NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The annual Trades Union Congress has not now the importance it had twenty, ten, or even five years ago. Then, men looked to the Congress for a lead in industrial and democratic problems. It was in a real sense the Labour Parliament. The presence of thirty or so Labour members in the House of Commons has, however, transferred the centre of interest from the annual meeting of delegates to the permanent assembly of representatives. The latter body is sufficiently strong to run the Congress, and in most cases to persuade it to register the decisions of the Parliamentary group. Thus the present function of the Trades Union Congress is no more than that of King's Speech for the Labour group in Parliament.

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On this account alone the Congress is always interesting; since we are afforded glimpses of the plans and prospects of political labourism. The Congress held at Nottingham last week cannot, however, be regarded as more than interesting. Inspiring it certainly was not. Mr. Shackleton, who presided, is a very able man, one of the ablest of the whole group of Labour M.P.'s, but he suffers from the defect of moderation and a reputation for statesmanship. Moderation is all very well in theory for statesmanship. Moderation is all very well in theory. He suffers from the defect of moderation.

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by the side of the peril of poverty and unemployment; and while the German peril delays actualisation, the latter peril has ceased to be a peril merely, and has become an open fact. In every one of the great towns of England and Scotland defeated and wounded insub-stantial soldiers are marching the streets, more bitterly resentful of the inhuman enemy Capital than ever they could be of the human enemy Germany. The incident at Glasgow of the booking of Prince Arthur of Con-naught was a mere sham, and the public, while disgusted and expectant, though a few shouts of "Down with Mon-archy" were heard. But such a trifle oft repeated may easily set on foot a mischief of such a magnitude as may reveal itself in universal riots.

And it was this fear of which, in our opinion, the Trades Union Congress showed itself too unresponsive. Mr. Pete Curran warned the Government that if something were not done for the unemployed the unem-ployed would be compelled to do something for them-selves. But of what that something was he gave us no hint. Can we doubt, or even hope, that it may not be violence of one sort or another? For close upon a century the ruling classes of this country have been warned, advised, entreated, and instructed regarding the grave danger to themselves, the State, the Empire and civilisation, of a condition of things which compels twelve million people in England to live perpetually on the extreme edge of basterlisation. Never in the history of the governing class has there been a fairer, more courteous, more moderate, more friendly mentor than the English Socialist movement since the days of Owen. Rarely, even in the very desperation of defeat, has any Socialist so much as raised his voice above the level of friendly exhortation. Our pluto-cracy has had the best brains of the Socialist move-ment at its service, to amuse, to cajole, to instruct, and to warn. And what is the result? At this very moment the problem of poverty is more acute than ever before. Hundreds of our fellow-citizens are starving and dying before our eyes. In hundreds of thousands of homes the spectacle is beheld of slow denudation of walls and floors, of bodies and souls, of every saleable scrap of furniture, clothing, and honour. In short, seventy-five years of preaching to the rich on behalf of the poor has ended in such a malignancy of the disease of poverty as was never seen in England since the days of the Peasants' War.

Mr. Curran's threat is therefore only a long delayed but apparently inevitable alternative to the fruitless labour of rational reform in which Socialists have been so long engaged. What the rich will not do is to get off the backs of the poor. Neither by prayer nor by persuasion, nor by argument, nor by violence can one load on the poor be shifted ever so little. What, we ask in all sincerity, is left to do but for the poor to remove the load themselves? Poor devils! We are aware that there is little hope in that. But rebellion is the slave's only dignity. All the industrial protests of the coming winter are tragical in the extreme. If the tragedy be mingled with violence who, we ask, will be to blame? We regret the Trades Union Congress did not warn England more emphatically of the dangers of the next six months.

We are extremely sorry that the Congress did not press its demand for an enquiry into the trading methods of the Salvation Army. As long ago as August, 1907, a protest was publicly made at a meet-ing in Chandos Hall; and the subject was discussed at the Trade Union Congress at Bath last year. In the interval various replies have been made by the Army officials, but none of them satisfactory; and finally the subordinate Nottingham Labour Party Congress has, we think, too generously given another year's grace to the shameless methods employed to finance Salvation-ism. The indictment of the Army which has been written by Mr. John Manson and published by Messrs. Routledge has never been materially traversed. If a quarter of the writer's statements are true, the Army is condemned as a sweating institution of the worst description. At the Hanbury Street joinery shop or spiritual "elevator," for example, skilled workmen who have declared themselves homeless, friendless, and destitute are taken on to the order of the British public, at eighty a wage of about twelve shillings a week, nine of which at least must be re-spent at another of the Army's institutions. The price of the goods turned out is often considerably below that of the worst private firms, while the wages paid have none of the features of the British public contributes hundreds of thousands of pounds per annum to the Army, and has therefore some right to know how the money is spent. We repeat we are sur-prised and sorry that the Congress this year did not do the public, as well as organised labour, the service of demanding an inquiry.

With the best will in the world to find or even to invent excuses for the bye-election policy of the Labour Party, we cannot discover anything to their credit in the refusal of the Executive to endorse the candidature of Mr. Stephenson for the vacancy at Newcastle. Mr. Stephenson was adopted as Labour candidate by the Newcastle Labour Party, and was, we are prepared to believe an excellent witness testimony, in a good position to make a creditable and possibly successful fight for the second seat. The Labour Representation Committee sitting at Nottingham refused, however, to endorse his candidature on grounds which have not been made public, but which apparently satisfied every one of its members, including professed Socialists. The local Labour Party had not, up to the time of writing, decided what course to adopt in face of this rebuff to its hopes; but if it decided on the National Executive the refusal of the Executive nor anybody else can be surprised. Party discipline, we have always maintained, is necessary if party work is to be done; but when it positively pre-vents the very work for which it was destined it is worse than no discipline at all.

The incident is all the more regrettable in that it is by no means the first. Rather, it appears to represent a definite policy on the part of the Labour Party and a fixed attitude towards the Liberal Party in particular. Thus we find the "Nation" of Saturday last openly speaking of an "entente" between the Labour and Liberal Parties. "This action," the "Nation" remarks, speaking of the local choice of a Labour candidate, "involved a direct breach of the relation of comity between Labour and Liberalism which was established at the General Election... Happily, the statesman-ship of the Labour Party has been firmly exerted to stop a complete break up of the entente between Labour and Liberalism... Still we can say that the public generally has heard of it. And we further think that it is the first time that the vast majority of the rank and file of the Labour Party had heard of it. What becomes of the boasted independence of the Inde-pendent Labour Party in particular if it countenances secret electioneer ing compacts of this kind? Its very greatest asset has been, and always will be, its electoral independence, which has been watered away for a few paltry seats—paltry because their occupants are necessarily servants of the party that buys them—it is high time that the party should be purged of its Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Where in the name of political guampht does the Labour Party suppose itself to be going by such de-vious paths? All the electoral subtlety of the whole Executive is not, and cannot be for a long time, equal to the trained and almost hereditary skill of the wire-pullers of the Liberal and Conservative Parties. The enemies of the Irish Party has proved all too short? We do not, however, propose to argue the point. If independent political action has not been proved to everybody's satisfaction indispensable to the very exist-ence of the Labour Party, we deplore the opacity of the
Celebrations of Tolstoy’s eightieth birthday have taken place in most countries of the world, except Russia. By order of the Holy Synod and the civil authorities, public demonstrations in honour of the prophet have been forbidden in his own country. Thus things are as they are. But lost opportunities at bye-election after bye-election, the growing unpopularity and even suspicion with the Executive by the “Nation,” the common talk of elections calling themselves Tolstoyans, there are still churches calling themselves Christian. But in not one of them is there any closer approximation to Tolstoy’s ideals than the mere name. The “Pall Mall Magazine” publishes some balderdash by Clive Holland on the so-called Tolstoyan practice of Southbourne. If we are rightly informed, the only Tolstoyan practice in the whole community is the common meal in which servants and members alike share. Beyond that there is nothing that might not be found in any community autocratically governed. Both the land and the printing press belong to a single individual, who takes good care to keep the reins of the whole establishment in his own hands. We do not complain of this. If Tolstoy’s communistic notions are impractical, men must do the best they can. Only why the thing should be founded with Tolstovism is beyond our speculation.

We have watched Fleet Street swallow our “Academy” with some amusement and no little regret. A few months ago it was a paper written by men of taste and knowledge. “We rarely agree with anything they wrote; but they put forward a point of view, their old-fashioned a priori reasoning. One glance through the peepers would tell the professor that there is no use for them, you know. Nor is he even remotely aware of the demolition of the main Darwinian superstructure by modern biologists. Professor Wm. Ridgeway is Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge.

A momentous decision for the future has just been recommended by the Consultative Committee on School Attendance of Young Children. It is no less than the establishment of nursing schools for children between the ages of three and five. This, if adopted, as we hope it may be, will be another step towards the nationalization of children that is, of those children whose parents either cannot afford or do not desire to bring them up at home. The Committee maintain that the present system of sending a child between three and five years of age to the home with its mother, but only provided that the home conditions are satisfactory—which they rarely are. Moreover, there is no immediate prospect of home conditions improving. With the best will in the world the children of the working classes are never better assimilated than ordinary porridge.

In this Porridge, by a natural process, the starches of the carbohydrates are broken down into simple sugars, which are eagerly assimilated. In this way the嚷 were overthrown by cranks are Tolstoy’s post-literary notions taken seriously. In most circles and in most newspapers Tolstoy is regarded, we think rightly, as one of the greatest of men with a mission, and on that very account to be taken with a pinch of salt. Yet without exception the English papers—those monsters of hypocrisy—go the whole hog in praising Tolstoy, without the least intention of acting on a single one of his theories. That is the praise that Tolstoy wished he had died before he heard.

We think we are right in saying that there is no Tolstoyan community in the world. There are communists calling themselves Tolstoyans, but there are no churches, calling themselves Christian. In not one of them is there any closer approximation to Tolstoy’s ideals than the mere name. If we are properly informed, the only Tolstoyan practice in the whole community is the common meal in which servants and members alike share. Beyond that there is nothing that might not be found in any community autocratically governed. Both the land and the printing press belong to a single individual, who takes good care to keep the reins of the whole establishment in his own hands. We do not complain of this. If Tolstoy’s communistic notions are impractical, men must do the best they can. Only why the thing should be founded with Tolstovism is beyond our speculation.

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The Unpopularity of Socialism.

All capable Socialists will admit that we are not making the headway we should be making. Whatever may be the opinions of our own opponents, it is that our theories are not gaining ground. On the contrary, as far as I can see, they are losing their cutting edge: they are even ceasing to be the terrifying bogey they once were to the children amongst our enemies. Most ineptly, I am heartily glad of it.

For the truth is that the real objection to Socialism (that is, in the limited sense of collectivism) is an objection shared by Socialists themselves. Not a whit less than our opponents, would we be horrified at the prospect of the complete and absolute success of our own propaganda.

Let me explain.

I dismiss as real objections the objections of writers like Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton; like Mr. Mallock and Captain Jessel; like Sir William Chance and Mr. St. Loe Strachey. With the exception of a very subtle point made by Mr. Belloc (which went to my heart like a dagger; indeed, it did), my withers are not better nor worse; and as for their theories, I think the Polar region to be, the tribe has no intention of going there. Common sense will decide where we shall pitch our tents. We shall not refrain from moving northwards a few steps merely because if we moved many steps we should reach the Pole; nor, on the other hand, shall we travel night and day to reach the Pole when in reality a few steps only will bring us where we want to be.

Now that, it seems to me, is not an inaccurate parallel of the Socialist movement, its doctrinaire friends, and its doctrinaire opponents of to-day. Without exception, the doctrines on both sides are but a single step would inevitably bring us to collectivism. They forget that between to-day and their theoretical condition there lie leagues of difficulties, most of which, by the common consent of the common sense of posterity, will never be traversed.

Thus the fatal objection to Socialism is really not an objection at all; or only a hypothetical objection to a hypothetical conclusion. Nobody who knows what he is talking about would either dream of nationalising everything, or dream of objecting to nationalising something because it might conceivably lead to nationalising everything.

After all, posterity, though ours, is not a fool.

R. M.
September 19, 1908

THE NEW AGE

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Italianised, and Italian is used in the Law Courts. These are relics of the governorship of the Knights of St. John. But to the Maltese, Italian is a foreign language which he has no wish and no need to acquire. He speaks a very pure Phoenician, which dates back, perchance, to some Phoenician settlements fifteen or eighteen centuries. It is more modern than the very Arabic, which is the language of the Moslem, in which, of course, it has affinities, and was not imposed upon the people by their Saracen conquerors. The few Arabic and Italian words you will find are not corruptions, but necessary innovations to modern inventions. The literature in Maltese (until the last few years), hence the language spoken by the people has remained unspoilt. The power of sending people to prison or fining them, of collecting taxes, and administering the Common Law, have been learned by the Maltese language. But the life of the common people has gone on unchanged, and their language has remained fixed. If the learned, following the "Corpus," regard Maltese as some Arab dialect, it is not the first time the Corpus has misused us.

There are now two newspapers published in the island: the "Malta Herald" and "Malta Chada Taghna." This latter is, we believe, the only instance of a Phoenician (or Semitic, if you will) publication being published in Roman characters. For the Maltese, having determined on writing their language, have generously conformed to a modern alphabet. The cultured Maltese have no desire that their unique language be throttled; they would preserve it as they have taught it in the schools. But they recognise that it is an insufficient medium of exchange with the outside world. They will become a bilingual people, and since the second language must needs be one foreign to their ears, they have fixed upon English as the most useful. True, Italian is still taught in the schools as the second foreign language, but that is due to influence from which are rapidly passing away. The Maltese is wedded to ancient ways. At harvest-time you may see "the trampling steers beat out th' unnumbered grain." This primitive threshing machine is universal in the islands, though a few years ago quite the latest thing in threshers was introduced for the free use of the farmers, who would have none of it. It left a man nothing to do, and it spoilt the straw for all useful purposes.

Few of the peasantry own the land they work with so much skill and care. The rents are exorbitant (they are always, averaging 25s. an acre); one would rejoice to think there is some discontent among these hard working people, but our friend was not to be stirred up to disaffection. His father and his forefathers had bad enough to do. The&amp;apos; s a good-humoured, idle gentleman who was good enough to be the usual father and mother and children in sufficient quantity — every peasant stables a horse and a cart to carry his produce to market — potatoes, beans, cumin, seeds. They rarely farm more than two and a half or three acres, which is just what theaverage farm family can manage without calling in outside aid.

One of the great industries of the country is the purveyance of goats' milk — has just passed through a crisis. Malta fever has been long an evil name among the goatherds. (By the way, if you would learn England's physical degeneration, examine their bacteriologist: he is young and in the Royal Regiment now garrisoned in the island.) A Royal Commission has settled that the disease is conveyed by the milk of sick goats. This sounded like ruin to the owners of the 30,000 goats. However, thanks to the knowledge and zeal of that ardent Maltese patriot, Dr. Zammit, the capable bacteriologist, archeologist, chemist, philologist, the life and soul of cultured Malta, it is now known that not more than 2 per cent. of goats are affected. The afflicted animals will be destroyed, but the owners will receive compensation, and then, perhaps, the goats will lose the dejected air they now carry as they pass the streets. Peace reigns among the goatherds.

Of course, the English have contrived to do some stupid things. They have destroyed some of the fine old forts built by the Knights, to make one of those silly, offensive little gardens, where you may not walk upon the non-existent grass. An old aqueduct has been removed to make way for a brick sewer, with a wonderful inscription in English Latin. Some unnecessary chimney shafts are dotted about Valetta, but such are mere reminders that even in the Mediterranean we are true Britons at heart.

The islanders welcome us, for they recognize that since no Phoenician Power can lend its protection, Great Britain is as good as any other. And the English have more money than the others.
Wanted—A Race fit for War.
By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

I.
We must now deal with the Home Army, which must be a Citizen Army of Patriots commanded by able chiefs, representing all that is best in the community, and equal in physical and brain power and professional skill to any body of men in the world. The first thing is to destroy Haldanism, to put an end to County Associations, to close the foxhunting, foxhunting, foxhunting, to get rid of all cajolery, lying snobbery, and the whole paraphernalia of political Katerfelto quackery. Let us found the independence of our State on a strong, healthy race, and the majority of which will be skilled in the use of arms and our Isles will be what Virgil said of ancient Italy, "Terra potens armis atque ubere glebe." In order to have a spirited race and a patriotic race, the majority of our folk must have a right to live in tolerable security and comfort, and be principal actors in their own industry. They have not nearly enough sound personal interest in the land and in the instruments and profits of all industries. This was clearly recognised by all able publicists of all times, from Aristotle to More and Bacon, from Virgil to Piers the Ploughman and the humanists, to see how very fit their body and houses and commerce and industries must be maintained in such a proportion as may enable a subject to live in convenient plenty and not in a servile condition.

II.
Bacon's military system would show a small respect for men; London ground landlords or to soul-sweating Lancashire and Lanarkshire capitalists. Two axioms must be taken for granted or my readers need read no further:—
(a) That the further degeneration and deterioration of our military system must be stopped and that forthwith, or we can never have a military system worth anything, because we will not have men and women fit to breed soldiers. At present we have not nearly enough sound horses for purposes of cavalry, artillery, and transport, nor nearly enough fit recruits for our Regular Army, and of those willing to recruit, 46 per cent. are reported as medically unfit: Do my readers appreciate this fact? Does it not make them shudder? If not, they are not fit, and whatever faults they may have, both these races and men lie in the country villages know too well that the capitalist and statesmen have been far superior with regard to race problems and the future of the children than are our ruling classes, who are the meanest, most selfish, as well as ignoble position that ever lived. Consequently, the decay of our military position, and hence our national life, is imminent. Hearken to Baron Suyematsu. In the "Risen Sun" he says: 'In the West there are vast numbers of people who are very rich; there are also a vast number of big buildings, but they do not imply that European society is perfect. One can easily see in England that the majority of the people have a very small share in whatever enjoyment is derived from industrial produce. The people are sweating in towns. All who know the huts where poor Hodge and his family are in many respects not one whit better suited for military purposes than are the children of factory towns. There was never in any country in any age such an utterly base and brutalising and degrading and destroying "colony system" as the so-called Indian Empire. Britain under the sporting Tory squires and the grasping Manchester School capitalists. Their fell operations must cease, or all schemes for military efficiency will for the future be only "apples of the Dead Sea for a horse." I see not the least reason for the slavish adulation of German methods that prevailed from 1870 to 1900, nor do I see any reason for slavish adulation of Japanese methods now. But there is no question that whatever faults they may have, both these races and men lie in the country villages know too well that the capitalist and statesmen have been far superior with regard to race problems and the future of the children than are our ruling classes, who are the meanest, most selfish, as well as ignoble position that ever lived. Consequently, the decay of our military position, and hence our national life, is imminent. He probably was through the Slavish sycophants of the present Cabinet, reiterate daily what passes with them for a truism, that obligatory military service is contrary to the genius of our race, that we have never been accustomed to obligatory military service, and that their police, with better material, or we all must perish, swallowed up and lost by decadence, drooping before any hostile attack from Foreign Conscription. A poor lad pressed into the Navy, enlist by sheer desperation than was one of Bredow's foreign conscripts. A boy caught young, or a wretched half-starved creature who sold himself for a bounty to be flogged into discipline a few generations ago is supposed to be a greater hero than the mere condition is appalling, beyond all doubt people bred in the humbler parts of London, Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, Dublin are not fit for arms. The maids therein developed into mothers cannot breed more in the United States of America in this grim shades of Death and of his fell mother, the accursed greed for gain, accumulated by sweating the frame and grinding the soul of toil-worn and half-fed humanity. How it gapes for a breath of fresh air, half blind, toothless, forlorn in its slimy caves! How its feeble offspring, void of all good things, dreams of those green pastures and

"boldly bournes" whence came their fathers, but where now all is solitude save for the preserved victims of titiled and gilded Sport!

What reply will the "Daily Chronicle" give to this statement? Our friends need not be afraid of Militar-
ism. There is not the slightest danger of a Nation in Arms tolerating the present system of military law for one hour. Not one ignorant man could become an officer under such a system, not one ignorant man is an officer in Germany. An ignorant man, a fool like ours, M.P.s that are more stupid and less cultivated than bank clerks would be impossible under obligatory service. Every rich fool would have to become a student and practise self-denial as a sub-lieutenant or serve as a private under this system. Our loafers would soon walk straight under such a system. It is an admirable cure for affectation and snobbery, if it has no other virtues. Our Socialist friends may rest assured that it is the only possible method of preventing a Regular Striking Force Army being used against their interests as a tool for power, and our Imperialists readers may rest assured that their Empire can no longer be preserved by mere voluntary effort. Halbanism has given Volunteering its coup de grâce. Every Socialist must admit that we have put an end to that monstrous medley of all the races of the world, in whose veins English, Irish, French, German, Slav, Scandinavian, Jewish, Italian, and even Indian, negro, and Chinese blood have intermingled in such a fashion as to be ethnologically indistinguishable, strutting about to-day with an American optimism, in that over-inflated, false sense of patriotism, the better to excite chauvinistic passions among the populace. And at length, by lying, sophistry, we make believe that a war is useful, venturing men from becoming effeminate, and so forth. Brave men who have taken part in our modern battles is quite absurd.

When we come to study them at close quarters we find that they consist of a mob of Magyarised Jews, Slavs, Poles, Bulgarians, or the Basques? And how proud the Huns, whose veins English, Irish, French, German, Slav, Scandinavian, Jewish, Italian, and even Indian, negro, and Chinese blood have intermingled in such a fashion as to be ethnologically indistinguishable, strutting about to-day with an American optimism, in that over-inflated, false sense of patriotism, the better to excite chauvinistic passions among the populace. And at length, by lying, sophistry, we make believe that a war is useful, venturing men from becoming effeminate, and so forth. Brave men who have taken part in our modern battles is quite absurd.

It has been pretended that patriotism is dependent on race and results from community of blood. This is quite absurd. Do we not see the Yankees, that behemoth of humanity, the world's future, whose veins English, Irish, French, German, Slav, Scandinavian, Jewish, Italian, and even Indian, negro, and Chinese blood have intermingled in such a fashion as to be ethnologically indistinguishable, strutting about to-day with an American optimism, in that over-inflated, false sense of patriotism, the better to excite chauvinistic passions among the populace. And at length, by lying, sophistry, we make believe that a war is useful, venturing men from becoming effeminate, and so forth. Brave men who have taken part in our modern battles is quite absurd.
Ibsen, Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard.

By Dr. Angelo S. Rappaport.

Alterius non sit qui suus esse poteat.—(Pareceulo.)

1.

It is not Ibsen the playwright, the dramatic iconoclast, nor even Ibsen the artist, pure and simple, the creator of human types and characters, with whom I intend to deal in the following essay, but the Norwegian moral philosopher, the preacher and critic of life. And it is as such that I compare him to Nietzsche and Kierkegaard. Many are the traits the Norwegian poet has in common with the German and the Danish philosopher. All three started from the same point, but their roads soon parted, and they arrived at different destinations. The unrest of their souls drove them out from the safe haven of traditionism and faith upon the surging waves of inquiry in search of new lands, of new worlds, of new gods, and of new ideals. In the lives of superior human beings, endowed with a high sense of intellectual rectitude and honesty, there comes a moment when they suddenly become conscious of their Ego, when they feel as worlds in themselves, as distinct individuals from outer things, and reabsorb into their own inner likeness. I am I, flashed like lightning from the skies across me, and since then has remained. The Ego becomes for the first time conscious of its own life. Maya—the great spirit of eternal movement—is ventured to deny it. For no unrest invades their inner sensibilities of standing above time and the external world.

"One morning," says Jean Paul, "I all at once saw my inner likeness. I am I, flashed like lightning from the skies across me, and since then has remained. And Kierkegaard himself, in his famous work, "Either—Or," dwells on the solemnity of the moment when the Ego becomes for the first time conscious of its own Self. "Nature is hushed and the soul feels itself alone in the world as the numinous Ego withdraws into its own secret self from outer things, and is sensible of standing above time and the external world."

This existence is, perhaps, a happy one; I would not venture to deny it. For no unrest invades their inner life. Maya—the great spirit of eternal movement—is unknown to them. They eat the preserved fruit of the past summer and are satisfied. This, of course, does not imply their being frivolous. On the contrary, they are very serious in their respective endeavours and pursuits in life, whether it consists in the breaking of stones, in the tilling of the ground, or in the discovery of new lands, the mysteries of the sciences of life, the acts of marrying and begetting children, until death puts a stop to all their pleasures and troubles. Let us "eat and drink and enjoy ourselves," they say, "for to-morrow we shall die." Carpe diem, quam minimum, credula postero.

Millions of this moment never come. They look neither into, nor above, themselves. Dead, stagnant souls for whose narrow corner is the whole world, and whose existence is little different from that of other animals. All their thinking and scheming and plotting are directed towards the very same objects that áll the rest of mankind have: eating, drinking, the necessities of life, the acts of marrying and begetting children, until death puts a stop to all their pleasures and troubles. Let us "eat and drink and enjoy ourselves," they say, "for to-morrow we shall die." Carpe diem, quam minimum, credula postero.

This existence is, perhaps, a happy one; I would not venture to deny it. For no unrest invades their inner life. Maya—the great spirit of eternal movement—is unknown to them. They eat the preserved fruit of the past summer and are satisfied. This, of course, does not imply their being frivolous. On the contrary, they are very serious in their respective endeavours and pursuits in life, whether it consists in the breaking of stones, in the tilling of the ground, or in the discovery of new lands, the mysteries of life, the acts of marrying and begetting children, until death puts a stop to all their pleasures and troubles. Let us "eat and drink and enjoy ourselves," they say, "for to-morrow we shall die." Carpe diem, quam minimum, credula postero.

All three were religious natures. They required a God. And if one God had been lost, if the old God had disappeared, they had either to find him or create a new one. And all three had a deeply-rooted hatred towards indifference. They were endowed with a keen sense of moral indignation against Laodiceans who are neither cold nor hot, who sit between two stools, and are continually making compromises. Either—Or, explains Kierkegaard. You must choose, between Ethical or the Aesthetic, you must either decide for one path or for the other. "May others lament that the times are evil. I lament that they are pale and contemptible, for they are utterly without passion. The thoughts of mankind are too insignificant to be simple...." (Enten-Eller, p. 27.)

All or nothing," says Brand, and retains his hardness towards his mother, his wife, and his child, although the anguish is tearing at his very heartstrings. And Nietzsche, the author of the "Dawn," is disgusted with the spirit of compromise of modern man: "I do not know out or in," sighs modern man... "we were ill from that modernism—from lowness of spirit, from cowardly compromise, from the whole virulent uncleanness of modern yea and nay. That intolerance and largeheartedness of heart which 'forgives' all because it 'understands' all, is Sirocco to us." ("Anti-Christ," p. 241.)

To say that Kierkegaard had an influence upon Ibsen may be true, or may not be true. Ibsen was un-
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doubtedly acquainted with the works of the author of "Enten-Eller." But it must not be forgotten that the ideas of Kierkegaard, as of Ibsen, are those of the age in which they lived. To say that Nietzsche took the idea of the Superman directly or indirectly from Kierkegaard is, therefore, not only a platitude, but shows an utter ignorance of the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century. The old philosophical conception had been that God had created man, whilst Feuerbach placed God in the future. The Universe is engaged in creating a God. The process of the new conception was just the reverse of that followed in the old Philosophy. In the latter the personal God gradually became an impersonal one, the All, the Universe, Nature (in Pantheism), and at last a mere idea; the new passed from the All to Humanity, from humanity to the Individual. The Individual, the Ego, the I, was the subject with which modern thought was concerned. Man was not only his own priest and judge, but even his own God. The God-man of Christianity thus became the Man-God of the nineteenth century. "Humanity," says Hebbel (in his "Judith"), "has only one aim—to give birth to a new God." The Superman was the dream of all poets and philosophers. Everyone lived in his own way. Flaubert and Kierkegaard are human mud. Go into them and look about them carefully, and if when you come out you can lay your hands on your heart and assure me that you did not find pestiferous, simmering, human mud, I will procure two physicians to certify you a fit and proper person to inhabit the City of London Imbecile Asylum.

Occasional Reflections.

By Edgar Jepson.

Way should our glorious Empire be founded on mud? I often wonder. Mud is no foundation for a reputable edifice. Yet the British Empire enjoys a broad foundation of slums; from those slums it recruits its armies for work and for war; and the inhabitants of those slums are human mud. It is no use saying that we are not human mud, and talking through their shining hats about the spark of divinity: whatever those slum-dwellers may be spiritually, both physically and intellectually they are human mud. Go into them and look about them carefully, and if when you come out you can lay your hands on your heart and assure me that you did not find pestiferous, simmering, human mud, I will procure two physicians to certify you a fit and proper person to inhabit the City of London Imbecile Asylum. It is absurd that our Empire should be founded on mud, and on mud that is spreading as mud will. It is only a matter of time; any edifice reared on mud must sink or be pulled down. It is absurd and dangerous and monstrous; and it is the fault of all of us; from the people in the basement to the people in airy roof garden, the bulk of us are far too busy with our particular storey to see the impending danger. Yet if a woman given birth to a child, for two years she devotes herself to it and has nothing to do with her husband till the expiration of that period. Now I do not for a moment suggest that civilised peoples could, or would, adopt this barbarous practice of continence. But its results do throw considerable light on the advantage to the mother, the children, and the community, of restricting the number of children a woman bears. The child gets her best, undiverted care and attention, when I come to consider my experience of the London suburbs I am forced to the conclusion that some such continent practice prevails there. There is the further matter of the wasteful destruction of the mothers. When a young woman has had three children in three years, is it likely that the depleted, exhausted creature will give birth to a credit to the Empire in the fourth? And if it is, is it likely that the depleted, exhausted creature will give birth to a credit to the Empire in the fourth? And if it is, is it likely that the depleted, exhausted creature will give birth to a credit to the Empire in the fourth? And if it is, is it likely that the depleted, exhausted creature will give birth to a credit to the Empire in the fourth? There is an admirable custom which prevails among one of the more barbarous tribes of East Africa. When a woman has given birth to a child, for two years she devotes herself to it and has nothing to do with her husband till the expiration of that period. Now I do not for a moment suggest that civilised peoples could, or would, adopt this barbarous practice of continence. But its results do throw considerable light on the advantage to the mother, the children, and the community, of restricting the number of children a woman bears. The child gets her best, undiverted care and attention; always the sweater’s friend. The sweater is invariably a good Liberal; he knows that no Liberal Government would take away the rights of the poor. The child gets her best, undiverted care and attention.
An Evening with the License-Reformers.

Then the Interpreter took me and showed a dark place, and in that dark place was a great black hand pressed against the ground. And I said to the Interpreter:

"What is this hand?"

Said he, "Look more closely."

So I looked, and saw under the hand, squeezed almost flat against the ground, a man that fought and struggled valiantly for his breath, and got it in great gasps that moved the hand up from him for a space. But afterwards ever it pressed the lower.

Said I, "Will the man die?"

"No," said the Interpreter, "the hand will be taken away."

Then I asked what this might signify. And the Interpreter answered:

"It is the tyranny of the dead hand. The father of this man was good, but dull, and he gave permission that this hand should be put upon him and his children for ever."

"And yet," said I, "I do not understand."

"Suppose," said the Interpreter, "that you were good, but dull; and all the other people of England were good, but dull; and there came a fiery, flying serpent and lay upon your fields, and said, 'This land, it is my land; and this house, it is my house; and these trades, they are my monopolies, now and forever'; and you, and the other people of England, being good, but dull, said to the flying, fiery serpent, 'Yes, sir, let all this be as you have said.' And then you all in process of time died, and when your children came to the fiery, flying serpent and wanted to know what in the world he was doing there, he should say, 'Your fathers gave me certain rights. I am a vested interest.' And your children, being moral, and reverencing the memory of their fathers, should refrain from killing the fiery, flying serpent. That would be the tyranny of the dead hand."

"And yet," said I, "I cannot quite understand."

"Come," said the Interpreter, and took me to another place, where there was a pit, and at the bottom of the pit a man lying, on whose flesh were many great leeches that did grapple into it, and did most vehemently suck his blood. And ever and again the man made a motion as if to take away one of the leeches . . . ."

Said I, "This is most horrible and piteous. Why will not the man take away the leeches?"

"You have heard," said the Interpreter, "what they do say."

"But," said I, "he suffers. What can hold him back from staying his torment?"

Said the Interpreter: "The man is not of one mind, and divers counsels sway him. And now it is the hand, and now it is the stomach, and now it is the legs that control him. But in the end he will take away the leeches . . . ."

"But," went on the Interpreter, "lest the leeches should die, there is a time limit. The man has made a vow he will not take them away before the end of fourteen years."

"That," I said, "I find it very difficult to understand."

"It is difficult," said the Interpreter . . . .

"The meeting is now open for questions," said the chairman, looking round him with a bright smile.

"What is a licensed victualler?" I asked.

"A licensed victualler," said the lecturer, "is a man who is licensed to sell wine, spirits, beer, and Abernethy biscuits."

"And what is a brewer?"

"A brewer, in England, is a man who does not brew beer."

"What does he brew, then?"

"We haven't invented a name for it yet," said the lecturer.

"Why," I asked, "do you always see the brewer waving the flag (or, anyhow, always in the brewers' cartoons)?"

"Because he is a patriot."

"How?"

"Oh, in lots of ways. For instance, because they began sending foreign hops over here he decided to put no hops in his—XX shall we call it?—and to use only home-grown chemicals in the making of it."

"That was brave! And did he stick to his decision?"

"Yes. There was, it was true, a hoppy flavour noticed about one barrel of beer, but it was afterwards found that it was an old barrel that hadn't been cleaned out since the Georges. Of course, the foreign hop is a difficulty, but he uses as little of that as possible."

"But," I objected, "if the making of beer is so difficult a thing, and the poor brewer can't accomplish it without being unpatriotic, why don't the nation make its own beer?"

"Because some of us think it isn't right to make beer at all."

"And is it better to let the brewer make this other thing?"

"That is the point we shall have to decide."

"Do you think beer is good?"

"Well, we English people don't know. We have never had any within the memory of man. The Germans seem to think so."

"Does real beer, German beer, make you drunk?"

"Not unless you are very large."

"Then I'm afraid it will never be very popular in England," said I.

"I'm afraid not," said the Interpreter.

W. R. Titterton.

The Superman.

By Ashley Dukes.

[It is a summer afternoon in an English garden. Two figures, a man and a woman, occupy a white bench in the foreground. The woman is in white, with a red sash which falls away behind her. The man is dressed in cool grey, and one sees only the back of his dark hair. Her right arm is about the back from staying his torment."

He: Well?

She: Well?

He: Why on earth do we do this?

She: [smiles without answering.]

He: There's nothing to laugh at.

She: [gravely]: I know. It's a very serious matter.

He: [looks at his watch]: Six o'clock! It was half past four ten minutes ago. Do you realise that we have been here three hours?

She: Have we?

He: —and that I have missed five trains?

She: You've still have to stay to dinner.

He: [springing up]: No! No! No!! No!!! [After a pause.] I said no.
The Child-Slayers.

The deaths of infants under one year numbered 133,805, and were in proportion of 132 per thousand births.—"Daily Dispatch."

The Lord God gave thee children, oh, thou of the ample breasts!
Thou Mistress of Earth's fair regions, thou Queen of the white wave crests.
The Lord God gave thee children—oh, thou wert a fruitful vine!
They lived, it was well; they died, it was well; and you turned to your song and wine.

The sound of your careless laughter rang out through your casement wide,
You sat at your glittering table, and your soul was satisfied;
A Merchant bent o'er thy genned right hand, on thy left was a fawning Priest;
And thy thin, pale, big-eyed babies, stared in on the wanton feast.

The Lord God gave thee children, oh, thou that must reign alone;
Thou wide-hipped Mother of Nations, star-crowned on thine island throne;
But you bowed your head to a fond desire, your knee to a gilded creed;
And your children's blood poured, smoking, to the idols of your greed.

You bred your sons and daughters, you penned them as swine are penned;
You watched them scramble for husks and swill, contend as the swine contend;
You reared them in noisome dungeons, you hid them from light and sun;
You said as they fell to the Reaper's scythe, "The will of the Lord be done!"

The Lord God gave thee children, the gift thou but mocked at his boon and bounty, and laughed in the light of philosophy, or something delightfully silly like that. First you will tell me what Schopenhauer thought of me. It's not polite; but you want to say it, don't you?

He forcibly: Yes!

SHE: Then you'll give me a summary of Nietzsche, and Strindberg, and—what is the name of the latest man?—Otto Weininger. No, my dear—not this evening, I think! We haven't time for it.

HE: How on earth do you know all this?

SHE: I don't. I've only looked at the titles of the books in your studio. I don't believe you've ever read them properly yourself. But if you play with them like this I shall have to take them away from you.

HE: So you're as great a sham as I am?

SHE: None whatever. So you're as great a sham as I am?

HE: I won't. [With emphasis.] I—will—not!

SHE: Yes, you will!

HE: I—I won't. [Making room for him on the seat]: Yes, you may sit here. [He does so, regarding her apprehensively.] There's still half an hour before we need go in to dinner. No, of course, nobody's looking, silly boy!

[He leans back, and gradually they slip back into their original attitude. A sparrow seated on an adjoining tree tilts his head upon one side and regards them meditatively.]
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

The "Athenæum" is a serious journal, genuinely devoted to learning. The mischief is that it will persist in talking about literature. I do not wish to be accused of breaking a butterfly on a wheel, but the "Athenæum" is a journal that is in the habit of putting its work into ridicule. It owes an apology to Mr. Conrad. Here we have a Pole who has taken the trouble to understand the English language and to write it like a genius; and he is received in this grotesque fashion by the leading literary journal! Truly, the "Athenæum"'s review resembles nothing so much as the antics of a provincial mayor round a foreign monarch sojourning in his town.

* * *

For, of course, the "Athenæum" is obsequious. In common with every paper in this country, it has learnt that the praise of English is in the interest of Mr. Conrad's work. Not to appreciate Mr. Conrad's work at this time of day would amount to bad form. There is a cliché in nearly every line of the "Athenæum"'s discriminating notice. Mr. Conrad is not the kind of author whose work one can meet only in fugitive form, etc. Those who appreciate fine craftsmanship in fiction, etc. But there is worse than clichés. For example: "It is too studiously chiselled and hammered-out for that. [God alone knows for what.] Imagine the effect of studiously chiselling a work and then laumering it out! Useful process! I wonder the "Athenæum" did not suggest that Mr. Conrad, having written a story, took it to Brooklands to get it run over by a motor-car. Again: "His effects are stu- diously wrought, although—such is his mastery of literary art—they produce a swift and penetrating im- pression." Impossible not to recall the weighty judgment of one of Stevenson's characters upon the "Athenæum": "Golly, what a paper!"

* * *

The "Athenæum" further says: "His is not at all the impressionistic method. Probably the impressionis- toicist's method is merely any method that the "Athenæum" doesn't like. But one would ask: Has it ever been stated that the "Athenæum" is a journal of this kind? The Return," perhaps the most dazzling feat of impressionism in modern English? The "Athenæum" says also: "Upon the whole, we do not think the short story represents Mr. Conrad's true métier. It may be that Mr. Conrad's true métier was, after all, that of an auctioneer; but, after "Youth," "To-morrow," "Typhoon," "Karain," "The End of the Tether," and half a dozen other mere masterpieces, he may con- gratulate himself on having made a fairly successful hobby of the short story. The most extraordinary of all the "Athenæum"'s remarks is this: "The one ship story here, 'The Brute,' makes us regret that the author does not give us more of the sea in his work." Well, considering that about two-thirds of Mr. Conrad's work deals with the sea, considering that he has written "Lord Jim," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Ty- phoon," "Nostromo," and "The Mirror of the Sea," this regret shall be awarded the gold medal of the silly season. If the "Athenæum" was a silly paper, like the "Academy," I should have kept an august silence on this inepitude. But the "Athenæum" has my respect. It ought to remember the responsibilities of its position, and not to entrust an important work of letters to some one whose most obvious characteristic is an almost incomprehensible style of criticism. The explanation that occurs to me is that "A Set of Six" and "Diana Mallory" got mixed on the "Athe- naeum"'s library table, and that each was despatched to the critic chosen for the other.

* * *

"A Set of Six" will not count among Mr. Conrad's major works. But in the mere use of English it shows an advance upon all his previous books. In some of his finest chapters there is scarcely a page without a phrase that no Englishman would have written, and in nearly every one of his books slight positive errors in the use of English are fairly common. In "A Set of Six" I have detected no error and extremely few questionable terms. The influence of his deep acquaintance with French is shown in the position of the adverb in "I saw again somebody in the porch." It cannot be called bad English, but it is queer. In a book that could certainly be defended (compare "in so much that"), but an Englishman would not, I think, have written it. Nor would an Englishman be likely to write "that sort of adventures."

* * *

Mr. Conrad still maintains his preference for indirect narrative through the mouths of persons who witnessed the events to be described. I daresay that he would justify the device with great skill and convincingness. But it undoubtedly gives an effect of clumsiness. The first story in the volume, "Gaspar Ruiz," is a striking instance of complicated narrative machinery. This peculiarity also detracts from the realistic authority of the work. For by the time you have got to the end of "A Set of Six" you have met a whole series of men who all talk in the same way as Mr. Conrad writes, and upon calm reflection the existence of a whole series of such men must seem to you very improbable. The best pages in the book are those devoted to the ironic contemplation of a young lady anarchist. They are tremendous.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Sex and Sociology.

There are few elements in our English national character so unsatisfactory as our treatment of sex. As a leading article in one of our daily papers would probably express it, "The reticence of the average Briton in these matters is one of his most admirable traits. It offers a pleasing contrast to the lack of good taste exhibited by some of our Continental neighbours." So be it. The obscene anecdotes of the smoking-room, the dark whispers of the school-boy and school-girl imagination, the vague suggestions of the Press—these are, in one form or another, common to every land and every race. But the direct refusal to deal with the sexual question as a question of scientific fact, the stupid conspiracy of silence—these are the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race alone. They have made of us, in this respect, almost immeasurable advantages. That is bad enough, but it is not the worst result. From the standpoint of the modern civilised State, ignorance is even more dangerous than hypocrisy. It poisons whole communities, body and soul.

In the domain of sex our national ignorance is nothing short of criminal. It has caused sexual life to be regarded merely from the bodily or physical standpoint, leaving its psychological workings entirely uncon- sidered. It has supported the almost incredibly foolish assumption that the sexual impulses of all human beings are identical, and that all deviations from the normal condition are evidence of original sin. And it has bolstered up this assumption (which is in direct conflict with the known facts) by the most cruelly unjust laws.

All this arises from our inability to recognise the essential oneness of spirit and body, their subtle inter-penetration, and their constant reflex action upon one another. We live in a time when the influence of mind upon matter is beginning to be realised. When shall we properly understand the equally vast influence of matter upon mind, as exemplified in the human body? When shall we grasp the fact that the variety of human types of modern civilisation arises from the variety of types of body, and especially from sex variations?

* * *

"The Sexual Question: a Book for the Cultured." By Auguste Forel. (Rehman. 21s. net.)
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has been no indelent or unkind rigour (beyond the unk-
kindness of dismissal); the French people feel too cer-
tain of themselves in this matter of anti-clericalism to be
driven to violent revenge for centuries of clerical mis-
rule. Had it not been for the bitter folly of the Pope's
refusal to accept a compromise, things might have gone
on a little longer. But the Church stood for religious
whiggery, which is the least convincing: for example, it is not an argu-
ment in favour of Free Trade to show that Italy and
Spain forced France to lower its tariffs against them by
raising theirs against France; while England remained without weapon or defence.

Dan Riach, Socialist. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The chief character in this book is a weak-minded
baronet, proprietor of a glass works, who in early youth was for
some space of a couple of years completely carried away by the teachings of the dema-
gogue Dan, and during that time, without sanction of either Church or State, entered into a union with
Dan's niece, from whom he soon parted. A dozen years afterwards, when he had loved and was loved by
another lady, number one reappears, at a time when there was a trade dispute at the glass works, in which
Dan led the men in the struggle with the baronet em-
ployer. There appeared some danger of Dan's ex-
plaining his new allegiance to the workers to arouse prejudice against the
baronet, who, in order to save her reputation, and to
checkmate Dan, offered legal marriage to his former
wife in conscience. Eventually, she marries Rogers,
who with Dan had been leading the strike, and the
baronet is left free again for number two.

The best drawn character in the book is Lady Henry,
who plays only a subordinate part. The style is jeyk
with frequent breaches of concord, and an unsuccessful
strain of vividness and epigrammatic points. All that there is of Socialism in the book appears on
the title page, although we may perhaps infer the writer's notions on that topic from the fact that Dan
approved the unconventional union aforesaid, propaga-
gated a "direful avenging creed of war to the last
sixpence between master and man," imagined that his
mission was "to hunt down those who prosper," and
that "all men and all women should be equal
before and to each other." There must be a large
public who have little idea how to spend their money
usefully if there is any considerable number of librarians and
well-to-do people willing to pay six shillings (less
discount) for books of so little merit as this.

Humanity and its Problems. By Alfred Hook. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This book professes to be a bird's-eye view of the development of humanity in the process of evolution,
and suggests that "the complexity of human nature, the
extraordinary confusion of human conditions, are the
natural outcome of the primeval qualities of living
matter, of which self-preservation is the most pro-
minent." It enters upon the inquiry—surely super-
fuous for thoughtful people—whether the principle of
evolution, which accounts for man's physical condition,
does not also account for his mental states, his con-
science, his social qualities, and the social, political, and
religious institutions arising out of them. The course
of evolution is traced through the family, the earliest
form of grouping, the tribe—when it had emerged as
to a tool-making, tool-using, and tool-making commu-
nity, and its attitude towards other tribes was purely
individualistic—until humanity had reached the stage of
the nation and the empire. Mr. Hook revives the
ancient theory—not much in favour nowadays—that
religion was born of fear ("primus in orbe deos fecit
timor," as the old verse hath it), but does well to
point out that religious conceptions change with change
of character and institutions, that morality, as the
derivation of the word shows, is a system of habit, or
code of customary conduct, and that the influence of
morality in shaping religion has been greater than the
action of religion in moulding the moral life of man-
kind. There is a chapter on Roman civilisation,
and an account of the rise in England of a middle class,
which, though by birth allied to the workers, tended
more and more to a union with the upper class in in-
terests, and brought a subjection of labour to capital
more odious than the old feudal tyranny. The care

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for the ills that afflict modern society is the development of the social instinct.

It is too great a task to attempt even a bird's-eye view of the course of human evolution in the space of a little more than 300 pages. It were better to take one human problem and attempt some solution of it. The picture which the book presents is blurred and indistinct, and never rises above the commonplace and obvious. Any general survey of the course of human development ought surely to have included some mention of the ancient Greeks, who "of all nations dreamed the dream of life the best." The sketch of the growth of morality and religion is defective even for an epitome, and in the light of the most recent researches, quite inadequate. It is written in a work by an author who would class himself amongst the moderns, and who shows a great deal of insight and breadth of mind, to meet with the trite tag, "An iron-bound Socialist system in which all are reduced to the same level." We are in agreement with much that is in Mr. Hook's volume, but we were only able to win through it by frequent recourse to Our Lady Nicotina, while we were sorely tempted to relieve the ennui which it produced in us by the still grosser aid of Bacchus.

Mr. Clutterbuck's Election. By Hilaire Belloc. (Nash. 6s.)

Clutterbuck is a dull fool to begin with, and a pompous, if pathetic, fool at the end. He has no ideas, no ability, and no imagination, yet he grows rich, enters Parliament, and prospects for a knighthood, like the good and clever young man of romance. We can quite imagine that Mr. Belloc drew his man from life. He probably did it whilst waiting through dreary wastes of Torydom for the division bell or for whatever object of duty keeps the more intelligent M.P.s to their seats during the debates at Westminster. But whatever his origin, there he is, Clutterbuck, pillar of society, man of affairs, financier—and fool. Mr. Belloc evidently started out with the intention of writing a satire, but he has achieved realism. But of course this is only natural, for satire is a sense of reality. If only Mr. Belloc had curbed his pen and pulled it up at 290, we should have been altogether delighted. Nevertheless it is well worth while struggling through the hundred odd unnecessary pages of "Mr. Clutterbuck." There is good fun in the book, and it abounds with clear insight into the folly of modern success. The account of the election is an exquisite piece of broad comedy, and Mr. Clutterbuck's character is drawn with great skill. The book is a delightful and pitiless study of the stupidity and accidents that often go to the making of the shining lights of the great Middle Class. There is also an illuminating undercurrent of action which shows how such excellent people are used by the cool and cynical masters of the great political parties.

How to Become an Author. By Arnold Bennett. (The Literary Correspondence College. 5s. net; 5s. 4d. post free.)

We must congratulate the Literary Correspondence College on having had this most useful book transferred to them. The second edition, now being published at prices as above, will certainly, and deservedly, maintain the popularity which the original publication so quickly established.

There is unquestionably no other work which is of such general value to the would-be writer of stories, and even to the journalist or author of some little experience, there are hints and there is advice in this book which will, perhaps, be found worthy of attention. Apart from its usefulness the author's name is sufficient guarantee that the volume is interestingly written—but it is hardly necessary for us to comment further on a work which is already so well and favourably known.

Recent Music.

The Brahms-Soul: Promenades.

Brahms lovers are born, not made. When they say that this work is a triumphant achievement, or that that passage is sublime, they say something that to us who are outside the pale of appreciation must always mean something next to nothing. Musical criticism falls far short of explaining this eternal problem of temperamental likes and dislikes. It is not the same as saying you prefer poetry to prose, or yachts to horses, or pyjamas to nightshirts. It is far more subtle than this. It is like saying (though not quite so silly) that you prefer grey to majenta. Indeed, it is more; it is like saying grey is majenta. It is a question of valuation. A re-assessment of musical values was effected when the music of Johannes Brahms became a vogue. A coterie of scholarly musicians acclaimed him as the legitimate successor of Beethoven; that coterie still exists in this generation. He never achieved popularity in the Wagnerian sense, nor did he court it like Wagner. The world was ready for something new in music when Wagner commenced scribbling, and he kindly obliged. It was equally ready for fresh sensations when Brahms was in the fullness of his powers, but he preferred propriety to popularity, decency to notoriety; he much preferred walking in the ways of the Lord like a gentleman to screaming some neological gospel to an ignorant and erotic world from the housetops. Of course, it is all rubbish about the alleged likeness between Brahms and Beethoven. Brahms was never (or hardly ever) vulgar, Beethoven often unmistakably so. Beethoven's genius was Titanic, overwhelming, and his humour Rabelaisian; Brahms's genius was occasional and laborious. Beethoven was often butolic and verbose; Brahms never forgot his Sunday hat. Beethoven could write piffle; Brahms never had the courage.

Nobody is so anti-Brahms that they would deny that he could write a decent tune. Now and then the Brahms Fell to upon him and, as Mr. B. C. Colles in his monograph * justly points out, we have in the First Symphony a perfectly gorgeous one; but he never could

*Brahms." By H. C. Colles. (John Lane. 25. 6d. net.)

CONCERNING FURNITURE.

"TATLIER." 

A N old proverb tells us that the best things always come in the nature of a surprise, and this truism is well exemplified by a visit to Story & Triggs' establishment at 152-156, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., where a wonderful collection of second-hand, antique and modern furniture meets the eye in every direction."
resist the temptation to make a jolly tune respectable, which, of course, was the case in this Symphony. It is a pleasure to read Mr. Colles' critical study. He is frankly enthusiastic, but he is liberal enough to admit that which I am seldom heard to admit by any Brahms-lover of my acquaintance. He admits the painfully-laboured "development" of various subjects in sonata or symphony; he admits the ponderous manner and the complexity of detail, and he measures up Brahms pretty fairly all round, selecting (like an honest man) for special notice those pieces that have given us all very great joy at times. But when he speaks, as he often does, of the eloquence of certain really obscure passages we are left high and dry on the opposite shore, very glad indeed to be thus far away from ghastly Philharmonic echoes of Academic pro- grammes and Tragic overtures.

Mr. Colles is a very determined devotee when he writes: "So we must wait, and the quicker art moves to bother much about anything else for this season."

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen’s Hall proceed on their triumphant career. Vast, enthusiastic, jolly, undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undiscriminating audiences pack the ugly place every night and listen to the world’s masterpieces performed by an excellent orchestra. But Mr. Wood’s propaganda disappoints us sorely. We had given the directors of these concerts credit for being public-spirited enough, after paying their own dividend, to go out for a better performance “down for this season, and even those undisc...
at tea in Russell Square, having been shown the wild
Brocken orgies, where everyone behaves like a perfect
lady, defies the insufferable bore, invents the only evil
thing hinted at—that of salvation of the "woman SOUL 

The cheat puts cold tea into the spirit decanter, the cad
'have assumed ordinary names. The persons are

Mr. Tree (Mephistopheles); Henry Ainley (Faust), and Marie Löhr (Margaret), all
of whom we know as competent actors, when properly
acted, to struggle intelligently against the nonsense of their
parts in "Faust." It was, indeed, quite pitiful
to see Miss Marie Löhr's struggles. Mr. Tree was
always so much in the red light one could not take
him seriously; and the only touch of reality got by Mr.
Ainley came from his obvious bewilderment and more-
dom with his part. In "The Passing of the Third
Floor Back," on the other hand, Mr. Forbes-Robert-
on, as the chief character, was vividly real, and all
the rest of the cast excellent. In the St. James's play,
too, all the actors worked together. The "Third Floor Back"
was prominent because that was essential, not
because he was Mr. Forbes-Robertson. At His
Majesty's, Mephistopheles was prominent because he
was Mr. Beerbohm Tree in a red light. It will be
interesting to see which of these two plays runs the
longer, "Faust," typifying the recrudescence of
melodrama, and the "Third Floor Back,"
the modern play.

Of other plays I have tested, "The Corsican
Brothers" is a good Martin Harvey play, and "Paid
In Full" is a savage conitivence that does not give Mr.
Robert Lorraine even half an opportunity.

L. Haden Guest

CORRESPONDENCE.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

NATIONALISATION, NOT PURCHASE, OF
RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In your "Notes of the Week" (September 5th) you remark
that railway companies are combining "for the sole purpose
of selling their lives dearly" in anticipation of nationalisa-
tion. As it seems to be a very general idea, even among
Socialists, that the two operations—nationalisation and pur-
chase—must go together, will you allow me space to point
out that, while nationalisation is in the highest degree
advisable, and may be effected at once by a very simple
enactment, purchase is equally unadvisable and unneces-
sary, and bad far better be left till a much later period,
when in all probability some general method of dealing
with similar claims to other forms of nationally produced
wealth may be found practicable.

I may take it for granted that every reader of The New
Age recognises the advantages to the public, as individuals;
in the whole of the railways being worked with the sole
view of the maximisation of use and convenience of the people,
so far as is consistent with the safety and well-being of
the great army of employees, which will itself tend to secure
the safety of the public; while to the nation, this complete
unity of organisation and management will be of incal-
culable advantage as a safeguard against foreign invasion.

But these, and many other collateral advantages will
accrete, just as certainly, and even more rapidly, by the
State taking over the fixed and rolling stock of the whole
of the railways, to be managed and worked in the public
interest, while continuing to pay to the railway companies
the shareholders and possessors of every kind of
railway stock—that proportion of the net profits to which
they are now equitably entitled.

It is, I believe, generally estimated that the economies
which would be effected by the co-ordination of the whole
system would amount to many millions annually, and this
great saving would be largely expended in redress of better
services, higher wages, and shorter hours of work; by which
all shareholders and employees, as well as the whole of the
public, would be thereby benefited.

But the increased facilities to all who use the railways,
and the abolition of the needless and often irritating restrictions of most of the existing management, would certainly lead to a large increase of traffic, and thus render any considerable disadvantage of the existing railway employees, if necessary, while the position of all would be much improved. It is needless here to go into the question of the exact future status of the shareholders. As one mode of dealing with them, I would suggest that the relative market-value of each kind of railway security being having been ascertained, which due to the condition of the line and position, the holders of these securities should be offered in exchange for the publicanny, for their own lines, and that of the legal limit of the district, living at the expense of the owner's death, these annuities to be for amounts proportionately equal to the dividends or interest they had received on an average of the three preceding years. This fixed and certain annuity would be fully equal in value to the more secure and fluctuating railway stocks. Those who declined to accept this mode of payment would receive whatever dividends the Government should declare to have accrued after full provision for the upkeep of the line, efficiency of the service, and reduction of debt.

I believe myself that a majority of railway shareholders would accept the annuities, and this would lead to the possibility of the railways becoming encumbered national property in two or three generations. Debenture-holders would, of course, be gradually paid off at par out of profits.

The special advantage of such a mode of nationalising our railways is, that it involves no vast financial operation of valuation and purchase, certain to be disadvantageous to Germany if she wants Colonies of her own, there is a short and certain way to war with France. Surely Mr. Keir Hardie's words should belong to the community.

Safeguards the equitable interests of the shareholders.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Keir Hardie, in the "Labour Leader," says: "If Germany wants Colonies of her own, there is a short and easy way of acquiring them from France. Why should not Germany take her armies and take 2,970,000 square miles from her in Africa, as it would be easier and less expensive than invading England." My words were: "Mr. Keir Hardie recommends Germany, if she wants Colonies, to go from her in Africa, as it would be easier and less expensive than invading England." Surely Mr. Keir Hardie's words should belong to the community.

The method is, of course, applicable to the acquisition of every kind of property in the hands of corporations, which should belong to the community.

ALFRED KUSSEL WALLACE.

THE GERMAN DANGER.

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ALFRED KUSSEL WALLACE.
savages who cannot count beyond three. One of the most
testimonial results of one bag at 10s. had caused on his
lawn. Was this expense justified by enabling him to let his
house at 15s. a year more rent—the equivalent of ten years'
unexhausted improvements—or by his use and enjoyment,
the interests of good husbandry, or for both sets of reasons?
No real progress can be made if our reason or imagination
halts in our units and is appalled at the thousands and
millions.

At this stage Socialists who urge afforestation can safely
do so only on the naive or causal basis. It affords a
larger rural population and the relief of the unemployed.

Those who advocate it for all three reasons should press for
4. The extra expense caused by the training and use of
the unemployed to be incurred by the authorities responsible
for their relief.

Land for the purpose is required not only in sparsely popu-
lar districts in Argyllshire and the West of Ireland, but
reasonably close to the large English towns. Besides enorm-
ously increasing their value to unemployment authorities,
woods so placed will pay the soonest. In the south of Eng-
land there are many suitable areas in Surrey, Hampshire,
Gloucestershire, Somerset and Devon, close to London,
Portsmouth, Bristol and Plymouth.

Finally, it should be remembered that if only 10 to 15
per cent. of our present half million unemployed are found
after training to be suitable for the work, yet the cost will
not be less than a million yearly for afforestation, while more
than £200,000 to be allotted to District Committees will
be absorbed.

One and a quarter million, devoted annually to these
purposes, will allow the work to be started on a scale com-
mensurate with the work to be done and the problems to be
solved, and the creation of an organisation which can be
expected to proceed at a moderate rate of progress,
whenever this is thought desirable.

ARTHUR P. GRENELL.

BEAURU SAW IN DUTCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

DURING my holiday stay in Amsterdam, it astonished me that
"Mr. Shaw's Production" was staged at the Grand Theatre.
As there is no chance of seeing this play in Eng-
land, I was eager to see what the Dutch actors would make of

First as to the actors: they entered splendidly into the
spirit of the play. Mrs. Van Dongmenen, as Mrs. Warren,
was striking, and rendered a vivid, convincing, and life-like
presentation of a Pecksniffian virtue-spouting sneak, mouthed his
a high impression of the power and spontaneity of the
Dutch actors.

As the effect of the play: Bernard Shaw has painted the
sympathetic sides of his "bad" characters so well (Sir
George Croft and Gardner) that the balance of feeling is up
with Sir George Croft. After Vivie is a slender figure who
one would like her to be taken down a peg or two, or, better, half-a-dozen. Moreover, Frank, besides being intolerable, appears quite an impos-
able character. The quality and decision which can only come from long life experience.

The character is quite unreal, and without any counterpart in

F. W. CHAPMAN.

Mr. Harrison's attitude is curious. Plays, it seems, prove
nothing since the state of mind of the playwright. Yet the
Shaw plays contain definite contributions to the sciences of
psychology and sociology.

Do we sleep, do we dream,
Is there visions about?
What does Harrison mean?
Does his Shaw know he's out?

ANTHONY OLDFIELD.

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ANTHONY OLDFIELD.
Two New Books.

The Burden of Woman.

Compiled by Frank Mond. Crown 8vo, 2/6 net. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

The first three chapters have been so enthusiastically reviewed that we can only find space to mention 'The Book of Modern Marriage' and 'Mrs. X' on the subject of 'Sticky Children.' But each of these is quite as sensible as the three already mentioned, and the whole conclave of eager and noble women unite to convince any man that he will have to hold his head for ever—when the new age 'comes alone.'—The Daily Mirror (in a column review).

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One of the most sensible and best-written books on the woman question.

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By G. G. ANDRÉ, J.P.

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The purpose of this book is to direct attention to the unrighteous basis of the existing penal system.

"The work presents evidence of a careful study of a most serious problem which has for years exercised the minds of social reformers, and it is well worth reading."—The Westminster Gazette.


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"A notable contribution to present-day sociological literature and a forcible appeal. . . . There is much that is valuable and stimulating in this book, and a copy of it should find its way to the book shelves of all who interest themselves in social questions."—The Bristol Mercury.

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Studies in Solitary Life.

By W. R. Titterton

(Author of 'Love Poems')


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