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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 in announcing that the proprietors of THE NEW AGE and "The New Age Press" have decided

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We still await an authoritative pronouncement as to the Government's intentions in the matter of unemployment. The Premier's speech at Earlston was wholly inconclusive, referring as it did mainly to what he had done or failed to do in the past, and scarcely at all to what he meant to do in the future. To have spoken of the Licensing Bill and the Scotch and English Land Bills as serious attempts to cut off at their source even part of the streams of unemployed and casual labour was the merest trifling, scarcely worthy, we should have thought, either of the occasion or of Mr. Asquith's high position.

Mr. Churchill's speech at Dundee, which we discuss at length elsewhere, will certainly enhance his reputation. Both in tone and matter it marks a great advance upon the sort of utterance we were accustomed to from the late Under Secretary for the Colonies. Indeed, it places Mr. Churchill, where he has never been before, in the very front rank of extra-Parliamentary spokesmen. He will count for the future in the country as well as in the House of Commons. Compared with that of Mr. Asquith, his speech presented a pleasant contrast, for it really dealt straightforwardly and appreciatively with the economic problem which has for so many years been before, in the very front rank of extra-Parliamentary spokesmen.

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Sir Christopher Furness, bless him, is tired of grasping Trade Unions and profit-destroying trade disputes. Also, he fears that England's supremacy in shipbuilding is about to depart to Japan. So he has generously offered to sell his shipbuilding business to the Trade Unions, or, alternatively, to take all his employees into "partnership" upon condition that they eschew for ever their habit of striking for higher wages and all other effective forms of collective action. The first offer was not, of course, intended seriously, though its acceptance would doubtless delight Sir Christopher. The object of making it was solely that of forcing the Trade Unions to admit by implication that they do not wish to carry with them no voice in the management of company. Reduced to plain and candid terms Sir Christopher's offer amounts to this: "I want you who work for me to have a financial interest in my business, so I propose that you shall save up your money and invest it with me on special terms. I will not refer to the fact that you can already do this if you choose by saving up and buying ordinary shares in my company in much better terms, because that fact does not improve the appearance of my present offer, and I want you to accept it. I shall also expect you to promise never to strike nor question again the offer, and I want you to accept it. I shall also expect you to promise never to strike nor question again the absolute authority of your generous senior partner." Did Sir Christopher Furness really imagine that the Trade Unions could be taken in so easily? His reputation for business ability has never been very high in commercial circles, but such simplicity as this is scarcely credible. We have not the heart to call him bad names.

The interview of M. Isvolsky with the English Foreign Office has not, as the foolish "Daily Mail" announced, put an end to the crisis in the Near East. Nor can critical states of affairs, so long as there is a possibility of diplomatic combinations, be regarded as a catastrophe. There are two difficulties in the way of our understanding the whole situation— firstly, the lying of the diplomats, the other is the diversity of honest opinions. With the former we shall have as little to do as possible, but with the latter our concern is to present as many of them as possible for the reflection and judgment of our readers. Our three contributors on the subject this week are each qualified either by special study or by first-hand knowledge to express an opinion of importance. Mr. R. A. Scott James was the first secretary of the English Balkans Committee, and both he and Mr. H. C. Woods have travelled in the Near East. The qualifications of "Stanhope of Chester" are already well known to our readers. We reserve our own comments till the experts have spoken.

The speech which Mr. Balfour delivered at Durnfries last week was not calculated to please the more ardent section of the party which he is said to lead. He described the official policy of Security of Society as the only possible means of "the first great constructive reform of the Unionist Party," and in that short time he managed to repudiate the strongest argument which Protectionists have relied upon in the country. He admitted that his scheme bore for the whole oscillation which produce unemployment. We do not suppose that his followers will hesitate to continue expressing a contrary opinion, but the blow is rather a severe one for Mr. Bonar Law and the Young Tories. To the Liberals Mr. Balfour referred as honest but misguided folk, whose plans for reform were never found to produce the results he had hoped. He added that the Government had not thought out the various parts of their social programme as parts of a coherent whole. With this criticism we are entirely at one. The Liberals have no definite plan. They do not know themselves whether they are reformers or reactionaries, and whether they change their name. Their difficulty is obvious; for what could a coherent scheme of Social Reform on democratic lines be but Socialism?

The Cape delegates to the Convention which is about to meet at Durban to consider the Federation of South Africa were given a worthy send-off from Cape Town last week. All the prominent men of the colony were present and some important speeches were delivered. The most striking came from Mr. H. Strachey, who expressed enthusiasm for the whole project is somewhat lukewarm. He confessed himself afraid lest the Liberal native policy of Cape Colony should be swamped in a United Parliament—in fact, lest the methods of Natal should be repeated. Mr. Balfour referred as honest but misguided folk, and dwelt upon the need for England to safeguard the rights of the natives before parting finally with her responsibility in the Protectorates. We have frequently expressed a similar view in these columns, and we welcome the evidence of Colonial feeling that at last there is a high time that we had a uniform and consistent native policy administered throughout the Empire by a single representative Imperial authority. But until that authority is constituted it is the duty of the British Government to perform its local functions under the direction of a combination of high-mindedness. We trust Lord Crewe will take due note of Mr. Schreiner's words.

At Leeds on Sunday the unemployed and the Suffragettes gave a dress rehearsal of the joint performance in Parliament Square, which at the time of writing is promised for Tuesday. The Suffragettes were demonstrating energetically outside the Leeds Coliseum, where Mr. Asquith was speaking, when an unemployed procession arrived. Mrs. Baines, who was addressing the crowd, gave way at once and joined forces with the newcomers, recognising the superior urgency of their business with the Premier. The allies were not, however, long left in peace by the police, and eventually six arrests were made, the prisoners being equally divided between the two sections. If these chance combinations are to be taken as an augury, the future of both agitation is assured. Each alone was strong; together they should be irresistible.

The Church Congress, which was opened at Manchester on Wednesday will be dealt with in these columns by the Rev. Conrad Noel, who himself took part in the discussion on Socialism. We cannot, however, leave the subject here without some reference to the Presidential address delivered by the Bishop of Manchester. So entirely admirable was it that it almost leads us to believe that there is even yet hope of the Church freeing herself from her traditional bondage as the hired servant of commercialism. Dr. Knox's condemnation of the selfish indifference of the rich and his picture of the coming of Socialism were both worthy of the Church and Principe, and the methods by which it is recruited are not wholly unrepresented, it seems, upon the Bench of Bishops.
The experiment was watched over by a committee of the International Tuberculosis Congress. This shocking incident shows that it is high time some limit was put upon the activities of these scientific inquirers. The case against vivisection and experimental investigation on animals and human beings is that it brutalises every person who comes in contact with its methods. Vivisection once begun and once permitted will never stop until it reaches its logical conclusion of wholesale experiment on human beings. When that point is reached, there will be a public outcry, and the vivisector will be swept into oblivion. But we fear there will be much human and animal misery inflicted ere the public conscience denies the vivisecutor a place in the toleration of society.

The Coming Session.

Some acrid cynic has averred that the State is best governed during the Parliamentary recess. At the beginning of the autumn Session it requires no cynicism to doubt the utility of the coming deliberations of Parliament. The pathetic reason alleged for the holding of an autumn Session is an overcrowded legislative programme. The over-crowded programme extends itself from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a 'Labour' Member may be forgiven for refusing to be a party in Parliament willing to give that problem first place and to stake its future on the solution, then one must be created whatever may be involved in its inception. We are sick to death of Parliamentary capers. We would save honest men with decent possibilities from the infection of the "Parliamentary manner." On sinking ship the most precise lady may be excused from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a "Labour" Member may be forgiven for refusing to learn the Parliamentary pirouette. Any man with the capacity to learn rules by rote can be a politician. But for a country wanting for its legislators persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules.

Meanwhile the country writhes and groans under its terrible incubus of poverty and unemployment. Ragged, unfed multitudes of unemployed, goaded to desperation, to the analysis and solution of the paramount social problem, not fine speeches on the legitimate use in election times. What do they know, what have they ever needed in dress for the evening meal. And given sufficient leisure, in that state of crisis. Parliament is their reflected image. When they have dropped their petty cants and isms, society may make a lunge forward. We have the measure; can they know of the haunting spectre that tracks every step of the luckless worker?

True—they have their specific worries. The Nemesis of their indifference is an insecurity periodically reaching panic. But they have only learned a few tricks of the Parliamentary manner and to stake their future on the solution, then one must be created whatever may be involved in its inception. We are sick to death of Parliamentary capers. We would save honest men with decent possibilities from the infection of the "Parliamentary manner.") On sinking ship the most precise lady may be excused from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a "Labour" Member may be forgiven for refusing to learn the Parliamentary pirouette. Any man with the capacity to learn rules by rote can be a politician. But for a country wanting for its legislators persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules.

After all, the coming session, and with it the Liberal Party, will be judged according to its capacity and inclination to grapple with the most pregnant situation that has ever confronted statesmanship. Will the men of brain and insight who exist in every party in the House be able to rise to this supreme occasion?

I state plainly and dogmatically that the problem of Unemployment and Poverty is the most urgent and pressing of all the problems. If there is not at present a party in Parliament willing to give that problem first place and to stake its future on the solution, then one must be created whatever may be involved in its inception. We are sick to death of Parliamentary capers. We would save honest men with decent possibilities from the infection of the "Parliamentary manner.") On sinking ship the most precise lady may be excused from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a "Labour" Member may be forgiven for refusing to learn the Parliamentary pirouette. Any man with the capacity to learn rules by rote can be a politician. But for a country wanting for its legislators persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules.

Surely the advanced wing of the Liberal Party have discovered the indigestibility of Liberal hucksters. The present session throws them and to stake their future on the solution, then one must be created whatever may be involved in its inception. We are sick to death of Parliamentary capers. We would save honest men with decent possibilities from the infection of the "Parliamentary manner.") On sinking ship the most precise lady may be excused from dressing for the evening meal. And surely a "Labour" Member may be forgiven for refusing to learn the Parliamentary pirouette. Any man with the capacity to learn rules by rote can be a politician. But for a country wanting for its legislators persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules.

As indeed always, we appeal to the people in a state of crisis. Parliament is their reflected image. When they have dropped their petty cants and isms, society may make a lunge forward. We have the measure; can they know of the haunting spectre that tracks every step of the luckless worker?
Mr. Churchill on Unemployment.

Mr. Churchill certainly deserves our heartiest congratulations. In his speech at Dundee on Friday last he achieved the highly improbable. During the past few months he has undertaken fresh and important responsibilities, both public and private, and in regard to the former, at all events, he has not been found neglectful, as Liberal Ministers go. Yet he has allowed neither his administrative education nor his private distractions to prevent him from studying the question of unemployment better purpose than any of his senior or more settled colleagues. That at least is the only conclusion that the country is in a position to draw. It may be, of course, that Mr. Asquith and the Inner Ring have also been gaining knowledge and wisdom of untold value, but if so, they have discreetly kept it all to themselves; and if they insist upon hiding their light under a bushel at such a critical time as the present, we can only assume that they have nothing to show. At all events, we can safely say that Mr. Churchill's speech was the clearest and most unemotional exposition of the fundamental facts of unemployment that the country has yet heard from a Liberal. It was not complete, and it did not lay down any definite remedial machinery; but the problem was stated with so much accuracy and detail as to foreshadow the lines of its own solution.

Mr. Churchill began with an admission of the "Right to Work." "I am here," he said, "to assert most emphatically the responsibility of the Government towards honest and law-abiding citizens." Making due allowance for the pedantic methods of speech which English Ministers always affect, even when they are caught young, this expresses precisely what we mean by the "right to work." Whether you recognise the "Right to Work," Mr. Churchill has been able to examine the as yet unannounced, and, if Mr. Churchill spoke with authority, it means that the whole question of casual labour is to be tackled at its roots. But how? The answer is simple, though Mr. Churchill did not give it—a system of compulsory labour exchanges. The man who employs casual labour does so because it pays him, without thought of the demoralising effects of his action upon the community. It is time he was made to think. Now, if Mr. Churchill talks of employing the unemployed at work, this is sure to be worth discussion unless it denies the right of employers to make direct contracts with their employees for less than a month's continuous service. When employers require casual workers, it is right that they should have the maximum freedom for casual labour in their district, and would pay them a regular minimum wage whether they were in or out of employment. The price charged for casual labour would have to be sufficiently high to cover the cost of maintaining the exchanges, and in this way employers should be made to pay directly for the remission of the evils they create. Whether this is really the plan that lay behind Mr. Churchill's words we do not know, but it is hard to conceive any other method of checking casual labour at its source. It is clear that employers who have labour exchanges, it is clear that to be effective employers must be legally obliged to resort to them, and, finally, it is clear that in common justice to the ordinary taxpayer the employers ought to bear the cost.

Under the third head Mr. Churchill discussed the exploitation of young persons who do men's work for boy's wages, and are turned off as soon as they demand men's wages for themselves. "No boy or girl," he said, "ought to be merely treated as cheap labour. . . . Up to eighteen years of age every young person in the country should, as in the old days of apprenticeship, be learning a trade as well as earning a living." Cut out the last phrase, and this would be an admirable expression of sentiment, but we doubt, even as it stands, whether it can be regarded as more than a protest. In any case, criticism would be premature until we know what practical proposals, if any, lie behind it.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Churchill's speech is, we repeat, by far the most important utterance that we have heard from a Cabinet Minister on the subject of Unemployment. If its various points may be taken as an indication of the proposals which the Government are to introduce next year, then it may be said that the Unemployed Act (1909) is likely to be the most worthy achievement of the present Parliament. There are, of course, many notable gaps in the argument. Any scheme of labour exchanges designed to check the future production of casual labour will necessarily throw hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men permanently out of employment. Are all these to be employed at afforestation? And what of the unemployables who have been produced by the system? Will they still have to face starvation or the workhouse? And what about Unemployment that is due, not to casual labour, nor to boy labour, nor to the general state of industry in the country, but to local and seasonal irregularities?

These are the questions which the Premier will have to answer when his matured scheme is presented to the country, and we cannot but regard them satisfactorily. Valuable palliatives he may discover, but the roots of the evil will remain ever ready to burst out here and there into a crop of destitute fathers and starving children. For Unemployment is the ultimate cause of the anxiety of the modern industrial competition, and, secondly, as Mr. J. A. Hobson pointed out in these columns a few weeks ago, by the unequal distribution of consuming power throughout the community. Competition and unearned incomes are the things that must be abolished if the bitter cry of the out-of-work is to be no more heard in the land. But since we are not prepared to let the question of Unemployment await the coming of Socialism, we look for something that will abate its horrors in the meantime. And Mr. Churchill has given us hope.
Cives Europae Sumus.

In the past few days the peoples of Europe have been the victims of events in other international politics which have transformed the calm of Eastern Europe into a raging mass of racial and economic rivalries. The Eastern Question has been reopened by the lawless acts of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Austrian Government. What the reopening of the Eastern Question may mean to the cause of world-reform we shall not attempt to prophesy; but no greater menace to the peace of Europe, and perhaps of the world, has existed since the days of Napoleon. It is incredible that the crimes of statesmen and govern-ments who have produced this state of affairs have been so flagrant that all parties in Great Britain have united in their denunciation. Radicals, Whigs, Liberal Unionists, Tories, and Socialists have found for once a common ground of agreement.

We do not believe that there has been any event in the last hundred years which has called forth such unanimous condemnation from every section of the British community as these various coups de main in the Balkans. The apologists for Austria and Bul-garia seek to palliate the gravity of their offences by claiming that no real change has taken place. It is argued that Bulgaria was, in fact, already independent of Turkey, and that the Sultan's suzerainty was legal fiction. But a State that owes its very existence to the solemn international instrument and covenant called the Treaty of Berlin. The Prince of Bulgaria sits upon his throne by the goodwill of the Powers of Europe. For him to dispel Bulgaria independent autonomy by a single act without consultation with the signatories to the Treaty of Berlin was an unlawful proceeding, and, if, conditioned, would involve that any power, when it was so minded, might divest itself of its honourable undertakings. That statesmen should be so shameless as to contend that such a breach of an international instrument should not be censured because it may not affect, to any substantial extent, the status quo is one of the most serious symptoms of these transactions. But is such a breach of the Bulgarian statesmen. The flimsy nature of these hollow excuses is not bettered by the self-styled "King" Ferdinand's blasphemous assertion that his illegal proclamation had the "blessing of the Almighty." Into Bulgarian rejoinders we need not attempt to introduce this discussion. It is sufficient to note: "Who are the murderers of Stambul?" The "Svoboda" put that interrogation to Prince Ferdinand thirteen years ago, and he has never dared to answer. The two events which have attracted the most attention to Bulgaria have been both treacheries of its Jew-Catholic Prince. One was complicity in the murder of a remarkable Minister; the other is a contemptuous disregard of those principles which govern the harmony of nations. We wish the Bulgarians joy of their new "King," we deplore Eng-land's part in creating Bulgaria as a State of the European polity.

The second revealed law-breaker is Austria. We fear the Triple Alliance and Russia have been privy to the Balkan aggression toward Turkey. But Germany, Russia, and Italy have not yet chosen to disclose what their share in the booty is to be. It is possible that neither Germany nor Russia were fully conscious of the lengths to which Austria intended to carry her piratical designs of those who seek to aggrandise themselves at their expense. On this occasion, we are welcome an announcement that the Government of England could be utilised to no better purpose than to depress, almost to the point of entire subjection, the political independence of the Government of Constantinople. The formal jurisdiction of that Government extends over geographical positions which must, under all circumstances, be of the deepest interest to Great Britain. It cannot be otherwise than a matter of extreme solicitude to this country that the Government to which this jurisdiction belongs should be so closely assailed by the "fear the Triple Alliance " and Russia have been privy to the Bulgarian treachery. Austria and Bulgaria, and even existence, is almost impossible."

Lord Salisbury, in his recent speech, summarised the reasons why England should maintain Turkish independence. We venture to think that that reasoning holds good today. Moreover, it is the duty of England, as the most powerful nation in Europe, to insist on Austria and Bulgaria respecting the laws of nations. We support the struggles of nationalities to secure freedom; but we are firm upholders of Internationalism. It is one of the fundamentals of Internationalism that the political and inter-State disputes of Europe should be regulated by the established principles of international law and juridical right. Austria has aimed a deadly blow at the stability of the European polity. The might of England could be utilised to no better purpose than for the protection of Turkey from the attacks of international malefactors; and we are confident that the people of England, without distinction of party, would welcome an announcement that the Government of Eng-land was determined to safeguard the independence of her enemies. Like the Turks, we are citizens of Europe Cives Europae numus! and we are bound, as citizens, to preserve the property of the weak from the piratical designs of those who seek to aggrandise themselves at their expense. It is one of the most unhappy to think, England's duty and interest point, not to a policy of mischievous inactivity, but one of masterly activity."

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER,"

may indicate that Austria has some qualms of con-science about her conduct.

The secret agreement between Austria and Turkey relative to the Bosnian provinces, recently published in Paris by M. Hanotaux, has destroyed any shadow of justification there might be for Austria's wanton seizure of Turkish territory. Austria has pledged her word, through Count Andrassy, that the rights of the Sultan in the Bosnian provinces should not be affected "par le fait de l'occupation." Mr. Gladstone, in 1880, in memorable language, justly arraigned Austrian foreign policy. "Austria has been ever been the unfinished foe of freedom in every country of Europe . . . There is not an instance—there is not a spot upon the whole map where you can lay your finger and say ' There Austria did good.' The law of nations has been trampled on by the latest disciple of Bismarck, Baron von Aehenthals, with the connivance of the Austrian Emperor. By her cynical invasion of Turkish rights Austria has forfeited the friendship of England, and when the Turk and the Servian are at the gates of Vienna, the Austrian national-
A Plea for Bulgaria.
By R. A. Scott James.

It is only an earth-shaking event like the Turkish revolution which puts Englishmen in the strange position of having no differences of opinion. All that is articulate in this country has declared unanimously in favour of the Young Turks and the miraculous transformation of a Government without bloodshed and almost without violence. Englishmen who always loved the Turks because they stood for the virtues of faith, courtesy, and quietude can now agree with those who hated the Turks because they tolerated despotism, corruption, and cruelty. For almost the first time in history we have seen the military element called in to effect a revolution which was to make the civil element supreme.

Nothing but the complete patriotism and self-controlled wisdom of the members of the Committee of Union and Progress could have produced this unprecedented result. It was natural that Englishmen of all parties should bestow unqualified enthusiasm and encouragement upon these orderly revolutionaries.

But because we have thrown our sympathies into the cause of the Turks, that is no reason why we should refuse our sympathies elsewhere. The outburst of indignation against the Bulgarian declaration of independence, natural enough in the Tory papers, was an astonishing exhibition of inconsistency in those Radical papers which have hitherto supported the small nations and the right of every people to self-government. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain in the way of prestige to gain by a generous attitude towards Turkey. A nation which has not yet attained its prestige to gain by a generous attitude towards Turkey is, ethically, a matter precisely the opposite of that which actuated Bulgaria. Bulgaria asserts the principle of national freedom; Austria asserts the principle of annexation and subjection. Her administration in those provinces has been marked by repression and officialdom, not so gross it is true as that which prevailed in unrefomed Turkey, but inevitable when the rulers are out of sympathy with the people, and are anxious to stamp out all evidences of racial feeling and patriotism.

Austria desires Bosnia and Herzegovina merely as a stepping-stone to Salonica. Though she has long been in control of the railway which passes from Servia down to that great port of the Aegean, she has never done anything to encourage the development of the surrounding country. The Austrian gendarmerie officers and the Austrian officialdom, not so gross it is true as that which prevailed in unrefomed Turkey, but inevitable when the rulers are out of sympathy with the people, and are anxious to stamp out all evidences of racial feeling and patriotism.

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In seizing Bosnia and Herzegovina, Austria-Hungary not only breaks the Treaty of Berlin signed by herself, but also acts from a principle precisely the opposite of that which actuated Bulgaria. Bulgaria asserts the principle of national freedom; Austria asserts the principle of annexation and subjection. Her administration in those provinces has been marked by repression and officialdom, not so gross it is true as that which prevailed in unrefomed Turkey, but inevitable when the rulers are out of sympathy with the people, and are anxious to stamp out all evidences of racial feeling and patriotism.

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The Ideal Home Exhibition.

The Lord Mayor, after having bought an entirely useless and absurdly ugly cake-stand—a piece of furniture which seems specially designed for the abodes of Lord Mayors and City Aldermen—said in opening the Exhibition that "nice" was the watchword of the promoters. The Exhibition itself was not "nice"; it was "neat" and "smart" but not "nice." It is a sad fact that where, as in this Exhibition, there is no desire to return to the standard at which we remember it years ago, As Englishmen we recognise the fact that we want to bring back comfort to all homes, etc.

If we have any inkling of the Exhibition's meaning we should say that the promoters aim at just the opposite. We hope that their object is to prevent any return to the standard of comfort which we not only remember years ago, but which we can actually see around us to-day. How far this Exhibition succeeds therein we shall point out directly, but if we have rightly guessed the desires of the promoters we can, at all events, credit them with good intentions.

Machines abound for completing all kinds of things which the world might the better forego; complicated machines exist for the fashioning of things which are more pleasantly and beautifully made without such aid. It seems that even strange that precisely where no art or skill is needed, where it is almost entirely a matter of sheer drudgery, either no labour-saving appliances have come to our help, or there is an untutored ignorance of the inventions that have been made. Where, that already exist, which can sweep the life of many an overworked and 'worried' woman.

We lived for some time near the house of a vicar, a house ascended by a considerable flight of stairs. Day after day—Sundays and weekdays alike—a poor old woman was down on her knees washing and beating the wretched steps that five minutes later were blackened by the boots of callers or by that foul squire's retinues in overalls.

A little sense on the part of the builders and a little decent respect for human beings on the part of householders would soon furnish a suitable substitute for the white stones and the accompanying immorally useless labour which was ever witnessed by us in the gall of bitterness.

It is especially in the woman's sphere of work, in the home that we cling to all the worst classes of unnecessary toil, and that we have little knowledge of what can be said to lighten it. Contrast even the much newer flats at a moderate rental for the middle class in London with the very cheapest in New York. We find that our homes allow us to put up with much the most ridiculous inconveniences. Flats rented at a few dollars in New York are heated from the basement, are supplied with hot and cold water, have convenient rubbish hampers, have kitchens where washing-up leaves half its terror in losing all its grossness.

We fear that visitors will leave the Exhibition but little the wiser; the place is more suitable for the expert than for the inexperienced. All sorts and conditions of helpful contrivances are no doubt to be found by a diligent search, but there is an utter absence of any systematic grouping. The ignorant but inquiring are evils that might easily be remedied, but the latter is the more pressing. And we mean sufficient accommodation—not some make-shift hole and corner, ample living-rooms, a bed-room for each adult with porcelain lavatory with hot and cold water—a bath-room to each family—these are the most elementary requirements.

Among the exhibits that much pleased us were "Windolene," which cleans windows without water; the Burbone Barless Fireplace; this or some other pattern of the "Heaper" Firegrate of Messrs. Bratt and Co. We shall not be content to dwell till the working classes are dissatisfied with anything but the very best in these simple necessities of life.

We hope it will not seem discourteous if we hint that the cots in this model creche were much too closely situated; that the Aseptic contrivance for the mother—this is left to those who denounce us as most immoral wretches.

Socialists are so often accused, and rightly enough, of a desire to destroy the home that we are well pleased when on occasion we can exclaim, "You're another." Visit the crèches of the National Society of Day Nurseries, and learn how our present industrial system destroys not only the home, but the mother. To quote the catalogue: "The tiny occupants, whose ages range from one month to six years, are the children of the poor, hardworking parents. They are brought daily to the crèche to be taken care of while their mothers earn their livelihood during the day . . ."

The infants are fed by means of a contrivance known as the 'Amater Feeder.' So far as we are aware, Socialists have never suggested substituting a contrivance for the mother this is left to those who denounce us as most immoral wretches.

The cots in this model crèche were much too closelyuddled; the sides of the cots were unduly high, so that the poor infant lies in a deep well, and there were quite needless curtains about the head; but the Aseptic Beds with which they are fitted are really splendid. The dirty, stuffy old-fashioned mattress should (and would in a week "under Socialism") become a thing of the past, to be replaced by Dr. Zambotte's excellent invention.

We hope it will not seem discourteous if we hint that stalls 318 and 319 do not exhibit what is, in our opinion, ideal literature for the ideal home.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & After Dinner.
Tory Socialism in Liverpool.

Hugh Crow, the old slaver-captain, stumped up Lord Street, spy-glass under arm, to view the shipping and to pluck heroes of the good old times. But they made the "middle passage" and established the fortunes of the port of Liverpool in piracy and traffic in human cargo, concluded that with the Abolition of the Slave Trade the glory of Liverpool had departed. Liverpool as it were would have considered it, the prosperity of Liverpool was then only beginning; and within a century the trade and shipping of the port were to reach dimensions greater than those of the whole of the slavery days.

To-day the traffic passing in and out of England through this Gate of the West finds employment for 33,000,000 tons of shipping yearly—a total greater than the actual tonnage of all the ships in the world.

With an oversea trade exceeding that of London, Liverpool from its earliest days had the wisdom to socialise its docks and harbour. With the trilling exception of a tiny inlet made for the Duke of Bridge-water's canal (now owned by the Manchester Ship Canal Co.), all the docks on the Liverpool side of the Mersey were originated, built, and managed by a public body for the common good.

The city has all the usual municipal "trading" departments, with the exception of gas, which is supplied by a joint-stock company, paying easily its ten per cent. annual dividend. But even this service is not neglected by the city: a meter-testing department protects the citizens against unfair charge, and undertakes inspection of fittings and regular care of incandescent lights for a small payment. The electric lighting undertaking was purchased in 1896, and, after considerable extensions of service, has repeatedly reduced prices to consumers. Small workshops are encouraged to use electric-power, and suitable schemes for such concerns may be hired from the Corporation. The tramways have also been very profitable to the city. Among the latest developments are first-class cars at double the ordinary fares, and trackless vehicles for ousting sparsely-populated districts.

It is, however, for its housing schemes that the Liverpool Corporation is most widely known. Visitors from the Continent frequently carry away plans and details of the "dwellings for the poorest poor," in order to adapt the ideas to their own needs. A few attempts of doubtful success, the Council allowed its considerable extensions of service, has repeatedly re- considered prices to consumers. Small workshops are encouraged to use electric-power, and suitable schemes for such concerns may be hired from the Corporation. The tramways have also been very profitable to the city. Among the latest developments are first-class cars at double the ordinary fares, and trackless vehicles for ousting sparsely-populated districts.

With all this municipal Socialism, the local Socialists have had next to nothing to do. The city has been ruled by Tories since the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835; save for a short period of three or four years in the nineties, when the Whigs were in power there were no Radicals in Liverpool such as those found in Manchester or among London Progressives. A feeble movement in favour of taxing land values is occasionally discernible; but it depends for artificial existence upon the subsidies of a rich chemical manufacturer, who probably hopes to transfer burdens from "capital" to "land." There is no cry for reform or progress other than that which is made articulate by the Socialist bodies, and these after fifteen or twenty years' strenuous work have only placed two men in the Council. Whatever praise is due for Municipal Socialism in Liverpool must be rendered to case-hardened Tories, who would repudiate with scorn the epithet of Socialist. Throughout the texture of this municipal work there is no trace of conscious Socialist design—no definite intention of organised communal development. All is empirical—the outcome of the needs of the moment.

It is possible that the Socialist influence mysteriously penetrates the general body of citizens and prepares them to accept such Socialist measures as the reigning party from time to time brings forward. But as Richard Bell, M.P. recently declared to Liverpool at the "black spot of Trade Unionism," so it may also be called the "hopeless case" of Socialism. Notwithstanding which, the city can fill its largest halls with perspiring crowds to hear Socialist orators, and it maintains in more or less strenuous form branches of each of the S.D.F. and I.L.P., a Fabian Society, an Anarchist-Communist group, and a Clarion Club—the latter a comfortable restaurant in the centre of the business quarter.
Fabianism and the Drama.

An Address delivered at Pen-y-rallt, 8th Sept., 1908.

By William Archer.

III.

We have seen that conflict is of the very essence of drama: and there is one form of conflict which peculiarly lends itself to theatrical treatment—that, to wit, which W. E. Henley has described as "the duel of sex." Now, you are all agreed, I take it, that the duel of sex must be relieved of some of its most painful, most barbarous, or, in other words, most dramatic, incidents. Probably there are wide differences of opinion among you as to what ought to be the normal forms of relationship between the men and women of the future. Probably, moreover, we are all too much bound up in prejudices, idealisms, and sentimentalities belonging to the present order of things to be able to speculate with much profit on the details of social reform in the sphere of sex. But there are certain broad principles on which, I take it, you are all agreed—which may almost be regarded as necessary corollaries to your economic principles. You would first of all agree, I presume, that the one thing of supreme import in the relations of man and woman is the welfare of the child or children resulting therefrom. But you would probably agree, too, that the welfare of children is not eternally and exclusively bound up in the integrity of the family, as it at present exists. Very often, indeed, the family is held together, to the moral and intellectual detriment of the children, simply by economic considerations, and by an invincible shrinking from any action that conflicts with use and wont. You would agree, then, that the legal bond between a man and woman should be so adjusted as to safeguard the best interests of their children, but otherwise to place no outward constraint upon them. In other words, you would agree that the mutual tyranny of marriage (for a one-sided tyranny it is not) should be greatly relaxed, and this is a result which will almost inevitably ensue when the woman becomes economically independent of the man, the man of the woman, and the children, in great measure, as an economic independent of him. Thus the dramas of marriage—the dramas which arise from the chafing of the legal bond—will cease to be; and with them will go dramas of the patri potestas, or parental tyranny. Let us think of a few instances. Quite obviously there will be no occasion for such a play as Mr. Shaw's "Gooseberries," which is simply an analysis of existing law and sentiment—an expansion of that little parenthesis of mine, "For a one-sided tyranny it is not." Obviously, too, there will be no occasion for such a play as "You Never Can Tell," with its floating of the patri potestas, nor for such a play as Sudermann's "Magda," in which the barbarous ideal of the patri potestas is reinforced by a still more barbarous ideal of militarism. An Ibsen of the second rank will find no occasion for a "Dally House," with its scathing exposure of the commonplace ideal of the home. Equally impossible will be such a play as "Ghosts," which merely continues the same exposure. Nora left the ideal monogamous home, and under circumstances which cast a very serious stigma on one of the parties. Even where no theological prejudice exists, the social spirit and the social mechanism are as yet ill-adjusted to the conception of marriage as a terminable contract. In the great majority of instances the economic dependence of the woman on the man raises serious difficulties. And—most serious difficulty of all—when the economic dependence is not in the real life of to-day; but in the life of a reasonably ordered future, how impossible! The case, as stated, is particularly simple, for Filmer Jesson is not a man who would have suffered deeply in his personal feelings if his wife had told him: "I cannot marry you as a mistake, I want you to join with me in taking steps to rescind it." Cases would doubtless arise (and I shall speak of them presently) in which strong personal feeling would underlie the outward bond, and the proposal to rescind it would cause much real suffering. But this is not such a case. If divorce by mutual consent had been possible, Filmer Jesson would have suffered only if, and inasmuch as, it was frowned on by the "best people." But in a Fabianised world this would not be the case; so that, I repeat, all economic law for the unity of secret and illicit passion would have passed away.

It may be objected that in countries such as France and certain States of America, where the divorce laws are already much more rational than they are with us, the dramas of marriage show no disposition to die out. The reasons for this are fairly apparent. In the first place, the law has—by some means or other, which we need not investigate—got far ahead of the great mass of popular sentiment. In France, as you know, the Church still declares marriage indissoluble; and so it remains, of course, to the Roman Catholics of America. Many Protestants, even, would admit divorce only under circumstances which cast a very serious stigma on one of the parties. Even where no theological prejudice exists, the social spirit and the social mechanism is are as yet ill-adjusted to the conception of marriage as a terminable contract. In the great majority of instances the economic dependence of the woman on the man raises serious difficulties. And—most serious difficulty of all—when the economic dependence is not in the real life of to-day; but in the life of a reasonably ordered future, how impossible! The case, as stated, is particularly simple, for Filmer Jesson is not a man who would have suffered deeply in his personal feelings if his wife had told him: "I cannot marry you as a mistake, I want you to join with me in taking steps to rescind it." Cases would doubtless arise (and I shall speak of them presently) in which strong personal feeling would underlie the outward bond, and the proposal to rescind it would cause much real suffering. But this is not such a case. If divorce by mutual consent had been possible, Filmer Jesson would have suffered only if, and inasmuch as, it was frowned on by the "best people." But in a Fabianised world this would not be the case; so that, I repeat, all economic law for the unity of secret and illicit passion would have passed away.
contradiction and confusion. In such a welter lies the dramatist's opportunity; and there is every likelihood of its lasting a century or two—perhaps even a millennium or two, if the great wars which Mr. Wallas was so sadly forecasting last week should intervene to check the course of civilisation. But I am assuming, remember, the ultimate success of your Fabian ideals, the ultimate establishment of a just, humane, and reasonable social order; and I say that, under such a dispensation, the dramas of marriage, in so far as it means an external voice upon the bent neck of man and woman, are bound to disappear.

The characteristic tendency of our present phase of barbarism, in regard to the relations of the sexes, is to make a monstrously exaggerated fuss over them. This tendency is partly a theological survival, but largely, too, a result of economic conditions—the necessity of ascertaining maintenance and safeguarding property. But in a Fabianised world there will be no necessity and no excuse for any such fuss. It is even conceivable—though this, I admit, is a wildly visionary forecast, to which, perhaps, even the Fabian imagination cannot stretch—it is even conceivable that it may become a point of honour among decent people not to talk about them at all. For all that, Chaucer, and as Chaucer says, to "demen gladly to the badder end." At any rate, there will be a vast diminution in the fuss made over marrying, giving in marriage, and so forth; and when there is no fuss there will be no drama. For when there is no reflection of the fuss we make over certain incidents in life?

I am far from pretending, however, that all the dramatic conflicts which arise from the relations of the sexes, puffy and interminable, strain, whether of law or of opinion. In speaking of "His House in Order," I admitted that if Filmer Jesson had been a different man, capable of feeling a really deep affection, and of suffering in any part of his nature more vital than his vanity, it would have been much more difficult to say what would have been the right course for Mrs. Jesson to pursue. Cases will always arise, no doubt, in which a conflict of real affections, a conflict of valid claims, or the simple conflict of desire with indifference, will beget at any rate the possibilities of drama. Let us think of a few dramas of to-day which we can imagine re-enacting themselves in the Fabianised future.

The list is short, but very noteworthy. I will begin at the other end with Mr. Shaw's "Candida." Certainly there will be cases in which a good and kind woman will have to choose between the claims of solid, stolid, prosaic affection, and reckless, iridescent, poetic love. But even more interesting are the deformities of our so-called civilised life. Progress will mean the elimination of such psychopathic disasters as these. But such cases as that of Mrs. Solness, or of Rita, or of Maeterlinck's Sélysette (translated into terms of modern life) are scarcely less morbid. Even if their hereditary predispositions were healthy (which we have reason to doubt), their education has equipped them with no resource beyond a limpet-like or, in Rita's case, a vampire-like, clinging to the man whom fortune has thrown in their path. It is starvation of the intelligence, or even of the mere mechanical energies, that makes any contrast in the life of the affections or the senses an intolerable tragedy to women—or to men for that matter—but much more often, of course, to women. Remember that in all these cases the tragedy is fomented by idleness. Mrs. Solness has nothing to do but brood over her balked instincts, Sélysette over her balked affection, Rita over her balked passion. Remember, too, that in that inexpressibly beautiful last act of "Little Eyolf," where Rita determines to take up life afresh, it is to a life of strenuous work that she looks forward; and it is on this resolve that Allmers runs up to the mast-head the flag that has pessimistically dropped at half-mast.

(Two Problems Solved.

"The Unemployed" and "Home Defence," without addition to the Rejoinder and Index.

By Dr. A. W. MARTIN (Medical Officer of Health for Gorton).

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"FREETHINKER.

TWO PROBLEMS SOLVED.

Price TWOPENCE.

PIONEER PRESS, 4, NEWCASTLE STREET, E.C.
The Proletariat at Home.

A MULTITUDE of faces dimly seen in a vast cloud of smoke. A great hall hung with banners; and within it a thousand tables. At every table a little group of men, and before every man a great stone mug of beer. A murmuring of many voices, laughter answering laughter, and here and there the short, sharp rattle and hot fusillade of argument. A shuffling of many feet, and a clinking of pewter lids upon the earthenware. In some distant corner a soft crooning that becomes a song, and, pouring out across the hall, swells triumphantly into splendid chorus, sweeping the lesser sounds before it as wreckagé before a wave, bearing the matter of burning faces upward upon its crest, till each man stands bareheaded, with uplifted arm, to greet its passing. The Marseillaise. The Marseillaise in Germany! It dies away, and in its stead there swells the International; the old anthem of a hundred fights. Up! Up! The stone mugs are lifted high, and every man is proud of the patch of blood-red colour that he wears, cravat or red rosette upon his breast. This is the Proletariat; no longer a vague abstraction of the doctors, the reformers, but a living, breathing reality.

Suddenly there comes a roar of cheering, drowning all speech and song. All heads are turned towards the wooden platform, hung with red festoons and lettered flags proclaiming "Gleichheit und Freiheit." A grey-bearded, slight-built figure makes his way to the front, and stands there calmly, with the air of a general on parade. August Bebel. He bows his head before the triumphant shout of welcome, and upon its last note turns away, giving place to the Chairman. This latter is—like other chairmen. Upon his left hand, at a small square rostrum, sits the Prefect of Police, keen-faced and alert, his official cap and sword lying before him. He remains stern and unmoved when the cheering is at its height, knowing well that he has no part nor lot in this matter, save only as a servant of the Crown. This shout goes up, that banner waves for freedom; and freedom has no place in his official round of duty. Only his eye wanders once, across the restless audience, and a great shudder falls, so that the very smoke lies still upon the air. But ever and again there comes the lightning flash, the white-hot, molten word; and sharply the thunder breaks, rolling out in one long, exultant roar. Once he speaks the Kaiser's name, and pauses but for an instant; but in its stead, out of the tumult, the Internationale is heard again above the din. The Prefect of Police gathers up his papers and his sword, puts on his cap of office, and retires. And so at length we pour into the streets to meet the driven snow. Already it lies deep, and there is no sound of all the many footsteps. Even the tumult of voices is soon left behind, and all is still save for a distant snatch of song.

At the street corner an old woman crouches over a tripod stove proffering roasted chestnuts in a paper bag. Two men in fur coats hurry past, catching an echo of the clamour, and one turns to the other with, "Ja, ja; die verfluchte Sozialdemokratie!"

In these last hours the city has grown strangely beautiful under its covering of snow. And strangely quiet. The crowded hall, the torrent of hot words come back as if from a dream. Here can be no class war, no slumbering volcano of revolution—only peace and sleep.

But when home is reached, I stand for a few moments at the window watching the snowflakes. A man passes along the street below, whistling. And his song is the Internationale.

Unemployed.

The builders build: but a voice out of the void Taunts them, a building. The insurgent main Rattles their hussar-blocks, its voice upbuoyed In challenge on a billow vastness of unappeased sea pain.

(O, sullen cunning of hearts employed in vain! O, heavy ground-swell of hearts unemployed, Dragging and dragging at those walls again!) I am a ship, An ocean-bridge, But I carry builders' freight from lip to lip Of the perilous main, Putting out and in again. Going, I rise and dip, Yet move as a team on a hills side Solemnly breaking the ground for grain; All about me the waste, a wide Unsown, unharvested plain. I am a ship, I know the voices of the tide, And the unsatisfied sea-pain. Thus, when I come to port And hear the invested millions say How the world goes well to-day (Their world)—though the waves snort, The walls abide, Take tribute, pay, Subdue the waves' wild pride:— However those walls may thwart, I can feel, in timber and stay Vibrating, the sway Of the waves that weigh Overhead with passion long denied! And my whole sea-world grows grey With the hostile hosts that ride Hither upon sea-horses to where, at bay This proud foe stands amid the investing tide.

I am a ship, I feel How all that restless, that resistless void, That weltering wild rain, That beautiful, unharried, infinite Sea-spirit, with its mystery and might, Sweeps unemployed— Or but employed in vain— About these builders and this little keel.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE. I found myself at Toulouse. It is the city which supplies Paris with journalists, politicians, and operatic artists. It has the characteristics of a capital. You may walk for a mile in the Rue Alsace-Lorraine and discover neither a book nor a single object of any kind that is a necessity of life. A multitude of fine shops—really very fine—for a town of 150,000 human beings—all organised and run on the same plan. It is as easy as fun to go into one of them and spend as much in five minutes as would keep a dock labourer or a philosopher for a month. I went out at 7.30 a.m. to buy a barber; and the maidens of Toulouse, all in sacrificial black, were already dusting and deckng the frontages of those fine shops. Two hours later a nice girl was standing at the splendid entrance of a shop nearly opposite my hotel waiting for me to go and buy away something from under her charge. A hot day! I considered that it was about time she had a seat. As the thought of varicose veins troubled me, I passed on, and stared at the walls of the municipal opera-house.

Now, Toulouse really does go to the opera! A municipal decree had just been posted up on the walls of the theatre. It regulated the débuts of the artistes provisionally engaged for the season. Each new artiste was to have three debuts, and the mayor enacted that debuts must always occur on Sundays or public holidays, so that the populace could assist thereat! In the last entr'acte of each performance the stage-manager was to come before the public its verdict. The public alone was to judge. If three performances left the public doubtful, then the artiste might have a fourth. An expert in Toulouse manners told me that the public was wont to signify its disapproval by means of eggs, potatoes, carrots. I knew how long, that confounded nice girl was still standing, bolt upright, waiting for me. Why no chair? The civic fathers of Toulouse ought to have guessed that in the interests of tourist traffic that girl should be provided with a chair. Such a spectacle puts the lordly tourist off.

I did at last find a bookshop. It was a very good one, if modern. The most ancient volumes I encountered in it were a lot of Randolph Caldecott's picture-books. I got what I have been "after" for years: a copy of "The Memoirs of Chateaubriand," published by Garnier Frères, and illustrated. It was written by H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S.; "Washed by Four Seas." By H. C. Woods, F.R.G.S.; with an introduction by Sir Martin Conway. T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1908. 75. 6d. net; 316 and xvi. pp, and a map.

I could not stomach this, and departed for Paris.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A Land of Unrest.

Mr. H. C. Woods has written a book which is well worthy attentive study during the continuance of the present situation in the Near East. His style has the clearness and directness of a soldier's. Though one knew nothing of the author's previous career, his method of writing reveals that he has been a soldier, and a good soldier.

There is an enormous amount of irrelevant matter in the book; but that is a failing common to all books of travel. From the military standpoint, there is much that is exceedingly valuable. The chapters on the defences of Constantinople and the Dardanelles are useful studies of the possibilities of Turkish defence. The modern defences of Constantinople are threefold—the land defences; the Bosporus defences; the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus has been much strengthened by the erection of Krupp guns since the Russian-Japanese war, with the result that any fleet which attempted to rush the Bosphorus would be badly mauled, even if it were seaworthy in getting across.
through. The Bosphorus has been resolutely misused very heavily, but Mr. Woods does not mention that a line of dynamite and other explosive material, sufficiently powerful to blow to pieces any warship which was unfortunate enough to be cruising in its track, had been laid down the Bosphorus Channel. Mr. Woods points out: "As long as the forts of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus remain impregnable, so long will Constantinople be secure from any naval attack from Western Europe." The Dualities would attend a passage of the Dardanelles as a dash through the Bosphorus. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that the defences of the Dardanelles are of vital importance; and that they should largely influence the Near Eastern Question. This statement is somewhat at variance with the disclosures of the Dardanelles, all these considerations would still remain as ingredients of the Near Eastern Question.

In the chapter on the Rhodope Balkans, which are the ranges skirting the southern frontier of Bulgaria, Mr. Woods refers to the work the Turkish Government has been carrying out in improving the roads, so as to simplify an advance on the Bulgarian frontier.

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Yet exposing the human heart, with its frailties, its moments of genial kindliness, its ideals shattered by ignorance, the author, by his gift of a wise and noble tolerance, tempers his Positivist science by sympathetic and magnanimous insight.

Knut Norby, the wealthy farmer, kindly family man, enjoying his prominent position in his district, proud and sure of his strength, rejoicing in any battle for the battle's sake, has committed an indiscretion. He had omitted to inform his wife that he had gone bail for a friend, Wangen, who has become bankrupt. Like all willful and vigorous men, Norby stands in much awe of his wife, whom he knows will not readily forgive this folly, so he rejoices in any possible postponement of the announcement. A rumour gets current that Wangen has forged Norby's signature, a rumour which Norby at first regards as absurd, and one which he must stop. His path from silent acquiescence to direct accusation in court against Wangen is described with power and clearness. The means by which Norby essays to soothe his conscience are common to men. He is told that Wangen declares that the deed was signed at the Café Grande. "That's not true," thought Norby, "it was at the Hotel Carl Johan..." But in the Grand Café! That's a downright lie. For I never in my life put my name to any paper there. What a contounded liar he is!"

Whilst Norby's success all along seems but to strengthen and ennoble him, Wangen's vain attempt to prove his innocence drags his weak character further and further into the pit. He fastens the blame for his ill-chance on his enemies, on his family, even on his devoted and loving wife, anyone but on his own imprudence. Wangen, in prison, almost believes he has committed the forgery. Norby, banquetted by his townsmen, is at peace with God and man. "But there is one thing I can't understand, and that is how people can stand, like Wangen, with a calm face and lie in court. God help those who have no more conscience than to do it."

There is an Introduction by Hall Caine; we have spoken. Perhaps on account of this ignorant Introduction, the binding and get-up of the book are in the worst style of Sunday school prize-books. We have only one fault to find with this extremely interesting and clever novel. It is the impossibility, or at least high improbability, of the incident on which the rest of the book hangs suspended. Two lovers are eloping by train. One of them is a married lady, now at last prepared for freedom. The railway journey is to last only two hours, their privacy has been secured by a tip to the guard, the light is covered, and then—well, then, after a few kisses, the two lovers go to sleep! The lady dies from heart failure in her sleep, leaving the man to extricate both her honour and his own from the consequent situation. How does he this to the satisfaction of the husband and everybody but a clairvoyant we must leave the reader to discover. For ourselves, we return to the above-mentioned incident, and remark simply that we cannot believe it.

The Uttermost Farthing. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

We have only one fault to find with this extremely interesting and clever novel. It is the impossibility, or at least high improbability, of the incident on which the rest of the book hangs suspended. Two lovers are eloping by train. One of them is a married lady, now at last prepared for freedom. The railway journey is to last only two hours, their privacy has been secured by a tip to the guard, the light is covered, and then—well, then, after a few kisses, the two lovers go to sleep! The lady dies from heart failure in her sleep, leaving the man to extricate both her honour and his own from the consequent situation. How does he this to the satisfaction of the husband and everybody but a clairvoyant we must leave the reader to discover. For ourselves, we return to the above-mentioned incident, and remark simply that we cannot believe it.

Renée. A Romance. By Henry Curties. (Grant Richards.)

If Mr. Henry Curties is ambitious of making a place for himself as a worker in that field of French historical romance which exercises so strong a fascination over a number of English novelists, he will find it necessary to put a good deal more labour and intelligence into his scenes and characters than are to be found in "Renée," which concerns a change of brides successfully contrived for the benefit of Francis I. We have not been able to discover why Mr. Curties should drop the thread of his story in order to re-tell the story of Joan of Arc's death, nor can we congratulate him on his partial portrait of the Chevalier Bayard. The writing is stilted; but it has been our fate to read many a worse attempt at this kind of fiction.
The Sway-Boat.

The new play at the Kingsway is a tragedy in three acts, by Mr. Witrid T. Coleby. It is the good average play of to-morrow; compared with yesterday it is a good modern play. "The Sway-Boat" is one of the results of the new spirit in the drama; it will help to form the tradition of the craft, but it does not itself contain stimulation for the future. It has no ideas, but it is, as the average drama of the future must be, alive.

That there is a good deal of the morbid about "The Sway-Boat" is one of its chief merits—we are morbid; this is not strange. But comparatively few people know how delicious and nutritious a very finely-ground wholesome meal is. Those who do know, refuse to eat white flour in any form.

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external world of fixed forms and conventions, which they take for people do act and speak in this way in real life, but Mr. Wilfrid T. Coleby has got to get behind real life, and conspire with gods and devils to see not only living men and women, but something through men and women, and by conceiving of men and women people are too solid, too real; there is no light shining out of them. They convey us no sense of the value of life, only of the vexations and pains of life.

The introduction of some perception of standards of value outside the individual's immediate pleasures or pains is what differentiates the great play from the good average play of the competent craftsmen. The essentially great play may have serious faults of construction, as for example Miss Margaret Mackay's "Gates of the Morning"; the essentially average good play may be well done, as is Mr. Coleby's tragedy, but craft can be learned with ordinary diligence, and at least something of greatness is required to approach greatness. Indications of the nature of the standards of value referred to will be found however in the Old and New Testaments; in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and other works by the same author; and in a number of volumes beginning with Confucius and coming down to George Bernard Shaw.

I should like Mr. Coleby to make his people shine out with beauty for us from the midst of their ugliness, as Mr. Mansefield made his people shine out with beauty from the middle of the sordidness of " Nan." But I am not going to pretend that the absence of this illumination interfered with my enjoyment of "The Sway-Boat" on its own merits. Produced and acted as it was, "The Sway-Boat" is an arresting performance. Miss Ashwell's choice of the play is certainly justified by her own acting of Lady Kilross the heroine. In a way Lady Kilross is better than Irene Vycherley, and all the rest of the characters acted up to the same level. Particularly good was Miss Kate Borke.

Taking its lack of illumination for granted, everything in the play went excellently with the exception of the hint of reunion in Heaven already referred to, on which the curtain comes down. Miss Lena Ashwell's power of interpreting the overstrung woman is almost morbidly good. I wish that this power of ripping and tearing nerves were applied to the interpretation of a bigger and less morbid piece of work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible. Correspondence for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

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

A VINDICATION OF BULGARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

During the past few days two of the most glaring infringements of an international treaty have been perpetrated. The twenty-fifth article of the Treaty of Berlin defines the status of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, whilst the first clause of the same document lays down the position which Bulgaria is to hold amongst the countries of the Near East. Both Austria and Bulgaria have deliberately broken the obligations which they owe to Europe under this treaty.

I will not here attempt to deal with the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Owing to the strength of Austria and her allies, we shall probably hear but little of this uncalled-for robbery.

The position of Bulgaria, however, is different. Since the year 1878 Bulgaria has naturally felt that she has been injured by Europe. Her inclination has been to try and regain what she feels to be her right. The war between Russia and Turkey was, as we know, terminated by the Treaty of San Stefano dictated by the Russians before the very gates of Constantinople in March, 1878. European statesmen, largely led by England under Lord Beaconsfield, fearing that the new

Bulgaria would become a tool in the hands of her liberator, substituted the Treaty of Berlin for that of San Stefano.

It must naturally give the Bulgarians (who have so entirely thrown off the control of Russia) some ground for discontent that through the intervention of Europe Bulgaria has lost the districts of Pirot and Vrania, which were handed over to Servia.

Besides these areas, large portions of the present

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very obvious that the Powers most ready for war are the most likely to break treaties. Bulgaria is prepared for war, and the new Tsar has thrown off the control of independence is not from the practical point of view so Turkey.

I could not help thinking that the little play I had just read was a very appropriate refutation of Mr. Archer's argument against the "Fabianising" of the world in the interests of the Drama. If Mr. Archer is right, I thought, how is it that the best dramatic literature has come from men (e.g., Sophocles, Gòche, and if he doesn't mind) Shaw, who have demanded, and, comparatively, enjoyed freedom from those conditions of social life which Mr. Archer thinks are essential to dramatic genius? And how is it that the characters and themes of their plays are carefully remodelled from the harrowing conditions of social squalor which Mr. Archer, for professional reasons, avowedly defends? Why does Mr. Swinburne prefer the Veitschen to the Wiedenbach, for the exercise of his imagination? For the simple reason that an unhealthy and stifling atmosphere of poverty (however much "copy" it may provide the sterile realist of the new journalism) not only prevents but the imagination of those who actually breathe it (even Tyndall Hall is wise enough to keep a scented handkerchief to its girls), but excites no dramatic interest in the minds of those who would use what material it offers if it were worth doing. We do not look for psychological veracity (the indispensable condition of the drama) among the poor, for every thought they think and every thing they do is governed by physical conditions. No man really knows himself until he is wealthy; i.e., until his whole moral being is set free to do as it likes and the phrase "one likes" is the unit of dramatic action which all true dramatists demand. That is why Shakespeare was a king of kings. There was method in his snobbery, Wage-slavery, which Fabianism aims at abolishing, prevents this freedom, and its attendant evil smothers the imagination. That is why the working-class has never produced a genius. It has produced the Labour Party, and, significantly enough, the compatriots of Mr. Shaw displaying the same lack? But
this is digressive; significant, all the same. If modern writers like Ibsen and Shaw have chosen the circumstances of squalor and poverty for the material of some of their plays, it is because these were necessary to their dramatic genius, but because, being the children of their age, they have succumbed to the temptation to make dramatic capital of social squalor and poverty. The same motive has made it possible for the dramatic genius of Shaw to choose the circumstance was through the bravery, skill, and energy of our soldiers and sailors that the war scares and terror of invasion were brought to nought, add it would be far better for us to think a general would feel much more confidence in an army which had suffered the loss of眉 than to laugh at what were then quite reasonable fears. If our grandfathers had been content to sit down and laugh the Napoleonic wars might have had a different ending.

SOCIALISTS AND SAVAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE New AGE."

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the upholberd of Manchester and the "state of economic degradation of the present system," except in so far as it can be cured by "co-operative individualism and Free Trade" (vide speech to Church Congress, Manchester), is entitled to suggest, euphemistically, that "all Socialists are savages," if he thinks that style of argument will advance his case; but I do not contend or falsify the teachings of Sociology by suggesting that "all savages are Socialists," and that therefore "Socialists represent a mental throw back to savagery." If he will help his Spencer (Vol. I Sociology) he will find these words:

"Sociology, strong in the civilised man, is less strong in the savage man. Along with a tendency to disruption produced by the ill-controlled passions of the individuals, there goes a comparatively little of the sentiment causing cohesion."

These awkward attempts at wit on the part of the forlorn-hope of the School of Manchester are but the pettish outbursts which indicate the sense of defeat in an unequal battle—the lighting before extinction.

THE WAR PANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE New AGE."

In support of my arguments against the recently engineered "war scare," may I quote the following passage from a speech of Lord Palmerston, delivered during a debate on the foreign policy of the Peel Government:—"It is said that there are parties in other countries whose conception of war is for war; but I am totally incredulous about this. There can be no parties of savages, or small knots of men, in other countries, who could fancy that they can promote their own political views by holding warlike language, but I do not believe that in any country there is any party sufficiently powerful, by their weight and numbers, to influence the policy of their country, who wish for any revolution except in war with England. I believe nothing of the kind. Even under the present Government, this country is still powerful enough to make any other nation pause before they enter into a war with England, unless it be in their own defence." Lord Palmerston was not a man who could be described, by any means, as a man of peace. Yet his denunciation of those who would stir up war with England by the existence of Continental "war parties" could not be bettered.

On the other point which has been raised in the discussion, namely, the advantages of the Citizen Army or conscription, Lord Palmerston's testimony is equally emphatic:—"If our armies are not so numerous as those of other nations, they have qualities which render them more effective than those raised by conscription; and I should fancy that they can promote their own political views by holding warlike language, but I do not believe that in any country there is any party sufficiently powerful, by their weight and numbers, to influence the policy of their country, who wish for any revolution except in war with England. I believe nothing of the kind. Even under the present Government, this country is still powerful enough to make any other nation pause before they enter into a war with England, unless it be in their own defence." Lord Palmerston was not a man who could be described, by any means, as a man of peace. Yet his denunciation of those who would stir up war with England by the existence of Continental "war parties" could not be bettered.

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THE NEW AGE
October 17, 1908

Issued by the NEW AGE PRESS, 140, Fleet Street, London.