, even stockbrokers, one would suppose, must be struck into respect by that marvellous brow and resplendent eyebrows, which Swinburne still walks up in a state, therefore, of my own observation, that Swinburne's trousers are quite well cut, are even distinguishable; and I would maintain this even against the expert of "The Tailor and Cutter." But as it is his fate, at least, to mishandle by the inept, I am confident that his trousers should suffer rather than his verse.

Having regard to the polar frigidity of the national feeling towards Swinburne one cannot be surprised that he has not thought fit to allow the publication of a complete edition of his poems in one volume, or even in two. But I think he has not been quite so continuous in what he holding a one-volume selection of his poems, especially since the many years since permitted Baron Tauchnitz to issue such a volume—with an introduction by William Sharp—at two francs. The poems alone cost over two pounds, and the complete works would run to over six pounds. I think Swinburne might relent on this detail.

JACOB TONSON.

CIVIL SERVICE SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

The Civil Service Socialist Society, which has been the subject of so many questions in Parliament recently, is an organisation composed of all grades of Civil Servants. Its avowed object is to propagate the principles of Socialism in the Civil Service, and to this end it publishes a sixteen-page Monthly Journal, called THE CIVIL SERVICE SOCIALIST. Although only formed at the beginning of this year, it has a membership of 1,800, distributed over 26 Branches in London and the Provinces. Its Central Committee is very anxious to enrol every Socialist in the Service, in order that the work of educating the unconverted may be efficiently carried on. Any who are interested or who are qualified for membership should write to the General Secretary, M. W. BECKESS, 119, Keeton's Road, London, S.E., who will be glad to forward particulars and specimen copies of the Society's Journal.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Last of the Romantics.*

The reviewers, in their notices of Mr. Chesterton's latest "nightmare," "The Man who was Thursday," suggested that it was not a philosophy, a satire, a burlesque, an epic, or a novel. They knew that it was something more than a detective-story, but what it was in a category was beyond their powers. A simple attempt to understand the meaning that lurked in the astonishing epigrams and absurd adventures being contrary to their custom, there was nothing for it but to become educate over the Mr. and to explore the baffling problem of the man who was Sunday. After much deliberation, I have been driven to the belief that it is a parable addressed to the modern world, and particularly to that small section pedantically called "intellectuals." Let us consider the fears and hopes which have called forth this strange book.

It appears that Mr. Chesterton is greatly troubled by the fact that there is a philosophy abroad in our time, a sinister and desolating tendency of thought, which is eating away, like some insidious disease, all joy and simple pleasure from the heart of things. He speaks of it as a practical conspiracy. Its apostles aim at nothing less than the destruction of human hope — and of God! It is no mere coterie, mind you, out of touch with present-day things; it is a conspiracy, and therefore a crusade. Moreover, the policeman on the English street, who has been known to fling a stone at the face of the anachronistic wisdom of Saffron Park, can now be seen to contain that it was a plot of the twentieth century intellect.

At first one was tempted to believe that perhaps it was the dead arrogance of physical science, or the aesthetic aberrations of such fleshly poets as Dowson and Wilde, their followers against which Mr. Chesterton was riding forth to do battle. Unfortunately, I have never been in that attractive suburb, nor mixed with the refined and artistic inhabitants who talk about poetry and the soul, at evening time, in their gardens. Had such a pleasure been mine, then certainly I would have lured some red-haired poet (the suburb abounds in them) to a lonely spot and demanded of him a full revelation of his criminal philosophy. Therefore, in sheer bewilderment, I humbly ask where does this ominous philosophic movement exist? Has it, after all, got no further than the suburbs of Kensington? Or is it waiting for the appearance of the arch-rebel to lead it to victory? Has it originated in Germany? Is it nothing more entertaining than Anglicised Buddhism? Are its apostles to be found in the drawing-rooms of Kensington? Or is its influence undermining the "cosiness" of Battersea?

This dark rebellion — there is nothing for it but to label a group — must be the teaching of certain enthusiasts amongst us who have grown weary of the old-time, honoured morals, and who desire passionately an ethic where formula will have lost its deadening influence because it has ceased to exist. At the touch of Mr. Chesterton's imagination it has swollen to enormous dimensions, and threatens, to use his own words, "the existence of civilisation." It is this great fear that has driven him to sit down and write "The Man who was Thursday."

Now, Mr. Chesterton, being the greatest living authority on democracy, must know how little the speculations of philosophy affect the life of the people. But backnumber and today, he boldly declares that the enemies of man are these intellectuals — whom he plainly regards as intellectual dyspeptics, who preach what he considers a morality inimical to happiness and contentment of the poor. Now I hold that this is a dangerous and obstructive conviction. It is presented to us in the person of the man who was Saturday. Who else is the Doctor of Demos, the working-man, a member of that section of the community erroneously called "the self-respecting poor"? In his get up as one of the committee of the Central Anarchist Council he wears a pair of hideous spectacles. This is the extern and superficial view of people who never suspect what lies behind the uninviting exterior of Demos. Command him to remove the spectacles, and his soul and all his virtues are revealed. He is jolly, good-natured, ready for anything, and a born optimist. Anarchists are not made of such stuff, and Mr. Chesterton makes one of his characters vehemently declare, "Mere mobs. So you talk about mobs and the working-classes as if they were the poor! You've got that eternal idiotic idea that if anarchy came it would come from the poor. Why should it? The poor have been rebels, but they have never been anarchists. They have more influence than anyone else in being some decent sort of government. The poor man really has some stake in the country. The rich man hasn't; he can go away to New Guinea in a

* "The Man who was Thursday." By G. K. Chesterton.

ARROWSMITH. 6s.)

April 18, 1908

The New Age

Delicious Coffee

Red White & Blue

For Breakfast & After Dinner.
yacht. The poor have sometimes objected to being governed badly; the rich have always objected to being governed at all. Aristocrats were always accurate, as one can see from the barons' war. Very few people nowadays will feel inclined to quarrel with the paradox which underlies the foregoing quotation—that revolution in England will never come from the oppressed masses, but from the prosperous classes. This fact must be accepted as the most commonplace trait in the political psychology of democracy. But to assert that it is because of the happiness of the poor and their innocent desire for good government simply to whitewash (so to speak) the crises through which we as a nation are passing. The poor are not anarchists because they are at once the victims and instruments of anarchy. The rich object to being governed for the good reason that they have always governed. Our tyrannies are so subtly invoked in the name of God and Empire and custom that men have ceased to discern their true nature and commonly speak of them as "characteristics." Indeed, it might reasonably be insisted that since, according to Mr. Chesterton, the poor are happy, it would be mere foolishness to disturb their state of bliss. But their so-called contentment and long-suffering is the result of an unhappy dualism—on the one hand blind ignorance, and on the other a cunning and ingenious knowledge. It is the aim of Socialism to destroy both. And when that is accomplished it shall be due much more to the prophet who boldly preached a sane discontent than to the prophet who being enthralled by the heroisms and virtues of the people had the courage to preach acceptance.

But I have hardly mentioned "The Man who was Thursday" at all. It reveals, more than in any of his writings, the fact that Mr. Chesterton is a poet—a romantic poet. In truth he is the only romantic left to us in the world of letters. This fantasy in optimism is not the man's divorce with the divinity of to-day—the evil desire for self-expression. He is a pagan whose affection for Geneva has enabled him to justify the splendid appetites of man. And it is for this reason that he sees in Socialism an attack on hospitality, taverns, beer, tradition, original sin, ceremony, wife-beating, and such like amiable pleasures of our common inheritance. No one but he can transform London, with its pitiless grey skies and its unlovely streets, into a veritable city of adventure. He sets it against eccentric dawns and strange sunsets. Surely when Utopia—which he dislikes—arrives, the government of that glad day being sane and intelligent will endow a chair of Romance—and who but he could fill it with honour, humour, and distinction?

R. L. GRAINGER.

REVIEWS.

William Clarke. A Collection of his Writings. Edited by Herbert Burrows and J. A. Hobson. (Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

This rather belated volume in memory of William Clarke is a reprint of some of his finest and most characteristic writings, prepared by his intimate friends, J. A. Hobson and Herbert Burrows. One of the pioneers of the newer Democracy, Clarke as lecturer, journalist, and thinker justly exercised a wide influence upon his time. Though immersed in the toils of daily journalistic and religious activities upon a uniformly high plane. "Clarke's characteristic writings, prepared by his intimate friends, J. A. Hobson and Herbert Burrows. One of the pioneers of the newer Democracy, Clarke as lecturer, journalist, and thinker justly exercised a wide influence upon his time. Though immersed in the toils of daily journalism and in all of these carried his weight of learning with ease and grace. He had an exact and familiar acquaintance with the movements of Continental and American thought, and was as much at home in Rome, Venice, and Florence as in Fleet Street. To all his multifarious studies he brought a penetrating intellect and a lofty conscientiousness which kept his pro-

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heads "Political Essays," "Appreciations," "Cul-
turing Criticism."  
In the first of these divisions we observe that he had a singular power of penetrating beneath the surface of the movements of his time, of discerning the real principles and tendencies which were at work in them, and of evenly appraising their strength and weakness. The second and third parts of the works show the penetrability of Clarke's sympathies, inasmuch as they provide us with luminous, penetrating, and impartial estimates of personalities as widely diverse as Chubb, Peel, Blasius, Martinetti and Spurgeon, Emerson and Wesley, Milton and Whitman. These essays, though packed with accurate information, have all the ease and lightness of much less profound writing, while here and there a touch of epigram adds zest or point. "It is not in the absence of restraint, but in the presence of opportunity, that freedom really consists."  
I. The average man, and Macaulay is the average raised to a higher power, is the opinion of Job's comforters, and of Israel in its earliest stages of moral development, that flocks and herds carry to men and nations whose association in the laws of God. Job knew better, though he could not quite explain his problem. Emerson also knows better, and he can explain it. "It is Emerson's distinction that he is not content to recognize the facts, but to make them bear on the body and blood and ashes, and doubtless we needed that too. But Emerson comes clad in the robes of spring, and his presence brings health and inspiration. Carlyle made us feel how good the earth, Emerson how good we might be if we were sometimes stated—recently, too, we think—that Clarke was Agnostic. True it is that, like most of those who have added anything good to the common stock of ideas, he was outside the orthodox creeds. Yet the answer to such a statement, if it be worth answering, lies found in Clarke's own words in the "Use of Agnosticism" (p. 382): "Agnosticism may imply merely a disbelief in the existing statements; and in that sense it is rather a ray for more light than a deliberate determination to vegetate in utter darkness." The worst forms of unbelief are often found under a bishop's hat or in an unam golf shirt. The beliefs which inspired Clarke emerge in some other words of his which we have no hesitation in quoting. "To the great unordered mass of right-feeling and sound-thinking men and women, at present bewildered by the jarring claims of ever-shifting sects, we appeal to unite in bringing the capacities of common sense, and sober judgment to bear upon political and social problems, which are at work in such an idea of the great sheep farms of the Southern Commonwealth. Mr. Ogilvie is the panegyrist of the Bush, and his first essay almost sings the praises of those lonely verdurous tracts of land in which so many settlers spend remote and energetic lives. We can commend this section of "My Life in the Open" to all who seek knowledge of farm life "down under." There are also interesting essays dealing with farming in America, Scotland, and South Africa. But for the most delightful essays are those in which Mr. Ogilvie gives way to his love of those animals which have come to be the emblem of men. His apotheosis of the Arab horse in "The Blood of the Desert" is excellently and devoted to all lovers of horses. Mr. Ogilvie has a pleasant style, picturesque and direct, without rhetorical flourishes or conscious aim at effect. "My Life in the Open" is certainly worth reading.


It will probably occur to most readers of this record of a remarkable life that the story would have been better told as autobiography. Mr. Burt, as his speeches show, has many gifts of style and the right temper for the autobiographer. But he is not ill-suited in Mr. Aaron Watson, who is a Northerner and a practised journalist, though not exactly a picturesque writer. Thomas Burt was born in a Northumbrian colliery village just over seventy years ago. He went to work in the pit on the day after his tenth birthday. At that time the daily working hours were from fourteen to eighteen. The mines were not inspected. The pitmen in the pit on the day after his tenth birthday. At that time the daily working hours were from fourteen to eighteen. The mines were not inspected. The pitmen...
against discontented workmen. Peter Burt, the father of Thomas, was one of the many in whose deadly circumstances contrived to maintain their self-respect with the help of Totalitarians and Primitive Methodists. To his credit it may be said that he wished to keep his son away from the pit as long as possible, but the boy insisted on having a place found for him at the earliest moment of his life. The way he did it is a matter of pride. For the day juveniles was understood to be twelve hours, but there was no legal limit. Things were, however, slowly changing for the better. Thomas Burt actually worked in the mines eighteen, until 1865, when he was made secretary to the Northumberland Miners’ Union, and had at the outset to handle a big strike campaign.

He entered Parliament in 1874, the first workman member, as Member for Morpeth, and has ever since represented the miners of that division. He attained the dignity of Privy Councillor, took office in a liberal Government, and seemed at one time to be marked out for the Cabinet. He presided over the Trade Union Congress at Newcastle in 1891, since which date he has been recognised as the representative par excellence of the old unionism. No man in English politics has a higher personal standing, and he has long been a particular favourite in the House of Commons.

The programme and aims of trade unionism have, changed since Thomas Burt began his work. He does not belong to our tebanecale, but we have pleasure in comparing his contribution to a work of the highest national importance with common sense. Taken literally, it would subvert the intelligence of the advocates of competition. The ‘golden rule’ of the Gospels has to be used with judgment, without being able to suggest any valid remedy for the disability. His exposition of the duties of citizenship is admirable, but he seems to forget that, on the other hand, the duties of the State to its citizens are equally important and insistent. Mr. Trotter is still involved in the vicious circle which seems fated to impair the intelligence of the advocates of competition. He says “moral rules have to be qualified in application” of the Gospels has to be with common sense. Taken literally, it would subvert all social order and amount to the abnegation of justice in human life.

The only possible answer to such reasoning would appear to be that if the application of moral rules would subvert our present social order the sooner it is subverted the better. Again he says: “Humanity demands that a distinction should be drawn between deserved and undeserved poverty . . . Among a large class there is a perpetual struggle for mere subsistence, and to tell such people to save is to advise a blind man to see.” What humanity primarily demands is that poverty itself should be removed, and the cause of poverty should not be obscure as Mr. Trotter seems to imagine; it is so apparent that the blind could almost discern it; it is simply due to low wages. A wage of £5 a week to every working man would do more to regenerate the nation than all other agencies combined. That constitutes Mr. Trotter’s dilemma: for such a desiderium cannot be effected under competition, and until it is realised, to expect to have a nation worthy classes is, as he says, quite as futile as to advise the blind to see.

The Irony of Marriage. By Basil Tozer. (Rebman’s.

Dr. Saleby, in a singularly inept introduction, comments on the author for his boldness and wit. This tribute is not, we think, quite of the doctor’s own calibre. It transubstantiates all patience to find the style and philosophy of “Ally Sloper” and “Comic Cuts” elevated to the dignity of volume form. Stupid, coarse, inefficient, haphazard remarks are insufficient warrant for addressing the public on the marriage question.

Mr. Tozer has nothing to say and says it vulgarly. The humour is that of the old journalism, which you will find in any bound volume of “Punch” or its rivals. He (the husband) grumbles and sulks, or growls and sneers, when his wife plainly that she must either have a new dress to wear at So-and-So’s party or decline the invitation.” This belongs to the type of mother-in-law joke of which there are endless ramifications; in literature it went out of fashion with Dunsany and whiskers; it lingers on in the comic journals and in music-hall sketches and songs. Mr. Tozer’s knowledge of life is on a par with his wit. “The secret of all happy marriages: Marry a friend.” (Italics are the author’s.) “If the woman is a friend you can feel proud of, so much the better,” etc., etc. We thought Martin Tupper was dead and buried; perchance he is only forgotten. Mr. Tozer discovers that “a man without any sense of humour is an awful person.” The wonder grows that this stuff should be published by Rebman’s.

The Book, Its History and Development. By Cyril Davenport, V.D., F.S.A. (Constable. 6s. net.)

This is an addition to Mears’s Constable’s “Westminster” series of five expert information in a comprehensive manner of all departments of Arts, Materials, and Manufactures. On the whole, it is a volume that will serve its purpose, although Mr. Davenport had made a better use of his space if he had given a detailed account of typical books in the various departments of book-making, making the historical details subsidiary to these main themes. As it is, in his endeavour to give as much information as possible by mentioning everybody and everything in connection with the history of the material side of the book, he has exposed himself to the charge of “scrappiness.” But be this as it may, the volume is a mine of information for all those who either make, sell, or love books. If we may say another critical word, from our own point of view, Mr. Cyril Davenport would have done fuller service to book-craft if he had devoted more space to the great modern bookmakers, William Morris, Cobden-Sanderson, and Emery Walker. He disposed of Morris in three lines, Cobden-Sanderson and Douglas Cockerell in about ten; whilst he does not seem to have heard of Emery Walker, perhaps the most vital factor of all in the modern renascence of good book-making.

In fact, the volume would have been more complete if it had a full chapter devoted to this renascence, and giving details of the monumental contributions to bibliography made by such presses as the Kelmscott, Doves, Vale, Caradoc, Essex House, and Eragony, not to mention the delightful books being produced by Miss Eliza Yeats on the Dun Emer Press at Dundrum, near Dublin. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and contains after each chapter a valuable bibliography of the chief books of reference to the subject treated. To the student of printing and bookbinding these lists alone are worth the price asked for the volume.
BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Engagement of Convenience." By Louis Zaegwill. (Brown, Langham. 6s.)

"The Precis Privata of Lancelot Andrews." Library of (Macmillan.)

"Aspects of George Meredith." By Richard Carle. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Hermelene: A Knight of the Holy Ghost." By E. S. Crossman. (Watts and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"A Devotional Companion to the Pulpit." (Elliot Stock. 4s. net.)

"Jean Frederic Herbart." By Gabriel Companyre. (Harrop and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Human Boy Again." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

"Lays of Helas." By C. A. Kelly. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Epic and Romance." By W. F. Ker. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

"Drama and Life." By William Platt. (The Celtic Press.)

"The Indian Croyndisse." By Percival C. S. O'Connor. (Brown, Langham. 6s. net.)

"The Statue." By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. (Cassell. 6s.)

"Folklore as an Historical Science." By G. L. Gomme. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Douglas and the Fair South." By Beresford. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Knives or Fools." By C. E. Wheeler, M.D. (Hogarth. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Crown of Gandia." By Algenor Swinhorne. (Chatto and Windus. 5s.)

"Songs of a Sourdough." By R. W. Service. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Sketches from Life." By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)

"Authorship and the Light Within." By Edward Garnett. (M.A. (James Clarke and Co.)

"Richard Langborne," The Story of a Socialite. By Ash- 

man and William Blackwood and Son. 6s.

"The Traitor's Wife." By W. H. Williamson. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

"Anarchy: Its Methods and Exponents." By Peter La Touche. (Clark. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Erewhon." (Fifield. 2s. net.)

"The Poems of William Wordsworth." Edited by Nowell C. 

Ellis. (Brown, Langham. 6s.)

"General History of Western Nations." By Emil Reich. (Macmillan. 3 vols. 15s. net.)

"Our Caumbrian and Cumbrian Hills." By Henry S. Salt. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Erosion." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Essays on Life, Art, and Science." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Way of All Flesh." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield. 6s.)

"Songs of Joy." By A. M. Buckton. (Methuen. 1s.)

"The Traitor's Wife." By W. H. Williamson. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Statues of Edmund Hoare." By James Rhodes. (Lane. 1s. 2s. net.)

DRAMA.

The Breaking Point.

I have a ridiculous feeling that it is necessary to be good with "The Breaking Point," that it deserves more consideration because of its kind than because of its individual character. But, as in duty bound, I put this temptation from me.

The play is advanced, but, need it be whispered, "advanced" things are sometimes very dull; for instance, advanced clubs. The play tackles a delicate subject bravely, but are we, seriously, any of us afraid of tackling these subtle subjects? And have we not justification for the demand that the advanced mind shall escape from its prepossession with the emotions of amnesia, and not be ashamed of a little red blood in its circulation?

The tragedy of a woman torn between her affection for her father and her passion for her lover altogether, her love for her father, her passion for her lover, nor her own mental state of doubt and suffering is made clear. Grace, Sherrington, Dr. Ellwood, and all of them move about like shadows, uttering some few dim words and needing a chorus to interpret them.

"The Breaking Point," in fact, is imagined like a novel with the explanation left out and the dialogue left in. The dialogue, as we said, is real and excellent, but the explanation that would be required to supplement it cannot, of course, be given. This means that, although the play is dramatic, it is not dramatic. In a play the action the audience have to do their explanation as they go along. The play has to make the appearance of life, both have to be flagrantly unnatural. In "The Breaking Point" both action and dialogue are too life like for life.

This is by no means to say that the Stage Society should not produce such plays. Indeed, such productions are precisely the work for which all pioneer stage societies should use their energies. For unless these organisations are prepared to act as channels whereby undramatic new ideas may flow into the dramatic world, new ideas of the Garnett genre will never get a chance of expression at all. Stagecraft is not an extremely difficult thing—up to a certain point at least—and it can be at the worst acquired. New and stimulating ideas, on the other hand, have to be born, in a social group, if not in an individual, and anything which can spread them is to be welcomed. In helping new ideas to find dramatic expression the Stage Society is doing the work that was intended for it by providence.

Apart from this, though, I should like to urge Mr. Garnett to be a little more sanguine and occasionally vulgar. Beautiful things are shown more beautiful by vulgar things, and if Grace does love him so that she cannot leave him for her lover altogether, her love must be made obvious. But no effort whatever is made to make it credible; it is merely stated, and left at the bare statement. It is the same with the father, Dr. Ellwood. Words are put into his mouth to indicate that he considers his daughter's lover, Sherrington, to be a worthless libertine. And it came on me with a gasp that apparently the author means him to be regarded as a libertine, and that this is his method of saying it. At any rate, unless Sherrington is both fool and libertine, there is no reason why he could not have(a) got a divorce from his wife at the beginning of his love for Grace (his wife hang run away with another man years before), or (b) taken care that the lady did not fall into the condition of nervous and hysteria in which the play finds her. Liberte fools, such as Sherrington must be meant to be, exist by the score, but Mr. Garnett does not realise Sherrington for us on the stage. It is impossible for anyone at the end of the play to say that Sherrington must have acted in the way the play assumes he acted in order to make conduct not only credible, but inevitable, is the whole business of artistic creation.

It is the same, again, with the character of Grace; neither her love for her father nor her passion for her lover, nor her own mental state of doubt and suffering is made clear. Grace, Sherrington, Dr. Ellwood, and all of them move about like shadows, uttering some few dim words and needing a chorus to interpret them.

In Mr. Garnett's play the emotions are not sufficiently definite to appeal to us as real, and the soul-torture has become a matter of pathological nerves.

The theme is treated in three acts, comprising five scenes, and as one reads it the novelty makes it sufficiently interesting, while the dialogue, so far as it goes, is genuine dialogue, alive and human. But then it goes such a little way. I am even pre pared to grant Mr. Garnett his inconceivably fatuous archaeological father of Grace Ellwood and to grant Grace herself without courage and determination, but the author must make them and their relation credible. A father engaged in boring archaeological squabbles with German professors is not by nature lovable, and if Grace does love him so that she cannot leave him for her lover altogether, her love must be made obvious. But no effort whatever is made to make it credible; it is merely stated, and left at the bare statement. It is the same with the father, Dr. Ellwood. Words are put into his mouth to indicate that he considers his daughter's lover, Sherrington, to be a worthless libertine. And it came on me with a gasp that apparently the author means him to be regarded as a libertine, and that this is his method of saying it. At any rate, unless Sherrington is both fool and libertine, there is no reason why he could not have(a) got a divorce from his wife at the beginning of his love for Grace (his wife hang run away with another man years before), or (b) taken care that the lady did not fall into the condition of nervous and hysteria in which the play finds her. Liberte fools, such as Sherrington must be meant to be, exist by the score, but Mr. Garnett does not realise Sherrington for us on the stage. It is impossible for anyone at the end of the play to say that Sherrington must have acted in the way the play assumes he acted in order to make conduct not only credible, but inevitable, is the whole business of artistic creation.

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In Mr. Garnett's play the emotions are not sufficiently definite to appeal to us as real, and the soul-torture has become a matter of pathological nerves.
stood looking over a wide prospect of trees and fields and a distant town. And then he spoke his soul. He was a follower of Bradlaugh. His motto was "Thorough." He was a Neo-Malthusian anti-Socialist. And he wore socks with separated toes and a special division in the boot for his big toe. This man would fit exactly into the group of ideas of Mr. Garnett's play which looked like illuminations cut out of the pages of the left-out explanatory part of the story. It was rather nice to have old Dr. Ellwood looking so near a relation of Professor Ray Lankester, and Mr. William Farren had in this part the easiest and best worked-out character of any. Miss Bruce Joy did not do much with Grace, although that is not to be wondered at. If she had not so rigorously confined herself to expressing what the author wrote and had created the part anew for herself, she would have done both the play and herself a service. As far as Sherrington could exist, Mr. Charles V. France made him exist.

It is rather a big jump from the Stage Society's production to Mr. Tree's "Merchant of Venice" at His Majesty's. But the play is so charming, despite a good many discordant features, that I must protest against the last as being so sumptuously. Lorenzo and Jessica do not need an elaborate scenic background (which drew clapping on the curtain going up) for their lovemaking, and, on the other hand, Lorenzo and Jessica cannot afford to lose any of the "on such a night as this" lines, seven of the most beautiful of which, those of Dido and Medea, were brutally hacked out. Was this out of a sense of respect to the remembrance, or was it to gain？”

Mr. Mallock's letter does not seem to call for any lengthy reply from me, since it scarcely pretends to be an answer to my criticisms.

In my article I pointed out that Mr. Mallock takes no account of the social factor in the production of wealth. His reply is to this effect: "I have read a great deal lately about the Indian question, but nothing so clear and forcible as at the same time so conciliatory as your observations." Mr. Mallock's "Critical Examination of Socialism." shows that the social factor is not the sole factor in the production of wealth, and that people who had long ago had thought it could be ignored altogether. My contention was that "no theory of value can be complete unless it takes account of the social factor," and this contention Mr. Mallock has never attempted to deal with either in the present work or elsewhere. As regards the omissions which I pointed out, Mr. Mallock refers me to his paper, where he says that he has only been able to deal with the subject in "a general way." But I still think that a book which does not refer, even generally, to the question of Rent, can scarcely claim to be called "A Critical Examination of Socialism."

The rest of my criticisms Mr. Mallock passes over with the remark that he was already intimately familiar with them. I have no difficulty in believing this, but since it is possible that some of Mr. Mallock's readers are not so familiar with the weaknesses of his argument as he is himself, it perhaps worth while to point them out.

CLIFFORD SHARP

THE DEAD PHIIPANTHROPIST.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In your issue of April 11th you have allowed the Rev. Conrad Noel to bring a most extraordinary charge of violent misconduct against a person of the very highest character. Mr. Noel's assertion is, that when the money-changers met Jesus "face to face in His Father's Temple, He drove them out with a scourge of small cords." May I venture to enquire where Mr. Noel finds any support for this charge?

The occurrence is referred to in each of thefour Gospels, but only in John's Gospel is any mention made of the scourge, and it there says (I quote from the Revised Version) that Jesus "made a scourge of cords, and cast all out of the temple, both the sheep and the oxen." Mr. Noel's assertion is, that when the money-changers met Jesus in His Father's Temple, He drove them out with a scourge of small cords. May I venture to enquire where Mr. Noel finds any support for this charge?

Ah, I have read a good deal lately about the Indian question, but nothing so clear and forcible as at the same time so conciliatory as your observations."

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THE DEEPER MEANING OF THE STRUGGLE [INDIA].

By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY, D.Sc.

I have read a good deal lately, about the Indian question, but nothing so clear and forcible as at the same time so conciliatory as your observations."—Prof. ANNEE, Oxon.

To be had of the Author, RIXON HOUSE PRESS, CAMBER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Fine 4to, post isom. Limited edition on fine paper, 1s.
send a copy (I've not kept mine) and his private address to me, I will run through the thing, blest be the worst bit, writing "M" for misrepresentation and "A" for abuse, and return it to him. Then if he and the Editor agree he can argue about the justice of my annotations in The New Age. But I doubt if it will amuse anyone very much if he does so.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND ATHEISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am sorry to see that the Rev. Conrad Noel (whom I know and admire) cannot refrain from flinging a pebble at Atheism in his striking article on "The Dead Philanthropist" (New Age, April 11). He says, "When our enemies identify Socialism and Atheism . . .": as if who should say, "identify Socialism and body-sacrificial." Further, he descends into the absurdity of Mr. Wallas when he says that the "Christianity that drove Marx and Engels to Atheism was the 'Christianity' of manufacturing England in the forties." Can the Rev. Conrad Noel seriously suggest that the acute and penetrating intellect of Karl Marx was so easily puffed about by every idle wind? I might with equal plausibility assert that Mr. Noel was driven into Christian Socialism by the Tariff Reform proposals of Mr. Chamberlain. It is somewhat sad to see an enlightened clergyman of the twentieth century hand-in-hand with the mid-Victorian philanthropist. While Bradley was "driven into Atheism" by one obscure Hackney parson, the Rev. Graham Packer to wit.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Hubert Bland has not replied to my question in your issue of the 21st March. It would seem, therefore, that he admits:

(1) That mothers earn their own livings;
(2) That women-workers earn their own livings;
(3) That maternal incapacity, or lazy women cannot be differentiated from the like men.

What support, then, can Mr. Bland find for his conviction that Socialism will not be economically independent?

* * *

ANTI-FEMINISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When one fails to see eye to eye with a Suffragist she fires off her whole battery indiscriminately at friend and enemy alike. In my letter in your issue of March 28, I gladly admitted four-fifths of woman's claim, and said that of the one-fifth present franchise she might, with safety, at once have the vote; and it was only in view of Universal Suffrage that I reserved one point which I said would be a grave betrayal of trust. Yet Miss Bondfield, in reply, denies my claim to be an original thinker, dubbs me a disciple of Belfort Bax, hints that we are guilty of the woman-like, but unphilosophical trick of founding our generalisations on narrow personal experiences, and that I am guilty of arrogant impertinence in withholding assent to woman's full claim; that I am early Victorian, unscientific, and am struggling against the absurdity assert that Mr. Wallas may be disappointed to find that that is not anti-Christian. Do you object to the "private"? That is a more delicate matter. My point may be put thus: (1) Marriage to-day—the common caricature of Christian marriage—may be called capitalistic marriage: the man is the capitalist, the woman is brought into the contract, not always willingly, for a variety of reasons; (2) Marriage under Socialism disappears, Socialism being the nationalisation of the means of production and reproduction; and from such limited experiments in Eugenics as have been made ought not to be sure such a system would be stable; (3) But there is this third alternative, the co-operative marriage, the man and woman freely uniting because they want to unite. The idea of subordination has passed away. Once united their spheres would be different, but no more different than under State-love, while the stability of such a form is ensured by the spirit underlyng it, that of complete and irrefragable union.

* * *

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PRINTED BY A. BONAS AND THE Kings Court, FALMOUTH, S

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