NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To give the devil his due is no unpleasant task, and we are very glad to be able to congratulate Sir Edward Grey without reserve upon his recent efforts to retrieve a badly damaged political reputation. The credit for the resuscitation of the British Outlook, from its slumber after the British Empire's humiliation in the Balkans, must be addressed to Sir Edward Grey's dynamite, and the credit for the arrest of the easterly derangement of our national diplomacy must be addressed to the same source. Sir Edward Grey has performed a great service to the British nation in this hour of its need. We are exactly as much convinced of Germany's peaceable intentions as we were a week or two months ago. All the same, we gather from it is that the German Chancellor is following his Imperial master at a respectful distance. We know that she wants a war, but she is not quite sure of her ends. She is likely to be memorable in the history of the war because of the extraordinary way in which she has been accorded more attention than it was worth. All the same, we are exactly as much convinced of Germany's peaceable intentions as we were a week or two months ago.

Bülow's address to the Inter-Parliamentary Union has been accorded more attention than it was worth. All the same, we are exactly as much convinced of Germany's peaceable intentions as we were a week or two months ago. All the same, we gather from it is that the German Chancellor is following his Imperial master at a respectful distance. We know that she wants a war, but she is not quite sure of her ends. She is likely to be memorable in the history of the war because of the extraordinary way in which she has been accorded more attention than it was worth. All the same, we are exactly as much convinced of Germany's peaceable intentions as we were a week or two months ago.

A still happier thought was the King's telegram to the Sultan last week, with its diplomatic reference to the bright future in store for the Turkish Empire, "under the able direction of so eminent a Grand Vizier," and its comforting suggestion that what the Hamidian administration loses in despotism will be more than made up in "the veneration of posterity." Never, we imagine, has a ministerial congratulation on the anniversary of his accession expressed in a manner less to his liking. Both the time and the method of announcing that the Young Turkish régime here the official support of the British Government were admirably chosen to secure the maximum of added prestige to the party in power and the minimum of possible resentment at the interference of a foreign sovereign. Indeed, King Edward's blow in the cause of Turkish freedom seems to have been struck with a force and felicity worthy of the best traditions of the British Foreign Office. Let us again congratulate Sir Edward Grey upon his holiday mood.

After the Kaiser's recent speech at Strasburg, Prince Bülow's address to the Inter-Parliamentary Union has been accorded more notice than it was worth. All the same, we are exactly as much convinced of Germany's peaceable intentions as we were a week or two months ago. We know that she does not want a war with anyone as long as she can gain her ends by diplomacy. The trouble is that we can never be quite certain what those ends are or may be to-morrow, and that the militarist spirit which prevails may easily become a war spirit at very short notice. If Germany were merely the powder magazine of Europe we might feel sure of preventing sparks from reaching her; but unfortunately she contains the flint and steel as well, and we shall gain no sense of international security from the words of her rulers until they are truly responsible to the German people. The supercilious tone of Prince Bülow's speech was a most forcible reminder of his present irresponsible position and of the way in which he is accustomed to treat mere representatives of the people. The one and only thing that English Members must have been something of a shock to our delegates to be informed with almost royal condescension that if the different Governments chose to follow the path of peace in the future "part of the credit for such a state of affairs would be due to them." * * *

In the negotiations with the new Sultan of Morocco Germany has fully lived up to the policy which has been hers by tradition since the dismissal of Bismarck. She has ever indicating her physical superiority over France by an attitude which is irritating rather than pugnacious. Not content with having stolen a march on the rest of Europe in the matter of the recognition of Mulai Hafid, she now refuses to consent to the war indemnity which the French Government demands from Morocco. In the end this may well benefit France, since the heavy taxations she imposes upon the Moorish people. But no one can suppose that this consideration has determined the German attitude. The simple explanation, of course, is that here was an opportunity not to be missed of irritating France and currying favour with the new Sultan at the same time; but there is another. Mulai Hafid is said to be the popular leader—almost the elected President—of Morocco, and who can tell but that the Kaiser has been converted to the new doctrine of vicarious atonement, and, like his neighbour the Tsar, is now prepared to lend to popular parties abroad the support which he refuses to the popular party at home? * * *

The 1908 Congress of the German Social Democratic Party is likely to be memorable in the history of Socialism. The conflict between the Reformist and Revolutionary schools has been a long and bitter one, but hitherto it has been almost wholly abstract. At last a practical issue has arisen, and with it open war. The immediate cause of dissension is the fact that certain members of the party, belonging to South German
States, where greater political and social freedom is enjoyed than in Prussia, recently voted in their State Diet in favour of part of their local Budgets. The Orthodox Prussian Socialists declare that under no circumstances whatever should supplies be voted to a non-Socialist Government. The South German "Reformists" defend their action by pointing out the advantages they have been able to gain for the workers by a judicious use of their voting power in the Diet. The result of the discussion was that the Innovators were severely censured by a large majority of the Congress, but remained unrepentant. Whether there will be an actual split in the National Party is still uncertain, but the situation is very serious.

The whole matter is, of course, merely one of tactics, but the difference between the two parties are so fundamental as to seem almost impossible of adjustment. It is not, as some English critics appear to suppose, a question of physical force versus Parliamentary action. Both sides agree that the latter is the more desirable, if not the only, means of attaining their final ends. But the Revolutionaries consider that their common programme can only be carried out by a completely Socialist Government, which will introduce all the various reforms simultaneously, so that each may help the others. The Reformists, on the other hand, believe in taking all they can get as soon as possible and allowing one reform to prepare the way for the next in a successive series. If, by using their influence over the Government, they can obtain, for instance, a reduction of the taxation which falls on the workers, the Reformists are ready to do so, and consider they have made an advance by legitimate tactics. The Revolutionaries, on the other hand, view such action as positively dangerous, partly because they distrust the effect of palliatives on the spirit of the people and partly because they fear entanglements with other parties. The Reformist policy, they urge, not only weakens the moral position of the party in the eyes of its supporters, but leads directly to such defections from the working class as that of M. Millerand in France and John Burns in England.

The sympathies of most English Socialists are naturally rather with the Reformists than with the Revolutionaries. To us, the refusal of the latter to use their power in gaining immediate benefits for the class they represent seems to be simple impossibilism, and their logical conclusion to be a purely extra-Parliamentary agitation. But doubtless our opinions on this question are largely coloured by our own political conditions, which are far nearer to those of the South German States than to those of Prussia. The tactics which are inevitable here are not wrong there. We can no more judge of the best policy for the Prussian Marxians to pursue than we can admit their right to decide what is the best for us.

At the present moment the English Socialist movement is also faced with a question of tactics, though of a rather different character. To lend occasional support as an independent party to the Government in power is one thing, to enter into a working electoral alliance with another. Yet the Socialist leaders of the Labour Party have apparently done. The refusal of the Executive to endorse Mr. Stephenson's candidate at Newcastle seems to us almost incredible in its iniquity. The charity of a vicar is a very different thing; if it went as far as, e.g., Mr. Macdonald asserts in this week's "Labour Leader," that the seat is safe for the Liberal as not to be worth fighting, we should be forced to the hopeless conclusion that there is no one in the country that is worth fighting, even of those already held by members of the Labour Party. The local feeling also was so strong that it was certain a Labour candidate would be run in any case; and since the party was bound to suffer a certain amount of defection from those that endorsed the candidature or not, the least they could have done was to put up the best possible fight; instead of which they have deliberately split the Labour vote. Moreover, the state of unemployment throughout the country was in itself a sufficient reason for a contest, even if Newcastle had been as hopeless from the Labour point of view as the City of London. Mr. Hartley seems to be doing extraordinarily well, considering the difficulties he has to face, but he can scarcely hope to come out very near the top of the poll.

On the other side there is absolutely nothing to be said except that the official endorsement of Mr. Stephenson would have endangered the understanding with the Liberals to which three or four months of the Labour Party feel they owe their salvation. We do not complain that such an arrangement was entered into at the last General Election, but we do most seriously protest against its being continued. At a General Election a few bargains may be permissible; but to treat bye-elections in the same way is flatly and obviously suicidal. A wide impression has been created throughout the country that the distinction between Liberalism and Labour is purely arbitrary, and thus the prestige which came of independence is already more than half frittered away. Either the party must voluntarily face the possibility—not so very serious after all, perhaps—of losing those members who sit by permission of the Liberal Party or it will soon be forced to face complete annihilation.

The City of Birmingham is making a serious attempt as an organised community to deal with its unemployed. It has been done by resolution to undertake various public works during the coming winter with the express object of providing useful employment. The Cities of Glasgow and Liverpool, on the other hand, have called in the aid of private charity, and are organising relief funds at mass meetings of nervous citizens. Neither method constitutes a solution of the problem, but Birmingham at least recognizes its responsibility as a corporate body, and that is a good deal. It is the task of Labour and Socialism to show the Provost of Glasgow realised that they will get neither thanks nor support from Socialists or trade-unionists for their effort to do by private enterprise what should be done by the organised community. A Mansion House relief fund for unemployment is just as useless and demoralising as the indiscriminate charity of a slum missionary.

The chorus of approval which has greeted Mr. Churchill's new Arbitration Proposals serves to emphasise the fact that we might have had such a scheme in operation these twenty years. Any competent Trade Union secretary could have drafted it in half an hour, not to mention the professional experts at the Board of Trade and the many still more expert amateurs of the type of Mr. Sidney Webb. However, it has been left for Mr. Churchill to do what ought to have been done when he was at school, and we congratulate him upon his good fortune.

As for the scheme itself, it is undoubtedly a great improvement upon the old plan of a single arbitrator. There are, as we understand it, to be three panels—one of employers, one of trade unionists, and the third to act as chairman of the Court. The success of the scheme will turn upon this third selection. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to secure a man of "eminence and impartiality." If the disputing parties agree to arbitrate each will select one or two members from the first or second panels, and the Board of Trade will then select one member from the third to act as chairman of the Court. The success of the scheme will turn upon this third selection. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to secure a man of "eminence who can be truly impartial in the matter of a trade dispute as a hope; but in the world to be just, a man can rarely balance his sympathies perfectly between his own and another class; and the chairman will inevitably be of the employer class. That, however, is a difficulty which we admit cannot be wholly surmounted. But there is, and there must be, some sort of broad-mindedness, that as long as a democratic Minister controls the Board of Trade and selects the chairman
the new Court will be regarded by the trade unions with an ever growing confidence, and will help to secure greater industrial peace.

In certain cases, however, the new Court will be useless. The present dispute in the cotton trade is an instance in point. As long as arbitration is voluntary and brute force the final Court of Appeal, one side or the other is sure to refuse to submit upon a vital and straightforward issue. The party which is conscious of possessing the most staying power is scarcely likely to abandon a sure victory on the off chance of gaining a favourable decision from the arbitrators. A further difficulty is that there is no real material available for a judicial decision. It is simply a matter of adjusting the relative proportions of profits and wages, and there are no rules to go upon. Certain arbitrators may from time to time lay down certain principles, but these have no validity for their successors, and are only made to be set aside or modified according to the various developments, progressive or retrograde, of social ethics.

The interesting correspondence between Lord Alfred Douglas, the editor of the "Academy," Mr. Long, the publisher, and Mr. Hubert Wales, the author of "The Yoke," which the "Academy" prints with comments in its issue of the 19th, completely disposes of the suggestion, and in expressing our sincere regrets to the "Academy."
The German Socialist Congress.

The German Socialist Congress opened with signs of storm in the air. Prussia had declared war on the Bavarian, Wurtemberg, and Baden sections of the party for breaking the world-renowned "discipline" of the organisation. The three sections had supported the motion adopting the budgets of their respective States and refused to repent. They were to be called to account for compromising the principle of consistent and inveterate antagonism to the existing social order.

In reality, the contest is one between the orthodox Marxists—the so-called Radicals—and the Revisionists. The Radicals pursue an uncompromising policy in Prussia because experience shows that by so doing the party flourishes in the reactionary and bureaucratic atmosphere. In the South, where the State forms are more democratic, frontal attacks have been dropped in favour of flanking movements and "tactics," always directed to the same end as the policy of the more rigid North. The Radicals are at present in the majority. They cling to their revolutionary phrases and base their attitude towards all questions by what Marx said, or what they think he said. They are keen, strong-willed, and fanatical, justifiedly proud of the progress of the Social Democratic movement in North Germany, but naturally, and unfortunately, inclined to be intolerant.

Before dealing with the South Germans the Congress discussed the report of the Executive Committee of the Party. It is a bulky document of over 150 pages of closely printed matter. It is a typical German document in its thoroughness and in the amount of detail it contains. It is cheering reading. Increasing membership, in spite of the depression in trade; circulation of the Party Press steadily rising; money in sufficient quantities to meet all reasonable needs; victories at by-elections; improvements in organising methods; and a promising outlook for the next Reichstag election.

The income of the Party amounted to close upon £50,000. Altogether, a very healthy state of affairs.

After considerable discussion had taken place upon this report the question of the political organisation of women was considered. Until the present year no woman in Germany was allowed to belong to a political body. How are the Socialists to reach them? By forming non-political organisations into fragments, but the German Socialist body is tough, and used to bearing storms. When the vote is taken, the South is beaten two to one. There is no applause. When the figures are announced the chief of the speakers for the South announces that the resolution cannot be accepted by his friends, and that they will, as already stated, take the opinion of their own organisations. The Congress then passes quietly to the next business.

Will there be a split? There is little likelihood of such a contingency. In the first place, the minority is a very respectable one, including a considerable number of Northern delegates. Among these Northern delegates are the leaders of the great German Trade Unions, whose members form the backbone of the rank and file of the party. In the second place, the Party Executive has steered the organisation through many equally dangerous situations, and there is no reason to believe that it will be incapable of dealing satisfactorily with the existing one. Finally, neither side wants to divide the party, and where there is no will for a division it is not easy to find a way out.

The last act of the Congress was to pass a strong resolution (greeted with prolonged and loud applause) condemning the attempt to cause ill-feeling between Germany and England, and pledging the Social Democratic Party to the continuance of its efforts for the maintenance of international peace.
To the Woods Away.

The chief uses of the woodlands of the United Kingdom, it seems, are to help in providing sport for our Nobility and Gentry, and to be exploited as wastefully as possible by hustling capitalists. If you doubt the first, take a few walks in various parts of the country: if you want information as to the second, read the recently-published Report of the Departmental Committee on the Wholes of unmanufactured timber...It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

Now, with all this waste—waste of timber, waste of land, and waste of opportunity—there is a growing shortage in the world's timber supplies and a rise in the price of wood, a continual drift of the rural population into the towns, and unemployment rampant throughout the kingdom. I need tell a tale of spread destruction, of insensitive haste to cut down timber, mature and immature, of "nude stumps" and "exhausted and deteriorated woods," of "land left derelict," of the "wholesale export of unmanufactured timber"—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.

First, then, to have done with the figures. Professor Schlich has shown that there are some 34 million acres of mountain forests in Wales immediately available for afforestation, with a still greater area in Scotland. In Ireland the Departmental Committee has come to the conclusion that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land are suitable for planting are available. But Professor Schlich and other foresters have been crying in the wilderness for years; let us not, in the words of Professor Schlich, "turn a deaf ear to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the wholesale export of unmanufactured timber—a waste, in short, which means a "great loss to the country and imminent danger to existing Irish woodworking industries." It mentions, too, that the percentage of land under woods in England is 5.3 per cent., in Scotland 4.6 per cent., in Wales 3.9 per cent., and in Ireland only 1.5 per cent. as against percentages ranging from 17 in Belgium and France to 32 in Austria. The only country in Europe which has a lower proportion of forest than this is Iceland. Denmark, which is an agricultural country less than half the size of Ireland and, be it noted, with a climate very similar to that of the British Isles, has double her acreage under woods.
The Disease of Poverty.

DEFINITION. An infective endemic disease caused by Trypanosoma Ignorarium, a parasite having much in common with L. Gambiense, the cause of the Sleeping Sickness.

Although poverty has been found in all parts of the world sporadically, and occasionally even in epidemic form, since the earliest times, it is only within the last 100 years that it can be regarded as endemic in Great Britain. Two-thirds of all deaths in this country are attributed to it, whilst eight-ninths of the population, on a moderate estimate, are suffering from either the acute or the chronic form of the disease, or from some of the indirect injuries inflicted by it; nor are there signs of any immediate abatement. The National Medical Congress that assembled in Westminster in 1906 bruited a positive cure; but as we write it is our dire misfortune to chronicle a recrudescence of the disease in its most terrible shape. There are epidemics now raging in Glasgow, London, Birmingham, with others in different occupations per 1,000 males, for the years 1906-7:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Nature of Disease</th>
<th>Poverty</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Brewers (see also Peers)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Publicans (see also Dukes)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Landlords (see also Peers)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Labourers in Agricultural Districts</td>
<td></td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Bankers, Financiers, and Company Directors (see also Peers)</td>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Clerks (see also M. C. D. L.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Cotton Manufacturers</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Cotton Operatives</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Coal Merchants</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Coal Miners</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. Brewers (see also Peers), haunts to end this malady for all time. [See Treat with the virus have been unsuccessful, although, of misfortune to chronicle a recrudescence of the disease in its most terrible shape. There are epidemics now raging in Glasgow, London, Birmingham, with others threatening in Lancashire and on the East Coast. Nevertheless, the gloomy views of past physicians who allowed that "the poor shall never cease out of the Poverty; the embryo in the womb, the baby whose place is at the breast, are attacked equally with the mature and the aged; on the other hand, the disease is known to be attacked, and it must be regarded as par...}

1. The complete table deserves the most careful study by all medical men, and we refer them to the original report, of which we can here give only the above abstract.

2. It would also seem that at certain ages urban life is distinctly disadvantageous; children, for instance, suffer more severely in towns than they do in the country. In Manchester the mortality from Poverty among males is 118 per cent. in excess of the mortality from this cause in rural districts, and of female children it is 153 per cent. in excess. [Supplement to the Sixtieth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, P. xxi.]

3. SYMPTOMS. So protean are the manifestations of this illness that we despair of giving any graphic picture. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there is scarcely a medical student who has not had one or more sharp attacks, so that the lacunae can be filled in from personal experience, whilst it is also lamentably true that the majority of our profession suffer from the more insidious and chronic forms of the affection.

4. As is the case with many serious maladies, the patient usually presents himself for some, to him, trivial derangement. A charwoman will complain of faintness, some inability to look after the children and do her usual quantum of charing, which she will likely enough attribute to "bilineus" or "the hot weather"; a dock labourer will recount his cough, his attacks of indigestion or weakness for which he craves a tonic. Like a good physician, before you institute treatment you will seek to unravel the cause of the disorder. The charwoman's "faintness" will be found to arise from insufficiency and want of warmth and rest in infancy, ill-ventilated rooms, imperfect clothing, the drudging and dreary existence as child, as girl, as married woman—from the absence of the physical bases of life—in a word, from want of money with which she might have bought food and cleanliness and warmth and rest, and the wherewithal to make such instruction and care, space to breathe in, instruction in the art of living, and the wherewithal to make such instruction real.

5. Observe the clerk as he enters your consulting room. Why is the growth so stunted, the face so flaccid, the cheeks so pale, meaningless? You look at his clothes. If the boots appear smart enough, examine the soles. Ask him if he really prefers brown paper to solid leather; seek to know why he dons so ill-fitting a suit of shoddy cloth. Why he essays a dirty starched collar and dicky. Yes, his offence is rank, it cries to heaven. If his body is to be wholesome he must be provided with relays of clean clothes—and this means money. If he is to bathe himself with sufficient frequency the means must be at hand. But poor men's habitations have no water and your slop pail up or down two or three flights of stairs and learn how infrequent your morning ablutions may become. And now you seek information as to your patient's way of life, his hopes, fears, aspirations, the ideas that support him in the hours of trouble, the joys which lift him on to the human plane.

6. Says one such unhappy being: "I was shut up in a room half below the ground. In this room some three other men besides myself, two of them between fifty and sixty, and one about three or four and twenty. . . . In all three of these men there had been developed, partly, I suppose, by the circumstance of enforced idleness of brain, the most loathsome tenor. . . . Never could there be any duty incumbent upon him worse and more inhuman and devoid of interest than it was Poverty that drove him to that Hell. Poverty abolished, he would have been a free and noble man.

The writer of these lines found deliverance through death, but there is obviously a more facile solution. It was Poverty that drove him to that Hell. Poverty abolished, he would have been a free and noble man. What slavery is there like that of want of money? Are you not bound to accept whatever employment offereth, however unmanly, however unsuited it may be to the realities of life? If you are a shopman you must cheat and bully and lie if it is the wish of your master. You must serve the hours he en-
forces; your stomach must obey the dictates of your employer. Does he say eat at 7 and at 1 o'clock, and whatever be your individual requirement are you not bound to obey?

It is the first days of spring, and the universe is renewing itself; you, who find yourself, after all, an inextricable part of the pulsating world, you would fain be caressed by the warming sun, by the budding grass, "the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singling of the world is come." You would mingle your voice with theirs. "Back, cry your masters! back to your creaking factories, back to your checking yard-sticks, back to your underground cellars." You must obey—your Poverty compels.

Examine your patient's heart, if you can find it. Do you expect to find him generous, genial, affectionate? With an ever-increasing struggle to find a resting place, and some few crumbs at his table, what shall he be with these regal virtues? If he relieves (and often he does) the want of others, he will the earlier come himself to know starvation. If he be affectionate, the harder will be the blow when, as surely will happen, the days come when unemployment provides his wife and children with want. Better cultivate betimes a stoic indifference; live for the day. So the public-house, where there is at least warmth and light and the glow of companionship and forgetfulness. Hence, we can trace alcoholism in too many cases to Poverty, which, we must repeat, means vile, poky rooms, in which you can neither stretch yourself nor have your friends.

In such a heart you expect the pulse to be slow and feeble, irregular, and of a minus tension: Feel it. M.D.

Universal Obligatory Training.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

III.

It is obvious that under the conditions prevailing in our degraded villages and in the back streets of the towns of our civilisation, where the dogs that hunt are more carefully cherished than the men who plough, there can be no hope for the development of a military race fit to bear arms, and we must at once provided military training. The offences of our ruling classes are rank, and the better will be the blow when, as surely will happen, the days come which unemployment provides his wife and children with want. Better cultivate betimes a stoic indifference; live for the day. So the public-house, where there is at least warmth and light and the glow of companionship and forgetfulness. Hence, we can trace alcoholism in too many cases to Poverty, which, we must repeat, means vile, poky rooms, in which you can neither stretch yourself nor have your friends.

In such a heart you expect the pulse to be slow and feeble, irregular, and of a minus tension: Feel it. M.D.

Universal Obligatory Training.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

III.

It is obvious that under the conditions prevailing in our degraded villages and in the back streets of the towns of our civilisation, where the dogs that hunt are more carefully cherished than the men who plough, there can be no hope for the development of a military race fit to bear arms, and we must at once provided military training. The offences of our ruling classes are rank, and the better will be the blow when, as surely will happen, the days come which unemployment provides his wife and children with want. Better cultivate betimes a stoic indifference; live for the day. So the public-house, where there is at least warmth and light and the glow of companionship and forgetfulness. Hence, we can trace alcoholism in too many cases to Poverty, which, we must repeat, means vile, poky rooms, in which you can neither stretch yourself nor have your friends.

In such a heart you expect the pulse to be slow and feeble, irregular, and of a minus tension: Feel it. M.D.

Universal Obligatory Training.

By Dr. T. Miller Maguire.

III.

It is obvious that under the conditions prevailing in our degraded villages and in the back streets of the towns of our civilisation, where the dogs that hunt are more carefully cherished than the men who plough, there can be no hope for the development of a military race fit to bear arms, and we must at once provided military training. The offences of our ruling classes are rank, and the better will be the blow when, as surely will happen, the days come which unemployment provides his wife and children with want. Better cultivate betimes a stoic indifference; live for the day. So the public-house, where there is at least warmth and light and the glow of companionship and forgetfulness. Hence, we can trace alcoholism in too many cases to Poverty, which, we must repeat, means vile, poky rooms, in which you can neither stretch yourself nor have your friends.

In such a heart you expect the pulse to be slow and feeble, irregular, and of a minus tension: Feel it. M.D.
Army, for obligatory training, for the elevation of all classes, for fair play for all soldiers, and, above all, for Liberty based on a proud and strong race of men, 'pride in their port, defiance in their eye,' and tenderness and love for all their neighbours, and especially all young children, in their hearts.

Thus without any cant, and in no spirit of jingoism, and with abounding sympathy for all other races who will treat us fairly, we can cherish an exulting hope that at last all sections of our people, young and old, will begin to grow more and more unto the perfect day.'

The most we can do in these short articles is to lay down the principles on which any satisfactory system for our armies of the future must be founded. The details and clauses of any Bill for this purpose are out of our province at present. Do our readers agree with our principles? If so we can very soon agree as to details also.

THE END.

Ibsen, Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard.
By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

I.

Nietzsche calls himself an "Argonaut of the ideal who is visiting all the coasts of this ideal Mediterranean," he is a conqueror and a discoverer of an unknown land, the confines of which no one has as yet been able to behold, a Beyond of all hitherto discovered continents. Nietzsche, in his "Rhymed Epistle," compares life to a good ship on her voyage, he himself being one of the passengers. But he discovers that there is a corpse on board, and his spirits fall. "Then a sound struck my ear from below, in my heart. I sat leaning against the mast. Someone cried out, half-way, it seemed, between an uneasy sleep and a night-mare, 'I believe we're sinking with a corpse in the cargo.' It is that cargin that troubled all three, Kierkegaard, Ibsen, and Nietzsche, these Argonauts of the Ideal, on their journey for new and undiscovered lands. Nietzsche had the courage to throw the corpse, the inherited dead matter, overboard. Kierkegaard and Ibsen did not. They landed with the corpse in one of the ancient ports. Kierkegaard was a mystic in religion, Ibsen a materialist. Nietzsche, however, remained the poet of doubt—"My business is to question, not to answer." Nietzsche alone could sing: "We have left the land and are now on board! The bridge, may even the land behind us have we broken up! Little boat, look out! We're on land-homesickness, suddenly befalls thee, as if there were more freedom there,—and there is no 'land' any more." ("Joyful Science," p. 153.) Nietzsche is sailing in unknown waters out into 'new seas':

Nach neuen Meeren,
Dorthin—will ich; und ich trau
Mir fortan und meinem Griff
Oftens liegt die See, ein Blaue
Treibt mein Genueser Schiff.

The first port where all three landed was that of Individualism, of self-realisation. They had appeared in an age of Socialism in religion and of Militarism in politics which had crushed the development of free personality, making the individual, as Emerson said, "to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundreds of thousand, of the party, the section to which he belongs." Liberalism had become tame, and when the flash of Self-consciousness, of the Ego, had come over them, their souls rebelled. Nietzsche wrote over his door:

Ich wohne in meinem eignen Haus,
Hab Niemandem me nachgemacht
Und lache noch jeden Morgen aus
Der sich nicht selber ausgelacht.

(Joyful Science.)

And Ibsen went so far in his Individualism, in his demand for the development of a free personality, in his idea that the individual should stand alone, self-centred and independent, that he even counselled against any association, against friendship and marriage, for they only hinder individual development, and stunt in their growth the fruitful germs full of possibilities (cf. Brandes, Moderne Geister, p. 438). Kierkegaard's "Homo singularis" must stand alone. Subjectivity is the only way leading to salvation. "Seventy thousand fathoms above the water, many, many miles away from men, where no one can help us, where we have only to depend on the strength with which we can exert our will, that is the right place, and to be joyful here is really great." Ibsen, Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard are all polemics; but they love the struggle even more than the victory. Rest, intellectual stagnation, is hateful to them, and that is one of the reasons why they hate to belong to the majority. A feverish combitiveness is the current note of their works. In this respect the two Scandinavians and the German are faithful to the instincts of their race. "What Ibsen wanted was, as he expressed himself, 'a revolt of the spirit.'"

The dominant note in Kierkegaard's character was to make difficulties. "Everything, nowadays," writes Kierkegaard, "is made easy. In the material world trains and telegraphs render communication easy; and in the spiritual world there is a promise of the harmonious unity of all conflicting elements." Kierkegaard's task, therefore, was to find difficulties. Otherwise," he observed, "those whose business it is to make everything easy to find themselves reduced to idleness for want of work." Nietzsche's words bear a striking similarity with those of Ibsen. He defined his "concept of freedom" as follows: "The worth of a thing lies sometimes not in what one attains with it, but in what one pays for it—what it costs us. I give an example. Liberal institutions immediately cease to be liberal so soon as they are attained; afterwards, there are no more miscellaneous or more radical enemies of freedom than liberal institutions. For what is freedom? To have the will to be responsible for one's self. To become more indifferent to hardship, severity, privation, and even to life. To be ready to sacrifice men for one's cause, one's self not excepted. How is freedom measured in individuals as well as in nations? By the resistance which has to be overcome, by the effort which it costs to obtain superiority." "Rome and Venice understood freedom precisely in the sense in which I understand it: something which one has and has not, as something which one desires, and which one wins by conquest." ("The Twilight of the Idols," pp. 202-204.)

All three prefer the Inferno of struggle to the Paradise of rest. Ibsen, Nietzsche, and Kierkegaard all have, as I have already pointed out, a better type of man. Kierkegaard dreams of a homo singularis, Rosmer wishes to breed a new nobility, and Zarathustra taught the superman. Before their poetical vision (for all three wrote poetry) there hovered a better type of man, the man of the future, the man of the third kingdom. "Ye lonely ones of to-day, ye who stand apart, ye who are the first of your race, one's self not excepted." ("The Twilight of the Idols," p. 202.)
Nietzsche means when he says: "Alas, ye men, in the whole of the slumber for me an image, in the image of all mine images! Alas, that it should have to sleep in the hardest and ugliest stone!"

The superman will come, but the effort will be enormous; the stone will have to be broken; "Zaratustra alwaysrageth his creation, and its pieces will fly off from the stone." But they will come, the men with the kingly ideas, with the Hakon-thoughts, who create and produce, who make new values and do not repeat the old Saga like Skulde, the "Pretenders," in "Emperor and Galilean," in "Rosmerholm," in "Hedda Gabler," and in "John Gabriel Borkman," Ibsen has drawn them, his supermen—and superwomen—as they presented themselves to himself, in imagination.

Are Ibsen's types, some of whom were created nearly two decades before the advent of Zarathustra, the same as the superman of Nietzsche? To this question I must reply in the negative.

Ibsen and Kierkegaard were Teutons by race and thought; Nietzsche, although a German by birth—he himself, however, maintained that he descended from an ancient noble Polish family—is an Italian by thought and culture. He is the ultimus Romanorum. Kierkegaard, notwithstanding that he described in glowing terms and painted in bright colours the aesthetic side of life, chose for himself the ethical, or, rather, the religious, life; he, as well as Ibsen, although the latter once said that he hardly knew whether he was a Christian, were Puritan Christians, Evangelists even, whilst Nietzsche was a Greek by religion, Dionysus is his God. Forth from Nazareth he led the way to Hells.

Kierkegaard and Ibsen said to European humanity: You are not good Christians; whilst Nietzsche explained: You are too much so. That is the fundamental difference between them. There is a rumour of a yearning to be redeemed, of a fear of sin and of the senses, in Ibsen and Kierkegaard. The spirit of martyrdom in Brand, the redemption of Peer Gynt through Solveig, of Bernick through Lona, reminiscent of Goethe's Faust and of Wagner's dramatic compositions, the idea of one being redeemed by another, is an entirely Christian conception. Nietzsche laughed at the idea of redemption and salvation; he was not interested in the salvation of interestless souls, of Tannhäuser, by women. "There is nothing which Wagner has meditated on more profoundly than salvation; his opera is the opera of salvation. Someone always wants to be saved in Wagner's works." "Of genuine adoring women are their ruin. Hardly anyone has sufficient character to resist being corrupted—being 'saved'—when he finds himself being treated as a god; he forthwith condescends to woman." ("The Case of Wagner.")

This is a direct contradiction of the idea of woman's saving power through love which we find in Ibsen and Kierkegaard. In Ibsen and Kierkegaard there is, again, a longing for the religion of the spirit, a demand for the faith in spirit; the current official orthodoxy was too narrow for them. Nietzsche, on the contrary, exhorateth his brethren to remain faithful to the earth. Kierkegaard and Ibsen make a distinction between the ethical and the aesthetic sides of life—and placing men face to face with the dilemma ask him to choose. They lead the reader back into the old conflict between good and evil, and, despairing of a possible harmony, say: "One is a radical, whilst the two others are liberals. Ibsen and Kierkegaard say to humanity: The coins you have lost their primitive value; polish them; whilst Nietzsche is of opinion that they have no value whatever; they are mere dross. He therefore advises man to throw away his current coin and get a new one. Ibsen and Kierkegaard were never morally free, and, therefore, although they began as Titans, they finished as petty reformers. From the icy churches and the tower of Solness they came down into the narrow dwellings of men, content to rearrange the pictures and the furniture inside. Philosophically, both Ibsen and Kierkegaard are at one with Kant. That they were, perhaps, unacquainted with the Socrates of Koenigsberg is no objection. They have gone out in their respective vessels in search of new lands, but Ibsen's and Kierkegaard's voyage was a circular tour. They returned—sadder, perhaps wiser, men—to their native homes. Nietzsche alone did not return, for he had broken down the 'bridge behind him. Did he discover a new land, this is an argonaut of the Ideal? Perhaps he did, but I should advise every body to follow him; his land is not the land of Every man. His individualism is aristocratic, whilst that of Ibsen and Kierkegaard is, after all, democratic. "Be yourself," they preach, "development of personality, self-realisation, this everybody can accomplish." A new nobility is Rosmer's dream, but all, or at least as many as possible, can attain this distinction. And Kierkegaard's homo singularia belongs, as Brandes has somewhere pointed out, after all, to a herd. They taught it with Emerson and Carlyle that all can be supermen, individualities, representative men. Thiers is the Individualism of the Reformation preached by Luther. The Individualism of Nietzsche, however, is aristocratic. There must be ordinary men if there are to be supermen. Only the latter are the individualists, Thiers is a different morality from that of the masses. They alone have a right to say: "Aliter non sit qui suus case potest." The END.
Adventures among Bookshops.

I was duly awed by Mr. Arnold Bennett's imposing list of bookish purchases—envious, too, of his evident opulence. Another tale I sing. My acquisitions are not worth naming; I find that reviewing dulls the purchasing sense. When you get used to receiving for nothing books that you don't want, you begin to resent paying for the books that you do want. And you have the additional pain of knowing that you cannot change the one for the other. Sometimes, however, I go forth to buy, and then I get all the pleasure and excitement of the chase without its disagreeable circumstances. Do you want exercise? Do you want adventures? Go into London and try to buy a book. Hear my story.

About a year ago my poor library was neatly coffined in Tate's invaluable boxes, and buried deep in a repository. For immediate purposes of work and presentation I wanted several volumes of history. First, there was Madge Newcastle, as Lamb calls her, whose "Memoirs" suddenly became necessary to me. I happened to be in lordly Piccadilly, and, observing what seemed to be a bookshop, I entered. A languid gentleman approached me, indicating by the careless concession of his manner that he knew me at once for a mere suburban. I timidly met his glance and stated my wants. He brightened visibly on learning that I wanted a book about a Duke written by a Duchess. Was it a recent work? he asked. Not very recent, I explained—a seventeenth century book; but I added that a reprint had recently been published in Routledge's "London Library." The cheap and plebeian name of Routledge caused a sensation in Piccadilly. A spasm of aristocratic pain distorted the features of my shopman; first aid was applied to several of the others, and I was hurriedly conducted to the door. Piccadilly did not even offer to order the book, for I went elsewhere, and failed always. Madge Newcastle could not be bought in any edition. I had to order her and wait.

Next, Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher has recently perpetrated two rather jolly volumes of history. At the time I spoke of the second had just been published, and had received much attention in the Press—the "Times," for instance, gave it quite a first-rate notice. I mention this to show that when I wanted Mr. Fletcher's volume I was not demanding something wildly obscure and unheard-of. On this occasion I was in the City. To shop after shop I went, and met blank disbelief in Mr. Fletcher's existence. One shopman (at my earnest entreaty) consulted a list of recently published books, and found that there really were such volumes, and that they came from a not obscure publishing house in Adam Street—but that was as far as I could get. I had to order Mr. Fletcher and wait.

Next. The best existing edition of Maccallay is the "Albany." If you doubt this ask Messrs. Longman, the great man's publishers. I am glad to observe, by the way, that Trevelyan's "Life" is now to be included in this edition. I wanted the "Albany" set of Maccallay, and went to no fewer than seven bookshops in the City of London and failed to get it. Conceive it, seven City bookshops could not provide me with the standard edition of this eminent and most respectable Englishman. The City was, in one detail, an improvement on Piccadilly—it always undertook to get the desired volumes by next day. I had to order Maccallay and wait.

And so with other things. The one-volume Molière published by the Oxford Press; Macmillan's shilling reprint of the copyright "Golden Treasury"; the "Globe" edition of Goldsmith—none of these could have been had for the first time of asking. Will some one tell me why? The volumes I wanted were all well-known books in standard editions, and in every case I had to give twenty-four hours' notice before I could be satisfied. Moreover, I was not book-buying in Bermondsey or Balham, but in the City of London and the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. The shops I entered were obviously bookshops, existing for the dissemination of literature, for they all displayed proud stacks of fourpenny magazines, Corelli in cloth, and Caine in paper. On the shelves, too, were tangible volumes. What they were I cannot say—probably additional Caine and further Corelli.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A Song of Change.

We walk in the world, and see with strange eyes, with the fire at our hearts, and a dream of days; alone in the world, we walk on the ways (Oh, roses and rags, man's heart is of ice!), we walk in the world, and are stifled with lies. Yet will the god return to his gaze.

He will hear the music and beat of the sea and the way of the wind in a tree. He will know the silence of forests, their song and the birds' song and the screeches of the seagulls that circle and dart and throng the jagged cliff; he will follow the streams without heeding, with the heart of a boy, and will watch the darting fish; he will lie on his back among daisies and watch the sky; careless buttercups, and steal a subtle joy.

Rain, hail, and snow, and the storm's thunder and fire he will love, and they will minister to his desire. The sun will be his comrade, and the moon will be the mystical white goddess of his love, the sea; and of the stars his heart will never tire.

We walk in the world and see with strange eyes; from our eyelids has fallen the fringe of lies; and broken cries we have to our need, and sorrows we have, strange sorrows, and tears for drooping flowers in the garden of life, for the warping of growth in sapling years, and the choking, poisonous weed.

I have a rose in my garden, milk-white with a heart of red; the wind whispers a song in its petals of hope that is not yet dead; and its perfume comes to me singing the song of a wind-blown day, when a sickle will have been sharpened and a scythe will have had its way.

F. S. FLINT.
The Meaning of Unemployment.

A sufficiently high pressure compels us to think. Perhaps an official figure for Trade Union unemployment, exceeding 9 per cent, may lead some persons to make a serious attempt to understand the meaning of such unemployment as that in which we are involved, no longer resting content to be told that it is a natural Nemesis for reckless expenditure during the War, or a consequence of a financial crisis in America due to over-speculation and a loss of public confidence.

The most hopeful way of getting at the cause or origin of Trade Depression is not to start a long way off at something that has happened in Africa or itself. Now, Trade Depression means in the first instance the existence in many or most important industries of large quantities of capital and labour unemployed or under-employed. Not labour alone, but all the necessary factors of production are standing idle, though two years ago they were co-operating to produce goods. This is the case not in one or two trades, but in most trades; not in one or two countries, but in most countries. What is wanting to make the factors of production produce? The first answer is that employers and entrepreneurs believe they could not sell the goods this capital and labour would make at a profitable price if they ordered them to be made. This belief is not foolish timidity; it is grounded upon knowledge of what has already been happening in the markets. Manufacturers shut down their mills or workshops; they know the markets are already over-stocked, and that the full output they could maintain would be far in excess of what their customers would take from them. Merchants who buy from manufacturers to supply retailers have reduced their orders because the goods they make are not selling, and the markets are already congested with unsold and apparently unsaleable goods.

If we regard the industrial system as a continuous stream of processes engaged in working up raw material into useful forms and putting them in places where they are wanted, then there are two class of production, by producers in order to assist further production, the actual congestion and its attendant unemployment seem evidently due to a refusal to withdraw goods at the end of the series of processes as fast as they can be passed through the productive processes, the attempt fully to use this increased plant must produce just those periodic gluts which actually occur, and which are the efficient causes of the stoppages that spell trade depression and unemployment.

In throwing out this hypothetical explanation of unemployment, I must guard against one common misapprehension. Saving, so long as it goes on, causes just as much employment (no more nor less) than spending: it simply means paying people to make non-consumable plant, materials, etc., instead of consumable commodities. But if there exists any such tendency to over-save, as is suggested, a stoppage to actual saving must occur when the congestion of the markets becomes obvious, and cannot be consumed, or sold, through the productive processes, the attempt fully to use this increased plant must produce just those periodic gluts which actually occur, and which are the efficient causes of the stoppages that spell trade depression and unemployment.
certain portions of income which, if not so taken, neither be spent in demanding commodities nor be invested in productive employment, and applies them directly to employ out-of-works. If, on the other hand, this hypothesis is rejected, the policy of taking measures to prevent the unemployed worker does nothing to the volume of employment, because a new lot of unemployment is caused by so taking income which, if untaken, would have gone to employ capital and labour in the trades producing the commodities or the capital-goods which the taxpayers would have bought.

But though an economic justification is thus found for public provision of Unemployed Relief, it is evident that such a policy is only a palliative, not an organic remedy, for an industrial disease due to chronic causes. Organic remedies can only be found in an absorption of "surplus" or unearned income, either by diverting it from rents, excessive profits, etc., into wages, or by taking and spending it as public revenue.

J. A. Hopson.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

The death of Professor Churton Collins appears to have been attended by painful circumstances, and one may be permitted to regret the disappearance from the literary arena of this vigorous pundit. He had an agreeable face, with pendant hair and the chin of a fighter. His industry must have been terrific, and personally I can forgive anything to him who consistently and violently works. He had also acquired much learning. Indeed, I should suppose that on the subject of literature he was the most learned man in Britain. Unfortunately, he was quite bereft of original taste. The root of the matter was not in him. The frowning structure of his vast knowledge overawed many people, but it never overawed an artist—unless the artist was excessively young and naive. A man may heap up facts and facts on a given topic, and assort and label them, and have the trick of producing any particular fact at an instant's notice, and yet, despite all his efforts and honest toil, rest hopelessly among the profane.

Churton Collins was such a man. He had no artistic feeling. Apart from the display of learning, which is always pleasant to the man of letters, his essays were arid and tedious. I never heard him lecture, but I should imagine that he was an ideal University Extension lecturer. I do not mean this to be in the least complimentary to him as a critic. His book, "Illustrations of Tennyson" was an entirely sterile exercise, proving on every page that the author had no real passion for literature. It simply made critics and artists laugh. They knew his. More recent book on modern tendencies displayed in an acute degree the characteristic inability of the typical professor to toddle alone when released from the leading-strings of tradition.

* * *

I fear that most of our professors are in a similar fix. There is Professor George Saintsbury, a regular Albert Memorial of learning. In my pensive moments complimentary to him as a critic. His book, "Illustrations of Tennyson" was an entirely sterile exercise, due to chronic causes. Organic remedies can only be found in an absorption of "surplus" or unearned income, either by diverting it from rents, excessive profits, etc., into wages, or by taking and spending it as public revenue.

Yet another example is Professor Walter Raleigh. Fifty per cent. of you will now leap up and say that I am being perverse. But I am not. I have been demonstrated to me satisfactorily, by contact with Liverpool people, that Professor Raleigh's personal influence at that university in certain ways made for righteousness. Nevertheless, Professor Raleigh has for himself demonstrated to me that he could not possibly stand the d—d row that that chap makes on the fiddle." I was silenced. I recall this episode in connection with Professor Saintsbury. No one who had any feeling for literature were than if he had put down the — style that Professor Saintsbury commits. His pen could not be brought to write it. Professor Saintsbury may be as loudly positive as he likes. His style is always quietly whispering. "Don't listen." As to his modern judgments—well, for their own sakes, professors of literature ought to bind themselves by oath never to say anything about any author who was not safely dead twenty years before they were born. Such an ordinance would at any rate ensure their dignity.

* * *

I remember one evening discussing the talents of a certain orchestral conductor, who also played the violin. I was talking to a member of his orchestra, a very genuine artist. We agreed that he had conducted badly; but, I said in his defence, "Anyhow his intentions are good. You must admit that he has a feeling for art." "My dear fellow," exclaimed the bandsman, pettishly, "no one who had any feeling for art could possibly stand the d—d row that that chap makes on the fiddle." I was silenced. I recall this episode in connection with Professor Saintsbury. No one who had any feeling for literature were than if he had put down the — style that Professor Saintsbury commits. His pen could not be brought to write it. Professor Saintsbury may be as loudly positive as he likes. His style is always quietly whispering. "Don't listen." As to his modern judgments—well, for their own sakes, professors of literature ought to bind themselves by oath never to say anything about any author who was not safely dead twenty years before they were born. Such an ordinance would at any rate ensure their dignity.

* * *

You are a helpful assistant. Do not hallucinate.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Art of Neil Lyons.*

"Tis a pity," said I to myself, "that we have not longer noses, since some of us seem unable to see beyond them."

I felt that this utterance was rather in the Uncle Toby vein. But it was three o'clock in the morning. The moon was making all things holy and mysterious. Venus, hanging in the profound nocturnal blue, just above the black, rugged line of the tree-tops, was demisting for the Morning Star, and doing it very well. Moreover, I had just finished reading "Arthur's." So I went to bed and to sleep.

And this morning—the morning has a cold, cynical eye—I am wondering, not what to say about Neil Lyons and his work, but how to say it; how to steer clear of the Scylla of critical cant without foundering in the Charybdis of whirling hyperbole. For I feel enthusiastic about Neil Lyons, and enthusiasm does not play exactly the part of a cold-water bandage to an inflamed head. And I am feverishly excited by this long-looked-for chance, which has at last befallen me, of saying my say about one of the most original and diverting artists in modern literature.

Who are our humourists? the critics ask. It is indeed a pity that they have not longer noses! Or, to change that dangerous metaphor, it is a pity they have not a keener scent for a hot trail. But possibly Neil Lyons has affirmed them. He does not neatly and feehyly fit into any of their little pigeon-holes. He does not easily come under any of the stock headings. And I am not offering any. What I want to say is this: Arthur's coffee-stand stands exactly where it did. Arthur's customers are all alive, and all active, and all ready to receive the inquiring stranger—Arthur's coffee-stand, blessings or with that which is not a blessing depends merely the quarrelling nature of the case."

But if you did go I very much doubt if you would be able to see what Neil Lyons sees there, and has divined and revealed. For you are not necessarily seeing a thing because you are looking at it. And certainly the average purblind person is not seeing the world with the interpreting eyes of our author. That is the secret of his gift. He has a temperament, a philosophy, and a point of view, he is a great and cunning craftsman. I have spoken of his consummate artistry. It is the art that conceals art. And if he really did it all in a hurry, then he is to be congratulated on the force of the circumstances which constrained him to take no pains. But did he? Anyways, he has given us a volume that is quite the best thing of its unambitious kind I have ever read.

* "Arthur's." By A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane. 6s.)

humour and pathos must be, that it is hard to tell where the fine texture of the one blends into the exquisite quality of the other.

The poetry and the romance of this book exhale from its pages in a misty aura that might fittingly be likened to the steamy light of the lamps of the Scylla of whirling hyperbole, which boldly invades the encircling darkness and gilds the forms of the hapless midnight wanderers clustered together in that cheerful glare and warmth. Its rays pierce the gloom and reveal the common humanity that takes familiar shape under these sodden, ragged ventures, the immortal soul of goodness shining forth even from these haggard, besotted faces.

But those whose tender susceptibilities respond only to the appeal of the obviously lovely and lovable will see merely the squarer of those souls and none of their beauty.

Neil Lyons thus describes his methods: "From time to time," says he, "I have gotten in, as it were, pieces of pavings-stone and lumps of chalk, and I have made things which, in a kind of sense, are pictures. I have paid no heed to my models, because, generally speaking, I did my work at times when the aforesaid models were asleep or quarrelling. Also, I paid little heed to rules and things, and did it all in a hurry, and to please myself. Apologies are certainly called for, but I am not offering any. What I want to say is this: Arthur's coffee-stand stands exactly where it did. Arthur's customers are all alive, and all active, and all ready to receive the inquiring stranger—Arthur's coffee-stand, blessings or with that which is not a blessing depends merely the quarrelling nature of the case."

But if you did go I very much doubt if you would be able to see what Neil Lyons sees there, and has divined and revealed. For you are not necessarily seeing a thing because you are looking at it. And certainly the average purblind person is not seeing the world with the interpreting eyes of our author. That is the secret of his gift. He has a temperament, a philosophy, and a point of view, he is a great and cunning craftsman. I have spoken of his consummate artistry. It is the art that conceals art. And if he really did it all in a hurry, then he is to be congratulated on the force of the circumstances which constrained him to take no pains. But did he? Anyways, he has given us a volume that is quite the best thing of its unambitious kind I have ever read.
would rather like to see him at work on a larger canvas; but it is barely conceivable that he knows his own business best, and so I will not complain that this book is not some other book: no doubt his next book will be.

In the meantime, and in conclusion, I would only say that, to my thinking, "Artlu's" is, in its way, a masterpiece, and that if it does not succeed in making Neil Lyons love and be loved by an ever-increasing multitude of friends, then either I do not know what good writing is, or, as I prefer to say in my arrogance, the modern taste in literature is debauched beyond all hope of redemption.

[EDWIN PUGH.]

REVIEWS.

A Summer Tour in Finland. By Paul Waineman. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

If we were convinced that we could extract out of Finland one-half of the pleasure or one-half of the fine sentiments which Paul Waineman found there, then we would be on our way thither as quickly as possible. It is quite refreshing to think that there are people with that artless, child-like mind which is not afraid to put down on paper without hesitation everything that flits through it. That is what Paul Waineman has done: he has wandered round Finland with his sentimental heart open to all comers and all impressions. "A young woman was laughing, and her laugh was so light-hearted and happy that one could not but laugh with her," says the poet. Fancy having the courage to write that down! We thought surely Walt Whitman could do it. The quill pen with which Alexander I. signed the Constitution of 1809 calls forth the words: "He gave them the healing balsam of life-Freedom." Why, of course he did. How many sunsets and how many blue-eyed damsels set this traveller's heart a-fluttering we could scarcely count.

The situation has its dangers. The very fact that so many people are becoming conscious of a growing repugnance to meat eating and all it involves on cattle ships, in slaughter houses, and among the herdsmen makes the need for reliable information on the values of food all the more pressing. Many well-meaning enthusiasts rush at vegetarianism like a bull at a gate. Some get through all right. One or two get over it. Not a few go under. These last need help.

Of one of the commonest causes of the failure of the novice is the adoption of a one-sided diet. That is to say, he will either eat a great quantity of mushy porridge, sloppy milk puddings, and hardly cooked vegetables, thus loading up the system with excess of starch and fat. Consequently, they should have a place in every vegetarian's diet.

Henri de Régnier et son œuvre. Par Jean de Gourmont, avec un portrait et un autographe. (Mercure de France. 75 cts.)

Some men say that Henri de Régnier is France's finest living poet; but one of his latest critics, a Scandinavian, would give the laurel to a Belgian, Emile Verhaeren. He is, we suppose, a matter of moody. The orgiastic strangeness and sublity of Verhaeren will appeal in one hour, while in the next the evocations of the spirits of the past and present, the dreams mirrored in dreams of De Régnier will hold the heart in a fast grip and listen to him again, as ever. The world, as an aesthetic phenomenon, perhaps; its forms as symbols of his moods and dreams; himself as the centre of all its converging ways of time and thought and beauty, certainly constitutes the methodique of Henri de Régnier. He has combined in him the sensitiveness of Paul Verlaine and the high-wrought artistry and evasiveness of his master, Mallarmé. He seems a faun, gliding amidst the splendid melancholy of a forest in autumn, never

THE MISSING LINK.

The English custom of meat-eating, in spite of all the superstitions that have gathered round it, is being challenged. It is not only that the vegetarian movement is making big strides among the cultured and artistic classes. It is not only that the medical profession no longer shows an unbroken front in defence of beef and Bovril. It is not only that athletic records are yearly enriched by the successes of vegetarian athletes.

The chief challenge comes from a very vague but very strong thing, namely, the slowly rising tide of popular feeling. Not that we are likely to become a vegetarian nation inside a hundred years. It is not high tide yet; but flowing tide it is. Three people out of five (unless they happen to be butchers or country gentlemen) will agree with you that too much meat is eaten nowadays. And although the other two will surpass the three in vehemence, they are in a minority, a minority which in course of time will dwindle until it becomes, in Euclid's phrase, "position without magnitude."

The situation has its dangers. The very fact that so many people are becoming conscious of a growing repugnance to meat eating and all it involves on cattle ships, in slaughter houses, and among the herdsmen makes the need for reliable information on the values of food all the more pressing. Many well-meaning enthusiasts rush at vegetarianism like a bull at a gate. Some get through all right. One or two get over it. Not a few go under. These last need help.

One of the commonest causes of the failure of the novice is the adoption of a one-sided diet. That is to say, he will either eat a great quantity of mushy porridge, sloppy milk puddings, and hardly cooked vegetables, thus loading up the system with excess of starch and fat. Consequently, they should have a place in every vegetarian's diet.

There are many ways of using nuts. They can be eaten as they are by those who possess good molars. They can be ground fine and be used to fill cakes. The nuts are ground fine, and the flakes spread over salad, or stewed fruit, or used as a filling for sandwiches. Or they can be used as an ingredient in an almost endless variety of dishes. Every reader of The New Age can obtain free a valuable little book containing all giving nuts and how to use them, together with free samples, by sending full name and address on a postcard to Messrs. G. Savage and Sons, Nut Experts, 53, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., who make a specialty of supplying the finest nuts imported, handy nut-mills, and many natural foods difficult to obtain elsewhere. A feature of this booklet is a number of simple recipes for the use of nuts in making everyday dishes. Applicants should simply ask for "New Age Offer." [ADVT.]
entirely revealing himself, often no more than rustling
distilled itself into its essential song of inutility:
life and death, or the fatality of the past still working
through us, or chanting the secret desires of the body;
so that, as M. de Gourmont points out, we imagine
De Régnier has the command of the phrase which
vistas. "Tu as le visage de quelqu'un qui s'est vu
into something rich and strange.
animals) the advantage of his judgment and enter-
tance that the animal likes it, or that it is better for
and alternating over-heated sentimentality composing it
throughout. This we may expect, for the author says,
and alternating over-heated sentimentality composing it
throughout. This we may expect, for the author says,
DISEASES, CHRONIC COMPLAINTS and DISORDERS by
VITALITY, FASTING, & NUTRITION.
HYPNOTISM, or Suggestion and Psychotherapy.
A Physiological Study of the Curative Power of Fasting,
Together with a New Theory of the Relation of
DEATH AND ITS VERIFICATION.
By JOHN MANSON
This reprint of the 6th edition is unabridged, and revised to date. It contains
also much entirely new matter. The Army's trading operations are more intimately analysed in the new chapter, "The Army and the Trader." A
detailed examination of the operations of the "elevator" known as the Hasbey St. Carpentry Works is contained in the new chapter. "The Case of Hanbury
in twelve chapters, plead for a new regime, whereby
consideration for the fox should have any weight in the
abolition of fox-hunting. The book is very uneven, sense
THE SALVATION ARMY
AND THE PUBLIC
6d.

Mr. Manson's book was widely reviewed, and journals in open
sympathy with the Army condemned its contents had staggered them, and added that so
critics have shown the book to be a "dastardly" and "vile stuff." But the book
continues to sell, as it is a reminder of the times, and its ridicule of the
Army's methods has pleased many.
haunted in the familiar way by the ordinary dreary spooks of the Press and the Society for Psychical Research; rather is the whole fabric and its surroundings, by some mysterious agency, in rapport with the occult world—a world full of the most appalling horror. It has been our lot to encounter for many a long day. We followed the old man’s experiences with dreadful sympathy, and would like to have helped him in his plucky fight with those ghostly “swine-things,” which infest him and his house like a plague of devils. The book is a piece of splendidly-sustained imaginative work, as moving in parts as Edgar Poe and as convincing as H. G. Wells. In fact, the best part of the volume, which describes the acceleration of the earth’s evolution until our familiar world is resolved back into original nebula, strongly suggests “The Time Machine” and a similar journey into futurity. But Mr. Hodgson, we think, brings about the projection of his hero into the azons to come by a more subtle device than that of the inventor of the Time Machine. It is more subtle because more natural, or better, more supernatural, the journey being taken by the sub-conscious route. The description of the great changes of the earth and the stars as the world “slipped across the centuries into the future,” is an excellent and absorbing imaginative effort. But Mr. Hodgson would have been better advised if he had left out of the uncanny record a ghostly little love incident, which keeps popping in and out of the story like a concession to the taste of the idle reader.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, though comparatively a new writer, challenges the attention of his contemporaries in many directions. He has discovered the Soul of London and of its people, he has found the Heart of the Country, he has won popularity in the difficult realm of historical romance, and as a poet he has shown great gifts. With so much achieved it is hardly surprising if Mr. Hueffer is a little too sure of himself. And we must confess that following him in this new adventure we wonder as to what was his purpose in writing this book, which seems, in the main, a belated review of Mr. Holman Hunt’s autobiography.

Yet the book claims to be a critical monograph. The confused composition leaves the reader without clear conception. Contradictions are of no account to Mr. Hueffer: if he finds that Ford Madox Brown “really did initiate modern art,” then a few pages further on (p. 35) he transfers the distinction to Hunt. “The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.” We enter, for good and all, “The Religion of Israel.” By Prof. N. S. Peake. (Jack. 6d. net.)

The illustrations to the book are well reproduced, the pages further on (p. 35) he transfers the distinction to Hunt. “The Religion of Israel.” By Prof. N. S. Peake. (Jack. 6d. net.)

HEALTH IN THE GLASS is to be found by all who drink this pure unfermented juice of the grape.

As a delightful and sustaining beverage there is nothing like MOSTELLE which is non-alcoholic sterilised Grape Juice direct from the vineyards of Spain. It is palatable to abstainer and non-abstainer and is most refreshing when diluted with table water.

A DOCTOR SAYS—

“It possesses all the virtues of wine and fresh fruit in a combination which is unique.”

Of High Class Stores, etc. Small, 2½ dz. Large or Red or W hite.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE

PLASMON is the Best part of Nature’s Best food—Milk, and increases the food value enormously.”—Lancet.

PLASMON COCOA.

Tenfold Nutrit. In lbs. 9d., 1s.,

C. B. FRY’S “Diet and Exercise for Training,” post free on application to PLASMON, Limited (Dew. R. J.), Farringdon St., E.C.

THE GRAPE JUICE CO., Ltd., (Durr. D.) 2, GREAT TOWER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE NEWST IDEAS in LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the


Good Prospects for Active Agents.

M. GREGORY. Managing Director.
"Death and its Verification." By Dr. J. Brindley James. (Rehmans. 15s.)

"Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India." By John Campbell Oman. (Unwin. 14s. 6d. net.)

"The Philosophy of Nietzsche." By Henry L. Mencken. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Ballads of Irish Chivalry." By Robert Dyer Joyce. (Longmans. 6s.)

"The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves." (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Renee." By Henry Curtes. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"The Crim Conquest." By C. L. Hudson. (Richards. 6s.)

"The Origin and Nature of Love." By Chung Yu Wang, A. M. (Open Road Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.)

"The Indissoluble Knot." By Charles Granville. (Open Road Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Bitter Dessert Ways to Baghdad." By Louise Joub. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Virgin in Judgment." By Eden Philpotts. (Cassell. 6s.)

"Songs of the Sunset." By Alfred Turner. (Hewetson. Leeds. 1s.)

"G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism." By Anon. (Rivers. 5s.)

"Weeping Cross." By Miss Georgina Noyes. (Dover. 6s.)

"The Foundations of Liberty." By E. F. B. Fell. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

"Maid." By W. E. C. Thurst. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Mirage." By E. Temple Thurston. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Is Religion Undermined." By Rev. C. L. Drawbridge. 2nd Edition. (Longmans. 1s. net.)

"The Aim of Indian Art." By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D. Sc. (Essex House Press. 2s. 6d. and 5s.)

"A Child's Garden of Verse." By R. L. Stevenson. New Ed. (Lane. 6d.)

"Arthur's." By A. N. Lyons. (Lane. 6s.)

"Twelve Sermons." By John Henry Newman. (Allenson. 6d.)

"Interplay." By Beatrice Harraden. (Methuen. 6s.)

DRAMA.

Farce, Rechauffe, Sauce, G.B.S.

Take one pint of stock, add the bones of one fresh rabbit, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, thicken with half an egg, and so on. A doubt on such lines as these many an excellent meal has been prepared. No doubt on such lines as these many an excellent farce has been written, is being written, and will be written. The only question is how nearly the farce reaches the standard of accomplishment.

It must not be thought that, like the "perfect lady" of the old melodrama, the critic "is bound to commit a murder." Rather would he speak gently to his little boy and beat him when he sneezes, the fact that he only does it to annoy and because he is aware that it teases the "worm," is chased by a big man, the Duke—but no violence is done really. We are only thrilled in pleasant anticipation; an old trick, but the salvation of the short-breathed padded actor. The trick is also in accord with best modern sentiment that likes to revel in violence just to the point at which another step might be definitely something worse. Why there should not be a little sound and straightforward brutality, I don't know.

"Punch and Judy," still lingering about the streets, gets most of his laughter from tickling all the sundry on the head with a gigantic stick. And to see Mr. A. E. George chase Mr. Weedon Grossmith round a table, trip him up heavily, and, for the sake of argument, pitch him into a flour bin, would be a goodly sight.

What matter though our evening suits smell of benzine, and that our shirts have seen two nights' wear; what matter though the springs of our opera hats are creaking and we write out of penny bottles of gruel. They know this (better than we), but they are afraid.

These reflections do show the really very serious and responsible position taken up by the dramatic critic—even if he be only one of the lesser brethren who criticise or paraphrase to have some justification with which to claim him a duke at any moment; oddly enough, in an advertisement. (Weeping Cross.)

By Desert Ways to Baghdad. By Louisa Jebb. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Caterpillar." By Mr. A. E. George chase Mr. Weedon Grosssmith round a table, trip him up heavily, and, for the sake of argument, pitch him into a flour bin, would be a goodly sight.

What matter though our evening suits smell of benzine, and that our shirts have seen two nights' wear; what matter though the springs of our opera hats are creaking and we write out of penny bottles of gruel. They know this (better than we), but they are afraid.

These reflections do show the really very serious and responsible position taken up by the dramatic critic—even if he be only one of the lesser brethren who criticise or paraphrase to have some justification with which to claim him a duke at any moment; oddly enough, in an advertisement. (Weeping Cross.)

By Desert Ways to Baghdad. By Louisa Jebb. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
all this time, when I have been lobbing you off with the first thing that came into my head, I have been trying to remember something at the back of my brain what the dickens we were all laughing about. As a serious critic, I don't think this should be so. One ought to remember something—a joke, a gesture, an attitude. We ask not much, but for heaven's sake, give us something.

If there isn't anything new and good, I am all for the traditional. Why not resuscitate Punch? Just as easily could he deal with the passing features of the day. Just as easily could he have a motor breakdown. 

Kettles jump, I remember, says, "I suppose we've met with an accident," to whom Fanny Brough (Lady Steyne), "I think they've met two—in pink." Oh, my Greek reincarnation, oh, my Babylonian before-existence, we meet again! And what a lark it would be to have Punch served up with G.B.S. sauce—as "The Early Worm" is served, contrary to all Mr. Shaw's well-known humanitarian principles. At the end of the play quite a new and startling kind of humour is evolved by everybody brazenly telling the truth. "Did you know that those two girls were going to be there?" "My dear, I did." "Why do you tell me all this about yourself?" "Because I know the worm has told you already." It was a little odd to suddenly get this kind of Shavian spicing at the end—everything the "persons represented" seemed a little bashful about it, and didn't quite know how to fit in their previous conduct with their present remarks. But the audience enjoyed it. And that is all there is to say—except that my penny bottle of ink is dry.

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 only.

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

WAR SCARE IN 1859.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Turning over the pages of Cobden's "Collected Speeches" the other day I came across the following quotation in a speech delivered by Cobden at Rochdale on August 17, 1859, nearly half a century ago. The extract is from the "New York Times"—

"There was a time in English history when the (inviolate) island laughed all foreign threats to scorn, and met even this terrible peril of the great Armada of Spain with a front of haughty defiance. But that time seems to have passed by. The Press and the orators of England have now no capital stock so rich in sure returns of interest and excite—by. The Press and the orators of England have now no least appearance of unusual activity in the dockyards of France; . . . England at once sets up her outcry of distress. . . . If England were consciously the weakest or the wickedest of Powers, her conduct would be perfectly reasonable. If she knew herself to have fairly earned the hatred of all the world, and felt herself unequal to resist the onslaught of avenging justice, one might attribute her propensity for panics to causes that would be rational, at least, if not respectable."

Cobden's comment on this is, "I ask these (English) newspapers in lending themselves to all this absurd scream about a French invasion, not to make me and the rest of my countrymen ridiculous in continuing this tone hereafter." Vain request!

R. M.

THE ARMY OFFICER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Dr. Maguire and his friends are having things pretty much their own way at the back of my mind. It is a very different matter. A man will only do this if his primitive instinct is overcome by something else, some other habit, and that is discipline. The chief object of a soldier's training in peace time is to acquire that habit: not merely to be able to shoot, not merely to be able to march, but to obey. All the ceremonial, drill, kit inspections, and barracks routine go to form it. It may be said that this idea of subordination fits in badly with Socialist principles; if so, much the worse for them: other nations develop a disciplined army, and if we do not want to come under the thumb of such, we must conform. The officer must be chosen as the man—other things being equal—best able to ensure this obedience; and he must have practice and habit to help him. For technical efficiency he requires training and experience, and he must give up his whole life to the work. If we are not getting the best men (the stupid officer cry) it means we are not offering sufficient inducements. * * *

CONCERNING FURNITURE.

"TATLER." A

"An old proverb tells us that the best things always come in the nature of a surprise, and this trulism 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."

Cigarettes Made by Socialist Workers

Socialists who smoke Cigarettes and who want a really good article at a democratic price should at once communicate with us. Our cigarettes are guaranteed hand-made from pure Tobacco, no dust, and under spotential clean conditions. They are a genuine unadulterated article, made by Socialists for Socialists. All our stock is made up fresh each day to ensure sweet and cool smoking with a fine aroma.

Comrades, YOU are buying Tobacco when you buy from us. Ladies' Cigarettes, 2/-, 2/6, and 3/- per 100 post free. Special Order per

Send a Trial Order for Turkish or Virginias at 2/6 per 100 post free. Egyptians at 3/- per 100. Ladios' Cigarettes, 2/6, 2/6, and 3/- per 100 post free Virginia or Turghin

Higher Quality Tobaccos at higher prices. Write for Price List.

LEWIS LYONS & SONS, 79, CEMPHAS STREET, LONDON.
must have developed in the course of the centuries. Again, of Carthaginian practically the whole remains of the literature consist of one passage, utterly corrupt, in Plautus' "Pseudolus."

Being much interested in Carthaginian life and language, I am most curious to know the independent sources from which no doubt your author drew his information that the Carthaginians spoke "Phoenicae." There was only one Phoenician language (now totally lost for a few words), and to speak this purely the Maltese must have maintained it unchanged for more than two thousand years.

S. L. SALZEDO

* * *

PROPAGANDA BY ART.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Blessed is the Peacemaker! But what is it in his innocent intervention? Has it tempted Art-for-Art's-Sake Anthony into a socio-psychic poetry? Is it the echo of Ann's last laugh? By bow and quiver, the Artist-Philosopher will not raise curtain on that reminiscence. Let Anthony Oldpate put it in his pipe and smoke it the rest of his way home.

EDWARD HARRISON.

[This correspondence having become cryptic must now cease.—En N. A.]

THE NEW BEEF TEA—JU-VIS.

Prepared solely from Beef and Vegetable. Makes delicious rich gravies or a cup of strong Beef Tea for a penny. Ask your grocer.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Signs</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One</td>
<td>6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first Monday preceding date on which they are to appear. No Deposit Required. Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

.getClientAd()
TWO NEW BOOKS.

THE BURDEN OF WOMAN.
Compiled by FRANK MOND. Crown 8vo, 230 pp. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net.

"The first three chapters have proved so attractive that we can only find space to mention Julia P. Broxson on the 'Neglect of Intellect' and 'Mrs.' on the subject of 'Shyly Children.' But each of these is in quite as sensible as the three already mentioned, and the whole conclave of eager and noble women ought to convince any man that he will have to hide his head for ever—when the new age cometh along."—The Daily Mirror (in a考える review).

"Concealed things which ought to be said... The real burden is found to be the relations of the sexes in marriage and parentage in regard to comenial and other diseases."—The Morning Leader.

"A strong plea for the enfranchisement of women."—The Western Mail.

"The book's scope is very wide, and it discusses not a few very delicate topics fearlessly, but always with discretion and force, whilst its general tone is unexceptional. Some of the statements are startling but painfully true."—Aberdeen Free Press.

The ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.
By Dr. M. D. EDER. Crown 8vo. Linen canvas, 1s. net.

"The author seeks to alter the prevalent views upon sex morality, and believes that if Society cannot stand the ventilation of these subjects except in the boudoir and the smoking-room, then the sooner Society is abolished the better."—The Pall Mall Gazette.

"The reader will find outlined a very bold yet eminently practical scheme to encourage the breeding and rearing of healthy children. Dr. Eder's views are boldly stated throughout."—The Bristol Mercury.

"All who want to know what a radical Socialist thinker has to say on this important subject will be well advised to get this book."—The Huddersfield Worker.

Published by THE NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

A CONTROVERSIAL BOOK.

NEW TRUTHS FOR OLD.
By ROBB LAWSON.

"Truth is my truth, and your truth, and cannot exist apart from us."—Collated Criticism—cold, and otherwise.

"These essays present original views."—O'ligial and Evilkind.

"Really original and thoughtful."—Exceedingly reasonable.

"Can hardly be called original."—A pleasantly-written volume.

"Makes somewhat tedious reading."—A tender of the more sensitive.

"Contains many new truths—those that are new are not true, and those that are true are not new."—Gives evidence of penetrating thought and a vein of quiet wisdom.

"Though we cannot agree with all the revoluations, we heartily recommend these thoughtful essays to those who relish suggestive-ness, with a spice of paradox."—Essays opposing conventional views, though not deliberately provocative.

"Thoughtful writing and elegant English."—Middle-aged and wise.

"Whole light open array a common place subject."—The strong individuality enables him to regard truth from a side that is not acquired.

Crown 8vo, Art Vellum gilt, 2/6 net.

Of all Booksellers, or by post from the Publishers,

The NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

JUST OUT.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

By HENRY M. BERNARD, M.A.

Crown 8vo, Limp canvas 1s. net.

If it were possible to resolve the evolutionary record into a series of colony formations, it would also be possible to account for the Evolution of the Races and for the existence of Human Societies as Social organisms from the beginning.

Attempts are made in this book (1) to transform the evolutionary doctrine, and (2) to sketch the history of man through its automatic colonial stages to its present apparently chaotic condition; the inevitable changes in the status of women are specially taken into consideration.

The NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, London.