NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

TO OUR READERS.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to numerous suggestions from many subscribers, readers, and friends, we have much pleasure in announcing that the proprietors of THE NEW AGE and "The New Age Press" have decided to combine the two properties, which will be transferred to, and carried on for the future by, a Limited Company.

We have also much pleasure in announcing that in the future the editorship of THE NEW AGE will be in the joint hands of Mr. A. R. Orage and Mr. Victor Graysam, M.P. The association of Mr. Graysam with the political editorship of THE NEW AGE is an additional guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted on the same fearless and independent lines as have made its name respected by all classes of the community.

Readers who are desirous of taking up shares in the Company are cordially invited to make early application for copies of the prospectus, which will shortly be issued, to MR. FRANK PALMER, 140, Tool's Court, Farringford Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The topic of unemployment completely overshadows all other public questions on the eve of the re-opening of Parliament. Throughout the past week most of the leading members of the Cabinet have been busy trying to convince the country that they are really thinking seriously about the subject this time. Mr. Asquith opened the suggestion-fund with his promise to the electors of Newcastle. Mr. Haldane followed shortly with an offer to give 17,000 young men six months' winter training in the use of arms; and Mr. Lloyd George's donation consisted of an offer of introduction to twelve rich men of his acquaintance who could solve half the problem off their own bats. It now only remains for the Foreign Secretary to offer to negotiate a loan from the Russian Government, and then the list may be closed and the Cabinet can get to the business of devising a practical scheme. "Something must really be done," they chime in chorus. We agree. Meanwhile the silence of the President of the Local Government Board grows daily more conspicuous. Is it a pregnant silence or only the dignified sort?

Apropos of Mr. McKenna's suggestion in the matter of Admiralty contracts, we are unable to remind our readers that the idea, simple though it be, is not his own. It was suggested by Mr. Gretton in the debate on naval supplies in July last, only to be received with scorn by the First Lord, who emphatically repudiated the possibility of even considering the claims of the unemployed in relation to naval construction. We predicted at the time that Mr. McKenna would sooner or later have to eat his words, but he has eaten them sooner than we expected.

Mr. Haldane's idea of training some of the unemployed into efficient Militiamen is also not wholly original. There was something very like it in Rudyard Kipling's "Army of a Dream," where 20,000 Yorkshire pitmen on strike got two months' military training amidst the snows of a Scotch winter, and when that was over offered themselves for six months' "sea-time" in the Navy—and got that. But in the story it was the men and not the authorities who had the idea and made the first move. Also, it was all part of a definite campaign against the masters by men who had no jobs or chances to lose while they were away, and whose wives and children were being supported by their Trade Union. In short, there is more reality about Kipling's story than about Mr. Haldane's proposal. There seems about as much likelihood of getting 17,000 young bachelors to volunteer for six months' training as of getting them to join the regular army.

As for Mr. Lloyd George's thunder at Swansea, it was all, every bit of it, stolen from S.D.P. literature—except for a phrase here and there which belonged perhaps more properly to the columns of The New Age. "No country can lay any real claim to civilisation that allows them [the unemployed, infirm, etc.] to starve. Starvation is a punishment that society has ceased to inflict for centuries on its worst criminals, and at its most barbaric stage humanity never starved the children of its criminals... the day will come when this country will shudder at its toleration of that state of things when it was rolling in wealth. I say it is robbery; it is confiscation of what is the workman's share of the riches of the land... I can name twelve men whose incomes the devil can think of... Think of it! Yes, the 'Pall Mall Gazette' is certainly right in calling this sheer unmitigated Socialism. We shall expect the very greatest things of Mr. Lloyd George when he introduces his first Budget next April.
Perhaps it would be wiser to say that we should expect great things if Mr. Lloyd George were a Socialist and knew what he was talking about. But he is not, and does not. For on the very day of this tremendous speech he told the Swansea Liberal Club that "some Continental countries which had unreservedly adopted Socialism had lost strength and found their progressive power so paralysed that there was an evident disposition to come back to true Liberalism." Some of our contemporaries here is the offer biscuits for this sort of thing. We will only ask with as much mildness as we can command, what countries? and which continent? and will Mr. Lloyd George give us details as to how Socialism worked when it was "unreservedly adopted"? Or was it nothing but the dream of an imaginative Celt? In any case, it seems clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not a Socialist, only a Liberal addressing electors. The "emotional" is the solution. There was no real lightning, only fireworks.

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The Premier's speech at Earlstown on Sunday was disappointingly meagre in its references to unemployment. It contained no indication of the speaker's having really come to grips with the problem. Yet the Government have only got a few days left now in which to consider what temporary measures they are going to adopt. The Autumn Session begins on Monday next, and if this matter is not treated as the first business, the country will want to know the reason why. Last Sunday's demonstration in Trafalgar Square was but a beginning. Even if the Licensing Bill were a great temperance measure, which, in our opinion, it is not, there would still be no conceivable excuse for postponing consideration of the unhygienic operation in order to press a such a measure forward. Better four millions drunk than two millions starving.

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Discussing the recent Licensing Bill Demonstration in Hyde Park, the "Times" remarked last week that all such demonstrations are a nuisance, that their influence on individual members of Parliament was practically nil, and that a large number of comparatively small demonstrations in the constituencies would produce far greater results. We agree that this particular demonstration was a huge waste of time and money on account of its obvious lack of spontaneity. The very perfection of its organisation, so widely praised in the Tory Press, entirely ruined its effect. But we cannot agree with the general proposition laid down by the "Times." It is not the House of Commons, but the Cabinet, which rules the country, and the Cabinet belong far more to London than to their constituencies. Hyde Park demonstrations may carry very little weight with the Government, particularly when they are orderly and well-engineered, but, after all, they are the only means by which the people can indicate their will between General Elections, and on certain occasions they have been distinctly effective. We admit, however, that there is some danger of the thing being overdone.

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The revelations of Mr. Hearst of the corrupt relations existing between the trusts and various leading political groups in America have brought the campaign which Mr. Burgo is carrying on against corrupt Boards of Guardians. The only essential differences are that Mr. Burn's motives are probably purer than those of Mr. Hearst, and that the evil is of far more manageable proportions in this country. The Poplar scandals come but as a fresh addition to the mass of evidence against the desirability of having small ad hoc public bodies. Doubtless before the present Government leave office they will take the additional step which the Fabian Society has been offering for years, and abolish Boards of Guardians altogether. The moral drawn by the Tory Press from the state of things revealed at Poplar and elsewhere is the inevitable corrupt nature of public bodies as such. To us this seems a trifle far-fetched. We are rather driven to reflect upon the vast amount of jobbery and corruption which goes on in the world of private enterprise unexposed and unpunished, and to which the misdeeds of small public bodies are as nothing. It matters not at all to the people whether they are defrauded by private tradesmen or public officials. The people only suffer equally, but in one case they have a remedy and in the other they have not.

* * *

The action of the Labour Party Executive over the Newcastle election was amply defended by Mr. Macdonald in the "Labour Leader" of last week. We do not propose to continue the discussion on this precise topic, since it is admitted on all sides that a final decision can only be arrived at by the next Annual Conference of the I.L.P., which meets in Easter week. Before leaving the subject, however, we may summarise our criticisms of the policy that led to Newcastle. First, the Labour Party has undoubtedly created the appearance of an alliance with Liberalism contrary to the spirit of the I.L.P. element at any rate. Secondly, that impression has been deepened by the action of the Labour members in advertising too extensively their support of merely Liberal measures to the comparative neglect of genuine Socialistic ideas. Finally, we agree with Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, who discusses the subject in this issue, that the existence of numerous rebel branches of the I.L.P. is a proof not of party radicals theory, but of a serious desire to resume the political independence which for the moment appears to have been lost.

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The October "Fabian News" prints a letter from Mr. H. G. Wells, in which he resigns his position on the Executive and his membership of the Society. No one knows both Mr. Wells and the Fabian Society will be surprised. It was only a question of when, and how long he would consent to be bound by the trammels which membership of a political society or of a political party involves. Mr. Wells's mind is of that comparatively rare type which not only refuses to label its opinions, but insistently suspects labels of all sorts. The very idea of anything like party discipline is abhorrent to him. Such minds are of the very highest value to any cause—but not inside societies. Whether Mr. Wells will continue to call himself a Socialist we do not know, but we may be certain that his influence will always remain on our side, and we can never forget that he has probably done more during the past three or four years to popularise Socialism amongst the middle classes than any other man in England.

* * *

We have not hitherto found space to congratulate Mr. John Burns on the able circular which has been issued to County Councils and Town Councils by the Local Government Board urging upon them the importance of utilising their existing powers in regard to the regulation of motor traffic. The circular points out that the police have the right to interfere with motor-cars which are not exceeding the speed limit if the speed at which the car is proceeding seems likely to cause danger to the public; and further emphasises the fact that motor traffic has come to stay, and that its development cannot be checked by the imposition of unnecessary and harassing restrictions. Local authorities are advised to proceed with such street improvements as they have in view which will lead to the rounding of sharp corners or to the widening of narrow and dangerous streets. A further hint refers to the dangerous character of high hedges. We may mention that an organisation called the Road Union, whose offices are at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, has recently been formed for the purpose of watching the interests of general users of the road. Considering the number of powerful corporations and unions, the main object of whose existence is to protect the special interests of the motorist, we heartily welcome an organisation which will safeguard the interests and rights of the general public.

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The situation in the Near East has now assumed a most grave aspect. The conspiracy, for we cannot call
it anything else, between Austria, Germany, and Italy, has culminated in a declaration of independence on the part of Bulgaria and a formal announcement of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary. England and France do not appear to have been consulted during this intrigue, nor, of course, Turkey. Whether Great Britain has become a negligible quantity in the Eastern Question or not. For ourselves, we believe that the Triple Alliance would be brought to its senses by a naval demonstration in Turkish waters by England and France, supported by a land demonstration by Turkey and Roumania in the Balkans. Whether Sir Edward Grey will have the courage to make a firm stand against this tearing up of the Berlin Treaty will be shown within the next few days.

We notice that two more anti-militarists have received severe sentences in Paris for "bellying" the army. No check, it seems, is put on militarists of the worst and bloodiest type. But whoever preaches the doctrines of Christianity—impossibilist doctrines maybe—is proscribed without regard to degree of fervency of law. We are not in a position to defend the attitude of M. Hervé and his followers; their views are not our views. But we can and do protest against the opinion commonly held in this country that these sentences are either just or necessary. The fact is that if you have an army you either got to make it attractive to decent men or else you must suppress criticisms. The French Government have chosen to adopt the latter course.

The conflict between black and white in South Africa is far more serious than is suspected in England, judging by the following account of a recent case in the Orange River Colony. Stephanus Jacobs was indicted for assault on a native boy. The evidence showed that the accused placed a rein round the neck of the boy and hung him on a ladder till he became unconscious. Jacobs, in his evidence, admitted that he fastened the rein round the boy's neck and fixed it to the ladder. The jury, consisting of white men, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The Chief Justice sternly rebuked the jury, saying, "Gentlemen, I am at a loss to understand your verdict. The prisoner has admitted his guilt, and yet you bring in a verdict of not guilty. I trust that you will be able to reconcile the verdict you have just given with your oaths." It is clearly the duty of the Colonial authorities to indict this jury, and we hope it will not be necessary for the Imperial Government to persuade them to do it.

In domestic political circles the most notable event of the week has been the retirement from the Cabinet on the plea of ill-health of Lord Tweedmouth. His resignation was inevitable after the revelations concerning his correspondence with the Kaiser on naval affairs. Lord Tweedmouth has had to pay the penalty. One cannot help feeling sorry for a man who has been the victim of the unscrupulous use of a trifling incident, even though there were many better men who could have filled the post which he occupied at the time.

Probably few people know of the existence of the National Federation of Assistant Teachers, whose annual conference has just been held at Manchester. Yet it includes practically all the non-commissioned, and hence the most efficient and hard-working elementary teachers in the country. At the Manchester Conference three resolutions were passed in favour of an extension of school feeding, the reduction of the size of classes, and the raising of the standard of teachers' efficiency. All these are as necessary now as twenty years ago. Of school feeding we have said enough in these columns. We now learn that 50 per cent. of the classes taught by a single teacher contain over sixty children—a mob governed by a despot. And only the same percentage of teachers are trained, even to the extent that training in this country prevails. The Conference could not refrain from adding a fourth resolution demanding the use of corporal punishment. There is no use: it is only an abuse of discipline.

We note that Dr. Nelson, who has been resident surgeon at Hull and Sculcoats Dispensary for ten years, has been dismissed because of the part he has taken in late in Socialistic work. In an interview granted to the "Hull Daily Mail," Dr. Nelson explained that last January the Chairman of the Board, Colonel Dibb, complained of the public expression of the doctor's political views. "It was clearly shown," wrote the doctor, "that unless I abandoned the public advocacy of these opinions the Board would compel me to resign or be dismissed." The doctor courageously replied that so long as he did his work he must be allowed to fill his spare time as he liked. Result: Dr. Nelson turned off after ten years' work. We cannot expect all doctors to have the vigour and courage of Dr. Nelson, but we can hope that the incident will not be lost upon that mass of worthy men who are the workers or allow themselves to be treated as the playthings of their employers.

We cannot afford to devote as much space to the "Academy" as the "Academy" devotes to The New Age. Regarding the paragraph that appeared in our issue of September 19, we withdrew it in our issue of the 20th with regrets to the "Academy" for the reflections contained in it. As the form of the withdrawal did not completely satisfy the "Academy," we were quite prepared to make the amende honorable and to print a further apology, if one could be agreed, in our issue of October 2. The "Academy," however, had the extremely bad taste to anticipate an apology and in an insulting term to invite all and sundry of its readers to witness the spectacle of the Socialist New Age again on its knees. On our refusal under such circumstances to proceed any further with the matter, we were informed that the "Academy" would publish the correspondence that had passed; and to this course we, for our part, had not the smallest objection. The promise, however, has not been fulfilled, but in its place the "Academy" in the current issue prints an article which is full of gross misrepresentations and utterly unwarranted charges of bad faith. We understand that our solicitor has written to our contemporary pointing out that a perusal of the correspondence to which it has alluded does not justify the substantial allegations in its article.
The Labour Party Crisis.

There is a crisis in the affairs of the Labour Party; and there can be no advantage in concealing that fact. It is not a crisis which has come unexpectedly; for it is the outcome of a situation that has been developing for many months. Newcastle is not the beginning of a difficulty; it is a culminating point, where it is no longer possible to pass any further without definitely deciding which way it is best to go. So far it has been possible to find a common road with those from whom otherwise one might have serious differences of opinion on policy or tactics. That is no longer possible: for now the main direction itself is at issue; and we must decide which way.

Of course there are plenty of supernaturally clever persons who will tell us that such was the problem from the very beginning. I cannot agree; in this world of swiftly evolving progress, important situations grow slowly; only mushrooms get through their business in a night. But however quickly or however slowly it has come about, the hard fact confronts us that there are two Labour Parties in the field of British politics, and we must take our choice; we cannot have both.

There is the Labour Party which put up a candidate at Dundee, at Pudsey, and at Newcastle. There is the Labour Party which refused to support these candidates. There may be some philistine point, where it is no longer possible to reconcile this difference, which may decide that it was right to fight and also right not to fight, blending both in a higher harmony. But the plain man generally finds the higher harmonies fatiguing; so he will make up his mind, however rashly, that Mr. Hartley and the other candidates were right or wrong.

In other words, we must decide which Labour Party we will have.

There are some who appear to think that these are but symptoms of passing restlessness on the part of a few uneducated persons who are always discontented, always rash, and always thoughtless of the day after tomorrow. One writer to the "Labour Leader" asks: "Are our members satisfied that individual branches, in treating the central authority as if it didn't exist, should defy the national movement?" One would like to know how many "individual branches" make a "national movement." The rebellious branch has appeared at every recent bye-election with unfailing regularity; it is only the opportunity of vacant seats that is lacking. If the Labour Party Executive is going to hang all rebels it will soon have plenty to do. At present it looks as though it will have to hang the national movement itself. Suppose it is the Executive which is defying the branches? That possibility must at least be considered. A steady movement all over the country cannot be dismissed as mere defiance of authority. All righteous causes begin by defying authority.

But, indeed, the rebels are neither unruly, nor rash, nor thoughtless. They are not rebels at all. They are old-fashioned people upholding the established creed of their party. They are members of a party which was established because Liberalism was entirely insufficient as a method of reform. The deliberate intention of the Labour Party was not merely to push the Liberals on faster, its intention was to defeat them and take their place. In pursuance of this policy, the In the words of their founder, Keir Hardie: "The Liberal at both Newcastle and Dundee. At both bye-elections the local men, true to their policy, attempted to turn out the other remaining Liberals. What else could they do? If the Labour Party's business is not to turn out Liberals and Tories, what is it about at all?" This policy of disbelief in Liberal promises of reform was the root of the I.L.P. and the Labour Party; and it remains their sole reason for existence. In the words of their founder, Keir Hardie: "The business of the New Party is to do battle with Toryism. Before it can get to close quarters with the forces of reaction, it must first clear from the path the impediment behind which Toryism shelters itself. The chief impediment is the Liberal Party."

That was the old-fashioned wise policy which Hartley fought for in Newcastle. So long as that remained the policy of the Labour Party it was worthy of the support of the most rabid Socialist; for so long as it refused any quarter to the Liberals, it was bound, by the sheer necessities of the situation, to make out a better case than Liberalism. It did not much matter whether it called itself a Socialist Party; for so long as it remained an independent party, it must necessarily make out a case against the individualist Liberals, and the only case must be, in fact, Socialism. An independent party is therefore almost inevitably a Socialist Party. But once its independence is shaken, the whole fabric is shaken to pieces; it is now neither Socialist nor independent in theory or fact. It is the recent bye-election policy which has brought it to this broken condition.

The men responsible for that policy must really not attempt to evade their criticism; for their idea was that we are attacking their honesty. No sane person says that they held back at Newcastle, or anywhere else, for the benefit of the Liberals. If anyone has said so, then the accusation is not worth a penful of ink in defence. The Executive held back because they knew that the Liberals would retaliate by attacking Mr. Hudson at the next election, and the same in all the other two-seat constituencies. Nobody objects to this working electoral alliance with the Liberals (and it is childish to deny that it is such) if it pays us in return for the benefit of the Liberals. If anyone has said so, then the accusation is not worth a penful of ink in defence. The Executive held back because they knew that the Liberals would retaliate by attacking Mr. Hudson at the next election, and the same in all the other two-seat constituencies. Nobody objects to this working electoral alliance with the Liberals (and it is childish to deny that it is such) if it pays us in return.

But does it? We say that it will both lose us the seats in question (by confounding us with Liberals, who are marked out for annihilation at the next election), and will also destroy the very essence of the Labour creed of independence. We do not care two pins for independence as a mere theory; we care for it just because without it we shall never build up a party at all. It is astounding to hear intelligent people arguing as though there were no other end in view than the safety of two-seat Members. It is sheer commonsense to say that every Labour seat in the House should be sacrificed before the essence of our policy is tampered with. Does a general hesitate to sacrifice his men when that is necessary for the ultimate success of a great strategical plan? Our great plan is not to preserve Newcastle or Dundee; our end is to build up a great party that will fight Whigs and Tories to the death. A pretty lesson to set by making terms with the enemy, to save the eyes of the whole country! And the pity of it, it won't even save Mr. Hudson in Newcastle; for Mr. Hobhouse, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, speaking after the late election, said that since there was a third candidate (Mr. Hartley) the Liberals could now retaliate. (That looks rather like a previous understanding with the Liberals, by the way!)

But, after all, we Socialists are mainly concerned with the spread of Socialism. Here is a suggestion. In 1895 Hammill polled 2,303 votes in a three-cornered fight in Newcastle; Hartley last week only increased this by about 600 votes. Someone has put this forward as another instance of Social Democratic folly. It seems rather more obvious that it is the result of the half-hearted propaganda which won one seat for Labour at the last election. Mr. Hudson, a Fabian Socialist, does not seem to have done much for his creed after all these years. It is time the S.D.P. took up the work.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.
The Moral Education Congress.

Let none sneer because the Congress was such a real success, men and women coming from the farthest parts of the earth to talk—about teaching morality, for we all like that; it is an exquisitely human trait. We all have some regard for our moralities, even if they be but immoralities, into other people. And if other people are children, the frolic is but the livelier. We do not gain say the earnest seriousness and the high purposes of those who engineered the First International Moral Education Congress, nor of those who took part in the debates. There are any number of reasons why we should welcome the Congress. Foremost, it denotes a state of unrest among educationalists; they are dissatisfied with the acquirements of their day. This is always to the good; discontent, boredom, and unhappiness will not generally proceed to change. Again, there was displayed such wide divergence of method that there seems small likelihood of any of the main contending parties sweeping the board. Thus there may come to prevail quite other views as to the teaching of ethics, either as part of religion or "with no other resources but those of the reason and the conscience," as M. Buisson, of the Sorbonne, phrased it.

Such a method is in actual practice in a few schools here and elsewhere. I quote from the sketch by Mr. Russell of the splendid work he is doing as headmaster of the Hampstead School of the King Alfred School Society:-

Perhaps the chief characteristic of his day-school of some 70 boys and girls was that from first to last there was no religious observance, no religious instruction, and no religious appeal. But the ideal of good life was steadily upheld. Their other distinguishing features were less unusual. They gave neither marks nor material rewards, believing that the competition in nearly all its forms could only demoralise. Nor did they attach the usual penalties to so-called misdeeds, believing that the schoolmaster at his best was walking in comparative darkness. To them, his best was walking in comparative darkness. To them, he was made to their think- ing, an absolute incapacity to grasp the first elements of education.

We are not among those who maintain that character cannot be moulded. On the contrary, we are too painfully depressed with the moulding process that is now carried on. Children are not allowed to develop their own temperament; they have one thrust upon them—obedience, and order, and rule—when their souls are crying aloud for freedom, for movement, physical and mental.

Character is a question of practice, not of teaching; occasions occur when worthy actions can be emphasised and unworthy ones deplored. But even such teaching requires unusual skill on the part of the teacher, and is only fitted for children of some intellectual growth. The essential is an atmosphere of freedom. The essential is an atmosphere of free thought and free action.

Now this strikes at the whole conception of the Congress. The Bishop of Southwark thought, as a whole-hearted believer in the Christian faith, that he could find a common domain with those who, like ourselves, believed all formal instruction in ethics to be not only futile but wicked. But there is no common domain; much as we are opposed to the teaching of what is called religion in the schools, we should be still more opposed to any formal instruction in ethics. For the teaching of religion in the schools a case can be made out on historical, democratic, and so-called commonsense grounds; we shall not make out the case, and we have a sufficient answer to everything that has been or could be urged in its favour in the existence of a condition of the people question as the continuous religious teaching through these many centuries.

To give up the teaching of religion—after all, mere formalities, which the working classes have the good sense to forget as soon as possible—and to saddle ourselves with the dogmatism innovations of a few earnest pedagogues is not at all to our mind.

We oppose all formal instruction in morality on much the same ground that we oppose formal instruction in, say, hygiene. What shall it profit a child to learn that a healthy man requires 3,000 feet of fresh air per hour when you send him back to his nooks and his ill-smelling class-rooms? Again, in the value of air there is a certain measure of agreement among the authorities, but who is to set up the standard for instruction in morals?

Let us consider some of the teaching at the Congress itself. Mrs. Bryant said: "The school was a crowd of individual children, sensitive, intelligent, and self-willed, which was converted by the process of school government into a community orderly, progressive, and obedient." These were results with which she seemed perfectly happy. We doubt if the results can generally be quite so horrible as Mrs. Bryant portrayed. But that is a famous educationalist's ideal. Well, we don't want to turn sensitive children into orderly ninnies; we have no wish to exalt obedience at the expense of self-will. We have entirely avoided the question as to which is the more desirable; we wish for the present to insist upon the diverse aims we all have when it comes to the teaching of morality.

The Moral Education Congress.

The Moral Education Congress.

But let us suppose there is a certain measure of agreement as to what constitutes morality for adults! Does anyone who has had the remotest insight into the child mind believe that the same morality will hold good for child life? Few and far between are they who understand anything of the working of the child's mind. Those who have most understanding will admit to something more than an occasional glimpse, a flash which is more or less illuminating. The idea of drawing up a code of moral instruction which shall be expounded by the teacher to a class betrays, to our thinking, an absolute incapacity to grasp the first elements of education.

We are not among those who maintain that character cannot be moulded. On the contrary, we are too painfully depressed with the moulding process that is now carried on. Children are not allowed to develop their own temperament; they have one thrust upon them—obedience, and order, and rule—when their souls are crying aloud for freedom, for movement, physical and mental.

Character is a question of practice, not of teaching; occasions occur when worthy actions can be emphasised and unworthy ones deplored. But even such teaching requires unusual skill on the part of the teacher, and is only fitted for children of some intellectual growth. The essential is an atmosphere of reality about the school, an entire absence of coercion, with every effort to develop and stimulate the child's individual activities." We admit that under our present educational system we shall not attain all our requirements, but that is no reason why we should set out for less, nor why we should join those who would replace our present stupid system by one equally fallacious. Meanwhile, what we can do is to encourage those who, like Mr. Russell, are leading us towards health and charity. They alone show us the way out. Let us follow.

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The German Panic.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In The New Age for September 6 you publish a letter signed "Stanhope of Chester," which pours contempt on "the cowardly hysteria of the modern British Imperialist," and attempts to show that a citizen army would be of no use for Great Britain, on the ground that if our Navy were to be defeated, we could be bottled and starved into submission in a month or two; and that, therefore, no enemy would take the trouble to invade us, as he could get all he wanted without doing so.

There can be no shadow of doubt that, broadly speaking, this is quite true, but that if our Navy were to be "practically swept off the sea," as your correspondent puts it, by one of the Great European Powers, a British citizen army of, say, a million men could not save us from defeat; as—Germany, for instance—can command the services of four million trained soldiers, which she could then transport across the narrow seas at her leisure and her pleasure, if she thought it was to her interest to take possession, as she did in the case of France.

I say that this is quite true, so far as it goes; but it is not the whole truth: in fact, it is one of those half truths which, taken alone, are so often found to be extremely misleading.

Those who advocate a citizen army do not do so in the notion that the British Navy will be "practically swept off the sea," or even "totally routed." And if you, Sir, will kindly give me a little of your space, I will endeavour to point out to your readers the grounds upon which we do think a citizen army necessary for the safety of the country; and in doing so, I shall endeavour to avoid violent and abusive language which, I venture to think, does not add to the force or logic of arguments on either side.

I submit, in the first place, that the possibility, or let us say, the probability, of the occurrence of an event which has not yet taken place, such as future wars, invasions, revolutions, or similar events, depending, on the passions and ambitions of mankind, must always remain, up to the very last, a matter of opinion; and in judging of the possibility, or otherwise, of the Invasion of Great Britain, I submit that we ought to give due weight to the opinions of those who may properly be regarded as experts in the matter: just as we consult a lawyer on a point of law, a doctor in case of ill-health if we do this, we shall find that the great majority of experts on war (including the German general staff and our own most experienced living generals) are of opinion that the invasion of England will be quite feasible—under the present conditions of our military weakness—long before the British fleet has been "swept off the seas" or "completely routed."

It appears to be forgotten that the British Navy has to protect a great and widely scattered Empire, in addition to protecting these islands from invasion; whereas the whole of Germany’s navy is concentrated in the North Sea in a state of preparation for instant hostilities, which should have a favourable opportunity offer.

I hope and believe that our own fleet is equally ready for instant action should its services be required; but that the strength of the German Navy becomes (and it is increasing with great rapidity) the more necessary it will be for us to keep a preponderating force on our East Coast, where we have no naval bases or fortified harbours.

Even at the present time—when the German navy is proportionately far weaker than it will be in a few years—our Admiralty dare not allow the majority of our battleships to be at any time more than three days’ sail from the east coast of England, for fear of a blow being struck at the heart of the Empire.

The question which advocates the formation of such a truly national army, for home defence, as would put all ideas of invasion out of the heads of any future enemies, do so because we think that our military weakness produces a strategically false position for our Navy, which, in case of a great war, would be called upon to defend vast interests in all quarters of the globe; which it could not possibly do if Germany happened to be one of our enemies; and it must not be forgotten that we have often before had more than one enemy at a time, and no man can say as history repeats itself and all alliances and friendships are fleeting and ephemeral.

Fifty-two admirals have joined the National Service League because they wish to see that grand old Service (which they have safeguarded and brought into existence in a month or two) and that, therefore, no enemy would take the trouble to invade us, as he could get all he wanted without doing so.

We maintain that it should not be left to the personal whim of each young man in these islands to decide whether he will or will not undertake the national duty of preparing himself for home defence, with the result that less than one in ten come forward to do so; and then only undergo as much training as suits their convenience (which experts say is not nearly enough). And it must be said that for voluntary systems the morality is most unjust, as it handicaps the patriotic employer of labour and his workmen, and puts a premium on the selfish and unpatriotic, who gain by shirking a duty which the others undertake.

I do not propose to enter into any discussion upon the merits of Socialism, which your correspondent alludes to, but I would venture to point out that it is not necessary to sweep an enemy’s fleet off the seas before undertaking an invasion, as we have a recent instance to the contrary, where Japan invaded Manchuria with a million men before she had destroyed the Russian fleet.

It was said to be a most rash and hazardous enterprise. Perhaps so. But success in war frequently attends hazardous enterprises, and it is always unwise to tempt the morality of one’s neighbours with too rich a prize, which they may possibly think worth the hazard.

C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald (Admiral).

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I congratulate Admiral Fitzgerald on having the courage to avow that the citizen army is useless for home defence in the event of the British Navy being routed. But the Admiral challenges the contention that the Citizen Army is useless for the purposes of home defence by a recent instance. He wishes to see the Navy “scouring the seas of Britain’s enemies, instead of being manacled to our own shores.” My comment is: What is more likely to happen than that the British Navy chasing imaginary enemies of England in the Indian and Pacific Oceans while the German Navy is bombarding British ports and blockading English coasts? My main point was that no blockade could be prevented by a Citizen Army, and that no blockade or invasion would take place until the Navy was defeated. If the German Navy, or any combination of navies, were well commanded and handled it could beat the naval forces of England which are stationed in the North Sea and the Channel, then I say no amount of citizen or conscript armies, or odds and ends of fleets scattered all over the world, could save England from starvation and surrender.

The Manchurian instance is misleading. Japan did not invade Manchuria until the Russian fleet in Eastern waters had been either sunk or bottled up in Vladivostock and Port Arthur. The German fleet is undoubtedly becoming more powerful, but I cannot understand the relevance of that as a reason why we should spend vast sums on a useless citizen or conscript army when the money could be spent on increasing naval strength. Admiral Fitzgerald may reply, “Spend money on both,” to which I answer, “there must be some limit put upon this war expenditure.” As much money as possible should be expended on the one efficient weapon of defence, namely, the Navy; but how England can keep up a steady “sweeping” of the seas at the same time treasuring expenditure on the Army, I cannot conceive.

My other objection is not touched upon by Admiral Fitzgerald: “They”—these various military schemes and proposals—involve placing the British democracy under military rule. Assuming an unarguable case could be made out for the Citizen Army, or Conscription, this objection at present is insuperable.

Stanhope of Chester.
A Story of the Pacific.

"The white man's burden" is a phrase which has had many ironical and serious constructions put upon it, but what exactly this mysterious "burden" is has never been clearly defined. It is pleasing to examine some recent incidents in the history of an island of the Gilbert and Ellice group, named Ocean Island, which is situated in the Western Pacific.

Ocean Island is a land of milk and honey, or, rather, of guano phosphates, which are far more profitable than the transactions of the British Isles. From the history of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, we learn from Mr. Telfer Campbell, the Resident Commissioner, "rarely show or express appreciation." Some fortunate inhabitants of the British Isles, if they have any sense of decency or good feeling, should more than make up for these ignorant islanders' lack of appreciation; they certainly have more reason to be grateful for the existence of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands than the wretched inhabitants of those islands.

The story of Ocean Island is not a very pleasant one; but it should teach Socialists and Imperialists a number of lessons, so we propose to relate it. The first notable step in the matter was the formation of a trading company, known as the Pacific Islands Company. The company was fortunate in possessing the Right Hon. Lord Stanmore, described as a "Peer of Parliament," as its chairman. Lord Stanmore, no doubt, could assist the company with his expert knowledge and advice, because he had been, some fifteen years before, the High Commissioner of the Pacific Islands, the jurisdiction of which post extended over the area of the probable operations of the Pacific Islands Company. Lord Stanmore held 2,000 ordinary shares and 415 preference shares in this Aladdin-like concern. He had at least one interesting co-shareholder in Sir Robert George Wyndham Herbert, described as a "baronet," a gentleman whose previous occupation in life had been that of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, an office the purview of which now embraces Ocean Island.

The Colonial Othoe has issued a report for the years 1896-1900 on the Gilbert and Ellice Islands; but since 1900 there has been an official silence. A visit was paid by Sir E. im Thurn in August, 1905, to investigate certain charges brought against Mr. Campbell, but that report has never seen the light of day, like a good many other documents in this case, though the Colonial Office has stated that the report absolutely vindicated Mr. Campbell. We are informed that this "summary of capital and shares" of the Pacific Phosphate Co., the nominal capital is £250,000, equally divided into preference and ordinary shares. In July 1906, the whole of 250,000 shares had been taken up, but the actual number paid for was 90,000. The cash capital of the company was £50,000; but 250,000 £1 shares had been issued. Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Sir Robt. Herbert are entered as being joint trustees of the preference shares and 41,250 ordinary shares. Lord Stanmore, who has changed his occupation from " Peer of Parliament" to "G.C.M.G.," is listed as the holder of 16,849 preference shares and 2,266 ordinary shares. A Mr. Allan Campbell enters the happy circle as a preference shareholder to the tune of 7,776 shares. We trust he is not a relative of Mr. Telfer Campbell, otherwise the coincidences of the Pacific Ocean will become almost uncanny in their frequency of occurrence.

The report of the company for 1907 reveals, we are happy to record, a most flourishing state of things. We read: "After providing for interest on the debenture loan, for December 31, 1907, and over 7 per cent. dividend on the preference shares as well as a 5 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 40 per cent., there remains for disposal a balance on profit and loss account of £1,342,795 5s. 6d." The "6d." is a touching instance of actuarial accuracy. The directors announced that they proposed to allocate the remaining £1,342,795 5s. 6d. thus: Reserve account, £25,000; reduction of development account, £25,000; a final— a tragic and menacing word—dividend on the ordinary shares of 60 per cent., or total of 120 per cent., for the year 1907 of 50 per cent., £27,500; additional remuneration for the directors, £1,125; leaving a balance to be carried forward to 1908 of £4,653 5s. 6d.—still the sixthpence! Happy shareholders! Prosperous directors! Delectable islands! Unhappily the report is described by the Resident Commissioner as "express appreciation" of the joys of 50 per cent.!

Listen to the Resident Commissioner: "Imprisonment is not followed by social ostracism, but, on the contrary, tends to increase social position. Discharged prisoners, on returning to their homes, are looked upon as travelled and experienced individuals." It is clear that the King of Ocean Island was foolish not to have gone to prison; if he had not omitted that precaution he would have been able to meet the authorities on their own ground. Alas! virtue merely has its own reward! Shareholders are the individuals who get the worldly and more realisable reward.
We venture to suggest to Lord Stanmore that his connection with the Company is derogatory to his reputation as a holder of high office in the late Queen's service. In a circular, dated February 15, 1907, Lord Elgin wrote to the Governors of Colonies and Dependencies to inform you that during the past session questions have been put in the House of Commons with regard to certain cases in which ex-Governors have taken a prominent part in the organization of companies formed to operate in territories in which they were recently administering. I cannot help feeling that retired Governors would be well advised in most cases to refrain from taking a prominent part in the management of the companies which are formed to develop for profit the natural resources of the territories which they have administered.

The Colonial Service has been tainted recently by some suspicious and odious "deals"; and Lord Addington, and from a piece of testimony given at that time, it appears that the term was "contrary to the regulations." Lord Stanmore, admitted that he "exacted a month's hard labour from two native villages because they danced"—which heinous crime was "contrary to the regulations." Lord Stanmore, in the House of Lords, mentioned a conversation he had had with a Fijian planter on the subject of the natives, which affords a more comprehensible explanation for the fining of these two villages: "We want them (the natives) to be ill off. When they are ill off they will come and work for us, but when they are well off they will not." The principal foods of the Gilbert and Ellice Islanders are coconuts and fish. A heavy tax is levied on the cocoa-nuts in order to compel the natives to work; that is, when they are not hurting the tender, noblemen-men so distinguished by genius, or character, or personality, that their fellows will yield them an instinctive homage. It may be possible, then, to weave a romance out of the selection by such a prince among men of a Cinderella among women—a modest, shrinking girl, out-shone and despised by her brilliant sisters. Such a love-idyll, I say, may always be possible: but will it be worth while? Perhaps it will: perhaps there will be simple souls in all ages that will take pleasure in the graceful treatment of such sentimentalisme. But they will scarcely afford material for anything that can be called a dramatic literature.

These plays of Robertson's, then, remind us that with the cessation of class distinctions the comedy and drama of class distinctions must cease and determine. And how fruitful has this theme been in the past and present, not in England alone! We find it, for instance, in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "Georges Dandin"; we find it in "Monsieur le Maire," or "Celestine," in Sudermann's "Die Ehre." We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period. It may almost be called the dominant theme of mid-Victorian drama. We find it in "Our Boys," with its contrast between the baronet and the butlerman, and in a hundred other plays of that period.

II.

Now, let us see how much of the dramatic material of today, or, say, of the past half-century, can possibly be expected to survive the social change for which you are working, and which I, with you, would fain regard as ultimately inevitable. Let us look down a list of plays, English and foreign. Mr. Barker mentioned to you T. W. Robertson as the man in whose work we find the first faint glimmer of a reviving English drama—reviving after the ghastly barrenness of the mid-nineteenth century. What is his chief work? "Caste"! The very name will scarcely be comprehensible under the new social order; and as for the moral that Fond hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood,

what meaning can it have for an age from which class distinctions have vanished? "Ours" deals with the same class distinctions, supplemented by the excitement of war—an excitement which cannot possibly survive the decrease of Capitalism and the better ordering of the population problem. In "School" we have the marriage of a noble earl with a humble governess. Now, I do not doubt that even in the Fabianised world there will be actual, though not titular, noblemen—men so distinguished by genius, or character, or personality, that their fellows will yield them an instinctive homage. It may be possible, then, to weave a romance out of the selection by such a prince among men of a Cinderella among women—a modest, shrinking girl, out-shone and despised by her brilliant sisters. Such a love-idyll, I say, may always be possible: but will it be worth while? Perhaps it will; perhaps there will be simple souls in all ages that will take pleasure in the graceful treatment of such sentimentalisme. But they will scarcely afford material for anything that can be called a dramatic literature.

So much for the large class of plays typified in Robertson's "Caste." Let us now take another famous play of last century, and see whether anything in the least analogous to it will be possible in a Fabianised world. The play I have in mind is "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

There is not a single character, motive, or circumstance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" that is for a

C. H. NORMAN.
moment conceivable as recurring in the new era. One might prove its impossibility from half a dozen points of view. I will choose the most general point of view, and the subscriber will meet it. What condition on what part of the whole fabric of the play reposes? What is it but opulent idleness? The class of women represented by Paula Tanqueray are the products and playthings of opulent idleness. Aubrey Tanqueray is an opulent idler through and through nominally a soldier, and at a pinch a brave one, when he did meet and "kept house with" Paula Ray. The overstrained puritanism and religiosity of Elleean are just as much as Paula's laxity, products of opulent idleness. Forgive delph the rage of opulent idleness.

But opulent idleness, in a Socialist State, is a contradiction in terms. It may perhaps exist as a temporary, holiday condition; it cannot be the circumambient atmosphere of any class—unless it be the class of the play's individual. And here we come upon what will perhaps be the most anti-dramatic influence of the new age—the influence of the reasonable amount of work required of every able-bodied person. If that condition alone could be realised tomorrow, the idle classes could all be required to do some five or six hours of healthy work a day, on pain of being sent to the bed—the amount of dramatic material in life would at once be reduced by some 50 per cent. For it is profoundly true that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands (and still more idle minds) to do; and in some various forms of mischief the dramatist finds the best part of his material. Just think how many plays of the present day, English and foreign, presuppose a condition of opulent idleness! Among Mr. Pinero's plays I need mention only "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Gay Lord Quex," among Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's, "The Liars," "The Manoeuvres of Jane," "Whitewashing Julia," and a dozen of the same kind. Wilde it in an atmosphere of opulent idleness; so do almost all Mr. Carton's, and notably "Lord and Lady Algery." "Wheels within Wheels"; so do Mr. Haddon Chamber's aptly-named "Idler" and "The Tyrran of Temperance." "Erden" and "Gorringe's Necklace" and "The Mollusc." Mr. Alfred Sutro dates almost entirely with opulent idleness, though the "Walls of Jericho" is an impassioned sermon against it; and Mr. Barrie in "Little Mary," presents from the same source such a play as Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste" depends for its existence on opulent idleness. True, but his career is blasted because he falls into a condition of opulent idleness. Sir George and Lady Orreyl, the bibulous and the brainless, represent opulent idleness raised to the highest power. Even the catastrophe is not so much due to the individual conjunction in which Paula finds herself placed, as to her inability to face, along with the morose and reproachful Aubrey, a future of the age of opulent idleness.

Weavers," "Hannele," and "The Thieves' Comedy," Sudermann's "Die Ehre," Brieux's "Trotte Filles du Monseigneur Dupont," and a whole host of other French plays which turn on the pettiness, the thrift hardening into avarice, of the peasant and the bourgeois. Every Ibsen poverty, every fear of poverty are frequent motives, though in no case the main theme of a play. I may add that all such dramas—all satires on our insensate penal system, such as Brieux's "La Robe Rouge" and Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Box"—come more or less distinctly under this head.

To recapitulate briefly: it is probable that at least three-fourths of the drama of the present day springs—directly or indirectly—from the insinuate distribution of wealth, the unhealthy and often vicious idleness of the exploiting classes, the unhealthy and degrading poverty of the exploited classes, the meagreness and precariousness of their means of subsistence, the constant temptation under which they lie to lighten the burden of their misery by means of vice and crime. When you have abolished monopolies of natural opportunity, you have broken the change's; out of the securing of the surefted idleness and to hopeless, inhuman toll, you will have sterilised, as it were, three-fourths of the seed-plot of drama as we at present know it.

Will you, at the same time, open out new and fruitful fields, to compensate for those that have been made barren? That we shall consider presently. In the meantime I want to point to another domain, at present fertile in dramatic complications, which you are doing your best to sterilise.

(To be continued.)

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Wanted: a Martyr or Two.

By Edwin Pugh

"The genuine unemployed person who is anxious to work is not usually responsible for disturbances, but rather the idler and loafer, who desires nothing less than a free ride.

Thus the Conservative "Manchester Courier." And the saying is a true one. And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

It would be better for the genuine unemployed person if he were responsible for a few disturbances now and then.

It a working man whose child was stricken with a deadly sickness range up a doctor and the doctor sent him a message to the effect that the case should have his 'most earnest and anxious consideration' in a month's time, would the working man do nothing, say nothing, to express his natural resentment, even though the doctor, not being sure of his fee, was not legally bound to respond instantly to the call upon his services? I think not. I seem to see that working man holding an impromptu indignation meeting on the doctor's doorstep. In the event of the child's death, I can see the windows of the doctor's house being smashed in. I can see the doctor himself being smuggled out by the back-door in the dead of night and hurried away beyond the reach of the crowd's fury. Yet Mr. Asquith, who is sure of his fee, who has (to all intents and purposes) been paid in advance, returns that answerary cry for help from the growing army of the Unemployed, who each and all contribute their share toward his salary.

Mr. Haldane also. The "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Chronicle" report him as saying: "Perhaps Liberals lost opportunities by going too far; by going a little more deliberately and searching the ground very carefully, they would often find that they had been able to get a good deal further than by going at things slap-dash. That was why it was a great source of satisfaction to serve under Mr. Asquith."

"The people of this country did not take too much advantage of a prosperous period to lay by for a rainy day. One of the greatest reforms that could be introduced would be to stimulate the practice of saving, of insurance against a period of unemployment. In the meantime they had to deal with the present. He did not think that there was any reason to suppose that this period of unemployment would last for any great time, but there it was, and the scenes were terrible. In our great cities the distress was very great.

"Every department of the Government was trying to help. . . . But he felt sure that no effort would be of any avail unless it dealt with unemployment systematically and as a whole."

"He hoped that an opportunity would soon arise for giving substantial inducement to the working classes to make provision for bad times."

It is very much as if you explained to a man whose house was blazing and whose family was perishing in the flames, that this could never have happened to him if he had not indulged in the extravagance of a fire to cook his food and keep himself warm.

Frankly, I am at a loss to understand why the masses—the people who make the national prosperity, who are the begetters of the national wealth—put up with this sort of insolent, heartless nonsense. They need not, for their own weakness is also their strength. It is their weakness because they can only get what they want by the use of force.
The Great Child.*

CHESTERTON, as everybody knows, is a very modest and retiring man, and only likes fame for the fun of it. It is evident to me that there is an attempt by person or persons unknown to place him on the market.

The main point of this anonymous criticism is an attempt to prove G. K. C. a Tory Democrat, to the Imperialist wing of which party one gathers the critic belongs.

Vehemently the writer protests against Chesterton being regarded as a maker of paradoxes; as if paradoxes were a trivial thing! as if (to use the terminology of G. K. C.) God were anything more than a maker of paradoxes.

In one of Wells's amusing stories written before his late lamented transfiguration, he tells of a scientific experimenter who had succeeded a little too well in solving the problem of aerial flight. He had concocted and swallowed a drug which rendered him not as light as, but lighter than, air. Fortunately for us (or we had not record of him) he took the mixture in a place not open to the heavens. What would otherwise have happened is an interesting theme for speculation. A friend found him bobbing about under the crusted plaster of his parlour ceiling like a giant bubble, capable of reaching the carpet only in company with a heavy volume pushed off from the top shelf of his book-case and clung to.

Now this, I think, is a very excellent figure for G. K. C. Under the ceilings of our habitations he flutters and sprawls hugely, the light airs catch and sport with him. Over our heads he drifts, a tremendous, threatening apparition. Now and again from our book shelves he takes a heavy argument and drops it, but (and here the simile somewhat irks us) he has no liking for ground levels; comes he within a foot or two of our skulls, he lets his arguments drop on them with a bewildering thwack, and flies up to his platter again with a shriek of laughter.

He knows men mainly from this balloon's-eye view; he receives them as head, belly, and two feet, or with creatures of not quite full habit, as only the first and second region.

The ceiling, he shows you, is the proper place to crawl on; why do you not come up with him? there is plenty of space there.

Gingerly in the open sometimes he takes a flight, held up by sure lines from too lofty ascension. But he loves best his four-square building; a ceiling is the safest case and clung to.

It is easy to understand his need for mooring-lines. One day I think the ropes will part and he will fly up and up and out of sight to those rarefied regions where he will be no longer lighter than air, where Yeats and A. E. and the other Celtic fairies wander singing sadly cut off for ever from the world of men.

For Chesterton is a Celt; there is a touch of the inhuman about him, sing he never so loudly the praise of the common man. Life to Gilbert Chesterton is a thing to bubble under. The ceiling, he shows you, is the proper place to crawl on; why do you not come up with him? there is plenty of space there.

He conceives them as head, belly, and two feet, or with creatures of not quite full habit, as only the first and second region. The ceiling, he shows you, is the proper place to crawl on; why do you not come up with him? there is plenty of space there.

For Chesterton is a Celt; there is a touch of the inhuman about him, sing he never so loudly the praise of the common man. Life to Gilbert Chesterton is a thing to bubble under. The ceiling, he shows you, is the proper place to crawl on; why do you not come up with him? there is plenty of space there.

From Chesterton's early days his view of life is to bubble under. The ceiling, he shows you, is the proper place to crawl on; why do you not come up with him? there is plenty of space there.

It is the nature of things. G. K. C. would tell me to make fun of things we love. I love him because he is a champion of simple delights, the champion of the ploughboy whistling at the plough and kissing in the inn. Mr. Chesterton and I could not be that ploughboy; we are far too complex, but we know that there is much in those simple joys we shall lose hold of at our peril. He has discovered that the greatest joys belong to the chesterton. He stands a solitary figure, crying against the worth of material success. He sings the glory of the common man as he is, the beauty of the world as far as it has got.

I look upon Mr. Chesterton as a possible convert. The root of his anti-Socialism shorn of its frolic is a hatred of things done wholesale. Well, I suspect many other Socialists, have that hatred. We are not going to be conquered by our perfected social machinery; we are going to keep the agriculturist on his own farm, the craftsman in his own shop, though we are going to dispose of their produce for them. Life will not be a flitting between a splendidly-conducted factory and a splendidly-conducted hotel; we can assure Mr. Chesterton it will be much more jolly than that. There shall be singing of village festivals and fireside gossip and long arguments and flatcuffs and pageantry and beer. Perhaps when he realises that, he will come back to us, for it is humorous to remember that in the days of the reign of Walt Whitman and William Morris before the coming of statistics and the photograph, Mr. Chesterton was among the prophets.

W. R. TITTERTON.
The Loneliness of Mary.

At evening when the tapers, burning down,
Died one by one in sighs upon the night,
Sat Mary in her glory with the crown,
Patiled and lonely in the altar's height.

She had gold and jewels, incense and the tide
Of myriad pious prayers to contemplate,
And little Christ to comfort, yet she sighed,
As weary of her solitary state.

The sleepy saints from painted windows look
Coldly aloof as slowly dies the light.
The sun his gorgeous eminence forsook
And left the altar lonely to the night.

She smelled the incense and she heard the prayers,
And from the little Christ upon her knee
She looked in pity down the taper flames
To where her loneliness had fallen on me.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.
An Error of Diagnosis.*

Biographies of humdrum persons are not worth writing; humdrum biographies of exceptional persons are not worth reading; to have any interest at all, the life of any striking individuality should be dealt with frankly; the biography should be personal, gossipy, somewhat malicious, the foibles should be scarlet, and the resemblances to average humanity slurred over. Only to some extent does Dr. Gould meet our requirements; he is sometimes frank, but he is frequently tantalising. He dangles some precious bit of information before us, and then, on the plea that somebody or other's feelings will be hurt by the publication, leaves our appetite unsatisfied.

Dr. Gould is naturally annoyed when he observes that: the doctor's diagnosis: "His was the most unresisting, most echo-like mind I have ever known. He was a perfect chameleon; he took for the moment the colour of his surroundings. He was always the mirror of the friend of the instant; or if no friend was there, of the dream of the instant. The next minute he was another being, acted upon by the new circumstance, reflecting the new friend, or redreaming the old and new-fount dream... He had no mind, or character, to be possessed of loyalty or disloyalty... The sole quality, the only originality, he brought to the fact, or to the echo, was colour. He created or invented nothing; his stories were always told him by others." This is all arrant nonsense. As a humane man, I trust the doctor's medical diagnoses come somewhat nearer the mark than his studies of character. Dr. Gould himself avers that Hearn's flair was unique and universal. His literary sense was perfect... There has never been a mind more infallibly sure to find the best in all literatures, the best of the kind he sought, and probably his translations of the stories from the French are as perfect as can be." The bibliography appended to the book is a sufficient refutation of most of the charges.

Dr. Gould chides Hearn for his inability to read and speak the language after many years in Japan; yet, as one critic writes, "as an Interpreter of the Japanese heart, mind, head, and soul, Mr. Hearn has no superior." The doctor understands the people with an imperfect knowledge of the language is surely something more than to be an echo. It requires sympathy, intuitive insight into the realities of life, sincerity, the artist's love and power to seize upon the germane facts, together with the artist's discretion for unnecessary and irrelevant details, his detestation of word spinning, shallow theories, and unwarranted abstractions.

It was with no reflected imagination that Hearn seized upon the gruesome in his early stories; this was a very element of his artistic being. It was no echo-like mind that grasped French literature and made it English. It was no outside influence that drove Hearn to the West Indies to paint the colour, the glamour, the form of the islands, the life and doings of its folk in words that tell. This, again, was a primary law of his being: the grave craved warmth and colour and the music of the seas, the melodious voices of the waves, the burning touch of the tropics.

Dr. Gould is assuredly out of it altogether in maintaining that Hearn's sole quality was a mannered colour sense. Here are a few lines from a fragment written in 1885 or 1886: "The glad waves leap up to embrace you; the free winds shout welcome in your ears; white sails are showing in the West; white sea-birds are flying over the gleaming swells. And from the infinite expanse of eternal sky and contesting sea there comes to you, with the heavenly ocean breeze, a thrilling sense of unbounded freedom, a delicious feeling as of life renewed, an ecstacy as of life restored."

I have italicised the words that fasten Hearn's de-light with the sense of touch: the waves embrace him; with hearing: the winds shout welcome in his ears; with forms and movement: the white sails are shining, the sea-birds are flying, the ocean is breathing.

That Hearn obtained the materials of his craft from his friends and from external sources is a charge that he was a nasty, tiresome person whom one could not have stood for twenty-four hours; I haven't the slightest doubt he deserted his friends when he no longer wanted them, that he had no loyalty to men or women, but I am equally sure, from such knowledge as I have of his writings, that he was a creative mind, a laborious student, as are all genuine artists, one of those magical minds who understand without delving and interpret without strain.

*"Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." By G. M. Gould, M.D. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
Mr. Scott-James champions our side; humanity appeals less to him than humans, abstractions cause not the glow of realities; what the aspirations of man may be concerned, but that men have more and more diverse: this is of cardinal import. Men and women loving, hating, these are the interests of Mr. Scott-James; he expresses his own sympathies and antipathies by way of a critical review of living authors, a plausible blending of all of us to keep pace with him, marks the author as quite definitely of our own time.

Romance—Mr. Scott-James uses the term as expressing his full attitude towards life—is that quest of things that count in life, "as we all mean it when suddenly a thought, an action, the gleam of a moment makes us leap to our feet as at a vision, as at the promise of some instant fulfillment of life. What if it never is fulfilled if we may but stand upon the verge and scan the untravelled infinite beyond? If that is romance, who would not give all to probe to the core its mystery and its enticement?"

"To be lifted beyond the appealing sense of our own weakness, yet to remain human, is to experience that romance which lures to quests and adventures, to hopes and tender actions. We demand of Mr. Scott-James without it none may be said to have lived; feeling it, expressed in whatever terms it may be, in "Art or love or faith or wine," life becomes an absorbing passion. You may find it among the lowest, unlikeliest of men, you may find it written in a life apparently full of adventures. We think Mr. Scott-James is a little unfair to those whom he views as too uncritically influenced by the scientific spirit in modern life. We, too, hold that Dr. Maudsley, Haeckel, and Mr. J. F. Nieber have nothing of moments to tell us; that much of what they do say is no doubt true enough in its way, but the way doesn't interest us. But it should not be forgotten that, inconsequent as the aim may be to the worker in science, it is the search that matters. Dr. Maudsley is concerned to discover whatever shall justify his abundant faith that life is illusion; here is something quite positive, something which, inasmuch as Dr. Maudsley is at pains to prove his thesis, shows that he, too, is enamoured of life. His way of approval is perhaps less interesting than another's, but it is a way. Though scientific method is not the whole, yet it has its place in the round of life. In short, the genuine man of science interests us while his conclusions do not.

We cannot help being horribly irritated by the strange bedfellows that Mr. Scott-James's methods acquaint us with. Under "The New Romance" we find Stevenson and Joseph Conrad and Mr. W. J. Locke. Mr. Locke because "there is something in the portrayal of Paragon, hero of 'The Beloved Vagabond,' which recalls the romance of Stevenson." If this is a joke we should like to have had it labelled; since otherwise we must place it alongside the writer's illustration of Mrs. Paragon, hero of 'The Beloved Vagabond,' which recalls the romance of Stevenson. Where the Apple Reddens. By Arthur James. (Francis Griffiths. 6s.)

This book will be of much interest to the personnel of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., the printers, and to no one else. That firm appears to have missed the thin disguise of "Dottisglade's"; Colonel Spottiswoode as "Major Dottisglade"; Mr. Austen Leigh as "Mr. Horton-Rees," nervous and key jingling, promoting a r8. a week man to a post worth £700 a year. The author does not stop at disguise, but actually mentions one old servant by name. The question now is, who is Mr. Arthur James? A burlesque of the recent strike at Spottiswoode's is the kernel of the book, and a most comical burlesque it is. No sympathy with Socialism is shown. Do master printers really hold the view of their men and the Trade Unions expressed in this book? The Savage Club is dragged in, too, as the "Barbarians." But Savages will not recognise themselves. Indeed, the literary chatter sandwiched in the narrative is very tiring. Mr. James causes his hero and heroine to talk like this: "And Jack-o'-Lantern flitting bidder and thresher with all the instability of Diana's eyes—Diana's will-o'-the-wisps." "One would not have them staid as the diction of agrestic Pan," she said. "Perhaps their instability supplies the picturesque." And so on. There are, however, two chapters finely written, but entirely out of place in this amusing book. The first is a terribly realistic account of the struggle of Barbara—a fine character—with one of Mr. James's printer's labourers. This grim episode is finished by the man biting Barbara. There are two or three hundred errors, typographical and other.
Composers do not talk like Albert Chevalier's costers. "Expiation" appears as "expiration"; Barbarea is called "Barbara" now and again; "Smollett" is once; perhaps this is also a merciful disguise. The printer's name is rightly suppressed. We do hope it was not Messrs. Spottiswoode. The meaning of the title quite escapes us. Apple do not redden in printers' shops, so possibly it is allegorical.

The Passing of Morocco. By Frederic Moore. (Smith, Elder.)

Published only a few weeks ago, this book is already out of date in several respects, notably the title. Morocco shows no more signs of passing than Turkey, whose decline was also taken by Mr. Moore for granted. Nor is the French solution either such a desirable or so practicable as the author supposed. In other words, Mr. Moore jumped to hasty conclusions which a few weeks only have falsified. Otherwise the book is a sprightly contribution by an American journalist to our apparently nothing less than the complete playing out of a long drawn-out drama. Mr. Moore is obviously pro-French, even to the extent of condoning the cutting of a railway through a Moslem cemetery at Casablanca. Such desecration of their graves may be "not a serious matter when performed by the Moors themselves"; but it becomes a serious matter when a foreign race indulges in it. Mr. Moore saw Casablanca soon after the French bombardment, and though he mildly expostulates with the French Government for allowing the slaving thousands of Moors, his uppermost feeling is a lamentation that these "feuds" should have destroyed what they could not carry off from the wreck of their homes.

On another occasion Mr. Moore saw half a dozen Moorish prisoners shot by the French. Reuter's correspondent was also a spectator, though no report of the barbarity appeared in the English papers. Throughout the whole abominable campaign, in fact, the French Army either took no prisoners or slaughtered the few they brought in. This assurance of us, was well known, and even admitted by officers and men in the French Army.

In spite of this, Mr. Moore regards the French conduct as "feeble." But what would Mr. Moore have? Apparently nothing less than the complete military subjugation and occupation of Morocco by the French. Fortunately that is impossible; and the only "strong" alternative is equally complete abandonment. There are several excellent photographs in this volume.


As one of the first English political internationalists, Cobden, despite the somewhat narrow compass of his views and the falsifications of his prophecies of the prosperity of the poor under Free Trade, deserves and receives considerable homage from genuine Socialists. Neither a great man nor a great orator, Cobden was, in a sense, more typically the Englishman of his day than even Gladstone. True, that day has passed, and with it the worship of the type that then prevailed; but as a moment of English public life and opinion Cobden will always loom large in our history. These volumes contain practically the whole of Cobden's speeches, and as such they are indispensable, both to the student of affairs and to the practical politicians now called upon to re-open the question that Cobden closed. Their range, however, is considerably wider than Free Trade. For Cobden, who began as a mere reformer, ended as a statesman. Hence his collected speeches display a mastery of a variety of subjects of which few of his present-day detractors can boast.

The High Adventure. By Hugh de Sélincourt. (Lane. 8s.)

Although "The High Adventure" is not equal to the two previous works of this novelist, it is a long way ahead of most of the fictions which crowd the library shelves. M. de Sélincourt has both courage and style: courage to face frankly an unconventional view of life, and style to express it not only not to offend even the daintiest susceptibilities. He has a delicacy of phrase and a charm of characterization rare among modern writers. Part of this is due to the fact that he confines his art largely to the interpretation of the psychological issues of actions. His incidents are spiritual without being mystical. And he is always at his best in revealing impressions of things rather than in revealing the things themselves. "The High Adventure" drags rather wearily in its early pages; but after the hero leaves his bachelor home in Bloomsbury, where he dwells with three friends, the story takes form and captivates the imagination until the last page. There is some excellent dialogue in the book, and the colloquies between Bernard and Jacques are finely done. These are the chief revelations of character. M. de Sélincourt is a novelist with a future, and we can safely recommend his latest work.

La Decomposition du Marxisme. By Georges Sorel. (Marcel Rivière, Paris 60 c.)

This statement of the political theory which lies at the root of revolutionary trade-unionism is opportune at a moment when it is the foremost question in France. M. Sorel's immediate purpose is to prove that the revolutionaries who reject political action, and who would proceed forwards by continual trade disputes leading up to the General Strike, are the only true followers of Marx. He maintains that the so-called Marxists, the Social Democrats, have crystallised the creed as the master left it, so that it has become a thing of fixed formulas; whereas, it should be fluid and prepared to apply its essential laws to circumstances which had not arisen in Marx's day. M. Sorel says that if Marx had seen the workers organised in trade unions, as they now are, he would have accepted that organisation as the true lines of the class-war, and would have rejected Parliamentary action as compromising and weakening. Be that as it may, M. Sorel's little book is exceedingly useful in helping us to come to some conclusions in the matter of a movement which has arrived at the stage of practical politics on the other side of the Channel. It may be anarchism, but it certainly is anarchism with a systematic method and a systematic collectivism as its ultimate aim.

The Story of the Australian Bushrangers. By George E. Boxall. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

Mr. Boxall gives us in this book of nearly 400 pages an interesting and useful history of the origin, progress, and decline of Bushranging in Australia. The cruelly brutal treatment of the convicts—men who had, perhaps, been transported for stealing a sheep or a purse (or they may have been "political agitators, industrial rioters, or machine breakers," who were subject to transportation less than 100 years ago)—drove them to take any risks to break away, and all the crimes they subsequently committed to prevent recapture and keep themselves alive cannot prevent one feeling sympathy and pity for them, and hot anger against their merciless persecutors at the convict stations. Some of the early stories are gruesome in the ex-

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treme, but, as being comparatively recent history, should not be missed.

Interesting light for many readers will be found in Chapter II. on the reason for, and course of, the trouble with the Australian Blacks, which, from its association with Bushranging, had to be introduced here.

The holding-up by four or five Bushrangers of whole towns, as was done at Canowindra and Jerilderie, seems hardly credible, and yet there is no question that it was done. Each of these towns was "held up" for three days by a few men, who simply pleased themselves as to whether they robbed everyone or contended themselves with what was in the bank. The population of Jerilderie was about 300 at the time the Kelly gang held it up, and one reads with astonishment of the ease and simplicity with which it was managed.

MUSIC.

Old and New: Two Recent Books.*

Probably no art has been less intelligently discussed by critics and historians than Music. The explanation is very simple. Composers are not, as a rule, interesting or intelligent people, and critics, almost without exception (in this country, anyway) are concert reporters or dictionary compilers who have not the slightest pretension to creative musicianship, and who must speak therefore of the outside while pretending to diagnose the inside.

If we dismiss the long period between Purcell and Elgar as sterile (I can imagine the patriotic horror of Mr. Joseph Bennett at such a heresy, but then we forget the ancient illusions of the "Daily Telegraph"), we may understand at the same time that where there was art there were no critics of art. To-day, when there are only half a dozen musicians in England, and they of use to the adornment of the scene, it is not to be wondered at that there are not as many critics. Since the brilliant and naughty articles of Runciman in the "Saturday Review," the most courageous and honest of the few is Mr. Ernest Newman, at one time critic on the "Manchester Guardian." He has written the most sensible and intelligent survey of the work of Richard Strauss that has appeared in England.

I have read the little book from beginning to end with the greatest enjoyment. Of course, having (transitory) opinions of my own about Strauss and other people, I do not pretend to believe all the gospel according to Mr. Newman. He endeavours here and there to sound the last trump of condemnation or approval, forgetting that in Music, of all things, appreciation is not so much a question of knowledge as a question of taste. In other words, what Mr. Newman "hears" (i.e., approves of) other people may not, and what he does not hear other people may.

For instance, in an eloquent tirade against the excessive characterization of Strauss, he goes out of his way to select, for purpose of illustration, two passages from "Don Juan," which he says do not convey the composer's intention. The first is said to represent a feeling of satiety in Don Juan's heart, and the second intends "to tell us that while the lady loves Don Juan, the hero has grown a little tired of the lady." Now, to me, the musical phrase in each instance is quite sufficient to convey the composer's intention, and I hereby throw down the gauntlet to Mr. Newman.

This is where his criticism, or anybody's criticism, must always run amuck. These things are outside the pale of formal analysis, and Mr. Newman must just sit still and feel glad or sorry (according to his humour) that "heard [sounds] are sweet, but those unheard are still and feel glad or sorry (according to his humour)."

* "Great Musicians." By Ernest Oldmeadow (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Richard Strauss." By Ernest Newman. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

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Debussy's harmonies lead him nowhere, I think he does not quite understand. Debussy's business is, sometimes, to describe a breath of wind or a rush of tumbling waves, or something equally unutterable. He describes things that are formalistically old-world and immeasurable; his word is perfectly inconsequent, and, as I think, inconsequently perfect. When the wind is whispering among the reeds it doesn't stop at the end of the paragraph and say "Q.E.D." like the emphatic announcement at the end of the Salome Dance. Mr. Newman has not yet discovered that there may be a synthesis in a vacuum.

Have you never watched the brave caprices of a little bit of thistledown floating in mid-air on a wintry day, Mr. Oldmeadow? Really and truly, it fails to behave itself as discreetly as a musical critic or as sedately as the Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge; its bearing is not circumspect, its manner highly individualistic, not to say rude; its business in life is distinctly unreasonable, and I am sure its rhythms are not approved of by the metronome. And do you not think it is sad that any of Monsieur Debussy's friends should really wish his harmony to be comprehensible? They are not good friends of his who would wish this; for an author who wants to show us a glimpse of some half dozen adventurous spirits would lose all self-respect if that half dozen became ten thousand half dozens? We do think we are advanced when we appreciate the revolutions in musical form that have been so successfully effected by Richard Strauss, but when we are faced by the harmonic abandonment of Debussy and are carried off our feet by the recklessness of his adventures among unresolved chords, we say "he leads us nowhere!" In the name of all progress, where do you want to go to, Mr. Newman? If you want to see the orthodox, coherent things, perhaps, and repudiate the thistledown? But you forget how you felt before you ever heard Strauss, whom you believe to have made incoherence coherent. Go one further, and believe that the tempered scale is doomed, and that in ten or twenty years' time we shall have arrived at a state of society in which all "sociological bar-


and in the working create, by the way, a municipalised tramway service where the men are better paid, fed, housed, and clothed, than afloatime, therefore more vigorous, better grumblers, demanding more, fighting better, making new demands, increasing, not decreasing, conflict. Every advance towards Socialism fortifies the combative instincts and the combative powers. For violent individualised opinion go to the Socialist committees; the individualism and splits of the Socialists are notorious. For violent and individualised political activity go again to the Labour Party and Mr. Victor Grayson. And for the real modern conflicts and expressions of personality on the stage, it is again the Socialist dramatists who must be consulted.

What Socialists are trying to do so much is that the drama of the present day is that it shirks the fundamental and essential conflicts in favour of the petty and superficial conflicts. What Socialists are trying to do is to put men and women on an equal footing. Therefore war is the most active and marked combat for it is a violence. For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

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

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Will anyone maintain that war is always an evil? I think not. I am not in the habit of shooting dogs that I know incapable of attacking me, but if a dog did so, I should think it a good thing to shoot it. One is bound, in the first instance, that war is a thing one must be prepared for, and prepared to wage with enthusiasm. Great nations have invariably built their success on that method, and if we owe in the past whatever they have contributed to the world's progress. As for the vanquished, a sudden collapse has often saved them from the worse fate of a lingering one.

The aim of the modernist movement in the Church of Rome is, Sir Francis Vane tells us, "to eliminate the material parts of that monumental structure." Is this so? I have heard of an excoriated creed, and always understood it was a poor thing; but what must be the condition of a monumental structure when all the material parts were eliminated?

If this is Sir Henry Vane's idea of a Healing Question I beg to differ from him. I remember Professor Karl Pearson's definition of socialism as a leap up on the nearest lamp-post. Have we found "the common centre" towards which both political and religious parties are directing their work? Is not that making a solitude and calling it peace?

SECRET IN NURSING HOMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The increasing number of nursing homes and the recent discussion as to the advisability of placing them under Government control may lead one to pause and ask a few questions regarding the inner side of these establishments.

They have been accepted in the unquestioning spirit that most people adopt towards every suggestion which emanates from the medical profession, and undoubtedly their utility has not been questioned, instances as they have supplied a practical solution of a positive difficulty. But now, when modern surgery is beginning to arouse something like fear, when experimental surgery and vivisection are closely allied, it is well to consider the possible abuses as well as the obvious uses of nursing homes, particularly when devoted to surgical cases.

In the first instance, patients are, to a considerable extent, cut off from relations and friends. It is true friends may call and make enquiries, but nurses are sworn to secrecy, and no further information can be elicited beyond the usual statement that the operation was a complete success. One might, perhaps, be even more valuable than their actual number of really worthy men (whose altered opinions must be irrevocably and inevitably silenced and paralysed from—sheer timidity!)

Change is life; opinions are undoubtedly matters of development and experience; if, however, we recant, remember, we are damned!

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allowed himself to be misled by the perfectly excusable search for noble ancestry on the part of the Maltese.

The truth regarding Maltese is, in brief, that originally largely Phoenician, it has been so altered by Roman and two centuries of Arab domination, as well as by natural decay, that though it is clearly seen to be fundamentally Semitic, it cannot be categorically classified, though it is generally by Semitic philologists classed as a debased Arabic.

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To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In "Notes of the Week" of your this week's (Oct. 3rd) issue you say: "It is very hard to get details about the various schemes of amalgamation that are being projected and carried out in the railway world."

Perhaps the following particulars may be interesting:

1. There is now no competition between the Midland and the London and North-Western Companies; all receipts of traffic competitive to the two companies are now being pooled.

2. All Great Central, Great Northern, and Great Eastern agents have instructions not to canvass against each other. They must concentrate their efforts upon their opponents.

As you know, Lancs and Yorks. Co. have a working agreement with the London and North Western Co. They are really in amalgamation with that company. So now we need only the Great Western Co. in one of these combinations, and then there will be only two railway companies, that matter anything at all, in England. H. P.

PHOENICIAN MALTA.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In Poe's "Murder in the Rue Morgue" the angry utterances of the murderer are overheard by a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Spaniard, and others. The Frenchman is sure the language was German. Questioned: he does not know German. The German is confident the words were English. Interrogated: he knows no English. The Englishman, a Spaniard, and others, have a working arrangement with the London and North Western Co. They are really in amalgamation with that company. So now we need only the Great Western Co. in one of these combinations, and then there will be only two railway companies, that matter anything at all, in England. H. P.

The uneducated, uncultivated, uncritical type should for a moment entertain such ideas is incredible enough; but that a man of learning, of authority, of experience, should then, from the good sense to keep them secret in the unpublic recesses of his great mind—this is stigouous! This is surely not the manner of the age.

Overlooking other more or less assailable points in Professor Saintsbury's comments on Nietzsche, the following Arabic.

...of Wagner, that he is a hiero-

...séduscér and poisoner of art," we can but shake our

...words, with which he concludes, really speak for themselves:

...various schemes of amalgamation that are being projected

...a few years between the judgments of Schopenhauer, that

...a few years between the judgments of Schopenhauer, that

...inarticulate ejaculations of an orang-outang which each thus generously classified as a

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