NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Newcastle is lost for Free Trade and Social Reform. To Liberals it fact spells tragedy if not treachery. To Socialists it is the most hopeful event that has happened since Mr. Grayson was returned for Colne Valley. The supreme interest of the contest from our point of view lay, firstly, in the wonderful spirit exhibited by the local Socialists in spite of the rebuff they received from headquarters, and, secondly, in the question of whether Mr. Hartley would secure enough votes to make it clear that an independent and unauthorised Socialist candidate could keep the Liberal out of Newcastle. During the fight Mr. Shortt is said to have remarked that “all the Socialist would get at the poll was two lads and a baby”; we may rest assured that no future Liberal candidate in that constituency will repeat his mistake.

The astounding fact is that a “solid” Labour vote of 1,000 two years ago has been converted into a solid Socialist vote of almost 3,000 to-day; and whatever certain over-sanguine spirits may have hoped for, they must not forget that this remains an astounding fact.

Mr. Snowden’s defence of the negative policy of the Labour Party Executive is, we regret to say, scarcely more convincing than Mr. Macdonald’s. There is no need for Mr. Snowden to defend himself from the charge of having abandoned Socialist ideals or of acting from low, personal motives. If such charges have been made, they are certainly not worth his attention, and it is most undesirable that an issue of policy should be obscured by personal references. The habit of allowing straightforward discussion to be side-tracked in this manner is all too common in the Labour movement. We can no more doubt Mr. Snowden’s unswerving loyalty to the cause of Socialism than we can suspect Mr. Grayson of being in the pay of the Tariff Reformers. What we do doubt is the wisdom of the policy which Mr. Snowden defends.

We are perfectly willing to believe the statement that there exists no definite “understanding” between the Labour and Liberal Parties in regard to Newcastle or any other constituency. But that does not improve the position. The facts remain that only one Liberal candidate was put forward at the General Election, that Mr. Hudson was sent to the House of Commons by 17,000 Liberal votes, and that he and all the other Socialist members of the Labour Party ostentatiously refrained from supporting Mr. Hartley. It matters not in the least that no word has been exchanged between the respective party managers, for these facts in themselves amount to what the man in the street means by an “understanding.” There was an understanding between Liberalism and Labour at the General Election, there is an understanding now, and that understanding would have been seriously threatened by the intervention of an authorised Labour Party candidate at the recent election. Words may obscure or justify the truth, but they cannot alter it. Moreover, the Liberals regard this understanding as a very definite thing. The “Nation” speaks of “the entente between Liberalism and Labour,” and the “Daily News” of Saturday last went so far as to complain bitterly because the leaders of the Labour Party did not go up to Newcastle and take an active part in the campaign against Mr. Hartley. We do not reproach the Socialist members of the Labour Party for having been hoodwinked into this understanding by the Trade Unionist sections. We reproach them for having hoodwinked themselves into the belief that no such understanding exists when all the time its existence is palpable not only to the rank and file of the Socialist movement, but to every man in the country who takes any interest in party politics. What Messrs. Snowden and Macdonald do not seem to realise is that the whole future of the party is staked upon the maintenance of independence, and that it is every bit as important to avoid the appearance as to avoid the reality of an alliance.

Hitherto we have taken no part in the controversy which has been going on interminably in our columns in regard to the necessity for an Independent Socialist Party. We have preserved a neutral attitude, hoping against hope that the Labour Party as at present constituted would prove to be the right and the best instrument by which this country may be guided towards the final goal of Socialism. We still intend to remain neutral, but such incidents as those which have occ-
curred at Newcastle and Dundee make it hard to remain sanguine. There are two things that seem to us abso-

lutely essential if Socialism is to become a real force in

English politics. The party through which we work

must have a spirited policy, and it must be free from

all suspicion of relations with other parties. In both

these respects the Labour Party seems at the moment

to be lacking. And the tragedy of it is that it is not

the Trade Union but the Socialist leaders who are

responsible. There is nothing wrong with the spirit of

the rank and file; they are spoiling for a fight. In

Newcastle it was not only the local branches of the

I.T.C., but the local I.R.C. itself that kicked over the

traces; and within a week enough money was sub-

scribed to pay all Mr. Hartley’s expenses and leave a

balance sufficient to fight another election. This is

the sort of splendid enthusiasm which the Labour Party

is diverting from itself into other channels by tolerating

the semblance of an ‘alliance between Liberalism and

Labour. * * *

The strike in the cotton trade seems likely to be of

much longer duration than was originally supposed.

It is freely suggested now that the cardroom workers

are quite prepared to be locked out for the remainder of

the present year. The spinners are already out, and

soon the weavers will have to cease work for lack of

raw material. As time goes on the strike will affect

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moral issues to the American people." The President adds that he regards it "as a scandal and a disgrace that Governor Haskell should be connected with the management of any national campaign." In consequence of this letter Mr. Bryan has found it necessary to resign from the supervision of public bodies more manifestly

of the unemployed by the already poor is the most expensive and most demoralising method of subsidy ever invented?

We call attention to the fact because with every day the tale of distress by unemployment grows more tragic and poignant. For the suppression of public bodies more manifestly

There is not a single large town in England which is not already beginning to feel the black shadow of abject poverty creep through its streets. Most of our cities number officially their thousands of unemployed, every one of whom represents one more. In Glasgow the report runs: "Worst outlook since 1862."

We observe that several speakers at the Trade Union Congress had the courage to applaud the action of the unemployed leaders in Glasgow who led the懂事 during the recent semi-semi-royal visit to that city. Of course, that housing was not inspired by malice against the person of Prince Arthur, of whom probably not more than one in a hundred of the unemployed had ever heard. It was directed against the official system of this country, which not only tolerates the creation of unemployment, but takes no effective pains to abolish it. With Mr. Hyndman, we are only amazed the protest has not been made more effective. It is certain that less than five City men found themselves in the same plight under similar gala circumstances there would have been more than housing, and the presence of the military would not have been superfluous.

What other better or worse measures are open to the unemployed for awakening public opinion we confess we do not see. Every possible peaceful means is barred to them. Deputations are either refused or dismissed with bellies filled with the east wind. Public bodies, mostly manned by the very employers who create unemployment, either throw the blame on the Local Government Board or start a few feebly municipal works that absorb about one in every hundred of the unemployed. Mr. John Burns presents himself to every form of persuasion. For two and a half years he has presided at the very centre of administration, hatching, if we may believe his speeches, plans for effectively dealing with the problem. But so far not a single egg in his nest shows signs of hatching out.

In this wretchedly helpless state we seriously ask: What are the unemployed to do? Official apologists recommend them to keep the peace: that is, to starve without a dying kick. Swear your children starve, too; but don't make a fuss about it; don't on any account interrupt business. Others pretend that unemployment is incurable except by degrees, by degrees whose progress centuries will measure. But such flap-doodles are unworthy of serious consideration; only riots in the streets will convince them they are wrong. Others, again, wring their hands over the problem, but object to every proffered solution that its evil consequences would be greater than its good. Such are the pamphlet-souled theorists who read the papers at twopenny-halfpenny intellectual societies or foregather at their club to discuss the German peril.

Looking up to the hills whence is supposed to come help, we discover in fact no sign or symptom of capacity with inclination. Inclination to help without the power we see in abundance; power without inclination is also there. But the happy union, which once we believed Mr. John Burns incarnated, is completely absent.

Once again, therefore, we ask: What are the unemployed to do? Obviously the most effective thing they have yet done is the Glasgow incident. Next to that we put the action of Mr. Stuart Gray and his hunger-marchers. If these are not enough, we are certain, we even hope, that the resources of civilisation are not at an end. The root problem of capitalism is, we admit, not unemployment at all; that is one of the forms of the disease. The root evil of civilisation is poverty, and poverty only. All the same, when men are obviously poor, and their poverty is inflamed by unemployment to a fever, we shall be distressed for England if the patient is not violent in his deliriums.
The New Labour Party.

The king is dead, long live the king! Last week, in writing of the position at Newcastle, the first sad sentence which came into one's head was: "The Labour Party is growing old." Now, writing after the election, the first happy thought is: The Labour Party is gloriously young and full of sap. The men of the old guard, become just a little stiff in the joints, had decided that the struggle with Liberalism is too wearisome a matter to be continued without a truce, without breathing space. Then the new men step into the breach; and the policy of Independent Labour is preached under the Red Flag at every corner of Newcastle, while the veterans are slumbering. That is the great comfort of belonging to the party of Progress; it is always moving on. When the National Executive stands still, then Hartley and the Trade Unionists at Newcastle are pushing ahead. Independence is dead, long live Independence!

There is no possibility of disregarding the profound importance of the political situation in Newcastle as it affects the future of the Labour Party. A year ago, it was right to assume that it was easily leading the revolutionary movement in English politics. There were other schools and sects that were theoretically ahead of the Labour Party; yet, for the purpose of practical politics, it was in supreme control of the main line of advance. Now, the warmest friends of the party cannot conceal from themselves the ugly fact that the leadership is no longer being handled with the old skill and fire which won so triumphant a victory at the General Election of 1906. There have been many bye-elections since then; they have revealed the fact that the men of revolt are divided in their policy. (I am not thinking of the irreconcilables of the Social Democratic Party, who have always been in lonely advance of everybody else. Personally, I am each day more convinced that they have always been right, and everybody else has been wrong.) At Dundee, Pudsey, Moutonisse, and now at Newcastle, the Labour candidates have gone to the poll at the urgent demand of the local committees, while the Central Executive of the party has refused to support them. They were not wild propaganda fights without any hope of success. In two cases, Dundee and Newcastle, the Liberals were already represented by Labour Party members. Not only that, in Newcastle Mr. Hudson is the senior member, and in Dundee Mr. Willie won his seat from two Liberal opponents. In the face of facts such as these the Executive Committee, which it was their boast to display the virtue of political independence, which was the essence of its whole policy at the General Election and during the years of work which had led up to that success, is now obviously divided into two sections. There is the section which says that we cannot afford to press the Liberals at the point of the sword; there is the section which has no more regard for Liberal capitalists than for Tory ones. In other words, in all these recent bye-elections there have been members of the Labour Party rank and file who have held firmly to the faith which their leaders once preached, but now seem to have forgotten. The men of Dundee and Newcastle have insisted on putting up their own men, and have refused to make any terms whatsoever with a Liberal Party with which they will have nothing whatever to do, except to fight it whenever it stands against Labour.

It must be remembered that this rupture is not a case of the Trade Unionists holding back and the Socialists going on. Mr. Stuart, the candidate at Dundee, was not a complete Socialist; it has been the Trade Union engineers of Newcastle, as much as any, who have insisted on Mr. Hartley fighting for them. On the other hand, we have Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, both sound Socialists, pleading in the "Labour Leader" for the policy of allowing the Liberals to walk over unopposed. Everyone of common-sense knows perfectly well that they do not plead thus because they desire to consider the convenience of the Liberal Party. They do it because they believe that the Labour Party will be wiped out at the next General Election unless they make terms with their opponents in certain constituencies. The whole point of the matter turns on the question whether this belief is well founded, and, further (so far as we Socialists are concerned) on whether the triumph of Socialism is bound up with the safety of the present Labour Party.

Is the policy of compromise likely to prove wise? Mr. Hudson or Mr. Willie at the next election? The suggestion is utterly absurd. It is perfectly clear that whoever is going to be wiped out at the next election, the Liberals are certain to undergo that undignified process. Does any man of sense imagine that our Labour candidates will gain any reflected glory from the fact that they are in temporary alliance with submerged Liberals? We have already been hopelessly entangled with them because the Labour Party leaders have lost their heads in admiration of a Licensing Bill which will not help the wage-slates in the slightest degree. A policy which connects us with Liberalism is a policy of certain destruction at the next election.

Next, does this policy of compromise tend to the safety of Socialism? Its effect is almost intolable, if it places the leaders of the I.L.P. in such a position that they are bound hand and foot and dare not go to the support of such a man as Hartley when he is fighting for everything a Socialist could desire. The success of the S.D.P. in the thick of the fight, and the Socialists of the Labour Party tongue-tied is, on the face of it, unbearable. Is any Labour Party alliance worth this slavery to discipline? It is time that the I.L.P.'s seriously discussed whether they are doing wisely in binding themselves to obey the instructions of a Labour Party Executive when it means that they must desert their comrades of the S.D.P. on the day of battle. If this means that they should desert the Labour Party, that, too, may have to be faced. But it by no means follows that a more vigorous policy will break up the party. Everything points the other way; that the party is being broken up by weak compromise which is sapping the very essence of its strength—the belief in the advantage of rigid independence. When we are stronger it will be safe, perhaps, to form temporary alliances, as the Socialist Party formed a bloc in France. But now we are building up a policy and a party, and the time for alliances is past.

The Newcastle compromise was sheer folly from every side of it, even though it should save the seat at the next election. The policy of fighting was wise, even though it has ended in defeat; for the S.D.P. and its supporters have proved that they can ruin the chance of a Liberal with a seven thousand majority in his constituency. The Socialists of the Labour Party tongue-tied is, on the face of it, unbearable. Is any Labour Party alliance worth this slavery to discipline? It is time that the I.L.P.'s seriously discussed whether they are doing wisely in binding themselves to obey the instructions of a Labour Party Executive when it means that they must desert their comrades of the S.D.P.; whereas they will make no concession to a Labour Party which is afraid to fight. The final consideration is this: we Socialists are out for Socialism; and if the Labour Party is not going our way, then it is time a New Labour Party, which will be a Socialist Party, is got on the way. And that party will take the cream of the Trade Unionists with it. It may even have to leave the timid Socialists behind.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

HEALTHY LIFE BOOKLETS.

The League Against Health

Food Remedies

An indictment of the agencies now at work for the cure of diseases, showing that they have not only been ineffective, but destructive of health. By Arnold Elcock, B.Sc., Ph.D. 6d. net.; Cloth, 1s. net. Postage 1d.

Facts about Foods and their Medical Uses. By Florence Daniel. 6d. net.; Cloth, 1s. net. Postage 1d.

London: C. W. Daniel, II, Curzon Street, Chancery Lane.
Some Other Healing Questions.
By Sir Francis Vane, Bart.

[The tract "A Healing Question," by Sir Henry Vane the younger, was published in 1656, enforcing the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, and the organizing of a Government under certain fundamentals. Foster observes that these principles are "exactly those which more than a century after were adopted by Washington and his immortal associates." It cannot be denied, even by those enemies to Human Progress, the reactionaries, that the tendency of all modern political, religious, and scientific movements is towards unity. The day is not far distant when such movement will be reckoned as nothing more than "Village Pompism." In the political field, very slowly and reluctantly, we are smashing many false gods and are not as frightened as we were of bogeymen raised for the purpose of turning us from the straight path. There are plenty left, but there are not so many of them as there were. We are still, it is true, very much the slaves of "terminological inexactitudes," for I personally am acquainted with some steady and regular voting Conservatives whose real views are not less advanced than those of Mr. Bernard Shaw—and I know some Liberals—but this is a painful subject, let us not dwell on it.

Yet we are slowly beginning to study the principles which underlie the terms, and are therefore taking our proper position in the armies to which we belong. For example, we have a great Empire movement which, whether its promoters realize it or not, is in essence a great International movement, for happily in our Empire colour is represented, and when and who are able to include all these as our "brothers of the flag" we shall not be very far off from including the whole human race.

Moreover, we have the great International movements of the day struggling against that illogicality which says that I must love a German Jew as soon as gaining my affection. Moreover, we have the great International movements of the day struggling against that illogicality which says that I must love a German Jew as soon as gaining my affection. But Patriotism is a good thing if properly understood. I read the other day an appreciation of Mrs. Hemingway, a great American philanthropist, which put it fairly well. "It said that a good patriot was to her who has left the worse cosmopolite," because the world is made up of many races, each possessing its own characteristics, and to develop those of your own race is necessarily strengthening the whole. Therefore, Patriotism, namely the attempt to carry out the best tradition of your race, must not be confused with racial aggressiveness which is a crime against philosophy. It would be a dull world if everybody in it possessed British characteristics and traditions, and it would also be an unprogressive world.

I tremble to think of its pictures and its Sundays. Internationalism is coming about through natural forces and increased facilities of transport. The great interests are combining to help each other, and the greatest of these is Labour. It will be said, however, that as long as nations are armed as they are on the Continent, to a man or a boy, there is not much hope for International combination. This is not so, for there are probably few stronger influences making for peace and common sense as the officers. Now, the greatest anti-social force in a nation is a professional soldiery, because a man who has made it his life-work to be a soldier must if he be worth his salt be in favour of war. Therefore, as a unit in the community, he is paid to be in favour of that very thing which is most against the interest of that community, especially of the poor. Professionalism is the enemy, and really it is not more respectable in war than in cricket, though in both cases, and to a limited extent, a necessary evil. So on the Continent, while you have a corps of officers as bellicose as they please, the solid bulk of the armies are pacifist in opinions, not made the less so by being forced from their fields and shops to drill on cold mornings in barrack squares and to exist on the poorest of nutriments.

In the political field, therefore, gradually the men of good intentions, the honest men, are lining up for Internationalism, in their proper ranks; and, on the other hand, so are the dishonest associates, namely, those who think their own paltry interests are more important than the communal ones, whose Patriotism in the proper sense is no more developed than that of the beasts of the field, for it is based on the same principles of hatred and the destruction of neighbour. It is not one bit more respectable when effected through the Stock Exchange than more simply by the teeth. Moreover, in the religious and scientific fields we are not clearly making for unity and a wider view of life? I read with as much interest as pleasure of the Modernist movement in the Church of Rome, aiming, as it surely does, to eliminate the material parts of that monumental structure. Indeed, if I may take Loisy as expounding their faith, I cannot see why the New Theologians of the Dissenters and the Broad Church Party among the Anglicans cannot join with the Modernists in constructing for us a truly Reformed Church.

Then the scientists are at work. Lombroso and Oliver Lodge, after the one had advanced the science of criminology further than years every other branch of science before, and the other had taught us more of mechanics than we can easily remember, have both taken to the study of psychic phenomena; and, both, I am informed, have seen ghosts, even photographed them.

So the scientists are giving up their belief in "What is matter. Never mind," and taking to the investigation of those things which are at any rate outside material things as we know them.

It seems all very hopeful for the future, for it is clear that all men, or at least those who are worth counting as men, are directing their work towards some common centre, though it may be this centre is yet not clearly located. Moreover, all, whether politicians or clergy or scientists, are obviously getting out of the ruts of thought which make for disunion, and are struggling to look at things as a whole, and their own work in relation to the works of other men. This is the progressive and communal spirit which will eventually make Patriotism a powerful support of Internationalism, and religion what its name implies, a binding force. And the balm is that all honest men are gradually finding their places in the Army of Love, which is also the Army of Progress.

Well done, Bradford! Ugly factories, begrimed, belching forth soot and smoke, we know these Northern towns to be, but they are vital, they are real, they stand for the England of to-day; once and for all they have broken with the dim spectre of a once feudal England, and are intent on building anew with such material as they may command. You may object that they envisage too narrow a world, that the imagination is skimpy, but, at least, you must allow that the folk are living. Where in the South you find despair, listlessness, an eternal proing and conning, here in the North you find determination, energy, movement which is life. Let the Socialists make up their minds to get something and they get it; their opponents won't be happy till they give it.

Londoners may not object to the presence of starving children in the streets—they have things to claim their interest: the weddings of Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Chesterton's daily volume, the Exhibition, and the whole waggons of gaping foreigners. Let the children perish; it will mean fewer unemployed in the future. But why spend money on sending them into the schools? Bradford, somewhat wiser, has made a start to stay sickness and frail bodies (one of the causes of unemployment) by providing hungry children with food. In these days it had, of course, to be proved by ample...
experiment that children fatten when they are fed and suffer faintness in appearance when they go hungry. Ordinary persons like ourselves would probably never have challenged this proposition. But Town Councils and Education Departments are composed of such scientific gentlemen! However, the medical superintendent of the Bradford Education Committee accustomed himself to demonstrat

ing this extraordinary fact. Forty children were fed during the summer of 1907. "The improvement in general appearance and carriage of the child was more or less apparent in all, and very obvious in some of the children, who visibly filled out and brightened up." "The reverse process was equally apparent when the children were seen after the summer holiday, during which time no special meals had been provided. And these children were weighed, and they gained in weight. And Bradford has adopted the Education (Provision of Meals) Act. Over 2,500 children are provided with a sufficient dinner, one planned by Dr. Crowley and Miss Cuff, every day of the year. For, strange as it may seem, experiment has shown that even in summer unfed children are hungry and lose weight. (Will London please remember!) There is a central kitchen, a bigger one is now building, with all the machinery for efficient and cheap cooking on a large scale, boilers and pigeon-ponds, potato peelers, and root cutters, and a roof over which will mash you a ton of potatoes whilst you ask what its object in life may be. Motor vans distribute the meals to fourteen schools, where you may see the children at their tables, spread with white tablecloths, and where willing hands help the children to their places and their dinners.

Watching the children one must reflect that there is yet more to be done. Some are still dull-eyed and lethargic, telling a tale of overcrowded homes; others are clothed in bundles of rags; and looking at their feet you see but copies of Mr. Wells's little tracts. Today there is no opposition to school feeding in Bradford; the movement will grow until all the children are fed in these big centres, and then it will be replaced by a better method which is now but dimly preached by one or two more daring spirits.

The children who sit at these tables, the guests and children of the city, are on the whole clean children. For Bradford has planked its money down to buttress an ancient maxim, which may be found in being at theFeversham Street School Baths. The swimming-bath is one bit; many a useful hint can be given in this wise.

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Food and water are essential to life, and so is air—fresh air, and plenty of it. Bradford has just joined the open-air school; three weeks ago it started a picturesque little establishment at Thackley, just beyond the city's smoke and fret. Here are some acres of plain air school; three weeks ago it started a picturesque little establishment at Thackley, just beyond the city's smoke and fret. Here are some acres of Palmer-Hope. The swimming-bath is one bit; many a useful hint can be given in this wise.

We found Dr. Crowley and his colleagues, Dr. William and Dr. Margaret Dobson, in the full enjoyment of their work. By the way, it seems not unfitting that the daughter of him who warned us "there is no king more terrible than Death" should be engaged in fighting his majesty. One by one the children deline before the doctors, who weigh them, measure them, test their clothing, their footprint, examine their organs and their functions. Nor is that inspection anything to be dreaded; the doctors accompany their children and value the examination; none of the children minded it one bit; many a useful hint can be given in this wise that may mean the saving of much suffering hereafter.

At present it is a mere tabulation of diseases that should never be heard of in a civilised country. Do we imagine a vain thing when we conceive that England will house and clothe and feed its people properly—will abolish poverty, the root cause of all—when the facts are fully brought home? It would appear that something like 1 per cent. of the children in Bradford are suffering from tuberculosis—500 children in that one town suffering from what Sir John Broadbent called the poor man's disease.

Meantime Bradford means to do something more than find out how much illness there is amongst the children; it intends to cure them. A school clinic has been started where the children who require daily or frequent medical care are seen by doctor and nurse; running ears are treated, sore eyes washed, the eyesight tested and glasses adapted. Here we have the beginning of a movement that may well reconstruct the whole medical system of this country. It is disgraceful enough that little children should sit weary hours in the devastating out-patients' departments amidst sickness and suffering of all kinds, but there is no room for them even there. Yet with little preparation we go medical treatment on the spot—at the school. It is done in New York with real success; it is commenced in Bradford.

We have finished our round; we have seen the children fed and inspected and treated and bathed, and then we sat for a while in the Socialist corner of the Vegetarian Café. We fought the old battles again; we felt we were just at the beginning of our fight. But there is grit and determination and loyalty in these men of the North. And come the roughness—for their remedy for the unemployed is Socialism. The Town Council is to be asked to take over and organise the wool manufacture of Bradford. We like that resolution. It smacks of the real thing. It is Socialism we are out for—first and last and all the time. And in Bradford they know it.
A Letter to a Liberal Father.

By A. D.

MY DEAR FATHER,—

I was very glad to have your letter and the news. Your comments upon political affairs interested me so much that I want to write to you very seriously about them.

Letter-writing, we are often told, is a forgotten art. It is commonly regarded to-day merely as a wearisome necessity.

Now there is a sense in which this is perfectly true. The writing of letters about the dreadful weather for August, or about Aunt Jane's paralytic stroke, is undoubtedly a great bore. But the writing of letters about Liberalism is delightful. And this, my dear father, is a letter about Liberalism.

We have discussed this subject, as you will remember, on several previous occasions. We have sometimes nearly lost our tempers. But now I am a thousand miles away, and I am afraid you'll have to take this letter lying down. You won't be able to get in a word against me.

In the first place, I think your remarks about the Licensing Bill are quite admirable. It is, with all its faults, a move in the right direction. It is a recognition of the right of the State to control the sale of what is beyond all doubt a racial poison.

On the Education question I cannot agree with you. The policy of the Government seems to me lamentably weak, and one grows very weary of repeated unsatisfactory compromises.

But now I want to leave these points of detail, and to come to the most important sentence in your letter. I mean, of course, the statement that the present Liberal Government is the most heroic that this country has ever seen.

I say that this is important because it seems to me that one of the most necessary mental qualities in any one who (as we both do) aspires to change the world, is a sense of the heroic. This sense has become a little dulled in recent times, I am afraid. Still, we have some heros left in us, even in politics. There is something of the heroic in a march of the starving unemployed, with those defiant legends upon their banners, "Curse your Charity! We want Work!" There is something of the heroic in the struggle through which many women are going to obtain the suffrage, and in their fine carelessness of the social order and contempt they have to face. But there is nothing of the heroic about Mr. Asquith. And, after all, my dear father, disguise the fact as you will, Mr. Asquith is the spirit of the Liberal Government, though, I hope and believe, not of the Right to Work. He is the incarnation of Whiggery—that pseudo-Liberalism which by its hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

I am writing this as a Socialist to an advanced Radical. You call yourself a Radical, do you not? Then be one. Rule the destinies of your party. Don't let the party rule you. Dr. Stockmann in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" (no, I know you don't read Ibsen, but you ought to!) remarks that a political party is like a sausage machine. Refuse to be ground by it. Worry and harass your party, if you like. Abuse it for its laziness, but don't, don't call it heroic. If you do, it will strike a noble attitude and remain motionless for the rest of its days. You don't like living statuary, do you?

Now that I have already mixed my metaphors pretty thoroughly, may I add one more to the number? I want to point out, my dear father, that the grain and the chaff are already in process of separation within this Liberal Party of yours.

You will remember that some months ago an Unemployed Bill was introduced into the House of Commons. It may not have been a very good Bill. But it contained a principle of quite elementary humanity—the principle of the Right to Work. And the majority against this right (the official Liberal majority, please observe) was 190. The Liberal Party was threshed out in the division lobbies. The chaff with the aid of the Tories, triumphed. On this question of elementary humanity the division went against the grain.

The minority, as you may have noticed, numbered 116 members, and it seems to me that this minority is likely to play an important part in the politics of the near future. The sixty or seventy Liberal members whom it included (the brains of the Liberal Party, by the way: look at their names!) are the nucleus of a Collectivist Party—one of the two great future parties. Do you mean to join them? Or do you mean to go on describing the Government against which they had the courage to vote as "the most heroic our country has ever seen"?

I ask you because I want to know. You brought me up as a Liberal. I breathed the sacred atmosphere of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform in my very cradle. I gazed early upon the well-framed features of Gladstone. I waited patiently through the long years from 1865 to 1905, during the sojourn of the chosen people in the wilderness. I learnt to exult in Liberal victories at bye-elections, and when the triumph came I was among the hosts who shouted for joy. You taught me that a good deal of the old Adam is still in me. We shall not be able to form a Socialist Government for some years to come; and meanwhile I have some hopes of Liberalism. It's better than Toryism any day. Or, rather, its intentions are better. And so I don't want to see this great present majority hopelessly flittered away.

But let us leave the question of immediate politics. After all, as it seems to me, the future does not necessarily lie with Liberalism, or Toryism, or Socialism, or Christianity, as such, but with the enthusiasm that is felt for each or any of these causes. For that is the one thing worth having—enthusiasm, the divine fire that passes from lip to lip, from heart to heart, flashing out into exultant action and triumphantly moulding life after its own desire. It is the thing that all the world is seeking and by reason of the dulness of the existing order, it is chiefly to be found to-day among the gospels of revolt.

Of these gospels Socialism is one, and I have hope in the near future of seeing you a declared Socialist. I feel that you would probably join us now, if Socialism were only a little more respectable and a little less identified with religion. The freedom from respectability I gladly admit; may it ever remain with us! And as to the irreligion—well, as you progress towards Socialism your own theology will grow rather more inclusive. You will realise, for instance, that rent and interest are the very devil, and that poverty is hell. That is the soundest piece of theology I know.

I will write no more at this moment. I know you are itching to reply to me at once, but the thousand miles still lie between us! However, I hope to hear from you shortly.

Meanwhile I remain
Your very affectionate son.
The Safeguard of Kafir Socialism.

It is surprising how few of the typical champions of the old order, who denounce all social reform because it will "disintegrate the integrity of the British Empire," know anything about that Empire beyond their own immediate district. Least of all are they aware that the most stable and contented of the subject races of the Empire are Socialists, and that it is only when they discard Socialism for modern civilisation that they become a source of menace to their white masters.

The natives of South Africa are essentially Socialist. Their system of life is based on the rudimentary principles of Socialism, and their white lords and masters have encouraged and perpetuated that system unaware of its true nature, but because long experience has convinced them that it is the system best calculated to satisfy both natives and whites.

I am not concerned with tracing and illustrating that affinity beyond its elementary stage. My aim is rather to call attention to a very instructive object-lesson acknowledged by all authorities on native affairs: that so long as the native remains under the aegis of his communism he flourishes in content, but that when so-called modern civilised methods are introduced by way of improving his condition of life the native for the first time manifests those predatory and criminal habits which are fostered by the lust of private possession.

I am prepared to prove from the official records of the Colony of Natal and the native districts of the Transvaal that the criminal classes among the natives are almost exclusively recruited from those who have abandoned the Socialist principle.

A brief explanation of the tribal system will show how it works for the common good of black and white. I take the Colony of Natal as an example because it has the largest native proletariat, and, in the main, represents the methods of native control in vogue in the other South African colonies.

Having dispossessed the natives of their land, the Natalians apportioned to their exclusive use certain large tracts, officially known as Locations, where they live under their hereditary chiefs and their own laws, much as they did in the days of the mighty Chaka, with the exception that the chief is subject to the control of a European Resident Magistrate. So far as Natal is concerned, these officials are almost invariably fluent linguists, having an intimate and often sympathetic knowledge of native laws, customs, and prejudices. Indeed, it may safely be said that the large majority of these officials are models of what they themselves would excite the envy of a leading English K.C., and every penny is squeezed on various pretexts of services rendered to civilised natives. Agrarian disputes between land-owning natives keep the Courts of Natal occupied, while the offences that follow as a natural sequence are so numerous that the business of a legal practitioner in the native court is the most lucrative in the colony.

Another striking piece of evidence showing how private ownership inculcates greed and crime is supplied by the almost axiomatic fact that the Location Kafir is rarely a thief. If he helps himself to a handful of mealies or tobacco from his neighbour's stock, it is done openly and for his immediate needs. The civilised native steals to hoard or to turn to profit. The Location Kafir is as honest as a member of an English household would be of stealing the umbrella stand for his exclusive use. But there is no occasion to elaborate the point: it must be obvious when once the fact has been grasped that the Location Kafir would no more think of writing his neighbour's name on a cheque than a member of an English household would of stealing an umbrella stand.

It is safe to assert that it would be as difficult to find a "civilised" property-owning native who was happy and contented as to discover a Socialistic Location "boy" who was not.

DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

Hammersmith Ethical Society.

FLORA GARDENS SCHOOL, RAVENSCOURT PARK, W.

Sundays at 7 p.m.

Oct. 4. - Mr. G. BEDBROOK. "Do Ethical Societies need a Religion?"


Oct. 18. - Mr. F. E. D. DAVIES (of the "Open Road"). "The Logic of Love."

William Ernest Henley.

An honourable and fashionable method of criticising the recently dead is to qualify praise or blame by modestly admitting that we are too near to adequately gauge the "verdict of posterity," a metaphor presumably drawn from the law courts. It would, however, be a serious thing if juries returned the compliment by imitating journalists and postponed any definite opinion for twenty or thirty years on the ground that they had heard so much of the case, and seen so much of the litigants or the prisoners that they could scarcely venture on anything so hazardous as a collective judgment. Posterity, for all we know, may be dumb: we may have to speak for her. If the nineteenth century be appraised not now, it is never likely to be. Moreover the early years of a new epoch, when a new generation is still young, is the very time for detecting the errors of our elders, or giving them credit for their perception. It was from 1860 to 1880 that the romantic poets were discovering the nonsense of the eighteenth century; the solemn and pretentious claims of a delightful, but often unimportant, era. I who belong to the last century, write as a dealer in antiques with all the limitations of the spectator, and a suspicion of the intellectual Art Nouveau of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

The new edition of Henley's works, handsomely issued by Mr. David Nutt, bears no editor's name. Yet there can be no guess about the identity of our modern Erasmus. Irritable, scholarly, unfair, pre-judiced brilliant Tory—or, shall I say Matador?—I salute you! No one was more capable of editing the Bull, and I look forward to the biography. You who are a red flag to many were always a silk bandage for that wounded Titan, under whose influence it was your literary fortune, or misfortune, to fall! Henley's collected works cannot be a great disappointment to his friends, who fervently read and admired them when they appeared, and never ceased to quote them. Nor can they be a source of surprise to his enemies, who also read and disliked them; they are sufficiently arresting to be remembered by the young. He used to say himself that there was plenty of Longfellow, Swinburne, and Arnold in them. There was far too much of the amount was surprising for one who was out of the world when he published. Later on he developed Arnold's unrhymed experiments, by reaping in the original field of Milton, and he returned with a richer harvest, I think. Arnold is always a Don Juan in his B.A. hood; and if Henley was nothing of a scholar, he was more of a gypsy and a singer as a poet should be. He shared, too, with Arnold, the gift of writing poetry, technically beautiful, and still about something our too much of our modern writers is about nothing whatever; Swinburne and Shelley, are the only geniuses who can travel without baggage.

Attempting to classify poets in order of merit is an evil custom, but they have to be criticised in relation to their predecessors and contemporaries, and can be relished without any such comparison. Henley, it must be sorrowfully admitted, comes nowhere near the great romantic group of the last half century—Rossetti, Swinburne, and Morris; nor near their inferiors, Tennyson and Browning. While Francis Thompson and A. E. Houseman, (I venture to think, even in The New Age) Alfred Douglas, all of whom came much later, left him far behind on the slope of Parnassus. As a mere man of letters, expressing himself in two mediums, he is eclipsed by half a dozen of his own contemporaries. If he is a Titan, Stevenson is an Olympian beside him. Mr. Edmund Gosse, to name another of his subjects or objectives, has given a masterpiece to English literature ("Father and Son") which, I fear, far outweighs any achievement of Henley's in verse. The plays in which he collaborated with the former are dull beyond endurance; they never existed on the stage, although they were performed; they are quite unreadable, as all unactable plays are. The prose style which Henley forged for himself out of Dryden's prefaces is hardly less maddening than the Wardour Street mediavilism on which he used to pour ridicule. He smears himself with words, like a nervous painter with his pigment and his machinery, withal, to use his favourite expletive, he is affected as a young girl at her debut. He watched with too much obvious interest Mr. Meredith "making up."

When the Scots Observer was started, Henley searched for a new literary novel, and he apparently thought his own manuscript was a brick to the machinery of others, partly to see how they worked, and partly to stop them. It is only fair to say that he obtained his patent, though he did not vitiate those of the others. To attack Ruskin in his weak places was well enough, but it gained Henley gone one better, and that was beyond his power. If Ruskin and his disciples ran too breathlessly after beauty, Henley ran away from it, even in his poetry. To cultivate ugliness for its own sake is hardly less dangerous than Ruskinism with all its tiresome morals, or to be "art for art's sakey," with its detachment from moral principles and its dreary ethical bohemiaism. An antinomian romance by temperament, Henley arrived after the Revolution; the places were all allotted; the offices distributed. Mr. Austin Dobson was minister for the Eighteenth Century; the Mediaeval Renascence portfolios were held by Pater and Symonds. Mr. Andrew Lang was a sort of Foreign Secretary for French Affairs and Greek Pienipotenziario. To Mr. Edmund Gosse (Scandinavian Board of Trade) belonged the only literary salon; while Mr. George Moore was semi-official Commissioner for realistic ways and means. The Opposition and the future belonged to Mr. Bernard Shaw. Henley might have turned to realism, but he was too much of a real poet, and no one can be realistic in prose that is a falsehood from its inception. He laboured, too, under the fatal delusion that pornography is the whole of realism. It is impossible to follow his criticism, even to disagree with it, because there is no structure; it is based on extraneous issues and extravagant prejudices. It depends too much on the sexual equation. Pathetically enough, Henley confused hygiene with genius, though they came from one who was no longer young. He used to say himself that there was plenty of Longfellow, Swinburne, and Arnold in them. There was far too much of the amount was surprising for one who was out of the world when he published. Later on he developed Arnold's unrhymed experiments, by reaping in the original field of Milton, and he returned with a richer harvest, I think. Arnold is always a Don Juan in his B.A. hood; and if Henley was nothing of a scholar, he was more of a gypsy and a singer as a poet should be. He shared, too, with Arnold, the gift of writing poetry, technically beautiful, and still about something our too much of our modern writers is about nothing whatever; Swinburne and Shelley, are the only geniuses who can travel without baggage.

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Morbid, with the morbidity of a child, he is impatient of the fault in others. Oddly, however, where his criticism is most wrong is most readable; on art questions, for example, for which his physical infirmities precluded him from any possibility of equipment, he is incomparably illuminating when his praises; the worst critics are often that. Then the Erasmus of whom I spoke could depreciate a great deal better, and can even praise with more discrimination than Henley, at all events, ever did. Henley might have given back Bacon, for he was a good judge of men, apart from literature and the attributes which impinged on his own over-estimate of himself; but he tried to reconstruct the dummy poet from whom the sawdust trickled long ago.

It needs not Mr. Swinburne to remind us that no one is ever likely to succeed in relighting the farthing dip inside the hollow cheese which so impressed our grandparents. Until the biography appears we are not asked to discuss Henley's personal character, though it must be noted as a defect that while he bludgeoned everyone of whom he disapproved, neither he nor his disciples could endure the mildest criticism. Anything like reprimals was regarded by the disciples, as cowardly; and the very most was made of Henley's operations, not as an excuse for his ill-nature, but as a shield to persuade the world that the critic must never be criticised. Those who did not take Henley's drubbing lying down were considered like the animal in the French fable, "Il est très méchant, quand on l'attaque il se défend."

Counteracting this unamiable trait, for which the disciples were chiefly responsible, it should be remembered that Henley was a tiresomely talker and a dazzling personality. No one was ever so great as Henley looked. Who does not remember the perfect vignette of him in the "Modern Utopia," that miniature in the margin of the Socialist's missal; and, in another medium, Mr. Nicholson's masterpiece.

Again, his sense of humour was contagious; the dullest were infected. And this very incomplete man, incomplete poet, prose writer, critic and dramatist, exercised on account of that dazzling personality an undoubted and extraordinary influence. His was a magic that was lost on paper, as that of so many religious people has been. He once said of a friend of mine "that is the sketch of a great man"; how true it is of Henley himself. My friend was inventing phrases when Henley was inventing men; perhaps the phrases will live longer than some of the men, but it must not be ignored that some of our most delightful contemporary writers, and one great very novelist, fell under his spell, or met with their first encouragement from him. Perhaps Erasmus in the forthcoming biography will give us the secret of that spell. It is not in the works.

ROBERT ROSS.

Ballad of the Londoner.

Evening falls on the smoky walls
And the railings drip with rain,
And I must cross the old river
To see my girl again.

The great and solemn-glimping tram,
Love's still mysterious car,
Has many a light of gold and white,
And I must cross the old river.

Deep have I drunk of the joys of life,
As I work till the sun dips down,
In love with the iron towers and walls
And people of this town.

But a rose is blooming beyond the Thames,
And a wonderful rose it is.
O her hands and her eyes and her delicate hands,
O dark red star of a kiss!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.
he developed and cultivated; and I have little doubt that, as a sort of historical museum of the manners and emotions of bygone days, the theatre will always be in request. I do not think that the Granville Baines of a Socialist State will write such plays as "Waste" and "The Voysey Inheritance," or plays even remotely resembling them. I doubt whether the theatre of such a State will be called upon to "show the age and body of life," and present to us the greater part of the specifically dramatic incidents and emotions—those incidents and emotions which can most fitly be reproduced in any form of spoken drama—will, in the very terms of the hypothesis, have disappeared from the stage.

Some of you think, no doubt, that I am only rewording the paradox of Maeterlinck's well-known essay "The Tragic in Daily Life." That is not precisely the case. My thought does not run over the same line as that. I am trying to show, in a mere commonplace way, that drama is a product of sociological barbarism, which mistook external violence for the realities of life. I am trying to show, in a mere commonplace way, that drama is a product of sociological barbarism—that the themes, the conflicts, which lend themselves to theatrical treatment are part of the friction arising from bad sociological conditions, and will no longer present themselves when these conditions are altered. Of course, the conflict, as the theorists assure us, is the very essence of drama; and when life flows smoothly, where are the conflicts to come from? No doubt there will always be a certain residual imperfection both in human institutions and in individual human nature; but the conflicts which it produces will, on the one hand, be few and far between, and, on the other hand, ill-adapted for presentment in the form of drama.

But, though Maeterlinck's point of view is not quite the same as mine, he expresses very admirably a large part of my argument. "To the tragic author," he says, "as to the mediocre painter who still lingers over historic pictures, it is only the violence of the anecdote that appeals ... . He imagines, forsooth, that we shall delight in witnessing the very same acts that brought joy to the hearts of the barbarians, with whom murder, outrage, and treachery were matters of daily occurrence. Whereas it is far away from bloodshed, battle, and sword-thrust that the lives of most of us flow on, the heroes are silent to-day, and invisible, and almost spiritual."

You see the poet throws himself already into what I have called a Fabianised world, from which brutality and stupidity are well-nigh eliminated. He speaks of it, as Maeterlinck, but rather on a parallel track. The Fabianised world will willingly let die all the romance, satire, and humour of the past. Rosalind and Viola, Falstaff and Bottom, Tartuffe and Alceste, Mr. Hardcastle and Sir Peter Teazle may very possibly live on in virtue of the pure fantasy, pure humour, and pure intelligence which inspire them. It is not improbable that the actors of the future may do more justice than those of the present. I think, then, that the great classics of drama may very probably live on, on the stage of the future, a sort of monumental life. The "Agamennon," the "Oidipus," the "Antigone," the "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear," "Julius Caesar" are tremendous documents in the history of civilisation. Their intellectual interest, their picturesqueueness, their poetry will never fade. Nor do I think that even the Fabianised world could be uninterested in Shakespeare, the poet as he is, does yet live in reality a deeper, more fitly be reproduced in any form of spoken drama—will, in the very terms of the hypothesis, have disappeared from the stage.

On the other hand I cannot help believing that our descendants of the Fabianised world will not be at all averse from the experience which Maeterlinck calls "spending a few hours with their ancestors." Much of the psychology of the past will be almost incomprehensible to them; but they will be too intelligent to be interested. To them the men who conceived order than the Tower of London or the skeleton of the deinosaurus. The portion, or the aspect, of his work which is for all time, will then stand out unmistakable from what is merely Elizabethian, and there will be no need for the Fabianised world to be condemned for its incapacity to understand Shakespeare. Very possibly what is most foreign to the people of that age may interest them most; and no doubt there will be pleasers of the past who, seeing "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth" or "Othello," will sigh for the brave days of headlong passion, criminal ambition, insensate jealousy, and deplore the elimination from life of the raw material of drama. But assuredly it will be eliminated, unless, as I say, you Fabians are Fabianising in vain.

(To be continued.)
Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

It was the commercial genius of Mr. Hall Caine that invented the idea of publishing important novels during the "off" season. Miss Marie Corelli, by a sure instinct, followed suit. And now all sorts of stars, from genuine artists to mere successful artisans, take care to put out their new works in the off season. Thus within the last few weeks we have had novels from Eden Phillpotts, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Miss Marie Corelli. At this rate the autumn will soon become the slack time; August will burst and books will flash with a six-shilling activity; publishers' clerks will form a union; and the Rt. Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., who has always opposed an eight hours day, will bring in a Bill for an eight months year.

That a considerable social importance still attaches to the publication of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward may be judged from the fact that the "Manchester Guardian" specially reviewed the book on its leader-page. This strange phenomenon deserves to be studied, because the "Manchester Guardian's" review easily surpasses that of any other daily paper, except, possibly, the "Times" in its Literary Supplement. The "Guardian" never strives after that detestable quality of "brightness," like our London dailies with a literary page. It relies on mere, sheer intellectual power, and as a rule it does not respect persons. Its theatrical criticisms, for example, take joy in speaking the exact truth—never whispered in London—concerning the brilliancies of the stage. I have reviewed the other day of Mr. Aylmer Maude's biography of Tolstoi (doubtless due to someone named Herford) was simply a masterpiece of taste and skill. It is remarkable that the only strictly first-class morning daily in these isles should have prescribed the "Guardian's" review of "Diana Malloy" (signed "B. S.") for the article respected persons.

I do not object to Mrs. Humphry Ward being reviewed with splendid prominence. I am quite willing to concede that a new book from her constitutes the matter of a piece of news, since it undoubtedly interests a large number of respectable and correct persons. A novel by Miss Marie Corelli, however, constitutes the matter of no more news and no less. Yet I have seen no review of "Holy Orders," even in a corner, in the "Guardian." Surely the "Guardian" was not prevented from dealing faithfully with "Holy Orders" by the fact that she received no review copy, or by the fact that Miss Corelli desired no review. Its news department in general is conducted with reference to the desires of Miss Marie Corelli, and it does not usually bother at an expenditure of four-and-sixpence. Why, then, Mrs. Humphry Ward being reviewed specially, is not Miss Marie Corelli reviewed specially? If the answer be that Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels are better, as literature, than Miss Corelli's, I submit that the answer is insufficient, and lacking in Man-chester sincerity.

Let me duly respect Mrs. Humphry Ward. She knows her business. She is an expert in narrative. She can dress up even the silliest incidents of sentimentality—such as that in which the virgin heroine, in company with a young man, misses the last train home (see "Helbeck of Bannisdale")—in a costume of plausibility. She is a conscientious worker. She does not make a spectacle of herself in illustrated interviews. Even the most fastidious of the London dailies would probably not have ventured into literature. Nor has Mrs. Humphry Ward. If she would not concert those ex-cru-ciating heroines of hers. She probably does not know that her heroines are capable of rousing temperaments such as my own to ecstasies of homicidal fury. Moreover, in literature all girls named Diana are insupportable. Look at Diana Vernon, beloved of Mr. Andrew Lang. I believe! What a creature! Imagine living with her! You can't! Look at Diana of the Crossways. Why did Diana of the Crossways marry? Nobody can say—unless the answer is that she was a ridiculous ninny. Would Anne Elliot have made such an inexplicable fool of herself? Why does Diana Malloy "go to" her preposterous Radical ex-M.P.? Simply because she is tiresomely absurd. Oh those men with strong chins and irreproachable wristbands! Oh those cultured conversations! Oh those pure English molds! That skittishness! That impulsiveness! That noxious winsomeness!

I have invented a destiny for Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines. It is terrible, and just. They ought to be caught, with their lawful male protectors, in the siege of a great city by a foreign army, and the faithful male protectors ought, before sallying forth on a forlorn hope, to provide them with a revolver as last refuge from a brutal and licentious soldiery. And when things come to a crisis, in order to be concluded in our next, the revolvers ought to prove to be unloaded. I admit that this invention of mine is odious, and quite un-English, and such as would never occur to a right- minded subscriber to Mudie's. But it illustrates the mood caused in me by witnessing the antics of those harrowing dolls.

Since my last remarks on the existence of book-buyers I have received quite a large number of agreeable letters from actual book-buyers, with reassuring particulars of their purchases. If I regret that I cannot print any more, but I am none the less much obliged to my amiable correspondents.

JACOB TONSON.

DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Recent Verse.*

This is a curious collection of verse, betraying no common lineage and no kinship of inspiration. Each writer has felt the horror of his own bent, and has no more relation to another than he would have had writing, each, on a desert island. The only common relationship of the new writers is to the anarchy of their time, out of which they have sprung, and which they reflect. England has no unity to bind them, no universal aspiration to inform them with, and no powerful imagination to lead them, so that they lie like neglected sheaves, sprawling and spoiling on the ugly stubble field. Ireland in this respect is better off than we—is, in truth, rich where we are poor. But though some of the original verse now under review might seem to be of Irish inspiration, it shows up as English more than Irish in its main characteristics. Take, for example, Mr. Herbert Trench's two volumes. Such titles as "Ode on a Silver Birch in Stevenson's Park," "Shakespeare's Song on Poetry," "Ode on Armenian Massacre" are sufficiently indicative, both of Mr. Trench's English traits and of a certain commonplace which is modern England's hallmark. Setting aside all such appreciative verse, odes, and epistles, romantic and otherwise, as heavy and somewhat stodgy, one is left with "Apollo and the Seamen," "Deirdre Wedded," "The Rock of Cloud," "Old Anchor Chanty," and a few other pieces as the most readable part of these two books. In the first of these poems, Apollo is made to come down to an inn on earth; but he finds a sailor grieving over the loss of his ship, "Immortality"; and Apollo tells him of another ship he has built, "The Earth." He foretells a time when

. . . .

leaf shall of leaf become aware

On the self-same bow of stem,

which is very revolutionary of Mr. Trench, and, understood, will lose him the allegiance of many of the faithful (for he has become popular, and run into a second edition), or, worse, be stocked as a mouthable platitudinous (for he has become popular, and run into a second edition), or, worse, be stocked as a mouthable platitudinous.

Verse.

There seems to be no more in "Apollo and the Seamen" than the working up of these three ideas; but the verse is interesting. Deirdre Wedded suffers from an almost slogging vehemence of word (Mr. Trench's besetting sin), and has nothing of the evasive imaginativeness and strange mystic wonder and beauty of the Celtic twilight about it; it is English, in fact. "Old Anchor Chanty" is really a good song. I remember years ago reading some verses by Mr. Trench in one of the reviews, and being hurt by their woodenness; and they seemed commonplace. Mr. Trench is too often commonplace in his thought, for I take it he is supposed to write better than a number of a gathering than as a creator. He is too ambitious, too wordy, and, like Tennyson, ever on the look-out for a subject—a bad thing.

* * *

The three poets who follow Mr. Trench do not err with him in seeking a subject; they sing the song, good or bad, which comes to their lips; they do not go beyond their own emotions; and they have the merit of their reticences. One can ask no more in the way of honesty of a minor poet. "Songs of the Sunset" have the goodness of evening and much of its beauty in them.

Come now! The splendour of the Summer dies,
The languorous glories of the garden fade;
The tall, sad trees are weeping in the shade,
And o'er the garner'd fields the plover cries.

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* "Deirdre Wedded," by Herbert Trench; "New Poems," by Herbert Trench (Matheson); "Songs of the Sunset," by Alfred Turner (Hewetson); "Vagrant Songs," by L. Nicholson (Fisher Unwin. 3d. net); "The Dead Friendship," by Littlefield Woodlawn, Philadelphia (3d. ed. net); "A Child's Garden of Verses," by R. L. Stevenson (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net); "Ballads of Irish Chivalry," by R. D. Joyce (Longmans, 15. net); "The Irish Poems of A. P. Graves, Vol. II (Mausel. 2s. net.)

cavil with his limitations, but one goes to him as the mood comes on to find it reflected and voiced. Mr. Turror has wandered abroad and caught the mood of twilight. With "Vagrant Songs" we pass from the
calm of sadness to the passion of revolt. We have here a man, "in grim cities pent," whose mind carries him to the sea with the wind sweeping across it, to the moors with the scent of heather in the air:—

"O! the wild brown moorland holds my heart in keeping. And fain would I be where the brown whaups nest! O! my wild brown moorland, this homesick soul comes creeping! Thro' the mist of dreams, into your kindly breast. His verse is strong with the tang of earth and sea, and wood and field, and haunted by the call of the long white roads and the long brown beach on which the waves break, and the birds and the streams, and the silences of the vast open spaces where a man may dream. He is exultant with the wine of it all, and passionate in protest against the bars that coop him up in the town and keep him away. With the exception of a few pieces in the "Vagrant Songs" which are not vagrant songs, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Turner maintain a high level of their own, and do not hurt you with a commonplace which is mere words put into metre. "The Dead Friendship" has a certain thoughtful melancholy to commend it. Mr. Woods knows the pain of life; and in truth we must not pass by too hastily those who, like these last three writers, put themselves simply and unpretentiously, whether fervently or quietly, into their verse, and say: This is my being. * * +

There are still three books of reprinted verse, and first of these is certainly Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," which is quaintly and gracefully illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson. These little poems, the simplest and the best of Stevenson's verse, could only have been written by a man with the most intense love of children and the most perfect insight into their ways, having himself Quelquechose du coeur enfantin et subtil, but I doubt whether a small child could appreciate them as a grown-up child would. Dear heart, how they carry like these last three writers, put themselves simply and unpretentiously, into their verse, and say: This is my being. * * +

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involved here which, however, we deliberately refuse to
press against an optimist who writes wittily, poetically
thinks, is only a sign of growing stupidity, not of declin-
and, on the whole, wisely.

There is no Decay; A Lecture by Robert Ross.

Mr. Berry omits to mention that Ledru Rollin, the candidate of the Extreme Left, polled 370,000 votes. We suppose he, also, was a "picturesque supernumerary."

Mr. Ross in an optimist, and we would like to believe him. Nothing depresses him; he can even feel gratitude to the "Daily Mail." His thesis is that there is no such thing as decadence; there is only perpetual renewal. In art, in literature, and in science, we are as good now as we ever were. Mr. Ross has some qualms about architecture, "the first and foremost of all the arts"; but even its apparent decay, he thinks, is only a sign of growing stupidity, not of declin-

Ideal Food Reform means much more than "going without meat." It means the use of only such foods as will thoroughly nourish the body without injuring it.

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DRAMA

The Annual Druriana.

At least I hope it will remain annual, and that the high standard of extravaganza maintained by the "Sins of Society" and the "Marriages of Mayfair" (a variety of sins obviously) may be kept up.

When Drury Lane is really full it is one of the jolliest places in London. There is no nonsense about stirring deep feelings or borrowing the imagination. The entertainment provided for the odd hundred tons or so of men and women who sit tier on tier above each other is a straightforward slap-up lark. Whether the managers or the authors have any illusions on the subject of catering to the great heart of the democracy, I don't know. But I am quite sure that gallery, upper circle, and pit go to Drury Lane to grin at its sentiment and titter at its anguished lovers in the stage moonlight just as much as boxes, stalls, and circle.

The ordinary Drury Lane audience is as much superior to the moral and artistic level of "Marriages of Mayfair" as, for instance, Mr. Cecil Raleigh is superior. But they like it. Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton, like, and superior critics like myself like it—as long as there is no mistake about its not being not-drama. Nevertheless, it is as absurd to be invited to Drury Lane to see drama as it would be to go to the Hippodrome to see a Vedrenne-Barker matinee of "The Volcano."

If we are done with the pretence that Drury Lane is any relation of the real drama, then we can gaze upon its miraculous machinery with a deep and stertorous delight.

One great feature of the new show now on is the revelation of the depths of the stage gulf into which last year the hero dived over a weir, to be followed subsequently by a sinking ship, and into which this year the villain falls over a snow-laden precipice. It is quite certain that a short explanation of the Drury Lane stage machinery, with details of all measurements and a revelation of how the effects are obtained, would sell well as a 6d. pamphlet to be used in conjunction with the programme in elucidating the mysteries.

The real achievement at Drury Lane is the inventing of some kind of the appearance of a play to carry all this machinery and scenic magnificence along without any relation of the real drama, then we can gaze upon its miraculous machinery with a deep and stertorous delight.

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The real achievement at Drury Lane is the inventing of some kind of the appearance of a play to carry all this machinery and scenic magnificence along without any relation of the real drama, then we can gaze upon its miraculous machinery with a deep and stertorous delight.
Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton to deal with the broad issues of capital and labour, housing, land reform, and Tariff Reform from the human point of view. The half-penny papers find it profitable to discuss these things in bold (and inaccurate) outline. The theatre would, too. In this Mayfair marriage production the human action, and the social and political action that will be for the benefit of Coal Jewel thefts and legal technicalities about legitimacy; they might just as well turn, with more effect and with more topical appeal to the man in the street, on big social and political issues.

Happily I bring before myself the picture of the "North-West Passage," happily in fancy I hear the authors of the "Mayfair Marriages" repeating "It could be done and Drury Lane should do it."  

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE. -Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Mr. CLYNES, M.P., on ELECTION POLICY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I do not apologize you the glorious freedom of the critic but regret to find in the last two issues of THE NEW AGE so many instances of error on points of fact, and consequently much harmful and misleading criticism in your several notes and in the article by G. R. Taylor. The worst enemy of Labour could find sufficient material in your columns to do as great damage in other places as you have done, may succeed in doing by the course you have followed. You find in the "Nation" or in other papers that the executive adopts "in Newcastle; that there is a working electoral alliance between the Labour and the Liberals; that we entered into an arrangement at the last General Election and that these bargains are destroying the movement. And seeing these things in the papers you believe them. Indeed, you point out that we do not contradict them! How many of the weekly misrepresentations of the principles of THE NEW AGE go uncontradicted?

Mr. Taylor kindly concedes that we are thoroughly honest in our decisions, and having emphasised our honesty merely adds that we refuse to fight because it "pays to bribe Liberals" so that they can hold one seat and we the other. But we are honest, look you. Those who saw in the industrial disputes in the Newcastle district a reason for concern may be forgiven for the idea they knew of the real situation. The exhaustion produced by the nature and length of the dispute, the divided opinion on the points of fight or surrender, and the circumstances arising from the different action of different officials and Unions all provided conditions of discretion and reasons against seeking to use the dispute for a Parliamentary contest.

The implication that the Executive action was designed to convenience the Liberals, or was the expression of any compact or arrangement, is too contemptuous for much notice. We cannot dispense such a charge any more than we could dispense the old time charges about Tory gold. Nor is it for us to try to dispense the charge: the proof should lie with those who make the charge. Those who are equal to believing it will remain proof against any statement to the contrary.

It is regrettable that many who set out to discuss a political question selected straightway leave the path of the subject itself and become immersed in the bog of motives of the men who form the executive, and write in a manner which implies loyalty or condemnation to those who in the nature of things are bound to take steps deemed to be best in the interests of Labour. For so far as the Labour Party may be damaged thereby, then the belief should be the first to suffer in regard to their public position.

Several papers have reported that after the Labour Party Executive passed its resolution recommending that it was not advisable to put forward a second Labour candidate in Newcastle, the Executive resolved also to definitely recommend to the next Labour Conference that no second Labour candidate should be put forward in any two-membered constituency. This question has not yet been discussed, and the Executive has come to no decision whatever. The point is a large and important one of election policy, and the Executive has come to no decision in order that the Executive, which is a body to administer and advise, and not to determine, the broad lines of policy, should have authority and guidance for its future action in by-elections.

The political wisdom of election actions cannot be ignored by those who are charged with any responsibility for guiding the destinies of a party. No one can deny that a Labour candidate must be put forward in every contest, for, however desirable this may be, the party has not yet attained such a place in politics as to enable it to furnish the means and money needed to meet such a situation. An Executive body has therefore to choose the best places for a contest from the point of view of endurance party prospects, and if an Executive is empowered to decide in favour of a fight it must also have the right to advise against a fight when, in its judgment, it is better to refrain.

There has not been, and there is not likely to be, any compact or arrangement whatever between the Labour Party and any other Party. Our very existence rests upon a free and independent policy, and the policy of the Labour Party is that none of the suspicions fostered by those who wish to inflict party damage can be allayed by the Labour Party assuming an attitude which however warlike, might do the greatest damage to itself and the greatest good to its worst opponents. Whether it be a single or a double numbered division Labour should fight when there is some prospect of success, for when a fight is undertaken for other reasons which tend to the progress of the Party.

The opinion expressed by the Executive in the case of this by-election was considered by all parties concerned, an affiliated society with a candidate and money would undertake to put forward a man, and accordingly none was submitted to the Executive for endorsement.

A well established party will not thrive on defeats, and the success which is limited to merely spoiling another's chances of success may do for those who want to feel like heroes, but not for the men who persist in facing the facts which others decline to notice.

It is our business to avoid defeats which retard our progress, to win converts by conciliation and educational efforts, and to place our guns at the right time in the best places for doing the greatest service to our cause.  

J. R. CLYNES.

[We are very glad that Mr. Clynes, as Chairman of the Labour Party Executive, has stated his point of view in these columns. For ours we must refer readers to the "Notes of the Week." We need only repeat here that as far as we are concerned, we are conscious of the "disprove." The question is as to whether a policy of effective—and inconvenient—local ententes with the Liberals is calculated to forward the best interests of the Labour Party as a Socialist instrument.—Ed. N.A.]
entwined with Liberalism. Both at Dundee and Newcastle they have flown in the face of local Labour opinion with an audacity and tactlessness almost incredible. The cynically sensible goodwill of Liberalism seems to be of more importance to them than the glorious enthusiasm of their followers. The policy of the Executive is singularly out of touch with the genius of the Labour movement. It has never been endorsed by the majority of the constituency. It is probably never will be, for if there is any point upon which the rank and file (both L.P. and L.R.C.) have arrived at a dogmatic decision it is that an entente with Liberalism forms the chiefest danger to the future success of the movement. Is the entente policy practicable? To admit the practicability of any sort of an entente with Liberalism is to give away half the campaign, which the very existence of the Labour Party rests. It gives point to the charge of "splitting the Progressive vote," and renders more difficult than ever the work of convincing the masses that the really progressive vote is not Liberal but Socialist-Labour. It gives to the Liberal Press—which is playing the part of Judas towards the Labour Party, kissing while it seeks to betray—a strong argument in favour of a general entente. For if an entente is desirable in a two-seat division, where Labour has a tendency to lose," it may be plausibly contended that it is desirable in a single seat division where Labour may have the same peculiar tendency. But what about the two-seat divisions where Labour shares the representation with the Conservatives? What about Blackburn? Is there to be an entente there? And if not, why not? Why should Labour differentiate in favour of either Conservatism or against Conservatism? Are the Liberals any more likely to settle the problem of poverty than the Conservatives? If they are, then what do we want with a Socialist-Labour Party? If Labour becomes identified with Liberalism—and it will if there is an entente for the man in the street finds it difficult to distinguish between an entente and an alliance—Labour will add enormously to the difficulty of converting the many thousands of working men who will not have Liberalism at any price but who are favourably considering Socialism. The Executive may argue that their action at Dundee and Newcastle was not consideration for the Liberals, but political sagacity: that they were influenced solely by the belief that Labour had no chance. That was the excuse at Dundee, and it was nullified by the result. Stewart, fighting practically under the ban of the Labour Party, hampered by the cowardly abstention of the sitting Labour member, polled 4,600 votes. If the Executive consider that Labour has no chance in a constituency where a Labour candidate, fighting under extraordinary disadvantages, can poll that number of votes, we of the rank and file must be excused if we think their alleged political sagacity is all moonshine. These regrettable incidents at bye-elections have proved that the Labour Party organisation is faulty. An autocratic Executive running counter to the wishes of the national committees is calculated to produce the maximum of friction with the minimum of progress. The annual Conference should alter the method of procedure leading up to the decision to fight or not at any particular bye-election. The method should be something like this: When a vacancy occurs the local L.R.C. should hold a conference: if this conference decides in favour of fighting it should elect representatives equal in number to the National Executive: these representatives and the members of the National Executive should then sit in joint conference, electing a chairman from among themselves, and the majority votes of this joint conference should finally decide. This method would ensure fair play both to the local enthusiasm and to the national sagacity, would reduce friction, would secure the full discussion of each vacancy upon its merits, and would restore goodwill between the local branches and the National Executive. * * *

THE UNPOPULARITY OF SOCIALISM.

"R. M." blames the doctrines for the unpopularity of Socialism. But is he right in holding that it is because they preach an ideal? Is it not because there is something objectionable in that ideal—something showing itself in the masses that the really progressive vote is not Liberal but Socialist-Labour. It gives to the Liberal Press—which is playing the part of Judas towards the Labour Party, kissing while it seeks to betray—a strong argument in favour of a general entente. For if an entente is desirable in a two-seat division, where Labour has a tendency to lose," it may be plausibly contended that it is desirable in a single seat division where Labour may have the same peculiar tendency. But what about the two-seat divisions where Labour shares the representation with the Conservatives? What about Blackburn? Is there to be an entente there? And if not, why not? Why should Labour differentiate in favour of either Conservatism or against Conservatism? Are the Liberals any more likely to settle the problem of poverty than the Conservatives? If they are, then what do we want with a Socialist-Labour Party? If Labour becomes identified with Liberalism—and it will if there is an entente for the man in the street finds it difficult to distinguish between an entente and an alliance—Labour will add enormously to the difficulty of converting the many thousands of working men who will not have Liberalism at any price but who are favourably considering Socialism. The Executive may argue that their action at Dundee and Newcastle was not consideration for the Liberals, but political sagacity: that they were influenced solely by the belief that Labour had no chance. That was the excuse at Dundee, and it was nullified by the result. Stewart, fighting practically under the ban of the Labour Party, hampered by the cowardly abstention of the sitting Labour member, polled 4,600 votes. If the Executive consider that Labour has no chance in a constituency where a Labour candidate, fighting under extraordinary disadvantages, can poll that number of votes, we of the rank and file must be excused if we think their alleged political sagacity is all moonshine. These regrettable incidents at bye-elections have proved that the Labour Party organisation is faulty. An autocratic Executive running counter to the wishes of the national committees is calculated to produce the maximum of friction with the minimum of progress. The annual Conference should alter the method of procedure leading up to the decision to fight or not at any particular bye-election. The method should be something like this: When a vacancy occurs the local L.R.C. should hold a conference: if this conference decides in favour of fighting it should elect representatives equal in number to the National Executive: these representatives and the members of the National Executive should then sit in joint conference, electing a chairman from among themselves, and the majority votes of this joint conference should finally decide. This method would ensure fair play both to the local enthusiasm and to the national sagacity, would reduce friction, would secure the full discussion of each vacancy upon its merits, and would restore goodwill between the local branches and the National Executive. * * *

THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."
for the solution of the problems of the day. For instance, the communist principle of free institutions (maintained, of course, by taxation), as opposed to freedom of choice and purchase.

Communists advocate that principle for immediate application. They preach free freeways, free railways, free bread, as well as endowment of maternity, State maintenance of children, and so on. To illustrate further. Large numbers of children are now in poverty and neglect. To rescue them, Communists do not advocate provision of work and decent wage to the parents, with strict supervision and responsible management of virtuous parents, but the providing of clothing, and housing of children at the public expense, and this not as a temporary measure and one of mere expedients--(such a measure would probably meet with general approval), but on principle for all children

Within the Socialist ranks we must come to conclusions as to principles we must begin by clearing up misconceptions regarding the two terms, "Socialism" and "Communism." Both have had a rather chequered career during the last sixty or seventy years. "Communism," no longer means what it did when Marx's Communist Manifesto was issued in 1848. "Communism" no longer means as it did then, the total social change from capitalism to collectivism, in contradistinction to the "Socialism" of Fourier and Owen, which according to Engels was merely to tidy up grievances without any danger to capital and profit. Nowadays, when the Utopian Socialism of Owen and Fourier has disappeared, it is the term "Socialism" which stands for the complete change to collectivism in the Marxian sense just alluded to, or as it is much the same, the "Practical Socialism" of Blatchford. "Communism," on the other hand, is now accepted as representing the abolition of men and women and the ownership and enjoyment of all things in common in a more extreme fashion than even among the early Christians--and comparatively in other words, the "Ideal Socialism" of Blatchford, under which "food, clothing, lodging, fuel, transit, amusements, and all other things would be absolutely free" and "every citizen would take what he or she desired from the common stock."

To prevent confusion Communists should stick to their distinctive appellation, and allow the term "Socialism," with what satisfaction one may not be satisfied, to designate the socialisation of land and capital as far as may be found necessary for the abolition of rent, interest, and profit, but who are in favour of the payment of labour in currency

Choose and purchase, and thus avoid Communism.

The socialisation of land and capital as far as may be found necessary for the abolition of rent, interest, and profit, but who are in favour of the payment of labour in currency so as to secure the liberty of the individual by freedom of choice and purchase, and thus avoid Communism.

* * *

J. HALDANE SMITH.

WAR SCARES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your correspondent "R. M.," refers to Caden's speech in which he speaks of "the chronic terror of invasion which seems to have fixed itself in the British mind." The following extract from a letter written from this place by Mrs. Barbour to her friend Mrs. Beecroft in 1867, is also interesting: "Pray are you an alarmist? One hardly knows whether to laugh or to be serious. I have converted on several occasions at the dinner table, appearing to enjoy extremely the fare and the company, and saving all the while, with a most smiling and placid countenance, that the French are to land in a fortnight, and that London is to be sacked and plundered, and this not as a temporary measure and one of mere expedients--(such a measure would probably meet with general approval), but on principle for all children

Never Despair!

A SILVER SIXPENCE MAY BE YOUR MASCOT AND MAKE YOU A SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Never despair whilst you have sixpence in your pocket, for that silver sixpence may be your mascot and make you the survival of the fittest.

It is all a question of health and vitality. Most of the ills that flesh is heir to come from an impaired digestion. Keep your digestion in order, and I tell you you will be all right. But, instead of rushing to drugs and stimulants to effect this, give your body a chance by giving it proper nourishment.

Do not spend it on medicines which will do you no good—and the cheapest of them will cost you more than one silver sixpence—but just straightforward invest it in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, and become strong and healthy as thousands of men and women have already done.

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* * *

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