NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Churchill has lost no time in finding a new object for his fascinating powers of courtship. Whether his new love is likely to prove less faithless than his old one is a question which we will not attempt to answer.

The last fight in Dundee was a three-cornered one, five candidates for two seats, and the single Liberal candidate, Mr. Churchill, took his Court, Furnival Street, E.C.

On the whole, Mr. Stuart, the Labour candidate, seems to have as good a chance as any. Mr. Churchill’s personal prestige might count for something, but any advantage on this score is more than counter-balanced by the presence of a Prohibitionist candidate, practically all of whose votes are likely to be obtained at the expense of the Liberal. We cannot but admire the pluck of our youngest Cabinet Minister in choosing to fight a Socialist, but unfortunately he has elected to fight a Socialist, and therefore must be beaten if possible. He deserves the strongest attitude which we have taken up in protest against almost all the border tribes. These frontier wars are the inevitable result of our settled policy, yet it is difficult to find a better alternative. The tribes who inhabit the mountainous country between the inner frontier, the boundary of India proper, and the outer frontier, or the Durand line, have always lived a jolly life of raids and rapine, and will doubtless continue to do so until we “occupy” them. One day a Tory Government will do it, and then we shall have the Afghans instead of the Zakka Khel and Mohmands for next door neighbours; and thereafter frontier wars will be of far greater consequence than at present. It may be a mistake, but we shall never have time really to consider the matter before it is done, because in “the heart of the Empire” we are occupied with so many other serious questions—such as, “Is Our Bowling Deteriorating?”

We remarked last week that the Licensing Bill was easier to attack than to defend, and this is undoubtedly true when the discussion takes place on the hustings. But the debates on the second reading have shown that in the House it is all the other way. The financial clauses appear to have been extraordinarily well drawn, so that the Opposition, with all the commercial ability they have at their command, find it well-nigh impossible to pick holes. With Sir Thomas Whitaker in the House, facts and statistics must be accurate to the last figure, and such conditions are not favourable for the presentation of the brewer’s case. As for Mr. Asquith’s conduct of the Bill, it is only comparable to the brilliant performance of Mr. Balfour with his Education Bill in 1902.

We are aware that a few of our friends do not agree with the strong attitude which we have taken up in support of this Bill. But it seems to us that their very reasonable objection to the spirit of moral ostracism which, as we have already pointed out, underlies the restrictive clauses of the Bill has blinded them to the value of the financial clauses. We, too, object most heartily to the attack upon barmaids, to the extra Sunday closing, and to the introduction of the principle of local option; and we realise, further, that this Liberal measure contains no attempt at a final solution of the whole problem. But, on the other hand, it docs
most undoubtedly bring us nearer to a solution, and at the same time opens a new and most valuable source of revenue. What the Liberals are attempting to do now in regard to licences will have to be done some time, if the State is ever to recover the value of the monopoly it has created and given away. And surely it is as well that the brunt of the brewers’ attacks should be borne by the Liberal Party instead of by the Labour or Socialist Party at some future date.

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If this Bill becomes law, as, in our opinion, it is bound to do, what will be the result? The State will regain control of a monopoly, the capital value of which throughout the country is variously estimated at between 100 million and 350 million pounds. Suppose we call it 150 millions. Then at the end of fourteen years the nation will benefit by an amount sufficient to extinguish about a quarter of the National Debt. From this point of view alone the Bill is worth supporting, but there are other considerations of almost equal weight. The political influence that is wielded by the people who can control the public-houses is nothing less than appalling. We have seen examples of it in Peckham and elsewhere. Hitherto that influence has been exerted on the side of the Tories, and we may suppose that as long as it exists it will be exerted on the side of reaction. This measure should practically destroy it, or at least make it comparatively easy for a future Government to complete the destruction.

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Let us repeat that Mr. Asquith’s Bill contains no solution of the drink problem. Under its provisions the nation does not obtain real control of the traffic. Even after the fourteen years have expired the sale of alcoholic liquors will still be in private hands, although the private profits obtainable will be considerably reduced. The final solution of the question will only be found in the socialisation of the whole trade, production, distribution and sale. That is what we look forward to in the future, and when the time for its achievement approaches we shall be glad enough that the 1908 Act has removed the greatest of the opposing forces and left us to deal only with those fanatics who object to the nation “touching the accrued thing.”

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That the British democracy has no control over treaty-making has been again demonstrated by the fact that the signature of Great Britain to the Declaration on the subject of the maintenance of the status quo in the territories bordering on the North Sea was affixed without any submission to Parliament of the terms of the Declaration. Everyone will remember that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty and the Anglo-Russian Treaty were concluded without Parliament having any opportunity before ratifications were exchanged of debating whether the signature of the treaty was advisable or not. The agreement should be appealed or not. This Agreement, entered into between Great Britain, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Sweden, is not such an important document as either the Anglo-Russian or Anglo-Japanese Treaties. Its effect, practically speaking, is that of a guarantee for the maintenance of the present territorial integrity of Denmark, the Netherlands, and Sweden.

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The omission of Russia as one of the signatories suggests the suspicion that this Declaration should be regarded as a warning to Russia. That remarkable policy has been, to commit the English and the Great,” contained this advice on Russian policy towards the minor Northern Powers: “III. Extend our dominions by every means on the north along the Baltic, as well as towards the south along the shores of the Black Sea, and for this purpose: IV. Excite the jealousy of England, Denmark, and Brandenburg against the Sweden, by means of which these Powers will disregard any encroachments we may make on that State, and which we will end by subjugating.” The signatories of this Declaration, however, state that they are firmly resolved “to preserve intact, and mutually to respect, the sovereign rights which their countries at present enjoy over their respective territories.” Until the terms of the arrangement with Russia and Sweden regarding the Aaland Islands are published, we shall not know the effect of this wording; but the weaker Powers of Northern Europe have certainly gained powerful guarantors of their integrity.

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Sir Charles Dilke’s Shops Bill, which is designed to create a uniform system of early closing, was given a second reading on Friday on condition that it should not be proceeded with for this Session. The Home Secretary promised a Government measure next year on similar lines. The only members who seriously opposed the principle of the Bill were Sir Frederick Banbury and Mr. Harold Cox. The honourable baronet was described by Mr. Herbert Samuel as belonging to the eighteenth century, infinitely precious as a relic, but untrustworthy as a political guide. Mr. Harold Cox’s case is even more deplorable. Nominally these two gentlemen belong to different parties. Why do they not make a permanent pair, and take a holiday together in some congenial old-world spot like Jersey?

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The Earl of Meath has communicated to the “Times” his wishes as to how the Anglo-Saxon race shall celebrate his Empire Day this year. “I am most anxious,” he writes, “that a special effort shall be made to emphasise the overwhelming nature of the indebtness of the Empire to the Father of the Universe.” We would gladly refrain from throwing cold water upon Lord Meath’s most generous proposal, in spite of our distaste for these “benefit” performances, but so much has been said, in connection with Empire Day, about educating the youth of the country to the proposition of ultimate responsibility, that we cannot allow this flagrant example of a national weakness to pass without comment.

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The assumption that Providence is in favour of British expansion may seem to some to be nothing but a quaint survival of an ancient superstition. But unfortunately it has practical consequences of a disastrous character. We are ultimately responsible for our insularity and our jingoism. The attitude of the great British public is so much determined by it that almost any crime may be hushed up without difficulty or even openly tolerated so long as it has been committed by British representatives in the sacred name of British expansion may seem to some to be nothing but a quaint survival of an ancient superstition. But unfortunately it has practical consequences of a disastrous character. We are ultimately responsible for our insularity and our jingoism. 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Thed New Age

May 9, 1908

23

nation," but why should we try to impress that Biblical text upon the nation's children, on the very day when they are celebrating the magnificence of the British Empire?

There are occasions, however, rare occasions, when we feel that all is not perfect in this providential Empire of ours, and Naval efficiency is a case in point. There have been no attempts made in this country to justify the legal procedure by means of which the Zulu chief has been detained in prison for many months without notice of the crimes with which he is to be charged. We are agreed about the injustice of it. Yet so sluggish is our imperial mind that no effectual remedy has yet been secured. Once or twice every week during the present Session Mr. Churchill has announced to the House amid cheers that he fully realises the gravity of the situation, and that strong representations are being made to the Natal Government. But as Mr. Seely has said, to what purpose? for little have been the result. That is perhaps the working of our Imperial machinery that no one is in the dark on this point.

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The Imperial finances of Germany seem to be in an even worse state than was imagined. The Government calculated in the Reichstag that they would have to raise a loan of £50,000,000 during the next five years, and this merely to cover automatic deficits on the ordinary Budgets. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herr Sydow, expressed himself as seriously alarmed, and stated that a reduction of expenditure was the only solution of the problem. Could there be a better opportunity for opening fresh negotiations with the German Government in regard to a reduction of armaments? Would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman be here to seize it.

Our own Budget is to be introduced on Thursday, and by this time next week we shall know the best and the worst of Mr. Asquith's proposals. Mr. Lloyd George will on this occasion, we presume, merely occupy that portion of a pupil-teacher while the Premier gives the lesson. For the past year we have been wondering what this Budget is to contain, and now, a day or two before the denouement, we are as much in the dark as ever. The chief question, of course, is the extent of the Old Age Pension Scheme, but there are many subsidiary matters of almost equal interest. How is the money for the Pensions to be found? By some new and ingenious tax on luxuries? Or by a straightforward increase of the tax on unearned incomes? Whatever else the answer is, the political situation demands that it should be a popular one.

The Fabian Education Conference, held at the Fabian Summer School, North Wales, during Easter week, proved a very successful experiment, and one decidedly worth repeating. There was a large gathering of experts and "laymen," and nearly all branches of education were represented—University, Technical, Secondary, and Elementary. Some extremely interesting lectures were delivered, among which may be specially noted the following:—"Group Evolution," by L. D. Coneslont (Sunderland Technical Institute); "Continued Education" and "Drama and Music in the Elementary Schools," by Dr. Frederick Rose (Assistant Educational Adviser, Education Department, L.C.C.); "Speech Development in relation to Language Teaching," by Dr. Thomas (Assistant Medical Officer, L.C.C.); "Research in Education," by Frederic Kritle, R.A. (Headmaster, The Clapham School); "Co-Education," by John Russell, M.A. (Headmaster, King Alfred's School); "The Place of the Doctor in Modern Education," by Dr. Lawson Dodd, and "Some Problems of the Elementary Schools," by J. W. Samuels, B.A. (Headmaster, Higher Elementary Schools, Millwall). The best feature of the whole was that the gathering was in real truth a "conference"—not in name alone, as in usually the case—and the discussions which followed the lectures were of great value, representing many varying points of view and throwing out many suggestive ideas. Moreover, a good deal of Socialist propaganda was effected, as a kind of by-product of the Conference, and the only regrettable thing is that there were not a few headmasters in our "great" public schools present—their might have obtained some salutary effects from their visit.

The Labour Party and Dundee.

The Liberal members who sat for Dundee and Montrose Burghs have decided that they are more suited to represent feudalism than democracy; so they have retired to the House of Lords; and there are bye-elections pending in both divisions, and a Labour Party candidate in each. The Liberals had, somehow or the other, got it into their heads that the Labour Party would not be so unkind as to oppose the new men who desired to represent democracy in the place of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Edmund Robertson. I hope it is not rude to say so, but, really, some people are extraordinarily dense. The "Daily News" thinks it would be so much pleasanter for all concerned if the Labour men would "co-operate" with the Liberals: "if only this co-operation can be made effective in the country, especially at bye-elections, our battle is won." In other words, the Labour Party's object should be to win the battle for someone else. I wish they had a flickering glimmer of humour on the "Daily News." They are always squeezing their brains to find some plausible explanation why the Labour Party does not support the present Government at election times. One of these days, when there is absolutely nothing to do, they will send the messenger boy round from the Labour Party's office to explain the position to the gentlemen who write for the "Daily News"; it will be quite a brief explanation. "We are so sorry we cannot join your party; but we are not Liberals, and we are running a party of our own." However, they will discover the reason by themselves—most people stumble over the truth, sooner or later—and then, I suppose, the "Daily News" will begin to puzzle out the further problem why the Conservatives do not support the Liberals. There is no mortal reason why they should not expect the whole world to support them; only . . . . . well, it has its humorous side.

The pertinacity with which the Labour Party, in spite of prayers and threats, is now fighting the Liberals for every seat which offers a reasonable hope of success, is of Persia, or any other obsolete constitutional institution; immediately the issue is clear, we shall win. And when we want to co-operate with another party we will be discreet enough not to choose one which is being beaten at every election. There is no particular joy in going down with someone else's sinking ship. One may be quite prepared to die for one's principles.*

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END OF VOLUME II.
The School Meals Farce.

The record of the feeding of school children during this last winter and up to Easter is a record of complete and disastrous failure. A few educational authorities here and there have adopted the Provision of Meals Act, but London, which ought to lead the way, has stood behind. And in London, despite the feverish efforts of the probity partisans, the money subscribed by voluntary subscription has been grossly inadequate.

The number of children fed in London during last winter was about 50,000; this is certainly not half the number who ought to have been fed. At no school have all the "necessitous" children been fed, and in some schools only a half or a third of the full number; in some schools fewer still. Then of those technically fed only a small proportion have been adequately nourished; most of them have been given meals both inadequate in number and insufficient in quantity. Practically no meals have been supplied on Saturdays, none on Sundays, and frequently none on Mondays. The reason for the omission of Monday is the airy presumption that if there is any food at home it is more likely to be there on Monday than on Tuesday.

London's feeding of starving children during the last winter can only be described as the minimum of reality and the maximum of pretence. A choice combination of moral and business maxims calculated to lay the conscience of Londoners to sleep.

The average number of meals supplied to children has been about four, and the average meal supplied has been a one-course stricture, calculated just to alleviate the pangs of hunger without satisfying the needs of the body. The meal has often consisted of soup and bread, sometimes of stodgy puddings, rarely of anything more appetising or substantial. Practically no effort has been made to use the social meal as an educational influence, manners have been at a complete discount, and the spot where children are made to rank their rations in the street near the "feeding centres" has been a not unnatural sight.

One of the most sinister aspects of the question has been the complete secrecy with which all the precise facts of the situation have been enshrouded. The L.C.C. has given definite instructions to all teachers not to give information as to necessitous children to anyone not officially authorised to receive it. The effect of this has been to make it excessively difficult to gauge the extent of the evil. It is a ghastly secret about which the less said the better.

In London the relief has been administered by Children's Care Committees formed on the plan, laid down in the Provision of Meals Act, for the constitution of School Canteen Committees. So that in London the last winter has given us an experience of what the Act would be like, for the only change that would be experienced by the Act's adoption would be the use of a subvention from the rates in aid of the charitable funds. And this expenditure, because social meals are cheaper than private meals, on a big scale is more economical, and an actual ratepayer will be less than that of the partial scheme, so far as the necessities are concerned, because feeding on a big scale is more economical, and an actual economy will be effected in each ratepayer's private expenditure, because social meals are cheaper than private meals.

The health of all children too will immensely benefit, because a social school meal can be made certainly a good and proper meal, and the very extensive evil of improper feeding eliminated. Lastly, the morals, manners, and habits of all school children will be improved, if necessitous children are fed, and without the stigma of charity. The cost to the ratepayers will be less than that of the partial scheme, for the feeding of each through the weekly budget. We shall then be sure that necessitous children are fed, and the apparent size of the evil, and nothing to attempt to grapple seriously with the evil.

In any case, the administrative machinery is inadequate because it relies to such a large extent on the more or less forced co-operation of the teachers. If the teachers discharge their duties as members of the C.C.C.'s well, they are bound to make justifiable drafts on their own time and energy; there are returns to be made and records to be kept of course; and if they neglect these duties the Act cannot work. Apart from this it must always be a very difficult task wending out the underfed from the fed, and a task which has the effect of branding a section of the children of every school as of a different social class from the others. It is a task to which of voluntary action worth the energy expended on it, and which may lay those who undertake it open to imputation and unblushing imposition.

There can be no solution of this question apart from the feeding of all children. Let all pay for the feeding of all through the medium of the rates, instead of each for the feeding of each through the weekly budget. We shall then be sure that necessitous children are fed, and with the stigma of charity. The cost to the ratepayers will be less than that of the partial scheme, so far as the necessities are concerned, because feeding on a big scale is more economical, and an actual economy will be effected in each ratepayer's private expenditure, because social meals are cheaper than private meals.

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**Lord Macaulay’s Curse.**

I have no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic. ... I am quite ready to take the Oriental languages into the consideration of the Committee. These I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia. ... It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that all the historical information which has been collected from the books written in the Sanscrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paucity abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every lat, the particular line of our intellectual history, philosophy the relative positions of the two nations is nearly the same. ... Our language stands pre-eminently even among the languages of the West. ... Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our language or at the part which it has taken in the intellectual history of the country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

Lord Macaulay, who read everything and understood nothing, so that he remained to the end one of the cleverest fools our country ever bred, never penned anything that exhibited his self-complacent ignorance more disastrously than his Minute on Indian Education, of which we have just called an extract. Be it remembered that it was written in February 1835, just a few months after Macaulay’s landing in India. The Minute should be read in full by those who do not yet understand why Englishmen are everywhere despised and disliked by the inhabitants of every country where they go, it is disliked even by the inhabitants of their own country. An Englishman’s intentions are always so damnable good that we may not repine at the low salaries he feels called upon to take, from a sense of economic justice, to compensate him for the strain upon his heart, the moral wear and tear, involved in looking after other races. “To benefit the people is the inspiring thought of every British administrator in India.”

When Macaulay arrived in India the Committee of Public Instruction, consisting of ten members, was divided in opinion as to whether Oriental learning should be taught, or replaced by Western Science taught in English. Macaulay, the son of Zachariah of the Clapham sect, Macaulay the bachelor, Macaulay who ancered at German metaphysics, who was as ignorant of Hindu thought as he was of the Hindus, with no knowledge and no sympathy for any philosophy that didn’t help one to get on, Macaulay sided with the English side of the Committee.

Ever since, Education in India has been conducted on the lines that is good for English squires and English lawyers must be excellent for a people from whose soil sprang a philosophy, which above all philosophies has sought to realise the core of that universal idea, which alone has reached a conception of the soul; dimly it may be to some, yet assuredly more divinely and more humanly than any philosophy in which man has hitherto uttered his need for some satisfaction of that torturing sense of mystery which haunts him as he journeys through the night and dreams of our infantile apperceptions of a remote past, to a future beset with uncertain adventures. What has our Western Science to tell a people whose teachers can at will to soar to those states of ecstasy where that augmented consciousness has hitherto uttered his need for some satisfaction of that universal idea? We quite agree; but—as none knows better than he—under the British régime it would not follow that the advantages would be reaped by the worker and the poor.

Mr. Rees contributed one good suggestion: “that we should go back to the vernacular languages”; i.e., of course, counterbalanced this by some nonsense. He desired that part of the instruction should include “instruction in the former state of the country and the blessings conferred by British rule”; no doubt according due prominence to the fact that Mr. J. D. Rees, after 25 years in the Indian Civil Service, and now M. P. for Montgomery Burghs, still keeps his eye upon India. But perhaps it was Mr. Rees’s desire to remind us of the reputation English Judges have conferred upon the British ideas. We need scarcely add the attendance was scanty, that the motion was withdrawn, that everyone at home feeling extra double virtuous and responsible, and that the House must continue to rely upon their own efforts with the help of the thoughtful Socialists in this country to subvert British rule and British ideas.

The upshot is that our Barbaric system of education must be abandoned; it is useless to the less advanced races of India, it is an insult to the more advanced races, which are as far above Europe in intellectual acumen as they are in philosophy.
Good Breeding or Eugenics.

"We set good breeding as the corner-stone of our edifice." — Ernest Pontifex, Essays.

Nature has no laws, men invent them. The inventions are sometimes happy, frequently horrible, usually futile. All men are born with a certain outlook in life, the result very much from one generation to the other. Becoming conscious of their outlooks, now a philosophy, some delight in seeking happenings, more or less unimportant, which are more or less correlated with their beliefs. These happenings men call facts, and a jumble of many facts, a résumé in mental shorthand, constitutes a law of nature, wisely called an iron law because iron is ever in a state of flux.

Now it is true that though "facts" readily become exhausted, void of life, they do tend to become stereotyped to be worn out. Phrases, which long after newer and pleasanter facts have been invented, creep along about the ocean of thought, derelicts dangerous to later navigators. Just such a stereotyped or clap-trap word hurts us as we approach the subject of good breeding. The word "evolution" gives you the nose, and is not to be tried with the brain. The word "evolution" is now a foundling hospital where we imprison, without further ado, all ideas of doubtful parentage. "The doctrine by which the higher forms of life have gradually arisen out of the lower," says my dictionary; "progress involving differentiation" in the present biologist's definition. Now, mere hypercriticism that objects to the use of the words "higher," "progress" in these definitions; the use of these words invariably leads to the introduction of ethical considerations in what should be mere portrayals of the writer's inventions—his facts.

This is prejudicial. Thus an able mathematician complains that "we have provided unlimited medical comforts and housing for the physically unfit, and for the rogue; he is anxious to send criminals to "a tropical climate."

In turn, the "Daily Express" would send the same able mathematician to an even greater climate because he once expressed views on the question of good breeding. Here we must be very chary; personally, I hold that current views as to what is criminal, insane, "rogue," or "criminal," so much decried and every man's opinion. So that good breeding may make a real advance we must avoid by any sleight of brain. The word "eugenicist" is an iron law of nature, wisely called an iron law because iron is ever in a state of flux.

There is one lesson that evolution teaches us, and that is the oneness of all things in the universe—the relationship, more or less intimate, that exists even between what are called inorganic and organic things. I wish space and the interest of my readers allowed me to give here a résumé of O. Lehmann's researches upon what he calls "apparently living crystals." Crystals are seen growing by absorbing their food, they are mottled, colored, and grow in every sense of the word. To-day I mention this lest many readers desire to accuse me of a want of logic. Elsewhere I have had nothing but praise for those who destroy mosquitos and their larvae. Here I complain of researches on guinea pigs. Now, logic should compel me to foreswear any and all things as well as compel me to spare mosquitos, since I claim that inorganic things like crystals are sentient. But no more than any other man shall I be guided by logic. The silliest definition ever given of man is that "he is a rational being."

I claim that inorganic things like crystals are sentient. But no more than any other man shall I be guided by logic. The silliest definition ever given of man is that "he is a rational being."
Race-Culture and Socialism.
By Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S. Edin.

It is surely a momentous omen that a Socialist review should have lately devoted so many of its columns to the question of eugenics or race-culture—which, as perhaps the greatest of living Socialist thinkers, Forel, has declared, is indeed the root question of all questions. May I, in the first place, direct your readers' attention to the newly-founded Eugenics Education Society, which numbers amongst its vice-presidents your two distinguished contributors, Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Havelock Ellis. It is not necessary to repeat in feebler terms their main propositions. Merely I wish to point out that, if not a "State Department," at least a society for the unborn already exists, and as within the last two days this astonished writer has had the opportunity of speaking of its aims before those swayers of Parliaments, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the one hand, and Dr. Clifford, on the other, it may almost be hoped that those aims, from which the Churches cannot indefinitely hold aloof, will make State machinery for themselves before long.

Meanwhile this Society (the hon. secretary of which will be happy to send its "literature" to your readers if they will write to 6, York Buildings, Adelphi, Strand, W.C.) is already acting upon public opinion. In general, we may say that so far as what one may call positive eugenics is concerned, education must be our inchoate method; but we do emphatically believe in legislation with the utmost urgency in regard to certain aspects of what may be called negative eugenics. And, first, a word as to eugenic education.

In some measure this is within the power of everyone, and it is already a factor of personal duty for all who are in charge of childhood. Suitable literature for their use, at present non-existent in English—a few simple and usually nervous tracts apart—will in course be provided. We have to remedy the amazing ignorance of parents themselves; we have to reckon with the fact that not a few brides are wholly unacquainted with the barest elements of that which their change of state will entail, both as regards themselves and as regards the future; we have to reckon with beautiful but dangerous notions—as that a girl may reform an inebriate by marrying him—a notion futile enough as regards the individual and liable to produce the future seven devils for one; we have to state the price of prudence in this land; we have to bury, alive or otherwise, Mrs. Grundy—the only woman, perhaps, to whom the word "hag" can decently be applied; and we have to demand the education of children as for the supreme function of parenthood as Spencer urged forty years ago, if that name may be printed without injury to your columns. With such tasks as these before it, the Eugenics Education Society needs and demands the services of all who realise that, human energy being finite, it is best expended where it will bring largest returns, and that no object conceivable can compare in this regard with the practicable object of race-culture.

There were lately quoted in these pages some remarks of mine on "Maternalism." We must say Mrs. Grundy and we must put our own houses in order if the materialist ideal is to be realised. Should the reader ask what that is, he may be referred to the great words of Mr. John Burns when addressing the Infant Mortality Conference two years ago, "You must glorify, dignify, and purify motherhood by every means in your power."

On the more obviously scientific side the propagation of the known truths of heredity—a great fact with which, if one may be allowed to say so, some forms of Socialism seem scarcely to reckon—must be undertaken. To this end one may commend Prof. J. A. Thomson's new work, "Heredity" (Murray), the first treatise on the subject written in full recognition of the eugenic ideal and the practical meaning of these inquiries.

But also our young Society demands immediate legislative action in the interest of negative eugenics. Indeed, by means of a resolution passed at our annual general meeting, some twenty public addresses delivered by one of our members, and so forth, we shall soon have effected something in regard to the present scandalous treatment of chronic inebriate women by the London County Council. We have obtained the public inquiry demanded, and official recognition of the fact that the need is urgent. There are some fifty chronic inebriate women in Holloway at this moment undergoing absolutely useless short terms of imprisonment because, over a quarrel concerning 6d. per day per woman, the London County Council declines to put the Inebriates Acts into force, and deprives even intelligent magistrates of the power of committing these pitiable and dangerous women to a reformatory. We revert, in short, to the Jane Cakebread method, despite the passing of the legislation which the life history of that cruelly maltreated lunatic brought about; and further, we provide the conditions whereby the hopeless inebriate shall become a mother (to the extent of between five and six children per woman on the average) of children germinally defective and, to boot, doubtless intoxicated many times before their birth. I have heard of no outrage in modern times, African or other, comparable to this; but at least the London County Council is performing one service for biological philosophy. We know that there may be an antagonism between the interests of the race and the interests of the individual, as both Darwin and Huxley observed, though it was left to Mr. Gallon to resolve the antinomy. You save feeble-minded children, and thus get a feebleminded race; or with Lycurgus, you expose the unfit and are cruel to be kind. This dilemma, however kind to be cruel or cruel to be kind, does not exhaust the possibilities. In its present course the London County Council is proving that it is possible to combine the maximum of brutality to the individual and the present with the maximum of injury to the race and the future.

The Eugenics Education Society having, at the least, hastened the appointment of the Home Office Committee, is now preparing its evidence, and also legislative proposals which will combine the maximum of kindness, and even of personal hope, for the individual with protection of the future. We ask your readers' help.

And now will you permit me, as one who belongs to no party, but who will be happy, if it will have him, to join the thinking party, when there is one—to consider in outline the relations of eugenics to the teaching of the present party which most nearly answers to that ideal? To some of us, perhaps, Socialism seems furthest from that ideal, when, as we think, it assumes that all evil is of economic origin. The student of heredity finds elements of evil abundant in poisoned germ-plasm and not absent from the best. Surely, surely, the products of progress are not new mechanisms but men; and surely no economic system as such can be the only mechanism worth naming—which would be one that made men. The germ-plasm is such a
mechanism, indeed; and hence its quality is all important.

But if Socialism, sooner than any other party, is going to identify itself with the economic principle of Ruskin that “there is no wealth but life”; and if in its discussion of the conditions of industry it will concern itself primarily with the culture of the racial life, which is the vital industry of any people (and basis enough for a New Imperialism, or at least a New Patriotism, that might be quite decent); if so, then it seems to me that we must look to you for salvation. But books which describe future external, books which assume that education is a panacea, forgetting that education can educate only externals, books which assume that education is a panacea, may not fail; the economic panacea must fail (at least as a panacea); the educational panacea must fail; the eugenic panacea may not fail.

But it has happened to me lately to make very vague and detailed acquaintance with a book written by a Socialist that may be commended universally as a great work pregnant with hope and guidance and wisdom. One already knew Professor Forel, of Zurich, as a student of ants— who persuaded him into Socialism—as the author of “Why you are sick and how to be well.” He has described the great enemies of alcohol, of the existence of which some Socialists appear to me to be as unaware as if they had just come from Utopia. But in his latest work, “Die Sexuel Frage” (which can be read in French under the title “La Question Sexuelle”), Professor Forel has built himself an enduring monument. Here, Socialism, Idealism, science, vast experience, alike of anti-heaps and asylums, combined with literary power, in the production of a book which not merely has no rival in English, but the bare possibility of which no English book extant could have suggested. Were there an English Forel, I think I should be in the third paragraph before I began to experience twinges of doubt and dismay. I was not likely, it seemed to me, to gain any illumination worth mentioning on any subject of importance from a gentleman who knew his way to Utopia; who, in describing his Utopia, is certain to describe the habits and customs of people who argue thereof. I am sure I have put this delicately.

And then the second thing which strikes one in Forel is that his six pages descriptive of his Utopian ideas follow upon nearly six hundred in which he shows us how they may be realised. Now, this spade work may, or may not, require less imagination; it may be less easy; the rock is often very hard; but is not this better than building your enemies, though he has jumped at the chance of giving you two, and explicitly in letting him commend to your readers notice the young Society which has no party and no creed except that there is no wealth but life, and that no minting will make copper into gold.

The Instinct of Ownership.

A Reply to Hilaire Belloc.

By Hubert Bland.

WHEN I read the first paragraph of Mr. Belloc's article, "The Three Issues," my heart leaped. Now at last, I felt, Mr. Belloc is about to discover for us the secret which he has so long and so cleverly kept hidden; now at last we are to be told what we are to do to be saved; what first steps and experiments we are to take in order to make the only tolerable alternative to the Collective State— that other State so often dimly hinted at in which property shall be widely distributed, and established on perdurable foundations.

I confess that my eye had not travelled far down the third paragraph before I began to experience twinges of doubt and dismay. I was not likely, it seemed to me, to gain any illumination worth mentioning on any subject of importance from a gentleman who knew his world so little as to assert that everyone in it but "the half-witted, the base, and superhumanly ignorant" were determined that our modern industrial system should be transformed. Of course, the assertion may be true enough if what Mr. Belloc means is that ninety-nine hundredths of the members of the House of Commons, four-fifths of the members of the House of Lords, and about the same proportion of the well-to-do classes all over the kingdom are half-witted, base, and superhumanly ignorant. But if he means that, then that is so obvious and so gross an exaggeration that we may say of it what Mr. Belloc himself says, later on, of the Hegelian philosophy, that it is "muddleheadedness, and not worth a moment's consideration."

A gentleman who has used his eyes, his ears, and his intelligence to such little purpose as not to know that the great part of the comfortably-off are determined that our modern industrial system shall not be transformed or even altered in any material respect if they can help it must be rather a hopeless and futile sort of gentleman, I felt.

Further reading of the article confirmed my dismal forebodings. Mr. Belloc goes on to declare that "men desire to own." A quite irresistible truth that: the
Mr. Belloc, it is true, has heard denied, but never argued. Naturally; why that is merely asserted, in support of which not one word of argument is forthcoming? When Mr. Belloc asks his fellow-men "in great numbers and in diverse circumstances" what it is they desire to own, and tries his hardest really to understand the answer, try to get at the bottom of it, he will find that it is not the means of production he and they desire to own, but the product, the finished article. I, for example, intensely desire to own my pipe, but I have not the faintest wish to own the machinery, whatever it was, by which my pipe was made. Mr. Belloc expresses the greatest fondness for what he called his "jolly old furniture," and the greatest solicitude as to what would happen to it if the Fabian Society had its will, but never a word did he say of any desire to own the tools, the lathes, the chisels, etc., by which my furniture was carved and put together. In point of fact, Mr. Belloc knows that he does not desire to own these things; the possession of them would bore him. What a man does desire to own are things upon which he can impress and externalise his personality. He can express and externalise and extend his personality, his tastes, his preferences, his predilections, his prejudices even. It is well that he should desire these. It is necessary, necessary to his freedom, to the development of his personality, that he should possess them. We shall not have determined that freedom will last later that he shall possess them. It is to that end mainly that we are Socialists. But these things are not the means of production. The means of production are engines, machines, furnaces, boilers, things with wheels and cogs and gearing. And you cannot impress your personality upon them. You cannot express or externalise or extend your personality in the shape of £1,000,000 of London and North-Western stock. Your taste in no way shows itself in a bank share. It is true you can spend the railway or bank dividend in indulging your preference for some work of art or some object of utility, but, then, so you could do that had you earned the money of the dividend like an honest man. In a Collectivist system men will earn their money honestly and then spend it in the indulgence of their preferences.

Undoubtedly Mr. Belloc asserts, "the supply of clothing, of drink, of food . . . and very nearly every action of human life will be . . . at the bidding of a master." This proposition, he adds, has been denied, but never argued. Naturally; why on earth should we do more than deny a proposition that is merely asserted, in support of which not one word of argument is forthcoming? Mr. Belloc can bring himself to argue with Collectivists, Collectivists will argue with him. But about drink, now? Already a good deal of drink is, in many places, under collective control. I suppose there is more water drunk than of any other liquid. In many cities and towns the water supply is in the hands of the municipality. The result on the whole is that the citizens drink pure water. The supply of beer is in private hands; the result, on the whole, is that the citizens drink doctored beer. Supposing the supply of beer were in the same hands as the supply of water and, in consequence, the beer were pure, would the citizens feel that they were drinking it "at the bidding of a master"? When they turn on their bath taps in the morning now, do they, in point of fact, feel that they are bathing "at the bidding of a master?" Moreover, are we not in fact bathing "at the bidding of a master?" Is it not rather silly to suggest that they are?

Now, as to this State that Mr. Belloc says he desires, but which neither he nor any of his party will stir hand or foot to bring about, even to begin to bring about! All we can gather of it from the last few paragraphs of the article is, that it will give men "the life their fathers had." But which life and which fathers, specifically? To which centuries exactly does Mr. Belloc wish to return? Cards on the table, Mr. Belloc, I suppose you have no more use for these than the sleeve! And if your fathers found that kind of life so agreeable, how came they to part with it? And if their sons get it again, what guarantee have we that they will not once more let it go? If property "thus subdivided" produced of itself so free, active, and direct an opinion," as to correct competition, how came it that competition (uncorrected) gobbled up property "thus subdivided?" If "custom commonly enforced by a religious tinge forbids the growth of a poison," how came it that the poison grew and corroded and destroyed the state in which our fathers were so happy and so good? Does Mr. Belloc seriously desire to put back the clock? Does he seriously believe that his party, the Liberal Party, will help him to do it? Will he, ere too late, before the next General Election, introduce some small Bill into the House of Commons the effect of which will be to put back the clock even half a second or so? If he will neither say nor do anything that will tend to construct the State he says he desires, then in the name of common decency had he not better hold his peace?

Finally, I do wish that Mr. Belloc would cease to sneer at Hegel as he does, perhaps ignorantly—let us hope ignorantly—when he sniffs at such phrases as "merge into a higher unity." Hegel was a very great man; one of the very greatest men who ever lived. Mr. Belloc is a small man, "clever, but slight," and when I catch him writing uppishly of Hegel I have the same sort of feeling that I should have if I caught a foolish little boy shooting peas at the sun.

From Morning to Dawn.

I love you in the morning; clear your eyes
Unclouded, free as the impassive skies;
So cold you are, so delicate and bright,
I half forgot the promise of the night.

I love you in the twilight; shadows fill
Your serious eyes, they are so deep and still;
Ah, much I love you then, because I know
Your love for me has just begun to grow.

And oh, dear love, I love you in the night,
your eyes are tender stars of liquid light;
As tossed on passion's sea I lie aloft
I feel your sweet kisses on my throat.

But most of all I love you in the dawn,
In that cold light that heralds in the morn;
I hang above you, sometimes touch your hair,
And find you loved and lovely everywhere.

Serene you sleep, you are so tired of love,
Unconscious of the one who leans above;
Your dear abandoned body near me lies,
And I have but the memory of your eyes.

R. B.
The Second English Revolution.
By Holbrook Jackson.

II.

I shall never forget the moment we marched through Trafalgar Square into Whitehall, our long grey ranks lit up every few yards with flaming banners, and the whole length of the procession last line in waves of song. The tall, hatless figure of Enderby walked a few paces in front with the flag of the future Commonwealth, and, as the sun, glinting through a cloudbreak, caught his fair hair, which slightly moved in the breeze through his beard, it was a superhuman energy. It was the spires of Westminster touched the Flag with symbolic light. The procession was no longer eight deep; it filled the thoroughfare with an eager torrent of men and women chanting passionately the words of the old song which was now sacred in English revolutionary offices. But very few could have imagined the splendour and fierceness given to it by the vast choir in Whitehall. I had heard the song on every possible occasion, and although I had always loved it, I never really believed it. I had never heard it sung at political victories and defeats; it served the strikers under fire of the Government troops at Blackburn and at Liverpool; it had done service in the domains of a body of Socialists in Westminster Abbey, to the great consternation of the Dean and the literary gentlemen who had gathered for the unveiling of the bust of William Morris in Poet's Corner; and we had shouted it rather boisterously when we "chaired" Enderby on the night of his return to Parliament for South Leeds. And now Enderby himself sang it with prophetic fervour as he led the patriots into Whitehall, raising his banner aloft as a sign. The sun-rays slanting from the spires of Westminster touched the Flag with symbolic light. The procession was no longer eight deep; it filled the thoroughfare with an eager torrent of men and women chanting passionately the words of the song, words which swelled with increasing volume until at length, by what seemed a super-human effort, the mighty crescendo burst with redoubled passion upon those final, simple, yet magical words:

"Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers! Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn.
Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers! Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn.
Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
England is risen! and the day is here.

The great sound went up to heaven. It throbbed through the towering Government offices and stilled the smile on the lips of the clinkery noodle who watched the procession from the windows; it echoed round the Horse Guards Parade and filled the trees in the Royal Parks with faultless melody; it was thrown from club to club in Pall Mall, and comfortable gentlemen in the Carlton and the Athenaeum stopped in their luxurious idleness to listen; it could be heard along the Strand, but the sun rays glancing from the spires of Westminster touched the Flag with symbolic light. The procession was no longer eight deep; it filled the thoroughfare with an eager torrent of men and women chanting passionately the words of the song, words which swelled with increasing volume until at length, by what seemed a super-human effort, the mighty crescendo burst redoubled passion upon those final, simple, yet magical words:

"Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers! Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn.
England is risen! and the day is here.

At that moment was transfused; it became a new song; it became the "Ca ira" of the second English Revolution.

The filling of Whitehall with humanity took some time, yet it seemed instantaneous. When I looked back towards Trafalgar Square the whole thoroughfare was one dense mass of people. The combined ranks of procession and public were gradually closing up until there was scarce room to move. The great crowd overflowed into all the adjoining streets and byways. Downing Street, however, was shut off by a wall of mounted police. Men and women clung to the railings behind; horsemen whipped up at the Guards enclosure; all points of vantage were occupied, every window had its bunch of faces, and the roof-tops of many buildings had a black fringe of peering humanity. Some adventurous youths had managed to climb the plinth of the bronze horse. The crowd in Parliament Square was just as dense. It stretched from Parliament Street on the one hand to Victoria on the other, whilst a number of aeroplanes had flown over to watch the spectacle from above. Sometimes they came so near that the buzzing of the propellers and the sibilation of the aeroplanes made a strange accompaniment to the rumbling earth-tones of humanity. The manœuvres of these beautiful craft of the air provided some amusement for the waiting crowd, and the vast concourse of spectators seemed to affect the conceit of some of the aeronauts to such an extent as to impel them to perilous exploits. An instance of this resulted in the nasty air-skid which nearly brought to grief the dirigible to grief, as its owner tried the absurd feat of doubling on his track round Big Ben Tower. Another point of interest was the rumour that the heir to the throne was the second figure on the deck of Lord Hayne's blue aeroplane.

There was a chance of space all round the House itself, formed by a three-deep cordon of policemen, stretching from Westminster Bridge, along the middle of Bridge Street, across the road to the gardens in the Square, and on to the eastern window of the Abbey. This had been done by agreement between the authorities, but in the face of the enormous crowd it was perhaps excusable. What, however, incensed us more was the sight of a squad of infantry drawn up in the yard, and, in addition, the knowledge, which was soon freely circulated, that a battalion of Guards was held in readiness in the Horse Guards Parade. You must not overlook the fact that the delegates were exercising an ancient privilege, and they were quite unarmed.

It was then about twelve o'clock in the afternoon on the 15th October, 1908, that the procession halted before the Houses of Parliament. Enderby and his hundred delegates, with the scarlet cart and its historic burden, moved towards the barricade of portly constables. Their progress was soon arrested by a police official on horseback, who explained that it was against the law for more than ten persons to accompany the presentation of a petition to a Minister or private member. In this instance, however, owing to the national and representative nature of the gathering, twenty delegates, including the introducer, would be allowed to convey the memorial to the Premier. Enderby calmly agreed to these conditions, and the requisite number of delegates were chosen. The diminished body then moved forwards, but only to be stopped once more. Then that absurd police officer made the fatal but fortunate error which acted as the fuse to the bomb of insurrection which burst there and then, reverberating in every town and village in Britain, aye, and echoing through-
out the civilized world. He did it quite simply and almost gravely: he asked Enderby to leave the Flag behind him!

Enderby's reply was prompt. He turned his back on the police officer, and, without uttering a word, sprang, flag in hand, on to the cart. With one foot on the sacred roll and the other on the side of the cart, he stood erect beside the forbidden banner. "Citizens," he cried, his deep voice resounding over the listening faces, "to-day we have set apart for a great idea, an idea which means nothing less than the creation of a new joy in our dull lives, a brighter colour in the greyness of our days—you all know that—that is why you are here today to witness this event. It is the flag of our earnestness and the unanimity of our determination, and we have set it over it as an emblem this Flag. Now, in the moment of our supplication before the rulers of our land we are forbidden to carry with us the emblem of our faith. I ask you, then, citizens, whether it is your wish that I should strike the flag in this way? Give me your yes or no?" Instantaneously a thousand voices thundered "No!" and then as if by leader's words. "The Flag," they cried, "the Flag, folly in this wild act of Enderby's. And they were Victoria Tower. Such follies save the world.

processional order, took up the cry. The words came body started to sing, "Forth then, ye heroes, patriots, the emblem of our faith. I ask you, then, citizens, this way? Give me your yes or no? " Instantaneously magic all the vast crowd, few of whom could have heard Enderby's speech, recognised the purport of the words. "The Flag," they cried, "the Flag, the Flag to the House!" Then the words of song went back and forth, and moved to and fro as a wave of humanity, as a wave of fancy, as a faint, heedless effort, as a movement of the people. Enderby could be seen above the heads of the crowd, struggling amidst a welter of voices, and on the one hand the sea of humanity surged on. Later, the constables "lost their heads," and added to the confusion. The sequence of events could not be distinguished from the now savage roar of the crowd. The dreams of three generations of humanists were concentrated into the enthusiasm of the crowd. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to give a detailed record of what followed. The sequence of events could no longer be discerned in the ensuing confusion. The constables "lost their heads," and added to the confusion. The words came hot and sharp. It was a war-cry leaping from mouth to mouth like a furious will-o'-the-wisp of sound. Some- body started to sing, "Forth then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers of freedom!" A song was being chanted, and many good souls were caught in the eddy which landed me, without any effort on my part, save that of keeping my equilibrium, beside the statue of Cœur de Lion, some paces to the right of the public entrance. To this circumstance I probably owe my life, because, when the firing started, the pedestal of the statue behind which I was tightly wedged, acted as the effective shield against the rifle fire which presently came. I need not disguise the fact, but, instinctively, I felt glad of this—in fact, I may as well admit the turn events had taken filled me with fear. On the one hand I could see Enderby struggling amidst a welter of human beings and an angry roar of voices, and on the other the squad of infantry forming into line.

(Footnote continued.)

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Guys Hospital Gazette.

MAY 9, 1908
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

The great literary sensation of the moment is the spangled success of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham in the world of the theatre. With "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," and "Mrs. Dot," he has signed three of the most notorious theatrical triumphs of the season. Even the "Daily Mail" has discovered him, and announced "Mrs. Dot" (naturally the thinnest of the three plays) to be a masterpiece, and has printed a special article about him. I have had many long talks with Somerset Maugham in the past, but not one since the production of "Lady Frederick"; and the opinion of these pieces which would divert more from the path than please him is Somerset Maugham's own. For the man is an artist, and a cruel one; and there can be no sort of doubt that his candid view of the stage, expressed for choice late at night in club or café, would be piquant. If ever a writer was born without illusions, Somerset Maugham is that writer. He has a taciturn demeanour, and a cynic's smile, and he usually tucks his tongue away in his cheek. It is an absolute certainty that the artist who wrote "Liza of Lambeth" and "Mrs. Cradock," and portions of "The Bishop's Apron," and his little book on "Obscene Patchwork" possesses the same pungent crochet plays with the sole aim of profitably amusing himself to the public cost. It is an absolute certainty that he knows just what they are worth.

To achieve the pretty and the sentimental and the smart cannot possibly be the ultimate desire of Somerset Maugham. Indeed, his leaning is in quite another direction. The exceeding sinusiter should be his specialty. I believe that the uncompromising grimmness of the close of his last novel, "The Explorer," led to a change of publishers before the book was issued. It would not surprise me if, when he has extracted all he wants from his current victories over the great dining public, he turned round suddenly, wrote distinguished things exactly to please himself, and politely informed the said public that it could either take them or leave them, as it chose. It would probably take them. In their present mood, managers would accept anything from him, even a realistic masterpiece. It goes without saying that, armed with this, he would divert me more than any one's is precisely the Edinburgh Reviewer. At any rate, the article moves on the plane of his plain.

The Reviewer has the strange effrontery to select Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Secret Agent" as an example of modern ugliness. Mr. Fiction holds the view that he is simply steeped in the finest beauty from end to end. I do not suppose that the "Edinburgh Review" has any moulding influence upon the evolution of the art of fiction in this country. But such clotted nonsense may, after all, do harm by confusing the minds of people who really are anxious to encourage the manly task of the most and most sane. The Reviewer in this instance, for example, classes, as serious, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and John Galsworthy, who are genuine creative forces, with mere dignified unimportant sentimentalists like Mr. W. H. Maxwell and Miss May Sinclair. While he was on the business of sifting the serious from the unserious I wonder he didn't include the authors of "Three Weeks" and "The Heart of a Child" among the serious! Perhaps because the latter wrote "Pigs in Clover," and the former was condemned by the booksellers! Nobody could have a lower opinion of "Three Weeks" than I have. But I have never been able to understand why the poor little feebile story was singled out as an awful example of female licentiousness, and condemned by a hundred newspapers that had not the courage to name it. The thing was merely infantile and absurd. Moreover, I violently object to booksellers sitting in judgment on novels.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Reasonable Religion.*

Dr. Horton's disclaimer of agreement with Tertullian's famous dictum, credo quia impossibile and his expression of a desire to try the case for traditional beliefs in the courts of pure reason, would lead us to expect that so far as this volume is concerned, religion was to be established upon a basis of knowledge such as would appeal to the plain man of average education and intelligence. We looked to find in these pages a fair sample of the manner in which the Free Churches are squaring their account with modern thought. A careful perusal has, we confess, brought us only the most profound disappointment.

Dr. Horton essays to deal with fifteen "questions which confront the modern mind in the search for religious truth," and treats of much-vaunted questions such as "Is religion necessary?" "Is Christianity the best religion?" "The claims of Rome," "Unitarianism," and so forth. We have to complain that the book is disfigured by inaccuracies, verbal and otherwise, by vague and misleading statements; still worse, that while admitting the critical standpoint, it shows a woful disregard of the laws of evidence. Dogmas apparently left for dead on one page, rise to renewed life and vigour a few pages further on at the bidding of some gust of emotion, and the unreasoning hysteric of the nineteenth century Evangelicalism is repeated from the pulpit of Lyndhurst Road Chapel in the mouth of an ex-Fellow of an Oxford college.

As examples of statements needing correction or qualification, we may, before proceeding to more important matters, mention the following: "Pope Pius X. has much more power in this country than in any country which is nominally subject to his Scc" (p. 15). "We know more, and know it more certainly, about Jesus than about Caesar" (p. 100). Why speak of the "contemporary" records and documents which testify of Jesus? (p. 101). We are way out of the field. We are following a new track? "The marvel of the Bible is that the legendary passages, like the story of Elijah and Elisha, the book of Esther, or the prophets Daniel and Jonah are admitted the richest in spiritual value and religious teaching" (p. 123). We should also be glad

to hear something more of the "miraculous events in the autograph works of the prophet Isaiah" (p. 141). We fear likewise that a pupil at a secondary school would get into trouble for the unsuccessful attempt at a Greek quotation on page 182, for the Latin one on page 234, and for saying that the letters I H S in Catholic epitaphs stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator would get into trouble for the unsuccessful attempt at the autograph works of the prophet Isaiah " (p. 141).

The chapter on "The Claims of Rome" is vitiated by an obvious bias which appears again and again throughout the book, and which is manifest in language reminiscent of old bigotties, such as the sordid superstitions, the degraded priesthood, and the blind dogmatism which characterise modern Romanism " (p. 61); "the disastrous effect of the priesthood and the confessional on the women and the home; the scandals of the conventual system . . . the abominations of Rome and the immediate entourage of the Holy Father " (p. 80); the Roman Church is "attractive to sinful men who desire to continue in sin." This being Dr. Horton's attitude to Catholicism, we are not surprised to see that in the chapter mentioned there is no just appreciation of the genius of Catholicism, no fair statement of what the Roman claims are, still less any competent or searching examination of them.

The chapter on Unitarianism is painfully weak and unconvincing. Dr. Horton is well aware, as he states, that the trend of modern liberal theology on the Continent and elsewhere as well is in the direction of Unitarianism " (p. 150); there is nothing about it, however, but a certain mental attitude towards traditional Christianity); but he adopts a mediating position between the traditionalists and the advanced theologians. Notwithstanding his claim "to look at the subject in the daylight of history and pure logic," his proof of the divinity of Christ is purely that of subjective spiritual experience. The Man Jesus "draws us, He commands us: by the faith in Him, the life that is our example, and the death which, as He says, He suffered for us; we are conscious of pardon and reconciliation to God: in contact with Him we have God; through Him we discover that God is holy, pardoning Love " (p. 137).

The reality of such subjective experiences a scientific student will not deny, though he will point out that the devotees of Catholic saints, of the Buddha, and other objects of Eastern devotion describe their spiritual experiences in exactly similar and equally sincere and reliable terms.

The most difficult task which Dr. Horton essay is to prove "the intrinsic reasonableness of the doctrine which is known as Trinitarian." Besides the obvious answer that assuredly never in the history of thought has there been a doctrine so intrinsically unreasonable, the following is an unanswerable objection: "the doctrine cannot by any fair or defensible exegesis prove "the intrinsic reasonableness of the doctrine (though probably he would not as much as notice this)."

The doctrine cannot by any fair or defensible exegesis be extracted from the Bible; there was no name for it until at least 150 years after the death of Christ; as the "Catholic Dictionary " (Addis and Arnold) points out, it is "as a whole, neither expanded nor reduced to system in the Apostolic Fathers . . . it is a product of Greek speculative thought alien in spirit to the primitive Christian teaching, but which, when stamped upon it, gradually overshadowed the original gospel.

Finally, there is the plain man's crushing and (for him) final objection that Jesus had taught or believed anything else as much as the doctrine (though probably he would not notice this, much as we have understood it) it explains nothing and helps the insinuating mind no more than the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Horton's arguments on this head, if they prove anything, prove that there are two Persons in the Godhead, nor can he help himself out by the doctrine of the Immanence of God, in which the Emperor of the Unitarian, the Pantheist may and do equally believe.

The discussion on the subject of miracles in this book is characteristic. Starting with the canon, with which we are all in entire agreement, that "a miracle in the Bible is to be treated like a miracle outside the Bible; it is to be treated, accepted, or rejected entirely on the evidence which is offered for it," Dr. Horton nevertheless accepts the Gospel miracles mainly on subjective grounds. But surely it is only solemn playing upon
words to speak in this fashion: "Abraham is a miracle, so is Moses, so is Samuel... Jesus is the supreme miracle of history." What thoughtful people want to know from teachers of religion is what sufficient evidence is there to justify belief in the miraculous birth, the resurrection, the feeding of the multitude, the walking on the sea. And as to the works of healing, are they not similar events, equally well and often better attested, recorded in the lives of Old Testament characters, of Jesus's disciples, of Catholic saints, of George Fox, of John Wesley, and of Father Matthew, and does this not do away with the plea of uniqueness? It is gratifying to think that on these points theologians on the Continent, in America, and even here are beginning to admit what has been obvious to the intelligent layman generations ago.

Dr. Horton's treatment of the social problem is on a par with his answer to vexed questions in religion. He appears to identify Socialism with his own personal aversion. Of the former he says:—

"And then Dickens and his life! Don't be angry at me, but I couldn't finish the second volume, I was so angry at both men, Dickens and Forster—Dickens so hard and exacting in his egotism, so self-centred, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and, above all, his conduct to his wife."

**Review of Dr. Brown's Book**

A physician by profession, Dr. Brown has achieved fame by means of his connection with literature, his two books, "Horæ Subsecivae" and "Rab and His Friends," having passed through several editions and gained an ever-widening circle of readers. He also contributed largely to periodical literature, but his chief interest for us lies in the extensive range and variety of his private letters. There are letters in this volume in addition from men of such varied types as Jowett, Dean Stanley, Hutton, of the "Spectator," Lord Houghton, and others.

In his private letters Dr. Brown reveals himself as a man of strong family affections, much liveliness and humour, and of sturdy practical mind; while in literary matters there is in his criticisms a dogged willfulness and unconventionality of utterance which we greatly relish. His most noticeable literary preference is for Thackeray, Ruskin, and Mark Twain, and there are letters in this volume in addition from men of such varied types as Jowett, Dean Stanley, Hutton, the "Spectator," Lord Houghton, and others.

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NOTE—A Specimen Copy of No. 1 (December) of "The International" will be sent free to any reader of "The New Age" on receipt of 3d. for postage.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.
**THE NEW AGE.**

May 9, 1908

And the companion picture:—

"George Eliot’s views of life, of God, of all that is deepest and truest in man, are low, miserable, hopeless; her genius has been greatly over-rated. She is an enthusiast, and in order to be so, she must either get her subjects dead to begin with, or kill them. I know nothing of her that amounts to genius proper and true except Miss. Pusey, and she is born of Dickens. No, she is intensely clever, often laboriously so, disagreeably knowing, but she is unwhole-some, and in a high sense unreal, and I trust that in fifty years she shall be forgotten except by critics."

He writes with the same delightful freedom of many of his contemporaries, without malice or literary affectation, and we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing a few specimens of his criticisms upon the more famous.

He writes thus of Tennyson: "I by no means give in about Tennyson. I detest as much as you his affection, his occasional sentiment, and frequent dementia, but he is a true native poet."

And of Macaulay: "A timid, even a flatulent, man is Macaulay, and not one of the immortals; he wants the salts of genius and fine intellect and pure principle—a sort of Rubens, not a Raphael or a Da Vinci or Hogarth."

Here is a stray glimpse of Carlyle, then in the prime of life: "I called with Mr. Syme on Carlyle, and had a long, very interesting, and at least quite chery, talk from him. Poor fellow, it is most affecting to see his face when at rest, such utter sadness."

Of another great figure he says: "I like Gladstone, and I don’t. He is a wonderful man, and full of boy, fresh and eager, and such a range of sympathy and interest, such serious, great eyes, such a look of earnestness. I think more of him as a statesman than as a writer, and most of all as a financier. I think there is fresh and eager, and such a range of sympathy and interest, such serious, great eyes, such a look of earnestness."

Here is a piquant analysis of our great critic: "Have you seen the august M. Arnold’s ‘Ode on Stanley’? It seems to me pretentious, thin, and heartless; well yes, but not without a certain pitifulness — a new kind of pseudo-poetry which eventually drove epic from the field—and all this in less than 410 pages. The rise of Romance, as Mr. Ker shows, is the result of the working of Ovid or the Bible on Northern natures. Brought suddenly into contact with a blaze of passion unnatural to their colder temperaments, the men of the North found themselves able to fit these new ideas into their accounts of the kind of life they understood. Accordingly they drew on their dormant love of the fantastic, and told the Southern tales anew in a dim mystical setting in which anything became credible. And there is Romance.

To the purely classical scholar the book has another interest. Remote though they are from all the literary movement of the world the world the Icelandic Sagas throw much light on the Homeric question. The Sturlunga Saga gives ‘Planetary Journeys and Earthly Sketches.’ Coming to the earthly sketches, those supposed pre-Homeric days have come down to us, and it is clear that no amount of agglutination could transform them into a work comparable with the Odyssey. They are, indeed, packed with plot, and by no means mere episodes. The true value of these little-known Northern treasures in the record they contain of the rise, glory, and decay of pure epic, untouched by outside influences.

**Planetary Journeys and Earthly Sketches.**

By George Raffalovich. (Arnold Fairbairns and Co. 25. 6d.)

Six of the thirteen sketches that form this pleasant little volume have appeared in *The New Age*, and have served to create a demand for the others. Mr. Raffalovich is distinguished by a quaint fantasy which never forces an obtrusive bit of false realism to play havoc with his extra-mundane creations. It matters so little by what mechanism you are escorted “across space” on “A Trip to a Planet”; but the representation of the inhabitants to whom “good and evil were alike unknown” is well maintained throughout the Planetary Journeys.

Coming to the earthly sketches, “The Mission of Nikita” is a gruesome little tale of a Russian peasant woman extols to us, with a sick and little dove, that Ossip, the sick and wealthy man is killed. “Everyone dies. It is really more agreeable that he should die now,” Anissia protests that “Ossip Ivanich is perhaps rich, but he shall die when God decrees it.” AnissiaDistrict iselled and finished off on the floor with her husband’s boot. The sick man is next disposed of; the dead man’s money the peasant hands to the Commissary of Police “for the secret funds destined for the next pogroms.” Thus, despite his trial for the murder, Nikita “tells his story and his crime, for ever adding new developments.” "Faithful Swallow,” the companion picture of the press we all undergo

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in this hardfeatured world, in our transition from child-
hoood's happy innocent beliefs to our grown up sceptic-
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story's essence in "Monsieur Billard" and "The
Dream of a French Capitalist." The author is master
of a gracious style, never redundant and always ex-
pressive. We shall hope to see him exhibit his powers
on a larger scale.

Anarchy: its Methods and Exponents. By Peter
Loutache. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

The title of the book is misleading, since, on the
author's own confession, Anarchism has no organisa-
tion and consists wholly of a method of thought. In this respect
the author resembles his subject, the plan of the book being
undiscoverable. In successive chapters we are given
accounts, sometimes elaborately long and sometimes
ridiculously short, of reformers so different in type as
Proudhon, Bakunine, John Burns, Kropotkine, Tolstoi,
Morris, Max, Michel, and John Murray Davidson.
About each of these, it is true, some interesting details
are given, but the author coeks such an obvious eye on
the public gallery as to make his discussion of the doc-
trines of Anarchism quite useless. The book is never-
thedless useful as a collection, however incomplete, of
narratives concerning the most fascinating area of
philosophy, and contains many passages of real feeling. Stretton,
"One of his sentences had strangely moved her . . ."
A simple, primly-written story, but human and
pleasant to read. In spite of the style, the characters
are living and interesting, and the narrative is sincere,
and contains many passages of real feeling. Stretton,
the wonderful nephew of the two dear old ladies at the
school, comes, sees and seduces the young schoolmistress.
"One of his sentences had strangely moved her . . ."
A man of unsettled principles needs the influence of
herouists to the Herbartian system of "mind construction,
that Shem probably said to Ham's wife in the
Old Testament.

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On May 9th, 1908

THE NEW AGE.
DRAMA.

American, German, and Home Grown.

Whatever else they are, American plays are a great laugh. They are booming, bewilful, complicated, and breezy. They are manufactured in that admirable expression, "Gee-whizz." Possibly one needs some slight education in Americanisms before one is able to relish the subtler beauties. But this can easily be obtained from the American magazines.

Yet, alas, they die so soon! The genuine "real thing," like "Strongheart" last year, does not do on from the American magazines.

The "College Widow," at the Adelphi, calculates to be a comedy satire on life in the "State of Indiana." But the fine shades of inter-state differences are lost on an audience of Englishmen who habitually confuse Canada and the States under the general term American. To us it can only be a College play, or a College variety entertainment. This is not disparagement, it is mere statement.

I laughed, but I remember not why I laughed; I was amused, but wherewith I wot not; and I left at the end of the third act instead of the fourth without the slightest feeling of missing anything. The football scene (Act III.) has a close family resemblance to the better scene in "Strongheart" with the addition of a crowd who cheered, hissed, yelled and moved in symmetrical unison. It was a delight in the art of stage-craft to watch them. No crowd that ever was on land or sea ever behaved so unanimously, one waited fascinated by the breakdown which never came.

It is unfortunate to think that any play dealing with life outside the narrow range hallowed to the theatre, if it succeeds must do so in spite of itself, and because of relics of the older theatrical world which it retains. Every kind of "local colour" in mind, morals, place or scene is a handicap. The familiar play on the familiar boards by the familiar actors, this is good enough for the ordinary playgoer. It almost makes one wish the localised American drama would succeed here, so as to disturb our theatrical traditions.

Unfortunately this handicap applies equally to good as well as other plays. It was very obvious at the performance of the "Der Weg Zu Hölle," by the German Company, at the Royalty Theatre. This most riotously excellent comedy was played to a very poor house. It is unfortunate to think that any play dealing with atmosphere of politics. The atmosphere of politics (compare it with "Waste") simply wasn't there; Lady Kitty Bristol, thanks to Miss Fannie Ward, to a certain extent was. But even Miss Fannie Ward could not prevent the play being rather dull, although by virtue of its subject it was much more interesting. Yet somehow the binding of the novel seemed still to cramp the actors on the stage. They were not used to moving about out of print.

From this point of view Mrs. Humphry Ward's play, "The Marriage of William Ashe" at Terry's was instructive. It showed how astonishingly difficult it is to get a Lady Kitty Bristol on to the stage, and to get the actors to observe the atmosphere of politics. The atmosphere of politics simply wasn't there; Lady Kitty Bristol, thanks to Miss Fannie Ward, to a certain extent was. But even Miss Fannie Ward could not prevent the play being rather dull, although by virtue of its subject it was much more interesting. Yet somehow the binding of the novel seemed still to cramp the actors on the stage. They were not used to moving about out of print.

C. Haden Guest

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CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor of 'The New Age' and written on one side of the paper only.

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

MR. BELLOC AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Among much that is valuable and suggestive in Mr. Belloc's article, there is one point I wish to criticise; the one point on which he rests his case against Socialism. He says:

"To the Collectivist State nothing is to oppose, except the instinct of ownership—just as there is nothing to oppose to the ideal of a Celibate State but the instinct of sex."

Here is an obvious error. It is patent that the parallel should be drawn between a Collectivist State and a Monogamous State, or else between a Communist State and a Celibate State. The assumption that Socialism denies scope to the instinct of ownership, which is here made, is quite incorrect. Just as the institution of Monogamy recognises the instinct of sex, while limiting its scope, so Socialism would not set all men free to enjoy the ownership of all those things men desire for their intrinsic worth, while barring them the ownership of the means of production. Mr. Belloc, also, has not attempted to combat the contention of Mr. Wells that to widely distribute means of production. Mr. Belloc, also, has not attempted to combat the contention of Mr. Wells that to widely distribute means of production would end in much the same result as to Socialise them.

F. E. YARKER.

[We take the opportunity of thanking our correspondents for the large number of letters which they have received in reply to Mr. Belloc's challenge of last week. Most of these have had to be omitted on account of their length, others because the points they deal with have already been covered by Mr. Hubert Bland in his reply.—Ed. New Age.]

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Will you kindly allow a word of protest, which I know will be echoed by Socialists who by no means entirely agree with me as regards this particular question, against the statement reprinted week after week in The New Age to the effect that in a certain pamphlet or book published some year or a half ago, Mr. H. G. Wells "rebuts the assertion that Socialism implies Free Love, and states the attitude of Socialists to the question of the family."

Now I beg to submit that Mr. Wells (and more states the attitude of Socialists to the question of the family than) than it does the attitude of Socialists to the question of the internal politics of the Dog-Star. It gives expression at the most to certain personal opinions of Mr. Wells on the subject—opinions which would certainly be repudiated by the enormous majority of Socialists in all countries. The opinions in question may be, of course, excellent and highly soothing to the feelings of the alarmed British bourgeois, but when The New Age is used as a medium for advertising Mr. Wells in this way as the "Sir Oracle of Socialism", I think it is high time for Socialists to protest.

E. BELLORI BAN.

NEW WELLS FOR OLD.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I have been greatly interested in Wordsworth Donisthorpe's clear and logical article on "New Wells for Old," and in reference to it may I remind him "That she went into her garden to get a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie and a great sheared the head with the razor. What, no soup? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present at the wedding the Piccaninnies, the Jholesiales, and the Great Panjandrum himself, and they fell to playing at catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Having answered his objections, I will close. BOMBEX.

CHILD PROTECTION (SO-CALLED).

To the Editor of "The New Age."

With reference to the Child Protection Bill (so-called) I notice that you comment on myself and other opponents of the measure as Palæolithists. However, you leave the main point untreated, which is this. John Bright, after the repeal of the Corn Laws, said: "Since that time, though there has been much suffering in many homes, yet no wife, and no mother, and no little child is starved to death as the result of famine made by law." My feeling is that the Education Act making child labour a crime does in many homes produce "famine made by law." If the father is out of work, or otherwise incapacitated, why should a State claim the children assisting themselves and their own home.

To call me a "Palæolithist" and the parent an "exploiter" of children may read all right, but I cannot see how it affects the question. Under Socialism, possibly such occurrences could not arise, but as we are not set completely under that system, it is surely wrong to "famine made by law" in any home rather than let the children earn money to keep themselves alive.

ERNEST POMEROY.

SHOULD WE HANG WOMEN?

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In your issue of April 25, Dr. Josiah Oldfield asks "Should we Hang Women?" Yes, certainly, while we hang men. As one who desires a time when the psychic difference between the sexes shall be very much modified, I most strongly object to any difference being made between men and women. As well, the reasons which Dr. Oldfield advances for such differentiation seem to me but thinly clad. So-called "love" and jealousy are common to both men and women, though shame, in the sense in which he uses the word, is not, and are the product of an irrational state of mind, just as drunkenness or avariciousness, which are the cause of many murders by male agents. There seems to be a romantic preference for such passions as love (I use the word in its abused sense) and jealousy, which, one would imagine from such remarks as "a love which can kill, can brave a hundred deaths," is shared by Dr. Oldfield.

Personally, I have no patience with such nonsense. Of the two, I prefer a man who gets drunk and bashes his wife, to a wife who becomes jealous or in "love" and poisons her husband; and both to the stupid people who hang them.

CLEMENT GANE.

ONE AND ALL.

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A REQUEST.

If any readers should have spare copies of the following issues of The New Age, we shall be very grateful if they will send them to us. We will pay 3d. per copy for No. 10, August 22, 1907, September 5, 1907, and September 12, 1907.

Being entirely out of stock of these issues, we are unable to bind up any more of Volume I, and some of our readers are anxious to obtain copies. Please send to the Publisher, The New Age, 140, Fleet St., E.C.
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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