NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OF recent years there has been no man in the political arena so widely and sincerely esteemed as the late Premier. Lord Salisbury was admired and trusted, the Duke of Devonshire was respected, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be mourned as they could never be. He was an honest man; not merely as honesty is reckoned amongst politicians, but as it is reckoned amongst honest men. When he expressed sympathy with the Boers who were fighting for autonomy, some agreed with him and some condemned, but all gave him credit for having the courage of his convictions. When he expressed sympathy with the cause of peace or with the suffering of the twelve millions in this country who live on the verge of poverty he had the benefit of this feeling, or his poll would have dropped about 100 votes. The working-men would doubtless vote for him, or at least refrain from opposing him. And this is not so much because he was an honest man; not merely as honesty is reckoned amongst politicians, but as it is reckoned amongst honest men. When he expressed sympathy with the cause of peace or with the suffering of the twelve millions in this country who live on the verge of poverty no one accused him of having party ends in view. We all knew that whenever he spoke he said what was in his mind without fear of criticism or hope of applause. That much is beyond dispute. The why and the wherefore of it are another matter, and will probably be discussed and fought over until the election is forgotten.

The result of the Dewsbury election caused little surprise. The increased Unionist, and the decreased Liberal votes were the natural result of the reaction that is going on all over the country against a Liberalism that has abandoned its own principles. Some people appear to have expected Mr. Ben Turner to strengthen his position in relation to the other two candidates, and the fact that, after allowing for the decreased poll, he actually dropped about 100 votes out of 2,500 may seem to them to require some explanation.

We can only say that those who professed to understand the conditions which prevailed in Dewsbury predicted that Mr. Turner would not even do so well as he has done. His support of the Licensing Bill undoubtedly turned a considerable section of the working-class electorate against him. "Dear beer" is a simple and most effective cry, and one which is much more difficult to expose than most of such catch-phrases. Why the Licensing Bill should make beer dearer is a mystery which no responsible person has as yet attempted to explain. And so one has to be content with a simple denial which attracts far less attention than the assertion itself. In short, the Licensing Bill, especially in regard to its unfortunate restrictive clauses, is much easier to attack than to defend.

A further point in Mr. Runciman’s favour as against Mr. Turner was that he had just been appointed a Cabinet Minister. On that account alone many working-men would doubtless vote for him, or at least refrain from opposing him. And this is not so much because he was an honest man; not merely as honesty is reckoned amongst politicians, but as it is reckoned amongst honest men. When he expressed sympathy with the cause of peace or with the suffering of the twelve millions in this country who live on the verge of poverty no one accused him of having party ends in view. We all knew that whenever he spoke he said what was in his mind without fear of criticism or hope of applause. That much is beyond dispute. The why and the wherefore of it are another matter, and will probably be discussed and fought over until the election is forgotten.
own personal position was very strong. And finally,
he was defending Cobdenism in its birthplace. Under
the circumstances there is no possibility of discounting
the significance of his defeat, and we notice that he has
not attempted the task. It is a fair and straightforward
blow from which Liberalism will not easily re-
cover. Mid-Devon and Peckham could be ignored, but
after North-West Manchester the Government cannot
maintain with any show of plausibility that they possess
the confidence of the country. But for the abnormal
proportions of the Liberal majority which remains in
the Commons, Mr. Asquith might fairly be called upon
to resign.

Mr. Jowinson-Hicks' victory cannot be described as a
victory for Tariff Reform since he has himself stated
since the election that he obtained the support of an
uncertain number of Unionist Free Traders who knew
that Protection was not a practical issue at the
moment. Nor yet can it in our opinion be ascribed to
the unpopularity of the Licensing Bill. Certainly edu-
cation had little to do with it; and as for the failure of
the Liberals to do anything for unemployment, this
particular section of the electorate cared little about
the question if we are to judge by the smallness of the
Socialist vote. Evidently then there is some more
general cause at work—a cause at which we hinted
above in speaking of "a Liberalism that has abandoned
its own principles."

Once Liberalism meant something, now it means
nothing. The difference between a Liberal and a Con-
servative Government used to be that the former cared
more for principles and less for practical consequences
than the latter. The Tories have stood for aggression
abroad and opportunism at home; the Liberals for
peace-at-almost-any-price, retrenchment, democracy,
quixotic humanity, and the interests of the bourgeoisie.
The present Government have attacked the bourgeoisie
by their Licensing Bill; they have tacitly defended a
Denshawai outrage until public opinion forced them into
a belated admission of their error, and even then they
allowed the responsible offenders to go unrebuked;
they have permitted a blasphemy prosecution to take
place; hundreds of women have been imprisoned for
demanding a vote; they have denied the right of free
speech in India; they have concluded a treaty with the
Russian Government; and finally they have allowed
Chinese Labour to continue for fear of upsetting the
African stock market. All or most of these things
may have been wise policy, but that is beside the point.
They are not Liberalism; they are mere understudies
Toryism, and the country naturally prefers the genuine
article.

This we believe is the secret of the reaction which
has set in. It has been a tradition that when the
country felt Quixotic and sentimental it would put a
Liberal Government in power, just as it put the present
Government in power to abolish Chinese Labour in the
Transvaal. And now it feels that it has been fooled
because its habitual dislike of changes and uncertainty
has been aroused without any compensating indulgence
of its sentimentality. Liberals have begun to pose as
practical business men, and the pose is not convincing.
They have coquetted with Imperialism on the one hand
and Socialism on the other, and have done nothing in
particular. Naturally the electorate are turning to the
other parties, whose objects and policy they can under-
stand.

One word about Mr. Dan Irving's candidature. We
knew he was fighting a forlorn hope—though we hardly
suspected how forlorn—but we supported him for
reasons which we gave last week. The result may
seem to some people to justify the action which Mr.
H. G. Wells thought fit to take in advising Socialists
not to vote for the Socialist candidate. But this is a
very superficial view of the case, and neglects the real
issue that is involved. It is not a question of whether
forlorn hopes should ever be attempted, for in most
cases it is impossible to judge whether hopes are for-
lor or not, and the advisability of making a fight in a
particular place must depend in general on the state of
party funds. It is really a question of whether we are
to enter upon an electoral alliance with the Liberal
Party. For if we are to support Mr. Winston
Churchill we must support every Liberal who professes
a desire for "Social Reform," that is to say practically
every individual member of the party. Such an
alliance with the followers of Mr. Asquith will hardly,
I imagine, be contemplated seriously either by the
I.L.P. or the Fabian Society. Even if the professions
of such men as Mr. Churchill were satisfactory we are
all aware how far practice lags behind profession, and
few will expect even tolerably Socialist legislation
unless there is a powerful body of more extreme opinion
to force it through. Moreover any such alliance would
mean that we should fall as well as rise with Liberalism.
Is it worth while?

We confess we prefer the note which Mr. Keir Hardie
struck in the current number of the "Labour Leader."

So far is he from dreaming of an alliance with Liberalism
that he looks for an even more complete independ-
dence than we possess now. He foresees the possibility
of entanglements for the Labour Party, and declares his
readiness to leave it if need be. We cannot do better
than quote his words. Speaking of the I.L.P. Confere-
ence, he writes: "The note of Socialism was more
sharply defined than ever, and more than once I had
the feeling that a peck of meal would not stifle all the
voices that would say 'Aye' to a proposal to cut the
cable with the Labour Party, and go out on our own.
I don't think the need for doing that will ever arise,
but if it ever does, then the 'Independent Labour Party
is ready for the emergency."

We do not believe that this necessity will ever arise,
and certainly we do not wish to see it arise, but it is
well to keep the possibility before us. Any sort of split
in the ranks of Labour would be deplorable, but worse
things are possible. The recent accession of the Liberal-
Labour members to the Labour Party introduced an
element which may become preponderant, and if it
should, then it will be necessary for the I.L.P. to come
out and form a definitely Socialist Party. The fact
that certain "advanced" members of the heterogeneous
Liberal majority are actually Socialists is too often
taken to indicate that "advanced" Liberalism is at one
with Socialism, whereas in reality it only shows that if
there were a Socialist Party it might expect a small
accession to its ranks of members who at present find
it convenient to call themselves Liberals—a wholly
different thing. We are very glad to observe that Mr.
Keir Hardie at least suffers from no delusions on this
point.

An interesting document has recently been issued on
the subject of the discharges from Woolwich Arsenal.
A joint committee of the Woolwich Borough Council,
the Woolwich Board of Guardians, and other local organisations appointed irrespective of political opinion has been investigating the whole question, and as far as facts are concerned, its report may be regarded as authoritative. It shows that the normal number of men employed in productive work in time of peace was 15,500 during the ten years previous to 1905. Since then it has been reduced, and the future peace maximum is to be 8,500. This policy was initiated by the late Tory Government for the purpose of giving as much work as possible to private enterprise, and for presumably the same reason has been continued by Mr. Haldane. The intention is to increase the strength in time of emergency to 21,000, an idea which is described in the report as fantastic and as one which "if tested, would inevitably break down with consequences which are terrible to contemplate." From this point of view alone the policy of the Government may truly be described as fantastic, if not as insane, but there are others of even greater importance.

In the first place, this policy involves the existence of a permanent army of skilled unemployed workmen in Woolwich. If this were not so, it would be impossible to justify it at all. A small peace establishment must be accompanied by a great capacity for expansion if the vital requirements of National Defence are to be considered. Hence we can only conclude that Mr. Haldane has deliberately sacrificed the Woolwich employees for the sake of affecting a small paper economy. And Mr. Haldane, be it remembered, is a member of a Government which professes a keen desire to solve the problem of unemployment. The worst private employer in the country could hardly be more ruthless and more regardless of his responsibility towards those who may be called "marginal workers." Casual labour is universally admitted to be the root of the unemployed evil, yet here we have a Liberal Minister adopting an "expansive policy" which in its essence is dependent upon casual or intermittent employment.

That the economy effected is only a paper one is made quite clear further on in the report. The actual loss to the nation is estimated at over £1,000,000 per annum. The annual loss caused by keeping more than half the Arsenal plant unnecessarily idle has been accounted to amount to £600,000. The rest is caused through "buying from the trade articles which can be made more cheaply and efficiently in the Arsenal" and through the Arsenal "no longer being as efficient a check as it should be on the prices of private contractors." The report concludes by advocating that the men who will be required in time of war should be permanently employed if necessary "in making articles other than what can be specifically termed munitions of war, but which are nevertheless required by the Admiralty and the War Office." Altogether it is a most interesting statement of the facts of the case, and should serve to enlighten the public considerably in regard to War Office policy. We do not imagine, however, that it will serve to increase Mr. Haldane's reputation either as a businesslike or an intelligent administrator. Whatever the case for his policy may be, an explanation of it is now urgently needed.

Speaking in Manchester the other day, Mr. Lloyd George declared himself willing to bet that we should have Old Age Pensions within a year. As Mr. Lloyd George is Chancellor of the Exchequer, there were naturally no takers, but we wonder what he meant. We have been under the impression that Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to produce the money for Old Age Pensions not in a year's but in a month's time. The 1909 Budget may well come within a year from the date of Mr. Lloyd George's offer. Are we to conclude that the long-deferred scheme is to be postponed once more? If so, it is more than likely that the Liberals will be turned out before they have introduced it.

Apropos of this matter, Sir Edward Brabrook, one of the spokesmen of the British Constitution Association, has written once more to the "Times" urging that the coming pension scheme shall be "contributory." "The one essential condition," he says, "of every scheme of old age pensions is the certainty of receiving the pension. This can only be secured by a 'contributory' system." "The contributions and their accumulations exist in specie, earmarked for the payment of pensions and for that purpose alone, and every contributor has thus an absolute certainty that the pension he has bought will be paid to him." We rather like this argument. At least it has the merit of being a novel contribution to the controversy. It reminds one of one of the old fables of the Bank of England, drew out all his money in gold, and, having assured himself by counting that it was all there, redeposited it and went away content.

The Indian telegraph strike has ended, but whether to the advantage of the employees or not is not at present known. The last mail, however, has brought a good deal of information as to the nature of the men's grievances. It appears that under the new rules introduced by Mr. Newlands, the expert lent by St. Martin's le Grand, the working day was arranged in eight-hour shifts, no distinction being made between day and night work. The operators pointed out that the new arrangement involved an excessive strain, and that conditions which might work well enough in Europe were unsuited to the East, where there are no facilities for night feeding or travelling. The men's case was considered reasonable by the British commercial community. The Chambers of Commerce urged the Telegraph Department to be reasonable, and the "Times of India," an uncompromising organ of Anglo-Indian opinion, admitted that the operators had a substantial grievance. The Department, however, refused to listen, with the result that a large number of the men fell sick, and when the mail left there was an accumulation of something like 9,000 undelivered messages lying in the Calcutta office. Matters were not improved when the Director-General issued a warning in which the operators were accused of "casualness.

The affair is much more important as a symptom of labour developments in India than the meagre telegrams might lead us to suppose. The strikers are not all, or even chiefly, Indians. They are mainly Eurasians, and therefore their grievances are not to be dismissed as the manufactured product of Bengali agitators. As a matter of fact, their complaints are of long standing, and one of the principal objections to Mr. Newlands's revised rules was that they were brought into effect at a time of extreme dissatisfaction in the Department and before the demands for increased pay had been dealt with. Another point worth noting is that a large number of native peons (messengers) also came out, and that a strike of several thousand factory hands was going on at the same time in Bombay. Labour organisation, unknown in India until the other day, is making astonishing strides.
The Last of the Liberals.

We have regretfully to begin the first number of a new volume with a tribute to the dead; but our grief at the passing of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is lessened by the knowledge that he crossed into the Land of Shadows without pain and without flinching. He lived a noble life, simply and quietly, always obeying the summons of his Party and his country. His gentleness and his gentlemanliness were the two qualities which endeared him to his countrymen; it is the rarity of these virtues in our politicians which makes his place almost impossible to fill.

In the spring of 1898 Mr. Campbell, as he then was, laid down the principles which were to guide his public and private life till his death.

"I am the son of a staunch Tory, and I am not here to say a word in excuse for that fact, or to apologise for being the son of my father. . . . I may inherit his tenacity without inheriting his principles, and that as my father, through a long public life, through good report and through evil report, in fair weather and foul, has stuck to his party and his principles, so his son in like manner will stick to his."

Of few men could it be said that the ideal which they had set themselves in their youth was still unblemished at the close of four decades of political strife and turmoil. We sincerely believe that the late Prime Minister held to that bold pronouncement of his youth.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman did good work for his country in various posts in Mr. Gladstone's Government; but he stepped into the front rank in 1899, when Sir William Harcourt retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party. Mr. John Morley declined to face the difficulties of the situation created by the wrangling between the Home Rule and Imperialist sections of the Liberal Party, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman was invited to accept the leadership of a dissentient and discredited minority in the House of Commons. Within seven years, this great Liberal leader transformed a shattered remnant into a victorious army. How? He had none of the commanding abilities, none of the oratorical powers of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery. Mr. Gladstone's intellect and oratory won for him the respect and admiration of the electorate. Lord Rosebery had all the advantages of wealth, position, the support of the Jews and the sporting world, combined with his own fascinating talents; yet, he only reached the Premier ship by means of intrigues whose story will never be told.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman had wealth; but he was certainly not an orator; nor had he foreshadowed any fascinating talents; yet, he only reached the Premiership by means of intrigues whose story will never be told.

In his Cabinet, "C.-B.," was spiritually alone. We do not pretend to estimate Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's life with the calm judgment of the historian. We are content to affirm that if there ever was a statesman who, should inspire reverence to the unmoved and logical historian-analyst, that man is the subject of this article. With him, Liberalism has also departed this life, we fear. The New Age has been accused of being anti-Liberal. In so far as the policy of Liberalism is inconsistent with what we believe to be the remedy for Poverty, we are anti-Liberal; and we are confident that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not have had us otherwise.

In his Cabinet, "C.-B.," was spiritually alone. We search the political horizon in vain for the sunny and genial smile which would betoken a similar nature to his.

Let us stand aside silently awhile, as in a mind-born vision we seem to see him entering the portals of that Academy into which there shall be admitted, in the magnificent phrase of Arsené Houssaye, "only those who are free of mind, and whose hearts are linked with all the valiant passions of the earth."
Revolution or Evolution.

Mr. Wells's letter in the "Daily News" of Tuesday last raises more than one question. We are not inclined to discuss at length the propriety of a prominent Socialist urging Socialists not to vote for a Socialist candidate. It is clear that North-West Manchester has been the scene of several regrettable blunders, some of them of the first magnitude. For instance, we shall not easily forgive the political imbecility of the local Socialists in running a candidate at all whose chances were so ludicrously small. Propaganda is one thing, and we care not how many are opposed to us while Socialism is being taught; but political campaigning is a horse of another colour. Such a political Balaclava as the Socialist rout of Friday is neither magnificent nor is it of another colour. Such a political Balaclava as the Socialist movement can survive again, as it has so many times survived, political and electioneering blunders arising mostly from excess of zeal; but it receives a serious blow every time one of its leaders (and we do Mr. Wells the honour of regarding him as such) throws over his followers and exerts his influence on the side of the enemy. The Socialist movement, we are often told, suffers from the number of its leaders, whose personal squabbles are an effective bar to their unity of action. That may be partially true; but it is more true that the Socialist movement suffers from having no responsible leaders at all. Plainly there is no party, no organisation, no caucus, no discipline and hence no loyalty. Had there been these things, Mr. Wells would either never have written his letter or he would never write such a letter again. As it is, we can almost imagine that Mr. Wells felt it his duty to be disloyal.

But, as we say, our present concern is less with the political blunder than with Mr. Wells's, we will not say extraordinary, but lamentably ordinary, view of Socialist propaganda. Briefly, he repudiates revolution in favour of evolution. That, we hold, involves a fundamental misconception both of the nature of Socialism in general and of the political needs of the time in particular. If there is one thing more apparent than another in the jungle of economics it is the fact that the system of collective ownership is totally different from the system of private ownership. To expect the one gradually and by stealth to tiptoe its way and to evolve into the other is as foolish as it is immoral. To expect the one thing more readily the smoking flax must succumb. No, we may be pretty sure that the only condition of maintaining a fighting force in Parliament is that of maintaining a fighting spirit in the country. And a fighting spirit in the country is not maintained by any such doctrine as political evolution. For instance, the Labour Party in the House of Commons can doubt that the first and lasting effect of that body's existence has been to depress the Labour members to such a degree below fighting level that it will continue to be produced in new Labour members after new Labour member. Mr. Grayson's firebrand was extinguished there the first evening, how much more readily the smoking flax must succumb. No, we may be pretty sure that the only condition of maintaining a fighting force in Parliament is that of maintaining a fighting spirit in the country. And a fighting spirit in the country is not maintained by any such doctrine as political evolution. For instance, the Labour Party in the House of Commons can doubt that the first and lasting effect of that body's existence has been to depress the Labour members to such a degree below fighting level that it will continue to be produced in new Labour members after new Labour member. Mr. Grayson's firebrand was extinguished there the first evening, how much more readily the smoking flax must succumb. No, we may be pretty sure that the only condition of maintaining a fighting force in Parliament is that of maintaining a fighting spirit in the country. And a fighting spirit in the country is not maintained by any such doctrine as political evolution. For instance, the Labour Party in the House of Commons can doubt that the first and lasting effect of that body's existence has been to depress the Labour members to such a degree below fighting level that it will continue to be produced in new Labour members after new Labour member. Mr. Grayson's firebrand was extinguished there the first evening, how much more readily the smoking flax must succumb. No, we may be pretty sure that the only condition of maintaining a fighting force in Parliament is that of maintaining a fighting spirit in the country. And a fighting spirit in the country is not maintained by any such doctrine as political evolution. For instance, the Labour Party in the House of Commons can doubt that the first and lasting effect of that body's existence has been to depress the Labour members to such a degree below fighting level that it will continue to be produced in new Labour members after new Labour member. Mr. Grayson's firebrand was extinguished there the first evening, how much more readily the smoking flax must succumb. No, we may be pretty sure that the only condition of maintaining a fighting force in Parliament is that of maintaining a fighting spirit in the country. And a fighting spirit in the country is not maintained by any such doctrine as political evolution.
The I.L.P. and the S.D.P.

The Independent Labour Party and the Social Democratic Party delegates have sternly denied themselves the trap of the holiday in the open-air. Whether to take skates or a cricket bat, proved an insoluble problem, so they sheltered from the north wind in their conference halls in Huddersfield and Manchester. Little wonder they held heated debates; it was the only way to keep warm. In both cases the delegates made their relations with the Labour Party the main excuse for exercise. That is the strange thing in their conference halls in Huddersfield and Manchester. Little wonder they held heated debates; it was the only way to keep warm. In both cases the delegates made their relations with the Labour Party the main excuse for exercise. That is the strange thing in their conference halls in Huddersfield and Manchester.

...the delegates made their relations with the Labour Party the main excuse for exercise. That is the strange thing in...
It is a thousand pities that Mr. Francis Galton had an education in the classics. It is delaying the acceptance of that branch of knowledge which he took so prominent a share in formulating. For the first desire of every writer on things scientific is to perpetuate a new term shall be Greek to his readers; Mr. Galton, an exception to so many rules, remains undistinguish ed in this particular field.

Eugenics is described as the science of race culture. Mr. Galton's own explanation was given in 1883, when he first made use of the word. In Inquiries into Human Faculty** the following footnote, p. 24 which helps not a little: "Eugenics deal," he writes, "with questions bearing on what is termed in Greek, genienses, namely, good in stock, hereditarily endowed with noble qualities. . . . We greatly want a brief word to express the science of improving stock, which is by no means confined to questions of judicious mating, but which especially in the case of man takes cognisance of all influences that tend in however remote a degree to give to the more suitable mating. Mr. Galton claims a better chance of prevailing speedily over the less adaptable than the otherwise author would have had. The word eugenics would sufficiently express the idea." In Mr. Galton's own definition the term was applied to breeding in general, but there seems now a disposition to limit it to the human race.

The word has, I suppose, come to stay, but it seems to have been somewhat unnecessary.

"Good Breeding" was the plain phrase used by a writer who is now a classic, but who will assuredly be read a few years hence. "Good breeding" not only conveys a full meaning, but is a much pleasanter lighted upon his work than to quote him rather fully:--

* * *

Such crude ideas were, of course, quite unacceptable to persons with a scientific frame of mind. The mathematicians believed there was chaos till they had worked round the labelling biologists. By dint of curves, formulae, and symbols, we are now assured "Intelligence or ability follows precisely the same laws of inheritance as general health, and both the same laws as any other physical character." It comes to this, that mathematicians and biologists have now convinced a number of highly cultured people that the views generally held by unlearned persons many years ago were right only enough that they had arrived at their conclusions by irregular methods.

There is, however, something to be added. The scientific gentlemen who have been carrying on these valuable researches belong to the English middle-class. Naturally they think this is the class we should try to increase by encouraging its fertility. As one academical gentleman puts it: "The upper middle class is the backbone of a nation; it depends upon it for its thinkers, leaders, and organisers." As this class is only the backbone of a nation, and as I do not belong to it, I naturally look elsewhere for the head of the nation. The backbone of the nation is too rigid and unyielding, says the man who knows what other classes, the artisan classes and the upper classes, are the brains of the nation, and from these classes it would be well to breed. Fortunately the middle-classes are rapidly being extinguished as a separate and exclusive caste.

There are many who think that good breeding must wait till we know all about the laws of heredity. We shall never know all about the laws of heredity; moreover, we know quite enough to-day for the purpose we have in view. After all, laws of nature are as the great French mathematician, M. Poincaré, says, simply complex expressions; and when it does sound very learned. I suppose we could never subsist on the funds for "A Good Breeding Laboratory"; a budding scientist would be ashamed of obtaining a "Good Breeding or Eugenics."

* * *

It was rather surprising to find an old chess player like Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe insisting that the interior angles of a triangle either are or are not exactly equal to two right angles; also that hydrochloric acid is composed wholly and absolutely and without reservation or doubt of hydrogen and chlorine.

No chemist has ever found hydrochloric acid composed wholly of hydrogen and chlorine. It always contains what he calls impurities, and never comes up to its theoretical composition, but it is convenient to assume that were we to get rid of all impurities, in a perfect world we should have a perfectly pure hydrochloric acid. C'est plus commode, that is all; and even then—but that will lead me on to metaphysics. As to the two right angles in a triangle, you can have it any way you like. Do you find Euclidean geometry the more convenient, then you agree that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. If you have taken a dislike to Euclid and inclined to Lowatchewski, the sum of the interior angles is less than two right angles. On the other hand, if neither Russian nor the Greek geometry satisfies, you may follow Riemann, who shows that the sum of the three angles is greater than two right angles. There are as many mathematicians as there are mathematicians.

* * *

This is no digression from my subject, for the biological field is just as open. Without we can safely conclude: The slavish reverence for good breeding meant by good human stocks; let us encourage their fertility. It will not turn out as we hoped in each case, but suppose we have a thousand wise parents; more of the children will be wise than nasty. Again, if we have a thousand nasty parents, more of the children will be wise than nasty. Mathematicians may pretend to tell us the exact proportions, but our rough measure is "plus commode."
The Three Issues.

By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.

The discussions that have gone on now for some months in *The New Age* have been marred or relieved by many personal observations and by a good deal of questioning. But one thing has not appeared among them, and that is a statement of what those desire who desire to change the modern industrial world and who do not desire that change to be Collectivist.

A statement of this sort is necessary if the discussion is to have any value whatsoever. It has not hitherto been approached in these pages any nearer than by a question put in them some weeks ago by myself as to what cause, definitely ascertainable from experience, would destroy the stability of a State in which the means of production were highly distributed; that is, one in which by far the greater part of families and corporations should be possessed, in something more than an insignificant degree, of machinery and of land.

This question was only a question, and Wells replied to it. I would like to conclude a series which is now becoming a little wearisome by a short positive statement of the convictions from which that question arose. Before making that statement, let me point out that the problem to which it refers is immediate and insistent in the highest degree.

Everyone worth talking to, everyone fit for human companionship and association, everyone but an insignificant group of men—some half-witted, some base, some superhumanly ignorant, many mere politicians—everyone, I say, not only in the sense of the vast majority of the men concerned, but in the sense of the vast preponderance of the intellect and heart concerned, is determined that our modern industrial system shall be transformed. It is essential to seize this truth. It is a truth expressed differently by different men according to their ability of expression, but those who know least of the past of their race, who know least of its present condition, in happier places, and who are least trained to accurate thinking and to the use of conventionally defined words, are at one here with the most learned, the best travelled, and the most highly trained. The poorest worker in the slums who suffers most from the industrial system is in communion here with the wealthy Parliament man or great Jewish usurer who benefits by it.

Some few of those whom, after a fashion—and a poor fashion it is—the industrial system benefits, indulge from time in a special defence of it, but there is never any stuff in that defence; no one can take it seriously.

The greater part of the capitalist class who control the industrial system deliberately keep silence upon it. Defence of it is left to the very, very stupid who can be trusted to impart some amusing sincerity to their special pleading; what is more significant, the most damaging defence of it is—the industrial system benefits, indulge from time in a special defence of it, but there is never any stuff in that defence; no one can take it seriously.

The qualification "apparently" is just. These men were not defending the industrial system as we know it. It was new to them, it was but partially developed, even so their ideal of production was older than the actual circumstances of their time. Neither they nor any other body of men could sincerely defend the industrial system as we know it to-day.

There, then, is the first element of the problem. But the problem would not be a problem at all if it contained but one main element, and did not of itself involve an opposing element.

All the cheap and insufficient remedies proposed for human suffering derive from a misconception of complexity. Some one fountain of misfortune is discovered. To seize and to divert it at its issue seems so simple and obvious a course that it immediately attracts in every age that type of reformer who permanently fails.

If this first element in our modern trouble were the whole of it, then the remedy would be simple indeed: as simple as it seems to those enthusiastic men who lay the blame for the tardiness of reform at the doors of nothing more potent than human inertia or human ignorance.

The problem is a problem because it contains another element. Side by side with this industrial system which would be cut off at the root and perish were private property in the means of production to be abolished, stands another patent, perfectly modern and completely human fact: the plain fact that men desire to own. When I speak of men's desire to own, I mean something quite different from their desire to consume wealth, and even much more than their desire to enjoy to the exclusion of the enjoyment of others. When you have noted that men desire something you have noted it of humanity as well as of individuals, of the nation as well as of the family. If men desire to own, it necessarily means that they desire to see others owning. All that is native to a man he passionately wishes to see realised in other men round him. This is true of worship, it is true of everything, for man is a communal being. And it is the desire to own, and therefore to see ownership in others, which has informed all European law (from the origins, I do not say of guesswork, but from the origins to which any law can be historically traced) with the protection of ownership.

If you do not recognise this sentiment in men, you are but imperfectly a man. Those creatures who have no roots in any soil, who are found now in Odessa, now in Frankfort, now in Vienna, now in London, may be, and probably are, warped in this primal appetite. It is folly to argue from their exceptional case, their writings, and their propaganda to the general case of established European civilisation. The assertion that we desire to own is met in many ways by its opponents, but the very number of those ways and the form which they take are sufficient evidence of the reality of the thing denied. Wells, for instance, calls it an "alleged" desire to own. Sundry professors will put it thus: "After all, what does a man desire to own?" Shaw puts it more boldly by saying that this general assertion is but a personal impudence on the part of those who make it.

All that is either evasion or folly. You can take refuge in the hoary fallacy of demanding a limit and a dividing line, you can point out that men have never desired to own the air, that certain lands once common are now private, that highways have been treated as universal, as partly private and as wholly private under varying circumstances. Such dilemma or sorites is the logic of the schools in their decline; it is not a living
appreciation of real men. Chesterton gave the complete
answer to this dry wood chopping the other day when
he said, I think in answer to Shaw, that if one had any
doubt about men's desire to own, he had but to ask his
fellows-in great numbers and in diverse circumstances
whether they so desired to own or no. This is
true even of our tortured time in its most tortured places.
It is evidently true when history is included in
the inquiry, when epochs longer and less fevered are
considered, and when our race is taken as a whole.
The most immediate and practical argument against
this truth is afforded by those who point to the great
crowds, the vast bulk of our cities, who have no experience
of ownership, and can have but a confused con-
ception of it. But are they at their case? Are they
living such lives as the nature of man requires? And
do you think that if they were free to satisfy the human
appetite in them, that freedom would not take the form
of accumulating as soon as might be personal control
over so much at least of the means of production as
should free them from the servile discipline and fear
under which they live? The thing is self-evident. Were
this desire not an overmastering and a permanent
appetite in man, it would never have endured, as it has
endured, the enormous temptation which the industrial
system offers to neglect it and to expel it from our
custom and our law. This, then, is the problem before us:
A human instinct with which are bound up a thou-
sand human necessities has protected property even
when such property had fallen into the hands of a tiny
fraction of the community; from this negation to most
men in practice, coupled with the retention of it as the
theoretical base of citizenship, has arisen the monstrous
condition of life which we shall endure. How shall we
escape that condition?

The industrial system as we have it to-day may decline in
an infinite number of ways, each the symptom of
fatigue following upon the enormous efforts of our
modern civilisation. Such will probably be its fate, and
the decline will be accompanied by a decline of efficiency
in every branch of material activity. But if we are to
maintain modern efficiency in machinery and physical
science three issues, and three only, are open to us:
We may transform the industrial system into a Collect-
vist State; we may transform it into a Servile State; or we may transform it into a State wherein
the means of production are again distributed, as we
know them to have been distributed through all the
lengthiest and most stable periods of history, through-
out the mass of the community.

The development whereby modern industrial
society might become a Servile Society is obvious,
though it is little contemplated. Already most men
captured in the industrial tangle dread, above all things,
the loss of their posts. Already the employer is, under
industrial conditions, being increasingly responsible
for the mutual damage done by one employee to
another, for the comfort of his employees, for the
security and permanence of his employment. Now
the necessary converse of this is, that, with every advance
in this direction, the employee is more and more
the employer's man and less and less of an independent
citizen. If or when the great step is taken which shall
make the permanent interdependence of employer and
employed a fixed thing, withdrawing from each the lia-
bility of industrial conflict, we shall have gone more than
half-way, and the end of that road—if it be pursued by
slow and practical common sense, if it be pursued by men
who listen to no high-flown theories, and who prefer a
good speech in the House of Commons or hard
detailed work at the Board of Trade and the Local
Government Board to the large exercise of the human
intellect and the human will—is a condition of society
in which a comparatively small class of wealthy men shall
control, under the guardianship of public laws, the lives
of all the rest. The word "slave" or its equivalent may
or may not be introduced; but we shall have come
back after a long cycle of change to that old and endur-
ning condition of society in which many men are owned
by one. I can imagine a man returning to earth some
hundreds of years hence in one of the new countries
and finding the burning question of the hour to be
whether a company selling a factory were not bound
to sell the employees along with it. I can imagine the
ranciers saying that if our Lord (or "Christ," as they
would call him) were to return to earth He would never
tolerate the injustice of separating the employee from
his factory. I can imagine a future condition in which
the dearest right the mass of living men possess should be the right of being ascript to their mill.
That is one solution, and if you like it you can have it, for
the road to it is easy, and we have already gone part of
the way.

The next issue is Collectivism, and it is upon the plea
that Collectivism is their goal that most thinking
men support these detailed reforms of our time.
"True," they say, "such reforms strengthen and per-
petuate the industrial system, but as the employer be-
comes more and more and more apparently useless, it will be
easier and easier to be rid of him, until at last he shall
seem no more than the flimsy centre of the arch we
have built; then we will knock him away, and the
complete Collectivist State will stand erected."

To this idea of the Collectivist State there is nothing to
oppose except the instinct of ownership and the
results of that instinct; just as there is nothing to
oppose to the ideal of a celibate state but the instinct
and the result of the instinct of sex, or just as, to the
companionship of a dog that should read the news-
paper and appreciate the subtlest irony, there is nothing
to oppose except the instinct and the result of the
instinct of dogs in the matter of articulate speech and
humour.

This desire to own, if you warp it or destroy it, or
forbid it exercise, will carry with its disappearance cer-
tain consequences which must be faced. The sentiment
of honour which survives in men, even at their last
extremities, must be sacrificed. Much the greater part
of it is already sacrificed under a capitalist system. Men
will eat dirt by the bushel rather than lose their jobs.
And this is true of large men as of small. What we
call "freedom" to-day (and the word is not meaning-
less) must be sacrificed also. The illusion—if it be an
illusion—that our acts are the products of our will, can

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only be indulged most incompletely as things are: within the working hours and under the compulsion of the eye, hardly at all. But when the roof, the hearth, the supply of clothing, of drink, and of food are under the same organ of control as the mill, very nearly every action in human life will be an action performed not only within the limits, but at the bidding of that master. I have heard the proposition denied, but never argued. It is not a question of whether a Collectivist State would have necessarily a universal bureaucracy extending over nearly all the activities of human life. This was the first criticism to be advanced against the ideal of Collectivism; it remains the most permanent.

There are men who are capable of believing that all interference with the ordered natural order is unthinkable, and who yet "cling" (to use their own phrase) to the tradition of the Revolution. There are men who ridicule the conception of an infallible authority in transcendental affairs and who yet "cling" to Catholicism. There are men who ardently desire to "reconcile," to "merge into a higher unity," and with other phrases to outflank plus and minus, with and no. It is muddleheadedness, and not worth a moment's attention. A thing cannot be and not be at the same time; and if you see in the Collectivist State the only solution of our modern problem, then you must pay the price for it as you must pay the price for anything desirable that you acquire. The price is the submission, or rather the extinction, of will of personality in all their gradations, from the individual where they are to the family and to the corporation.

I am not saying that the price is too high. I am not saying that the miserable victims of our industrial system, by sacrificing what little of themselves remains to them, may not be striking a good bargain.

The two main affirmatives against it are, Wells's of the future of our economic system seems to me to lie--in the formation of a State in which, though all might not have the minimum of personal and economic independence, at least so overwhelming a proportion of the community should enjoy it as would give them back the life their fathers had.

Now, here is the crux. Such a State, it is confidently asserted, could not, under modern conditions, endure. The two main affirmatives against it are, Wells's of the future of our economic system seems to me to lie--in the formation of a State in which, though all might not have the minimum of personal and economic independence, at least so overwhelming a proportion of the community should enjoy it as would give them back the life their fathers had.

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May Day.

Suggested by the Annunciation as it is painted, and its sequel in the Magnificat.

* * * * * *

'Tis the voice of the Maiden singing
(From the East to the West is it far?)

The song of the World's awakening
Is the tremulous note of the singer
Whose voice is a river of song.

The face of the Earth is gladdened,
The depths of the Earth are stirred,
The beat of the heart in her bosom
Is stayed by the Angel's word.

The note is upheld by the chorus,
The tremble is in the refrain:
Oh, blessed are we to be hearing
Of that which recalleth again,
To the mind of the Mother of Mothers
The pealing of bells in the morn,
The bells that proclaimed her wedding,
And told of the child to be born.

There is promise of life in the message,
Of love in the darkest of days,
And, fast as her tears are falling,
Her voice is uplifted in praise.

Our Queen on the threshold standing--
Oh Life, it is good to be fair!
If all that we love could be singing,
Life, Life, it was good to be there.

Ernest Radford.
Magical Wildernesses.

There is a place in the world only to be approached by aeroplane. One would float down to it gently. It is a place of soft short grass unnaturally green, and on the day an accident gave one a glimpse of it a black, but it is an attempt at a true description. And in default of a handy aeroplane, I will give the secret away so far as to say that there are at least two other methods of approach. Firstly, you may go in at the gasworks gate and walk to the gasometers, or secondly you may stop on the L. & S. C. Railway trains, on one of their frequent stoppages, near Victoria. My description is the correct one. To speak of a piece of grass beside three Battersea gasometers is incorrect.

When we were all about three or four years younger than we now are we were in the habit of reading Dumas and Stevenson and other romantics, and sighing for the brave days of old. But what we require is not a renascence of romance, but the power to see the strangeness and wild beauty of the gasometers about us. It is probably nowadays more difficult to see individual things and occurrences in an original way than ever before. We are not individually more stereotyped, but our ideas are manufactured for us in a wholesale manner. We have, for instance, the idea that gasometers are ugly. We remember all our wrangles with the gasfitter gentlemen, the stoves that would not work, the bills we could not pay. We remember the approaches of the feet of destiny. The first notice, the second notice, and the third notice telling us that unless this account is paid within seven days the gas will be cut off, and that it will be useless tendering the money to the remorseless gasfitter. We have (perhaps) knelt in agony to the stony-hearted envoy of the company with the shears of Fate, and uselessly implored him to accept payment and not plunge us into darkness.

And in consequence of these things, we do not see gasometers as they are, domed storehouses of treasure distilled from coal, but as accumulations of money-extracting commodities. It is certainly a necessity of effective Socialist work that the Socialist should be emancipated from wholesale preoccupations. But it is no less a necessity that we shall see in the world around us a great field of adventure. We must see the world not old but new; as potentialities.

It is quite improbable that the condition of the mass of people to-day is worse than it was a few centuries ago. It is even probable that it is better. But we know about it. In one way it is incomparably better; for, because of our knowledge, the power of change lies with us. We are coming to grips with the world. The Fabian Executive will become as a galaxy of glory. We shall be pictured as living before the conscious ordering of the world prevailed, in a time when the future was clear before us, with enormous knowledge and power ready at our hands and a whole, striving, tumultuous world to transform by our endeavours. The novelists will sigh for that field of splendid endeavour, for the quaint gasometer pastures of satanic goats, for the magical wilderness of the flats of Bow and Bromley, for the ineffable vistas of the Mile End Road. They will picture the quaint, winding streets threaded by powerful brilliantly lighted electric cars, the rapid tubes and electric trains, the organisation of men and women in the factories, the housing of millions upon millions in precisely similar rows of identical houses furnished on the instalment plan from the same wholesale shops. They will see these things, not as the coming of ugliness upon beauty, but as the dawning of power upon impotence. They will see in their remembrance of men, in their similar work, houses, clothes, boots, food, newspapers, ideas, and lives just a necessary and preliminary ordering and disciplining of men and material. They will demonstrate how individualist policy produces a world in which everyone was levelled down to a wholesale pattern.

But the novelists will also demonstrate that this did not crush out the spirit of individuality, but only reduced it to a condition of unprecedented manageableness. Once more (amid their more complex problems) will they sigh for the days when, after Olympian discussions, the Socialist Executives parted from each other and went each their way consciously triumphant over the result in the power and policy produced. A photogravure reproduction of the “Last Sitting of the Fabian Executive before the Revolution,” with emblematic halos, will take the place of present day reproductions of “The Two Comrades” and “The Soul’s Awakening” in the homes of the many.

The novelists of the future will be right. The adventure of Socialism in this present decade and this present year is the most stupendous adventure which has ever been offered to man. The sailing of Columbus for the Indies, the discovery and conquest of Peru, were child’s play in comparison with our adventure of building and reconstructing a civilization. And it is so easy.

All Columbus needed to do was to sail due west, and he inevitably bumped against America. All we have to do is to get political power, apply our knowledge, and we shall attain a new Socialist civilization.

Possibly there are difficulties. No doubt Columbus had trouble with the ropes and sails and with the meter supply, not to mention the S.P.G.B. members of the crew who were opposed on principle to sailing anything but Nor-Nor-West. But if we go on we can no more help bumping against the Socialist State than Columbus could against America.

The chief obstacle between us and the setting out of all men on our adventure is the preoccupation of all men with wholesale ideas. It is not customary to look over East End flats with a catch at the heart because of the splendour of possible creation for which they may be useful. It is customary to read the football news and expectorate. Men do not habitually regard outer London, with its thousand rows of boxoffice houses, as merely a preliminary assemblage and numbering of future potential units of a new civilization, because there exists some nonsensical idea about men carrying on their lives at the present time for their own benefit. Men do not realise the significance of water supply, gas supply, electric transit, power and lighting, the discoveries of the sciences, and factory and business organisation, because they do not know anything about these things. And men do not realise that by their political power they stand no more than a single election off a complete reconstruction of all their lives, because they prefer to have their ears tickled with phrases about "democracy," and their emotions stirred by appeals to their personal likings and resentments.

However, these obstacles are of trifling importance. It did not require all Europe to discover America. It will not require all England to discover Socialism. One day in the ebb and flow of our party system, the people will vote a Socialist Government into power. And once there, nothing on earth will be able to alter the changes we shall begin or to check or to frighten all who care to see the great possibilities towards which we shall build.

L. HADEN GUEST.
The Second English Revolution.
By Holbrook Jackson.

[A letter written by John Faraday to his friend Mortimer Retford, in the year A.D. 1920, describing the scenes which marked the conclusion of the Capitalist System in England.]

Edited by the present scribbler, and now published in three parts.

I.

YOU, my dear Retford, were always a mighty traveller, and if I remember rightly, your chronic wanderlust had taken you to the United States of America, and some British Colony or other at the time of the Second Revolt. I suppose you had always reared yourself on the idea, and how you tried to over-rule my habitual dislike of any but imaginative travels? Your plausible argument was that if I could imagine the Golden Age or Eldorado I could not so easily picture such "realities" as the New World. Britain Beyond the Seas—then the nearer I took up, often a superior attitude. "Why should I go to America?" I said, "I am not a journalist or a commercial traveller." As for the British Colonies, I was possessed of a wild dislike of them. They stood to me for nothing more than the exploitation of the earth in the name of Mammon. Don't jump to any rash conclusion. I was none of your Little Englanders. I was, to use a much abused word of the period, a Patriot. I loved England passionately, and I was devoted to her flag. That is why I detested the spirit itself, would blow itself into eternity. That was a challenge in the faces of these men and women as they broods of desolate and ragged children. They were the familiar poor of those days in review order—but for them the old poor law system proved inadequate, it broke down there and then. A poor law reform Bill was hastily brought forward and carried through Parliament, and the stigma of pauperism was abolished for ever.

Looking back upon the revolt of 1920 it seems to have been not so much a revolt against capitalists as against the Parliamentarians. And not so much a revolt against the Party of Associated Capitalists (as the coalition of Liberals and Conservatives was called), as against the Parliamentary Socialists and their absorption in the idea of defending the interests of the Government then in office. It was not for some months afterwards that Londoners became familiarised with the cry "Down with the Capitalists," which had its consummation in the sack of Park Lane during January, 1921. The decision of the actual crash followed the thing of which a few who had been using such language had previously betrayed them. With what result? A mere handful of reforms wrung pitifully out of the contest of political dialectic. We were awake at last, and looking down the corridor of political folly at the dim, futile ghosts of Tory, Whig, Liberal, Conservative, Tariff Reform, Radical, Capitalist, and even Labourist and Political Socialist, we determined to have no more of it. The wheels of politics were at last seen to grind too slowly and too exceedingly small. Even the Parliamentary Socialist was caught in the net of party tactics and intrigue, where, as the permanent Laboureer, he walked out of the House amidst the jeers and laughter of both Government and Opposition benches it was the beginning of the end. I rejoice to think I was with Enderby in that hour. As you know we demanded the substitution of Parliamentary language and dialectic by social experiment and the practical application of ideas to life—and we got what we demanded.

The upheaval began with quite peaceful demonstrations. The demonstrators were enthusiastic to be sure, but they were, in spite of reports to the contrary, quite unarmed. Their object was to lay before the Prime Minister a petition signed by as many as possible, praying the Government to take immediate steps for the Abolition of Poverty. Tom Martin was Premier of the Labour Government, and his cautious statesmanship had won the unqualified approval of the Associated Socialist leaders. But although they had fewest of his colleagues were jealous. His best qualification for the position was his skill in holding his party together—he was, in short, a first-rate politician—a glorified party whip. This was the sort of people who had been using such language, and who, from all over the United Kingdom had come to meet. But although they were unarmed one instinctively felt that they were by no means harmless. There was a challenge in the faces of these men and women as they
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(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)


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THE NEW AGE.

JACOB TONSON.

May 2, 1908

THE NEW AGE.

Marched from Hyde Park with their scarlet banners, shouting out the war-cry "Freedom is the heritage of the Briton. Poverty is Slavery!"; and they gave quite a new significance to the last line of the chorus "Rule Britannia," as they tramped eight deep down St. James's Street into Pall Mall. The procession was one of the longest ever seen in London. Its tail had barely left Hyde Park Corner before its head appeared in Whitehall. At its head marched Enderby carrying the flag which became the Flag of the Revolution and which now waves over the Commonwealth of Britain: The Union Jack, in the centre of which appears, to good advantage, the Cap of Liberty. We knew ourselves to be patriots, but we demanded freedom to live for our country as well as to die for it. Behind Enderby came the hundred delegates who were to deliver the petition at the House. The huge roll containing the four million signatures followed on a great market cart painted scarlet and drawn by four handsome dappled-grey shire horses. It looked like an enormous Eastern scripture in the roll form which preceded the invention of the book. Indeed, it was a scripture, an inspired document, but instead of announcing the will of God it announced the will of the People. And fully conscious of its religious significance, the people decorated the cart with green leaves and placed on the top of the roll the Sword and Scales of Justice and the Red Cap of Liberty. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE NEW AGE.

JACOB TONSON.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Anglo-Indian Unrealities.

In his preface to this book Mr. Rees enumerates his qualifications for writing it. He served for more than twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service, passed the high proficiency test in Persian and in the chief languages of Northern and Southern India, qualified as an interpreter in Russian, and travelled in the Middle and Far East. "I do not know," he adds, "how far the above qualifications will carry me." Not very far, we fear, except in the direction of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, particularly in regard to the present situation in India and the nature of Nationalist agitation. Let us be quite fair to Mr. Rees. He has written a readable and in some respects an informing book. There seems no good reason why he should have tried to compress the whole history of India into his first sixty pages, but it is possible that the summary may be useful to a few of his readers. Of much more value is his account of the system of administration, the Native States, and the domestic life of the Hindus in Southern India. Had Mr. Rees confined himself to a description of those aspects of India with which he became acquainted during his twenty-five years' service in the South, he might have made a genuine contribution to our knowledge of the "real India." As it is, he has merely added to the mass of inaccuracies, much of it deliberately malicious, through which the student of the Indian problem has to force his way. His treatment of the difficult question of land revenue is a case in point. Mr. Rees gasps at the turpitude of those critics who have dared to say that the Government demand is unjust and that the peasant in British India has a heavier burden to bear than his fellows in the Native States. It is true enough that the anti-British case has never been presented with so much authority or with a reasonable measure of accuracy; but the effect of Mr. Rees's chapters is to leave the impression upon the uninstructed reader that the British land-revenue system is a beneficent device for the protection of the peasant, and that those who conceive it to be less than perfect are either ignorant or immoral. Why, then, has he not shown them by a little healthy example how the business of their work might have been rendered more perfect? On pp. 182-4 he refers to Mr. Keir Hardie's recent visit. We read: "Mr. Hardie spoke at Barisal, a local storm centre, and is reported to have said-'Mr. Rees not have accepted it and taken a little pains to give it an innocent and commonplace meaning.'

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vided himself with an opportunity for a really ingenious piece of exegesis, for the reader aforesaid would naturally want to know how riot and bloodshed are connected in the dark Indian mind with invocations to a regret, that in Eastern Bengal the authorities did not speak of the Hindu-Mahomedan disturbances, he in their own favour. " Here again Mr. Rees is at sea. The Hindus asked merely for fair play; and the mass of the reputable Mahomedans were in favour of letting them have it. The rioters should be described, red by Mahomedans, but as rowdies, and no one can pretend that the authorities were ignorant of the circumstances under which the disturbances arose, though Mr. Morley presumably was. Mr. Rees says, on page 178, that the national volunteers in Eastern Bengal "tried to force the Mahomedans to join them in the anti-partition demonstrations, which led to riots at Jamalpore, among other places." The full story of the Jamalpore disturbances has been told; the judgments of the magistrates deputed to try the riot cases are on record; their conclusions with regard to the alleged criminality of the disturbances are on record. What did Mr. Rees not refer to them? If he did refer to them, why has he allowed his own statements to stand? If he has really examined the official and other documents in which the recent history of recent events in Eastern Bengal is embodied, how can he justify to his conscience, the unconscious, the Liberal Member of Parliament, the account which he has given of those events?

On p. 224 Mr. Rees has some remarks on the relation of political agitation to the labour movement. "It is far too readily assumed," he says, "that the railway strike which has lately taken place has not been commenced by some agitators, false and fraudulent, and that the magistrates deputed to try the riot cases are on record; their conclusions with regard to the alleged criminality of the disturbances are on record. What did Mr. Rees not refer to them? If he did refer to them, why has he allowed his own statements to stand? If he has really examined the official and other documents in which the recent history of recent events in Eastern Bengal is embodied, how can he justify to his conscience, the unconscious, the Liberal Member of Parliament, the account which he has given of those events?

The latter statement may be true, but why did not Mr. Rees inform his unsuspecting readers that the strikers were Europeans, Eurasians, and Indians together, and that the ringleaders were the European and Eurasian engine-drivers and guards? Does he wish to be inferred that the strikers were all disaffected Bengalis who, it is stated, it is stated, the lead of Bepin Chandra Pal? Mr. Rees reckons among the principal causes of the unrest the defeat of Lord Curzon by Lord Kitchener and the inquiries of Lord Curzon's Police Commission. He thinks that the modern movement is a Brahmin movement. The man who can believe these things can believe anything. He speaks of the "so-called partition of Bengal," as he should say "this so-called twentieth century," and he writes of "the Bantu Bannereji," just as some French journalists have been known to write of "Sir Balfour." He is, in brief, either grossly ignorant or criminally inaccurate as regards what is going on in India. In either case, the author of "The Real India" is guilty of a grave disservice to the Empire whose interests he claims to have at heart.

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

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

**REVIEW**

**The Ballad of a Great City and Other Poems.** By David Lowe. (New Age Press 2s. 6d.)

The present volume of poems is not the first from the exquisite pen of Mr. Lowe. We remember with pleasure his "Gift of the Night" and "Sonnets of Sweet Sor-row." Both these volumes had the honest readers in Scotland, but we imagine the present will add to their number considerably. The great city which forms the subject of the title ballad is Glasgow, and in addition there is a section of Glasgow ditties. But English readers need not be alarmed. Miss Smedley's book takes a long step towards compelling admission. Thoroughly common sense, perfectly good-humoured, and completely unasseverable, the most prejudiced reader will find himself a little shaken by the time he gets to the last chapter. Miss Smedley fairly meets and routs all the stock objections. The concluding "Open Letters" to Sir John Bull, the Professor, the Young Englishman, and others are witty but less effective, and Mrs. Snowden's Appendix is quite unnecessary. Let us add the criticism that Miss Smedley allows herself the last illusion of noble women, namely, that their "chief duty is motherhood," and we can unreservedly praise the rest of her book. Cheeply and neatly produced at the modest sum of sixpence, the 150 pages of this brochure contain the best handy statement of the case for women that we have seen.

**Liberal and Mystical Writings of William Law.** With an Introduction by William Scott Palmer. (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

Driven recently to seek solace in midnight books, the present writer found this volume of Law singularly free from the usual mockery of religious writings. Under the influence of his greater teacher, Jacob Boehme, Law became profoundly human, and most of the irritating formation of his "Serious Call" dropped away. The present volume contains admirable selections from his post-Boehme writings, the two on "An Appeal to All who Doubt" and "The Way to Divine Knowledge" being particularly liberal as well as mystical.
RECENT PAMPHLETS.

If we were in China we should receive these pamphlets from the Academy as part of our education. At least some of them. Out of the hundred or so on our tables and shelves, we are not, we believe, the only ones who are struck by a sense of absence. So many vacant chairs are seen; and yet we think, it is wrong in repudiating without qualification the proposals of Socialism to set their magnificent aspirations on the divinisation of that blessed word "Right." Mr. Smart takes a mean view of things, and confers to a preference for Mr. Hillier's intellectual Radicalism, wrong as we finally conclude, it is.

The Labour Party has issued three papers on "Elections, Registration, and Organisation," by Messrs. Henderson, Peters, and Ramsey Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald gives some useful advice to local centres about to run a candidate. Mr. Peters looks six weeks ahead in revising the Registers would be time well lost to propaganda.

In the debate on "Socialism and the Catholic Church" (Liverpool Fabian Society. 2d.), between Mr. John Edwards and Father Day, Mr. Edwards scarcely met his match. We have often remarked that Christians are engaged in a far more arduous task than the Socialists. Socialists want merely a business-like organisation of industry and distribution of wealth. A little elementary education is all that is needed to comprehend the possibility of that. But Christians have set their magnificent aspirations on the divinisation of man. If Father Day "doesn't believe it possible," to substitute the desire for the good of the country for the desire for personal profit, there has to be a long way to go before his own work is finished. But who ever expected a disputant in a public debate to talk sense; that is, in support of a negative?

Mr. Arthur Kitson is far and away our ablest writer on the question of the Poor. "Socialism and the Catholic Church" (Arnold Fairbairns. 2d.), is an armoury of facts and figures for the campaign. It contains also a brief and an extended analysis of the text of the Bill as read last February. The Rev. W. S. Spriggs-Smith, in "The Licensed Liquor Traffic" (National Temperance Dept. 2d.), minglest Biblical quotations with medical opinions against Drink. As he concludes with a threat we fear his arguments will be wasted on the unemployed.

Mr. Russell Rea, M.P., in "Inland Free Trade" (Caxton House. 6d.), attempts, like most special pleaders, to prove too much. We are as concerned as Gallio about these things, in the absence from them of any practical value; but we cannot stand by and hear Free Trade, absolute, untried, untested. We are as concerned as Gallio about these things, in the absence from them of any practical value; but we cannot stand by and hear Free Trade, absolute, untried, untested. We are as concerned as Gallio about these things, in the absence from them of any practical value; but we cannot stand by and hear Free Trade, absolute, untried, untested.

Three pamphlets before us testify to the growing public uninterest concerning the problem of the poorest poor. The "Better and Happier," by Lady McLaren (Unwin. 6d. net), is a reply from the "Ladies'" Gallery to the speeches in opposition to the Women's Suffrage Bill, February 28. The title quotation is from Mr. Herbert Gladstone's speech on that occasion. "I believe," he said, "that the country would be made better and happier by the admission of women to the franchise." Some of Lady McLaren's epigrams are excellent, but women's Suffrage seems to inspire epigrams—witness Mr. Zangwill's article in last week's NEW AGE. This is an able and useful tract.

ONE AND ALL.

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ENSURE £1 A WEEK FOR ANY SICKNESS.
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4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure.
5.—Nothing kills quicker than worry.
6.—If you are not insured you must worry.

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AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
A recent series of articles in the "Times" on the "Administration of Charity" has been published in book form by the City of London, under the Organisation of Unemployed Lives. The writer, Mr. Arthur Paterson, is temperate and well-informed. If not radical in his proposals, he is at least sympathetic and practical. The result of the publication of his articles has been the formation of the above named, whose work goes thorough- out London and to prevent the appalling waste of energy on the part of those destitute Mrs. Partington. As a con- sequence, the board of the charitable the book is practically authoritative.

Another reprint of newspaper articles is Dr. Johnston's "Wastage of Child Life" (John Heywood. ed. net.). These were printed in the "Manchester Weekly Times," and aroused great interest. The author goes thoroughly over the ground, discussing in detail Infant Mortality, Feeding, Milk, Motherhood, Free Meals, Education, etc. His pamphlet is a mine of information and forms a complete and reliable guide to the whole subject.

The great anti-Socialist attack has shrunk this month to a single pamphlet. Mr. Dudley Cross reprints his ewe-lamb, "The Menace of Socialism," this time in a green cover. But the matter is no worse than before. The dilemma presented by the "insidious" methods and "back-door intrigues" of an unnamed Society, to wit, the Fabian Society. The author does make our flesh creep!

**DRAMA.**

"Measure for Measure."

The performance of "Measure for Measure," at Stratford-on-Avon, on April 22nd, by Miss Horniman's Company, was a veritable triumph for the Elizabethan method of staging a play. Read in the study or seen against a background of realistic scenery, the comedy can never please. The dilemma presented by the central epilogue, "The hollow friar's hood over his face do not seem to belong to the world. Test the play by the standard of probability, and it falls to pieces at once. Measure it with the foot-rule of the critics, and its proportions appear monstrous.

But an Elizabethan audience cared little for probability, and had no foot-rules. What the patrons of the Bankside playhouses wanted was colour and romance, fierce passions, heart-rending situations, mettle-language, strong-winged poetry. Realism was reserved for the humorous parts. The scene of "Measure for Measure" is laid ostensively at a place called Vienna. In reality the action takes place in London, and only to Italian storytellers, a land where nothing is absurd and nothing is incongruous, and where a man need scarcely do more than change his headgear, and his own mother will not know him. In this Storytellers' land the serious drama is enacted, the city of the comic scenes is the London of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Poel, under whose direction the play was produced, lets us wander into Storytellers' land. His Elizabethan stage is bare of scenery, and all the furniture allowed is occasionally a chair or table. So we understand at once that what we are to see is not a sodden realism, but the imaginative world of the Continen- tals and duchesses, such as our twentieth century playwrights delight in, but high-strung romance and the delineation of passion, mixed with a bountiful supply of fun. The absurdities do not affect us in the least. Not only because we are in Storytellers' land, but because the staging assists more than it hinders tragedy, comedy, and farce all mixed up together, that we really have not time to notice them. As there are no changes of scene, there are no intervals, and the stage tricks, which actors call "business," and lovers of Shakespeare impertinence, are reduced to very minute dimensions. And the play is acted by a troupe, not by a number of dummies collected round an actor-manager, who presents himself mightily, not a play, but himself. All the actors play the parts of persons whose name did not appear on the programme, but whose identity was not a deep secret, was a striking figure, a cold, austere man, a man without wife or mistress, whose physical nature suddenly rebelled against the unnatural restraint which had been put upon it. His passion for Isabella was passionate and uncontrolled. He had no hesitation to make love to her, and his voice as he addressed her had only once a touch of tenderness. As Isabella, Miss Allgood achieved a curious success. Young to her art, she has little resource, and her clouction is distinctly defective, at times indeed it was difficult to follow her. Yet she got home. Her very youth helped her. Her Isabel was a very young girl, scarcely more than a schoolgirl, who is crushed by the awkward dilemma which is pro- pounded to her, and for an Isabel like this we have nothing but sympathy.

The drama gained also by the youthfulness of Claudio. So hojjsih was he that it was easy to forgive his incapacity to face the thought of death. Mr. Hearn's Duke was excellent in its way, but it seemed out of the picture. In Shakespeare's mind probably the Duke had very little character. He is simply part of the machinery, a benevolent Providence, hovering all the time in the background, whose appearances relieve the tension of the tragedy, because we know as also the Duke does, that all will really happen. But the actor must give this conventional stage figure some sort of a character, so Mr. Hearn makes him a merry, genial fellow, whose principal characteristic is a liking for a bit of fun. But with a Duke of this kind, one wonders all the time why Angelo's proceedings are not stopped at once. A Duke who was old and just a little weak and foolish would have fitted into the play better.

As for the comic characters one knows not whether to praise most Mr. Iden Payne's Lucio, a Lucio all compounded of moustache and plumes, hair-brain'd frivolity, and yet sturdy friendship, a Lucio that smacked of the taverns and the streets at midnight, or Mr. Henry Austin's solemn and obtuse Elbow, or Mr. Charles Bihy's Pompey, so simple, yet so deep. The audience enjoyed the fun unrestrainedly, regardless of the nature of the subjects treated. But we cannot affect not to re- gret that his habit of going from one end of the stage to the other of the audience the manager expurgated the text that Pompey's real occupation was never made clear. This is to water our Shakespearean wine indeed. Bernardine was almost the only weak point in the play. This prisoner who declines to be executed is a thumb-nail sketch of true Elizabthan heroism, half tragic, half farcical, the kind of character that shows how the old world dramatists stuck at nothing, and were equally ready to explore the lowest depths as well as the loftiest heights of human nature. Bernardine should come on the stage half asleep and half drunk, angry, sullen, yet with such power in him that the gaolers dare not know as much as his name.

To the present day Stratford-on-Avon did nothing but roar and bellow. He was a creature that could never please. The dilemma presented by the "insidious" methods and "back-door intrigues" of an unnamed Society, to wit, the Fabian Society. The author does make our flesh creep!

We must not forget to add that the song, "Take, oh; take those lips away," was sung to the music of S. W. Wilson, a seventeenth century musician, and made a success, the recital one of the prison scenes by a quartet of Stratford musicians, with which of antiquity was lent to the play at the end by the actors kneeling down in front of the stage and reciting the King's prayer, taken from "Ralph Roister Doister."
MUSIC.

Notes on Recent Music.

When Mr. Holbrooke is not iconoclastic he is generally facetious. He says on his programme it is his "sixth year of Herculean progress" in giving concerts of modern music. His printed remarks are amusing, but they do not advance contemporary English art, and looks askance at anything post-Wagnerian; it is content with the "masterpieces" we all know by heart. Mr. Henry Wood has, I suppose, something else to do—the Promenade season is enough for him in that direction. The Philharmonic Society and the two older orchestras, the orchestra and the amateur orchestra in London, deserve far more encouragement than they receive; but it really is a little distressing to have fifteen minutes of his generous egotism fortissimo.

The same afternoon a string quartette led by Miss Fanny Eveleigh played some things of Joseph Speaight (whose "Puck" is one of the loveliest of modern English works), Frederick Kessler, and Edith Swayne. The last-named is happy in a diatonic world of her own, but it is too painfully reminiscent of Adelaide Anne Proctor and the polite, Tennysonian, antimacassar school of that period. "Variations on an Original Theme" by Mr. Y. Holbrooke belongs to a similar category, more obviously learned perhaps, but it is too painfully reminiscent of Adelaide Anne Proctor and the polite, Tennysonian, antimacassar school of that period. "Variations on an Original Theme" by Mr. Y. Holbrooke belongs to a similar category, more obviously learned perhaps, but it is too painfully reminiscent of Adelaide Anne Proctor and the polite, Tennysonian, antimacassar school of that period. "Variations on an Original Theme" by Mr. Y. 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Poetry as an abstract thing and rhymed verse as a convention are evidently unfamiliar experiences to Mr. Bantock. He has very great talent, but his achievements have not the fascination of being magnificently wrong, like some of Mr. Holbrooke's orchestral skirmishes, nor the wonderful beauty of form of Mr. Delius's work. He has little creative genius; his skill lies in imitating work that is already done. He cares nothing for poetry as poetry; to him it is merely a peg to hang his musical ideas upon. Look at his music to "Omar Khayyam" and see how he has played the mischief with the exquisite quatrains of Edward Fitzgerald. The same with "Perish'a's Fancies"; these are certainly broken up by Mr. Bantock; grinds them into powder. Mr. John Coates, excellent singer as he is, could not save them from this annihilation. Likewise his treatment of the "Sappho" lyrics is a reappointment of the poet's art. One may listen to the orchestra or the lady's voice. But on no account bother about the sentiment of the words or their metrical value. There is no connection at all.

HERBERT HUGHES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

HENRY BEYLE AND ENGLISHMEN.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Why not Henry Beyle, the Prophet? Stendhal is only one of many nom-de-plume. Dr. Oscar Levy hopes the publication of his correspondence will draw some stray Englishman's attention to that now immortal name. Neither he nor James Huneker, who recently wrote on Beyle in "Nineteenth Century," appears to have any knowledge of a Critical and Biographical Study of Henry Beyle aided by original documents and unpublished letters from the private papers of the family of Beyle (with appendix of humorous quotations of Beyle by his contemporaries) in English by Andrew Archibald Paton (Born Edinburgh 1811, Died Rugga 1874), London, 1874.

It would be interesting to trace Beyle's influence on English literature and thought, directly and indirectly. William Hazlitt, who was a Bonapartist, and hoped to see the last of the Bourbons, translated some portions of Beyle's "De l'Amour," in his Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, first published in the "Morning Chronicle," 1826. A strain of Beylemism seems to run in George Borrow's "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye." G. B. Shaw speaks of Charles Lever's "A Day's Ride" as a formative influence. Lever was British Consul at Trieste where Beyle had been French Consul. Francis (W. L. Leith) Adams, in his posthumous "Hunt for Happiness," spoke Beylemism. A maxim of Beyle's: "Character is the habitual manner of seeking happiness," is firmly fixed in mind.

HAROLD HILDER.

A MEDICAL SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I wish to thank a large number of correspondents, medical and other, who have written to me. Nearly all favour a State Medical Service, and view the formation of a Medical Socialist Fellowship as a most desirable step. I still desire some clerical assistance in starting such a Society.

M. D. FRED.

MR. WELLS AND MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Will you allow me to express my amazement at Mr. H. G. Wells's "Open Letter"? In common with most socialists I thought I understood electioneering tactics sufficiently well to be proof against surprises, but this . . . .

As a member of the S.D.P. I will only say that a great many of Mr. Wells's statements in regard to my Party are untrue, and those that are not untrue are either exaggerated or made in ignorance.

Mr. Wells would do well to consider whether his action at so critical a time was wise or, indeed, honourable. It is surely obvious that whatever disagreement Mr. Wells may have with my Party he took the wrong method and the wrong time to settle it. Had Mr. Wells considered that the Manchester elector was not so much concerned with all that is "noblest and most hopeful" in his "awakening consciousness," as with Tariff Reform, and Unemployment, and Beer, he would, perhaps, have held his hand and saved us from a most painful episode in the history of the Socialist movement in England.

There is one other point I should like to touch upon. Hitherto I have regarded Mr. Wells as a seer; in reading his books I have gained more joy and hope than from any other Socialist writer, not excepting William Morris. In a word, I had thought of Mr. Wells as "Father Redwood," and dreamed of the time when the giants should come. And now my dream is almost gone, for Mr. Wells has displayed wonderful lack of political foresight in thinking that we, the English people, can retain our "habit of freely and generously expressing and criticising ideas." Assuming that freedom and generosity have hitherto characterised our party strife, it surprises and grieves me that I have to inform Mr. Wells that these characteristics have ceased to exist and that they will only be resurrected when the Revolution is an accomplished fact. The characteristics died just before the Boer War, and our politics then began to be Americanised. Apparently Mr. Wells needs to be informed that the next General Election will be fought on American lines and with American weapons; money, lies, and hooliganism; and neither Mr. Wells nor ten thousand men like him will be able to abate the sordid fury one jot.

If Mr. Wells insists on dabbling in current politics let him begin writing Socialist leaflets for the election. We shall need all he can let us have, and the leaflets may do less harm to the movement than "Open Letters."

MATTHEW F. BOYD.

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