And Shall "The New Age" Die?

As this is the last number of The New Age that will appear under my sole editorship, I may be allowed for the first time to address my readers personally. Nothing narrowing in the scope of The New Age is, therefore, introduced by his presence on the editorial board. The New Age, I may safely say, will continue to defy the established procedure of outworn politics and political pioneering is even less so. All intellectual pioneering was never a profitable enterprise, and political pioneering is even less so. All the same, I have no doubt whatever that with the continuance of the present policy of the paper, the addition of Mr. Grayson to the political side, and the extraordinarily close relationship between the general spirit of The New Age and the general spirit of our immediate epoch, the not too remote success of The New Age, even financially, is certain.

And may I assure the readers of The New Age that the popular figure of Mr. Grayson as an iconoclast pure and simple is a journalistic myth? One of the rare, sincere and courageous reformers of our day, Mr. Grayson is in many respects a typical visionary with a great deal of the Sibyl's eloquence. But he is also wide in his intellectual sympathies and tolerant to the point of modernity in his attitude towards opponents. Nothing narrowing in the scope of The New Age is, therefore, introduced by his presence on the editorial board. The New Age, I may safely say, will continue to defy the established procedure of outworn conventions in art, literature and journalism, as Mr. Grayson has defied the established procedure of outworn politics at Westminster; and both for the same purpose, namely, to turn the fierce light of public discussion on the secret insanitary corners of our social and political life. Except, therefore, for the better, and particularly for the improvement in the political direction of The New Age, the addition of Mr. Grayson will make no change.

While thus writing, I cannot refrain from thanking publicly, as I have often privately, the scores of writers, both Socialist and non-Socialist, who have co-operated in making The New Age what it is. If I were disposed to be modest about the creation of a penny review which, I am assured by hundreds of correspondents, is regarded as an honour to the splendid spirit of communism that has animated the writers for The New Age.

I am, therefore, not entitled to be modest. On the contrary, I will boldly say that the three volumes of The New Age here closing are worthy of comparison with any paper published in the world.

That, I feel, is something for a group, mainly composed of intellectuals, to have contributed to the Socialist movement in this country. And even should The New Age now fall on evil times and die, as it very well may, during the financial crisis through which it is striving to pass, we who have worked for it shall be able to look back on the last eighteen months as, to quote a correspondent, the heroic period of The New Age.

But I do not believe that our readers will willingly let The New Age die, or be sold into the hands of the enemy. Yet I must conclude with the warning that such a fate may be in store for the paper. The proposed Company, prospectuses of which can be had on application to The New Age office, is the last shot in The New Age locker. And The New Age is not afraid to die, though it would prefer to live.

A. R. Orage.

Took's Court, Chancery Lane, E.C.
the will of the people will never find effective expression. The unemployed artisans of Great Britain are not a subject race suing their masters for merciful attention, but free-born citizens demanding the right to live upon their native soil. No Government, however good it may be, has any business to expect the gratitude of the people; the most it may claim is their general goodwill. Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have failed most conspicuously. Instead of demanding rights, it has accepted favours and flattery. Instead of protesting against the attitude of the ruling classes, it has embraced and imitated it, until now the party is shocked on its own account because Mr. Grayson has pronounced that the condition of the Labour Party is more important than any rules and regulations which the two capitalist parties may have agreed upon between themselves. The Labour Party will one day realise that the traditions of the House of Commons are in themselves the greatest of all conspiracies to subjugate the people—and then they, too, will make scenes.

We say without fear of contradiction and with hundreds and even thousands of proofs in our hands, that Mr. Grayson has already the support of every Socialist in the country who is a Socialist first and a politician afterwards. He is denounced and disowned, unfortunately, by nearly all the prominent members of the Labour Party, including the I.L.P. members. They have lost no time in dissociating themselves in the most bitter terms from the "boy" who has done what they realise, now it is too late, they should themselves have done. Here lies the real tragedy. That Mr. Grayson should have refused to attend useless divisions is apparently the clearest of his crimes in the eyes of these Parliamentarians. For that, however, he will be acquitted by his constituents, who now number the majority, we firmly believe, of the Socialist and Labour Members. We believe that the home party knows what is going on in the country, and recognises the extreme urgency of a situation which is rapidly growing desperate with the approach of winter; the House of Commons alone remains oblivious. Nothing but a rude shock can bring it back from the realms of abstraction to the world of reality. To use constitutional methods of agitation about a purely social and non-party question like Unemployment is to court disappointment, and every fresh disappointment means a loss of faith in those methods. Mr. Asquith really believes that the question of the length of the time-limit is of more importance than the starvation of the unemployed. He is ready to show sympathy and academic interest in the theories of Socialists, but the matters of really serious concern to him are how to score off the Tories in the House and out-manoeuvre them in the country. In short, while preaching patience and caution, he offers every possible inducement to violence.

If any man on the L.C.C. deserves the special gratitude of the London unemployed it is Mr. Frank Smith. By creating an uproar last week in the Council and obstructing all business he has forced the hands of the Moderate members, as Mr. Grayson has been ready to show sympathy and academic interest in the theories of Socialists, but the matters of really serious concern to him are how to score off the Tories in the House and out-manoeuvre them in the country. In short, while preaching patience and caution, he offers every possible inducement to violence.

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"disgraceful scene," denounced in nearly every Tory and Radical paper in London, has achieved its desired result. We would add, however, that the greatest credit is due to the Labour members and to Mr. Sidney Webb for their staunch physical and moral support of Mr. Smith. They were in no way privy to his intentions beforehand, but by coming to his rescue, they undoubtedly saved the situation.

The combined demonstrations of Suffragettes and Unemployed outside the House of Commons on Tuesday last was a much bigger affair than even its promoters expected. The crowd not only far exceeded all the previous gatherings, but its temper was quite different from that of the usual light-hearted affair. It was markedly an ugly crowd, ready for anything, and it needed but a spark to have set it alight. Had the spark been forthcoming, there would almost certainly have been a most serious riot and more bloodshed than London has ever known in the present generation. As it was, however, nothing happened beyond a few arrests, and the House of Commons continued its discussion of trivialities undisturbed except by the momentary intrusion of a Suffragette into the sacred chamber. We note that the "Spectator," commenting on the part taken by the Suffragettes, says: "The demonstration of the day shows a coarseness of premeditation alongside a singular wildness of judgment; and the combination of the two is alarming as the symptom of a frame of mind." This is, we take it, one of the most genuine and spontaneous compliments the W.S.P.U. has ever received. The "Spectator" is quite right to be alarmed. The nation is being taught the use of violence.

** The Children's Bill made some slight progress last week but it is not an inspiring measure. Two provisions creating new crimes were discussed at great length, and any fine imposed on a parent for keeping his child while under the influence of drink or who gives a child under a certain age alcohol, except by medical orders, is to be fined or sent to prison or something of the sort. Also any small boy who is caught with a cigarette in his mouth in a public place is to have it taken away from him by the nearest policeman. It is on grandmotherly legislation of this sort—good enough in its way—that the Liberals are wasting their tremendous majesty, whilst thousands of children are wandering foodless and half-clothed in the streets of every city in England; and no voice was raised in any quarter of the House to protest against the monstrous neglect of children bread before it forbids them beer and tobacco.

An anonymous writer in the "Evening News," whose views, we are assured, "may be taken as representing the majority of the Liberal members of the House," summarises the work done and to be done by Mr. John Burns' Department [but perhaps not by Mr. John Burns!] on behalf of the Unemployed. Having carefully examined the crawling list of petty details, we can only conclude that Mr. Burns is very sanguine if he imagines that his scheme is likely to take the cold out of the winter. Faced with a more difficult, pressing and perilous state of affairs than any of his predecessors had to meet, Mr. Burns has substituted obstinacy for resolution, theories for ideas, and abuse for business. Not Mr. Gerald Balfour at his philosophic worst was less prepared than Mr. Burns for the campaign against the foul disease of preventible poverty, always most virulent in winter. Nor can we forget the rotund assurances of Mr. Burns on the eve of the recess. We were to sleep securely in our beds with no alarm for the winter. Even Mr. Burns does not now, we imagine, follow his own advice.

The Near East has remained comparatively tranquil during the past week, though the week-end news from Anatolia and Constantinople should warn us that this tranquility is only a question of time, and that the Near East is to be opened to any accredited representative of the new movement of ideas. We extend the heartiest of welcomes to the Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain which has recently been formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Claude Lowther. The objects of the Union, we understand, are to provide a training school for anti-Socialist speakers, and to work out and disseminate generally the strongest and most constructive propaganda. We will not make it a matter of controversy whether the character of the change we are working for. We need scarcely add that these columns will always be open to any accredited representative of the new Union.
I have to report to you that I have had to name Mr. Grayson to his seat. The hon. member again essayed to address the House from the Liberal benches and spoke to Mr. Grayson, who, "Order" from the other members of the House were so loud that he was compelled to sit down. "Mr. BOTTOMLEY crossed the floor of the House and cries of "Order" from the other members of the House refuses to consider this question. I am willing to adopt that attitude towards this question. "Order, order." Members have been always brought to laugh. "Order, order." I shall obstruct the proceedings so long as the House refuses to remove me, and I know that members of every Party are pledged to the Licensing Bill, but I refuse to obey the rules of the House. For the remainder of the sitting. (Cheers.) I refuse to obey-(Loud cries of "Order, order.") I defy you to silence me. "Sit down."

I leave the House, as I said yesterday, with pleasure, because I feel that no man-(loud cries of "Order") no man can stay in this House another moment—suspended."

The Speaker.—The hon. member is not entitled to address the House after he has been suspended.

Mr. GRAYSON.—Well, then, I will leave the House. I feel that in leaving the House, I gain in dignity. (Loud laughter, and I hope—the rest of the sentence was drowned in the cries of "Order," which rose from every part of the House."

The hon. member turned to leave the House, but retracted his steps and shouted out, "This House is a House of murderers." He then left his seat, and, walking down the gangway behind the chair of the Serjeant-at-arms, passed through the swing doors, and left the House. (Times "Report. Oct. 17.")

The Coming Session Come!

When I penned last week's article on "The Coming Session" I did not remotely suspect how soon its ethics would be translated into actual history. On entering the gloomy Chamber last Thursday and beholding the well-filled benches, their occupants animated by a thousand and one of the things that don't matter, I felt an indefinable sense of irritation. A vision of the hungry armies of our great cities came to me in vivid contrast with the spectacle before me. Looking at my Order Paper, I observed that the next, and the next, and the next business were clauses of the Licensing Bill. I knew that the Labour Party had pledged itself, both in Parliament and on Teetotal-cum-Liberal platforms in the country, to facilitate the passage of the measure. A feeling of the utter mockery of the whole business asked me, and almost before I knew it, it was on my feet. I am now suspended from the service of the House and freed for the service of humanity.

Since my suspension hundreds of letters and telegrams are streaming in, approving and applauding my attitude. Strange to say, they include letters from Unionist Tariff Reformers, Liberals, Trades Councils, I.L.P. and S.D.P. branches, and one prominent Liberal M.P. It has been said, I hear, by a few prominent people that although I did right, I did it in the wrong contrast with the spectacle before me. I should, forsooth, have consulted with the Labour Party and previously informed them of my intentions. It might serve a useful purpose if I reminded those people of a previous stormy incident in the House when I tried to address that assembly. The said Labour Party, through the person of its leader, interposed in the interests of dignity and quietness of the moment of my rising to address the House, and almost before I knew it, I was on my feet. I am now suspended from the service of the House and freed for the service of humanity.
Labour Party, indeed! Not only were they forewarned of my intention—but, on Wednesday, Socialist Labour members indulged in elephantine wit on the possibilities of the morrow. The facts of the situation after all are as follows. The Labour Party has absolutely bound itself to the Liberal Party to support the Licensing Bill. By that act it explicitly subordinated the question of Unemployment to the Government's teetotal measure. Prominent Socialist members of the party have boldly figured in the last few weeks on United Kingdom Alliance and Band of Hope public platforms and screamed and sworn in their strong determination to support the Government. "We stand here to-night to support the Government!" cried Mr. Shackleton while holding a Manchester audience pending the arrival of Mr. Winston Churchill. Under these circumstances, then, what attitude other than bland acquiescence in this obstructing show did the Labour Parliamentary candidates possibly adopt? And on the other, what attitude other than that of violent obstruction could an independent Socialist adopt while thousands were crying for bread? All the prominent leaders of the Labour Party have publicly attacked my action. In solemn conclave assembled the Labour Party have officially and indignantly dissociated themselves from my odious and ungenteel personality. Meanwhile the rank and file, imbued with a live spirit, hasten to congratulate and approve my action.

I am too busy to write more at present, but hope to deal more fully with the situation next week. I call all Socialist comrades everywhere to arms. We are on the edge of a great crisis, and we need to be ready. The ethics of the drawing-room will not help us. It is not by the simpering of amateur gentlemen that the Social Millennium will come.

VICTOR GRAYSON.

A Reply to Mr. Snowden.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My attention has been called to a speech delivered by Mr. Philip Snowden at Blackburn, in which he makes some totally inaccurate statements concerning myself. The Press and the country generally have given great prominence to Mr. Snowden's attack. Therefore I feel it my duty to tell the plain facts.

In the first place, I challenge Mr. Snowden to state a single date upon which he has seen me entertaining myself in the House of Commons of anything that could be described as a sumptuous dinner. The date stated by Mr. Snowden to have been the date of my "banquet" to my friends, namely, June 30, was the famous Tuesday when the women raided the House of Commons. Mr. Snowden himself, that he meant to punch the head of that gentlemanly to hit a fellow-creature in the eye-in the opinion of the horse (also in my opinion). It is untenable for the House to decide more fully with the present session I was absent from Parliament, through some personal protest. Mr. Snowden to have been the date of my "banquet" described as a sumptuous dinner. The date stated by Mr. Snowden to have been the date of my "banquet" to my friends, namely, June 30, was the famous Tuesday when the women raided the House of Commons. On that night I was present in Palace Yard with Mr. Robert Blatchford watching the scenes. Not only did I not enter the dining-room, but I did not even dine at all, so sickening was the spectacle we were witnessing.

Further, I did not receive my cheque from the I.L.P. on June 30.

I wish also to say that instead of leaving the House on June 30, as I am owing to the 30th, Mr. Will Crooks drew me, on June 17, a plan in the House of Commons of how I might reach Woolwich to fulfil my engagement there. On June 18 the same gentleman discussed the meeting with me in the House of Commons. On June 19 I journeyed to Pudsey to help the Socialist Parliamentary candidate, and on June 29 I addressed a Women's Suffragist meeting in Manchester. On June 21, I addressed two meetings for the Wigan I.L.P. On the 22nd I was laid up and ordered a complete rest by my doctor, and on the 30th, against his orders, I went to the House of Commons. In consequence of the meeting of the Commons and the ladies' dinner, in the House of Commons, I was then advised abroad to prevent an absolute breakdown, and sailed on July 23.

On Monday and Tuesday of the opening of the present session I was absent from Parliament, through fulfilling lecturing engagements at Sale and Liverpool, the dates of which I fixed upon before I was cognizant of an autumn session.

These are cold, plain, unadorned facts, proofs of which I shall provide to Mr. Snowden or anyone else if they wish. They constitute an absolute contradiction of every one of Mr. Snowden's statements, and I feel it is his duty to myself, himself, and the country, absolutely to withdraw his statements, and make a clean expunction of them.

I shall not reply to the general tone of his remarks. There is a greater issue before the country than the banal personalities of angry M.P.'s.

VICTOR GRAYSON.

Mr. Snowden's Protest.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Victor Grayson's action in the House on Thursday and Friday last ought not to be mistaken for a mere personal protest.

Grayson did not speak for himself alone, nor for the unemployed, solely: he voiced the commonsense and humanity of millions of British citizens. The conduct of the Government in shelving a question so urgent and tragic as the problem of Unemployment, and sitting down to discuss more than fifty pages of amendments to the Licensing Bill, constituted an insult to the intelligence and right feeling of the nation. Parliament must be taught that the misery of millions or the people cannot be treated with cynical indifference, nor evaded by contemptible subterfuge.

Grayson's protest, let us hope, is the first word of a much-needed lesson. If the Parliamentary machinery is too obsolete and clumsy to deal with any emergency, it is time for that machinery to be thrown on the scrap heap, and replaced by something more efficient and human.

For twenty years, to my knowledge, the unemployed poor have been with us. No real help has been given to them by the Liberals or the Tories. To-day in their despair they are asked to wait—to wait while the House discusses the Licensing Bill. Victor Grayson protests, and I, for one, thank him for protesting.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Mr. Victor Grayson Takes a Hint from the Queen.

It is ungentlemanly to hit a horse with a whip—in the opinion of the horse (also in my opinion). It is ungentlemanly to hit a fellow-creature in the eye—in the opinion of the fellow-creature (also in mine).

But suppose you are in a hurry to catch a train, and the horse in your hansom refuses to budge an inch or to do anything but urge you to be a gentleman; to keep your temper; and to admire his smart harness. Or suppose, when you get to the station, you find a perfect gentleman blocking the platform gate, and deliberately preventing your approach to the train. Suppose, further, that a careful study of the history and habits of horses and gentlemen of this particular breed leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the only arguments to which they are accessible are whips and black eyes, what are you to do? Clearly, the answer depends on how much in earnest you are about catching the train.

The late Samuel Plimsoll failed utterly to induce Benjamin Disraeli's Government to attend to the sailors who selfishly objected to be drowned for the profit of our shipowners until for one dreadful moment he persuaded the House of Commons, including Benjamin himself, that he meant to punch the head of that sensitive statesman.

Later on, it was proved that what John Stuart Mills' patient reasoning, high character, and admitted authority as a political theorist had failed to do for Women's Political Rights, could be done by a handful
of women who resolved to be unreasonable, disorderly, unladylke, and even personally violent.

I deplore this state of things. I have always thought it a pity that though the French Governments of the eighteenth century would not allow their attempts to be diverted from Marie Antoinette's personal debts to the poverty of the common people by the reasonings of Turgot, Montesquieu, Condorcet, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, they forgot them at once when the Bastille was pulled down and the country houses burnt about their ears by people with no manners and less sense. I have never been able to understand why Mr. Gladstone did not undertake his Irish legislation (all wrong as it mostly was from beginning to end) on its merits, instead of waiting until some mischievous person irrelevantly blew up Clerkenwell Prison. Like all sensible men, I detest and dread panic legislation. When the dismal cry of "Something must be done" is raised, I feel as one who, in a narrow, twisting lane, hears the hoot of an automobile. Yet when the poor (that is, the English people) is concerned, there is absolutely no other legislation in England except panic legislation. I and my colleagues of the Fabian Society have spent twenty years trying very patiently, courageously, and in a strictly constitutional way, with the result that more attention is paid to mobs that break windows and demand Mansion House Funds than to us.

In short, our lords and masters (politely called the governing classes because, though they can't govern, they won't let anybody else govern) are continuously inciting the masses and their leaders to violence and disorder by constituting themselves a permanent object lesson in the uselessness of everything else. Nobody has ever succeeded in teaching them anything; but any criminal can intimidate them. Carlyle and Ruskin and Dickens appealed to their consciences with the pathetic interest, invitations to dinner, and offers of knighthoods. But the moonlighters, the dynamitards, the envious ruffian bold enough to destroy any good thing that he does not share and assault every man that does not buy him off, has always been able to count on their prompt and terrified attention. That is a cheerful state of things, I don't think.

One of its effects is to create a class of professional Terrorists, who, when the success of their crimes in frightening the Government into reform threatens to deprive them of their means of livelihood, commit some surly atrocity in order to rouse enough popular indignation to frighten the Government back again into action. Thus, when the Irish moonlighters, by diligently peppering farmers with shot and maiming valuable cattle (to the humane horror of our fox-hunters), at last enabled Pease to force from the Government's unreasonableness what they had refused to his reasonings, the "Invincibles" eclipsed the martyrdom of Becket in horror by assassinating the brother of an English duke. (Incidentally they assassinated an Irish official as well, but nobody seems to have noticed it.) And although the event obviously had no bearing whatever on the merits of the Irish question, the assassins were completely successful in frightening the Government out of the recollection they had previously frightened them into. That is what I call complicated classes are what they are, intimidated from their, crudities, and taught in their public schools to butty lest they should be bullied : to do nothing for anyone who is not prepared to beat them if they don't ; and to "play the game" (which is sometimes party policy, but mostly shooting and fishing) without thinking or changing sides.

But when I say that there is no use complaining, I do not mean—as most people seem to mean—that there is no use doing anything. When the House of Commons says to Mr. Grayson, "We shall do nothing unless you intimidate us; and we know you are too much of a gentleman to do that," it is open to Mr. Grayson to reply, "Gentlemen be blowed! I want to get something done; as much as I in on the Labour Party to murmur a polite assurance that the horne-handed, reeler-jacketed representative of Labour can be depended on to behave himself as genteely in the face of starvation as the flower of English and French Lords.

One cannot but wonder gloomily whether Mr. Grayson's action will be sufficient, or whether the unemployed problem will be ignored until an English city is burnt, and hall the inhabitants stoned and beaten to upset order and the other half shot and sabred to restore it. It is true that Mr. Grayson's suspension, has succeeded in calling attention to the unemployed in Parliament, just as the triumphant Mr. Frank Smith has on the London County Council; but will anything serious be done? The last time the difficulty arose, the part of Mr. Grayson was played by the Queen. With an impetuous contempt for the Constitution which must have scandalised even Miss Christabel Pankhurst, that eminent lady, without wasting time consulting Ministers, swept into the arena and appealed straight to the press of the English and French Lords.

That is how the matter stands at present. The Queen, convinced of the uselessness of being constitutional, has thrown the constitution into the winds to stop starvation. Mr. Grayson and Mr. Smith have done the same with the procedure of the County Council and the House of Commons. Mr. Thorne has been summoned to answer for having—so the police allege—given the unemployed a broad hint that the House of Commons helps those only who help themselves.

Thus you have four capable persons of varied position, character, and experience: namely, the Queen, Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Frank Smith, and Mr. Will Thorne, all driven to the same conclusion: to wit, that it is hopeless to induce the House of Commons and the County Council to deal with the starvation question by orderly methods.

It is, of course, possible to arrive at this conclusion and yet to accept the preservation of order as heaven's first law, and give up the struggle as hopeless. This appears to be the position of the Labour Party. Only two Labour members, we are told, voted against Mr. Grayson's suspension. No doubt it was difficult to approve of Mr. Grayson's action without constituting him a leader in this matter. But that is hardly what I should call a popular reason for deserting the Government due to the unemployed, or even personal. The contrast between the behaviour of the Fabians who stood by Mr. Smith in the County Council, even to the point of actual fistfights, and the conduct of the Parliamentary Labour members who didn't stand by Mr. Grayson, even to the point of veering party policy, is a point which will strike the popular imagination as unfavourable to the Labour members. No doubt they had excellent reasons for their conduct. So had the Liberals and the Unionists. And the reasons appeal far more to the reason of the public. Which really raises the question why we should have Labour members at all if Unionsists and Liberals will do just as well.

G. BERNARD SHAW.
The Policy of Automatons.

On Thursday, and again on Friday, of last week, Victor Grayson was ordered out of the House of Commons because he refused to allow the value of brewery shares to be discussed before the needs of starving men and women were considered. Not one member of the Labour Party stood by his side; not one dared to protest when the Speaker ordered the sergeant-at-arms to remove him. The Labour Party sat silent—and it is time to write mournful epitaphs. To think that the day would ever come when a man flung down the gage of defiant labour on the floor of a House of Masters—and not one member of the Labour Party would enter the lists to defend it. So the air of our political world smells of musty graves.

Of course, Mr. Grayson broke the rules of law and order. The House of Commons had agreed that the Licensing Bill should take precedence of all else. The fact that every large town in the land is being paraded by men in search of the necessities of life makes no difference to the official arrangements of politicians who represent the rich interests. A few years ago the face of this brazen-faced indifference to the most urgent cry of distress, the Labour Party is prepared to sit quiet, with the rest of the House, considering a Licensing Bill which, at the best, will not substantially affect the public. The Speaker refused to discuss this Licensing Bill, because starving men cannot wait. He refused to discuss the Licensing Bill, because law and order. It is all very well to say that the House would agree with us. But—we thought the men would come to Parliament to defy nine-tenths of the House. Mr. Grayson flatly refused to obey that resolution. What was the position? He had to choose between the bye-laws made by a majority of landlords and manufacturers considering their own interests, and the laws of social justice and national welfare. He refused to discuss the Licensing Bill, because law and order. It is all very well to say that the subject of unemployment will be treated this week. That is the answer which has been given many times before; and the weeks have become months, and the months have become years. It is time someone objected to law and order on principle.

That the Labour Party should support law and order, indeed! Why the law of the land is that people shall be starved to death. Order? Why, it is the business of policemen and Speakers and sergeants-at-arms to enforce orders that mean misery to most of the people in the kingdom. Law and order? Why, we sent the Labour men to Parliament to defy nine-tenths of the Statute-book—and they obey every little sessional rule of the House of Commons. We sent them to begin a revolution in the theories and practice of English government—and they have become humdrum politicians like their predecessors since the days of Simon Montford.

England has been governed by politicians for five hundred years, and a pretty mess they've made of their job. There are people who are sick to death of their everlasting muddle-headed blunderings in the business of governing; and there are men and women in England determined on getting a new kind of law and order which is a little nearer the eternal facts of justice than the procedure book of the House of Commons.

The Speaker and his fellow Tories and Liberals can tell us, with all the pomp of robes and maces and Adelphi trappings, that we are not playing the game. We quite agree; we have no intention of playing the game. We are not interested in the game itself but in our purpose. We never expected Whigs and Tories would agree with us. But— We thought the men of the Labour Party would. Instead, they stood by the Speaker; and have received the congratulations and sympathies of the Conservative and Liberal Press. If it is a morbid business to write an epitaph, but the "Standard" has written words on the Labour Party which have the tone of the graveyard: "the practical moderation consistently displayed by them is recognized in every quarter of the land," the Labour Party, in its official statement, "associates itself entirely from the same attempt on the part of Mr. Grayson to make a scene in the House," and has received the sympathy and congratulations of the "Standard.", I note that the "Times" also associates itself from Mr. Grayson. What is the point of all this? I think this weird political alliance of the Speaker, the Liberals, and Tories, the "Times," and the Labour Party? We are not prepared to be moderate in face of the appalling nature of the social chaos and dire distress which are all around us. Our unemployment Bill would have run through the Socialist and Labour movement in this country when it heard that its leaders had been thrown out of the House of Commons because they dared to demand instant attention to the relief of poverty? And, instead, the Labour men sat silent and listened to Mr. Asquith say: "Standard." Mr. Asquith with coo sweeter words to them this week, and make the grant half as large as it would have been if they had stood by Mr. Grayson. Little the Government cares for their voting power in the House; it would care very much if these thirty men were ranging the land as the preachers of political socialism. 'I am certain that if half of them had followed their wishes, they would be in open rebellion tomorrow. There is even something fine in their obedience to law and order. If the Labour men only had a glimpsing knowledge of their power, they would not sit so tamely. We do not say that the Labour Party has gone back on its faith. The majority of the members are sincere Socialists. I am certain that if half of them had followed their wishes, they would be in open rebellion tomorrow. There is even something fine in their obedience to discipline. We do not blame them for sitting together when Mr. Grayson defied the House of Commons; we blame them for not letting the House of Commons revolt. If the Labour men only had a glimpsing knowledge of their power, they would not sit so tamely. That is what is the matter with the Labour Party; it has settled down to domestic life before it has conquered its enemies. Mr. Macdonald said in the "Labour Party has absolutely nothing to do with the Labour Party list, automatically secured a certain amount of recognition." Mr. MacDonald surely does not think that Socialism will be won by automatons. We assure him that it will need a bigger adventure than that.
The Church Congress, Socialism, and other Matters.

By Conrad Noel.

Some people seem to have thought that church audiences largely drawn from Lancashire, where the industrial proletariat and the unemployed are not tame, would necessarily be Socialistic. They forget that Lancashire if not so vigorously Protestant as formerly, is by no means a democratic Catholic. The moderates are for the most part in possession.

The whole-on-the-one-hand-yet-on-the-other type of speaker is evidently the Lancashire type, and the people, puzzled when he explains that he means just the opposite, as in the belief there was an election lately in Manchester, but as a Church Congress they did not want to know who got in. The Church knew no party. It was tied to no political party at all; it was concerned with measures, not with men. (Applause.) No, they had to come. No Manchester to advocate any particular nostrum of social reform. They had come to preach in Manchester five ideas which had already changed the face of the world.

"With measures, not with men"—a welcome reversal of the platitudes of Men not measures but measures was said on the one-on-the-other. Swiftly followed the yet-on-the-other. We did not advocate any particular measures, because every particular measure was a nostrum or a panacea. Translation: we sympathise with the unemployed and the sweater's victim, but who advocate measures have no measures to advocate. We will return to our wallowing in the sympathetic mine. We will collect. We will give alms. We have no remedy. Remedies are nostrums. Preach abstract principles: justice, brotherhood, but spell them with capitales and make agree them to political or economic action, never incarnate them; they lose by definition, by material limitation, by the necessary alliance with parties pledged to see them through—just as much, we might imagine our bishops to add—if they were a little more intellectually candid—just as much as our God told by His fallible blunder of self-limitation, of materialisation, when He became incarnate in gross flesh. How material, how degrading, objected the old spiritualism which will not soil itself with party, or newspapers.

"The spiritual should be lost by alliance with the material." Principles are ideas to be applied. What they do mean is that Our Lord laid down general platitudes, he would often have had somewhere to lay down his head, and would not have had to lay down his life. For preachers of the domestic virtues die comfortably in their beds; for them there is no risk whatsover of violent death, nor of a resurrection on the third day.

The modern bishop is often democratic, alert, hard-working, keenly anxious to do the right thing, possessed of colossal energy, a splendid organiser, but he lacks dogma, is intellectually non-constructive, has no unifying principles that can be tested by application. He wishes to be perfectly sincere, and is in the literal sense of the word, perfectly unprincipled.

This was apparent, I think, in the Bishop of Manchester's clever presidential address, and again apparent in the Archbishop of Melbourne's sympathetic speech on Socialism. He laughed at the British fears about the Socialist terror. He told us what he liked in the Socialistic legislation of the colonies, and what he disliked. He did not tell us why he liked or disliked it. Mr. A. J. Carlyle had an easy task at the subsequent Memorial Hall meeting of the Church Socialist League in courteously admonishing him. It was delicious to see Mr. Carlyle playing with the right reverend father and the editor of the "Spectator," tossing them up in the air, pretending to let them go, and finally holding them, and perhaps the Socialists had their innings after all. The Congress officials had appointed Mr. Percy Dearmer, and Mr. Summerbell, M.P., and we had an admirably proportioned portion of Socialism from the former speaker, which, I hope, may shortly be published in full in the New Age.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, of the "Spectator," defended individualism and the Manchester school. Socialism would mean tyranny; whereas his system, when at its height, meant liberty of choice. People must, he urged, he free to choose their employment, as free, we presume, as the infant-slaves conveyed by large loads to be murdered in the factory hells of Lancashire when his precious system was at its height, and when his Manchester heroes were moving heaven and earth to prevent Lord Shaftesbury—"Socialist" and "child-delivering sentimentalist," as they called him—from passing his factory acts. Socialism has not been tried. Stracheyism has; and it turned fair England into filthy England, and vexed the workers and filled the shareholders with good things.

For all this, Mr. Strachey uttered unconsciously a useful warning. "I am not afraid of Socialism. What I am afraid of is the nation, tempted by time-serving and irresponsible statesmen, plunging into social experiments which will lead not to progress but to decadence, experiments which will postpone the day when we shall obtain a better distribution of wealth." For the rest, we discussed rubrics, secularism, liturgies, and the Poor Law, and fought over the limits of biblical criticism. Loisy is to be admired, when safely over the Channel, admired and championed against the intolerant and persecuting Vatican. Loisy in the shape of our Angelican Professor Burkitt, this side of the Channel, is to be howled at and anathematised, not, indeed, by the officials of the Congress, but by a large section of Manchester churchmen. But then, as I said before, this is protestant and moderate Lancashire. God save us from the tyranny of moderate men!

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A Cry for Macedonia.

By R. A. Scott James.

All the journalists in all the capitals of Europe have been busily engaged during the last few weeks in carving out the future of the Turkish Empire. We in England, as I implied in my article last week, have been so magnifying the "crime" of Bulgaria, that we have made it almost a matter of honour to our new friends at Constantinople to show the same hostility to the Turks, now a kingdom, that we ourselves have evinced. It is the most important instance of volte-face on the part of the leaders of English opinion that I am able to recall. But it must be confessed the situation is a complicated one for Liberal politicians obsessed by the fixed idea. The enthusiasm which has made them welcome the success of the Turkish revolution has made them hostile to the legitimate aspirations of others. They have not paused to consider how apparently conflicting ideals may be reconciled; they have thrust out of their minds the wickedly ungenerous thought that, possibly, a Liberalised Turkey might not be a perfect Turkey. They have thrown over, with a blind selfishness equalled by the diplomacy of Bismarck, the Servian population of Bosnia and Herzegovina, leaving the finest and best-governed race in the whole of Europe, Montenegro, to be almost surrounded by the hated dominion of Austria. They have given not one thought to the Christian races of Macedonia, except to assert, without a scrap of evidence, that they have now been relieved of violence and disorder, and must be entrusted, without condition or observation, to the new and untried government of Turkey.

It is, indeed, a shuddersome thought to recall that this is the attitude adopted by the whole Liberal and progressive Press of this country. One turns almost with relief to the statement of that refined Whig, Lord Fitzmaurice; he has at least officially declared that the ties which for thirty years have bound to us the small races of the Balkans will not be forgotten by the Government. I do not see how we can be content to see the hope of freedom extinguished, whether in Bosnia, in Bulgaria, or in Macedonia itself.

Now in this matter of Macedonia, it is important to remember that we can do no more than express pious aspirations. I doubt if the final settlement of this question can ultimately lie in the hands of the Powers. It is possible. I am assuming that order is restored, and we suppose that the new parliament which is to meet in November is really representative of the vast hordes of innumerable unknown elements which will contribute to the making up; we cannot reasonably be angry with her if she averts, without depriving Turkey of territory, if an immediate and direct conquest of the Balkans is achieved. We cannot reasonably be angry with her if she establishes an effective system of local government for Macedonia. It is to be remembered that if we disclaim now our responsibility for perpetuating our barbarism and our miseries. "That is a possible reproach in the future upon which the friends of Macedonia may have to face the possibility of Macedonia turning round on us in the future and saying: 'You were so intent on seeing the reform of Turkey accomplished with such delight the regeneration of the prodigal son, that you forgot us and abandoned us; in the ecstasies of applauding your Turkish Utopia, you did not include us in your generosity; it is you who are responsible for perpetuating our barbarism and our miseries.' That is a possible reproach in the future upon which the friends of Macedonia may have to congratulate themselves. But that reproach will be averted, without depriving Turkey of territory, if an effective and permanent government for Macedonia is demanded as a condition of British support.

THE FABIAN EDUCATION GROUP is giving a Course of Lectures on NATIONAL EDUCATION, at the University of London (CLIFFS ORDINARY DAY SCHOOL), on October 24, 1908. The first of the Series will be delivered on Wednesday, Oct. 28, by Professor SADLER, LL.D., M.A., on "The Aim of Education in the Present Conditions in England." At 8 o'clock. Mr. R. BRAY, J.C.G., will take the Chair. Admission Free. Visitors cordially invited.
Fabianism and the Drama.

An Address delivered at Pen-yr-allt, 6th Sept., 1908.
By William Archer.

IV.
I suggest, then, that in a healthier age, better educated people, not afflicted with either too much or too little leisure, will be able so to arrange matters that the liveliness of life shall not depend for each individual on the satisfaction of constant and often unnatural and exorbitant claims upon the affections of some other individual. I believe that men and women will be apt to make more wisely in the first instance, and, should they make a mistake, will not, as at present, hold themselves bound in honour to elaborate it into a tragedy. I believe that as the instinct of property in general is moderated, so the instinct of property in affections and emotions will lose some, at any rate, of its present ferocity. I believe that when men and women take as much trouble to keep themselves happy as they now do to make themselves and each other miserable, their efforts will be crowned with a quite amazing success. I believe that romantic exaggeration of sentimental sufferings will, in a wiser age, be left to the very young, who would not be happy without it. I believe, in a word, that the people of that age will make much less internal, as well as external, fuss over what may be comprehensively called affairs of the heart; and, as we have seen, the diminution of fuss means the atrophy of drama.

A perfectly healthy community, no doubt, is an unattainable ideal. Probably there will always be a residue, an irreducible minimum, of sex miseries, perhaps even of what the French call "crimes passionels." But I think the instinct of a wiser age will not be to reproduce and study such cases in the medium of art, but rather to hide them away as we hide incurable and distressing diseases, subjecting them only to the clinical study of specialists. The very fact that they have shrunk to an irreducible minimum will remove all reason or excuse for their artistic treatment. At present they are very far from having reached a minimum, and they are complicated and rendered inveterate, as we have seen, by all sorts of stupidities and injustices of external law and custom. These things can and must be corrected, and drama is, or ought to be, a potent means to that end. We believe, too, rightly or wrongly, in the Aristotelian doctrine of a katharsis or purging of peccant emotions through artistic representation. But when this katharsis has been partly achieved by the transition to the new life, as I have already hinted, the dramatist will probably find splendid opportunities; and that transition may last for centuries, if not for millennia. For example, one can foresee that the attempt to apply to life the principles of eugenic science will be fruitful of dramatic complications. Several plays treating of such complications already exist—such plays are Brieux's "L'Evasion," and "Les Remplaçantes." But, though the struggle for health may benefit many dramas, health once attained is barren of dramatic material. The psychologic art of the future will gradually merge in science; politics will consist in an exercise of reason, not an appeal to superstition, or passion, or greed. The theatre of those days will be the playground for the aesthetic, the music, the dancing, perhaps for some sort of symbolic-philosophic-poetic drama which we cannot foresee, and the idea of which, to my unregenerate nature, is, I confess, not very appetizing. Also, as I have said, I conceive that people will long continue to take pleasure in certain manifestations of the drama of the past, and, perhaps, of the intervening future. But the form of intellectual interest which at present takes men to the serious theatre, will take them, in the Fabianized world, rather to the lecture theatre and the debate hall, not to the serious drama. But, I think, if Aristotle had lived in modern times, he would have seen in drama a great prophylactic against various forms of moral and emotional disease—an attenuation of their virus, which, injected into the body politic, serves, if not to stamp out the evil, at any rate, to moderate its malignity. Some of you, perhaps, are anti-vaccinationists; but I ask you to accustom your mind to the thought that, in the contest between drama and Fabianism, one may safely put one's money on drama. I feel that the kingdom of righteousness is at hand, and that drama is begotten of injustice and nourished by disease has but a few short centuries to live. But when, from the clear heights of our future, I descry a great wave of the mists over another mood comes over me. I think of the mountains of cupidity and stupidity, of superstition and prejudice and inertia, which you have, not merely to scale—that were nothing to your strenuous spirits—but actually to uproot and dislodge; and I feel that, in the contest, we are at present sent moments in which one may safely put one's money on drama. I feel that the conditions which begot and foster it are likely to endure "till the sun grows old, and the stars grow cold, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold"; or, in more scientific language, till the atmosphere is cleared away from the planet. But one reflection is always occurring even in the age of justice and common sense; but if you read it, I think you will see that the idea of staging such an incident would seem, to the men of that age, a monstrous absurdity. To the transition to the new life, as I have already hinted, the dramatist will probably find splendid opportunities; and that transition may last for centuries, if not for millennia. For example, one can foresee that the attempt to apply to life the principles of eugenic science...
Why Not?

By W. L. George

(Author of "France in the 20th Century").

... At that moment a shadow fell across the paper. I paused at the words "practical economist." "We have no business to talk about," I thought. I began my great work on "Profits and Profit-making." I found my outlook on the Clapham Road blocked up by the corpulent form of my friend John William Morris Fourier Smith. The visits of J.W.M.F.S. are, in a sense, a visitation, for... At that moment a shadow fell across the paper. I need not enter into that. I have already told you that I am glad to hear it," I remarked, "I remain convinced that you ought to take the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board in the Red Cabinet?"

"There will be no Cabinets one day," promised my Socialist friend, "no vehicles of parliamentary, oppressive or coercive dictates. But, meanwhile, let me tell you that today the question of unemployment vanishes!"

"I have already told you that I am glad to hear it," I said, "especially for your sake," I added, in a gently sarcastic vein. "I don't want to discourage you, but what you are doing now is exercising an extraordinary reason there always seems to be something that you now propose to withdraw from your countrymen of a Shirley poppy, said: "Plutus, you are an ordinary reason there always seems to be something..."

"Well, yes," I said, "that would be quite in accordance with the principles of the British constitution, but, my dear fellow, humanity... Away with humanity," roared J.W.M.F.S. "What is humanity, but a pretense for inhumanity? You grant my point, I see, and I'm glad to hear you say so, for it's out of the arid desert of your capitalist intellect that the flowers of double work at half rates shall sprout! Will you, yes or no, I ask, allow a man to bind himself to serve you for a year in exchange for a living wage, the rate of which is to be fixed by yourself?"

"I think I could do with one," I said, "but..."

"Then, Plutus, you are undone: if for one year, why not for two, for three, for ten, for life? Oh! exquisite prospect and how all the horrors that democracy has piled on horror's head melt away before the rising sun! Don't you see, Plutus, how we can reconcile the warring elements of capital and labour? Extend property, I say, not to light and air, and such niceties as the warring elements of capital and labour? Extend property, I say, not to light and air, and such niceties as..."

J. W. M. F. Smith began to laugh. "That tickles you, does it," he remarked. "Yet I had avoided the word, for I know from some little experience that nothing matters much as a rule if only you give it a name which doesn't suit it. Slavery, then, if you will have it so, is going to regenerate the earth. It is not too little but too much liberty that we've got nowadays. Why, look at the liberties the people enjoy. They can work ten hours in a mine or twelve in a workshop; they can make matches and get phossy-jaw; if that doesn't suit them they can become shunters and get about a one in three chance of shunting no more after a year's work. And the children! Look at the disgraceful liberty they get: the right to deliver newspapers before somebody else's breakfast time; the right to be messenger boys so long as the Government wants them without having to do any nasty apprentice jobs! And if they're girls it's still worse. They can be a butler and parlourmaid and tweenie combined when they're fourteen; they can make paper flowers for fifteen hours a day if they like; and look at the liberty that got a yet more lucrative profession patronised by the most respectable classes in the community!"

At this point my head began to revolve. For some extraordinary reason there always seems to be something in Smith's vituperative performances. Fortunately, I am a Briton and never know when I'm beaten. "The simile is good," I said, amiably, "but I refer you to Francis Bacon, who will tell you that a simile is not an argument..."

J. W. M. F. Smith glared at me as is usual in Socialists when they are confronted with a man who knows his humanities, his philosophy, his plantings, and at the same time remains of a Shirley poppy, said: "Plutus, you are an ass. You float between the Charybdis of post hco propter hoc and the Scylla of petitio primum. But you shall squash no more. Understand me if you can: I do not seek what will follow when little Red will have gone through? Slavery will mean leisure! Slavery will mean good housing, good food, good clothing! Slavery will mean personal interest in the labourer, attention when he is ill and an adequate funeral when he is dead. But you, if you belong to me, do you think I'm going to let you ruin your precious constitution by overwork? No, no, I'll see to it that your hours are short. If I can go into the market as I can now and get for the asking another Plutus who will work for this one out, I'll do it, but if I have to pay a round sum cash down I'll then not pay it at all."

Within my soul. "So this," cried I, "is the end of your Socialism! This outrageous proposal that should make our economists, our politicians, our statisticians, the salt of our civilisation, turn in their consecrated graves! Slavery then is what you propose! Can it have come to this, that Americans should have fought and bled—British creatures, bound to each other!—slave traders—all to endow the negro with that liberty that you now propose to withdraw from your countrymen?"

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shouting "They're off!" or in any other channels where no advantage will accrue to you and therefore to me. Slavery, Plutus, means that you can marry your eugenic ideal, and of course I shall be there to stop all family troubles which might interfere with your productive capacity. You will be a slave, but you shall only be driven for your good. The old methods are knocked on the head: we know it doesn't pay to trice men up to triangles, and that brutality is bad policy; you will not be an Uncle Tom; you will bask in the shine of my favour, because I, as your master, will realise that your good is my good. And, if you have in your mind a single logical argument which you can adduce as an objection, let's have it. Slavery for me! Slavery and solidarity! Why not?"

"Salthaven" (Methuen. 6s.). It is a long time shouting "They're off." While I was still looking for a reply, John William Morris Fouler Smith smashed his brown deerstalker over his brow and strode down the garden path. And the discussion ended by my dumbly gazing at a mouth emerging from an ample beard, thrust through my railing and triumphantly bellowing once more: Why not?

THE BLUE LADY.

We met, and round our clasping hands
Love wreathed his rose and lily bands
We let the gifted moment pass.
And I do not find it easy to explain why. I suppose the phenomenon as worthy of notice.

Books and Persons.

(I AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I have been reading a new novel by Mr. W. W. Jacobs—"Salthaven" (Methuen. 6s.). It is a long time since I read a book of his. Ministries have fallen since then, and probably Mr. Jacobs' prices have risen—indeed, much has happened—but the talent of the author of "Many Cargoes" remains steadfast where it did. "Salthaven" is a funny book. Captain Trelawny, to excurse the lateness of a friend for tea, says to the landlady: "He saw a man nearly run over!" and the landlady replies: "Yes, but how long would that take him?"

If you ask me whether I consider this humorous, I reply that I do. I also consider humorous this conversational description of an exemplary boy who took to "Sandford and Merton" 'as a duck

finishes. I admire him myself, and I will not swear that he is not the greatest humourist since Aristophanes. But I will swear that no genuine humourist ever resembles Aristophanes. Mr. Jacobs does Aristophanes was passionately interested in everything. He would leave nothing alone. Whereas Mr. Jacobs will leave nearly everything alone. Kipling's general ideas are excessively crude, but one does feel in reading him that his curiosity is boundless, even though his opinion must infallibly be bad. "Q."

is not to be compared in creative power with either of these men, but one does feel in reading him that he is interested in other manifestations of his own art, that he cares for literature. Impossible to gather from Mr. Jacobs' works what he cares for anything serious in all; impossible to differentiate his intellectual outlook from that of an average reader of the "Strand Magazine!"

I do not bring this as a reproach against Mr. Jacobs, whose personality it would be difficult not to esteem and to like. He cannot alter himself. I merely record the phenomenon as worthy of notice.

Mr. Jacobs is not alone. Among our very successful novelists, there are many like him in what I would roundly term intellectual sluggishness, though there is, perhaps, none with quite his talent. Have these men entered into a secret compact not to touch a problem even with a feather of their pen? Or are they, with Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss Marie Corelli, who anyhow have the merit of being interested in the wide aspects of their age—or their art? I do not know. But I think we might expect a little more general activity from some of the authors we admire.

Occasionally my correspondents upbraid me for not writing like a critic. I feel that I am on delicate ground. I do, however, speak as a creative artist, and not as a critic. Occasionally my correspondents upbraid me for not writing like a critic. I feel that I am on delicate ground. I do, however, speak as a creative artist, and not as a critic.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Prophet's Last Curse.*

If the Germans have been living in the hope that they have got rid of their great enemy, Nietzsche, they have been bitterly undeceived. There was, indeed, no lack of careful attempts on their part to do so: first of all they silenced him, then they gave it out that his works were eccentric and pathological, composed during the period of madness which overtook the overworked champion of them all. As he asserted in a European reputation, they tried to explain him away, to understand him, to popularise him, and thereby dilute his wine with copious swirls of water; and, finally, they have had the courage to treat him as a great German ! He has been able to cheat Germany, to make her worthy to be placed by the side of Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel. "He was ours," cried every throat; already they began to prepare for thundering hochs und hurras; already orations were pouring from lager-beery throats; already were heard in the distance the sounds of Bacchantes, chanting in honour of the Dionysian philosopher, while their Evre Rache, an embarrassed hand-master, endeavoured with but ill success to quicken the measure. All in vain! Nietzsche knew his Germans too well, and spoiled their joke at the very moment of the apotheosis they had so ready to bestow upon their departed sons. "Ecce Homo," the hitherto-unpublished autobiography of the philosopher, has just appeared, and the last curse of the prophet resounds from beyond the tomb through the length and breadth of Teutonland, where the first great Super-German was already beginning to be confused with other great Merely-Germans:—

I feel it a pleasure—I think it is even my duty—to tell the Germans what they have on their conscience. They have not yet come to see the great crimes against cultures of the last four centuries! . . . And always for the same reason; through their inward fear of reality, which is also fear of truth; through their unveracity, which has become almost instinctive with them; through their "Idealism." . . . The Germans have cheated Europe out of the harvest, out of the sense, of the last great age, the age of the Renaissance, at the very moment when—


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power to make my destiny bring forth a mouse. They have already unconsciously compromised themselves about me in the past: I fear they will do it as well in the future. Oh, how long to be a bad prophet here! ... My natural enemies and the instinctive impurity of a race . . . and if one is not pure, how can one be deep? We can never gauge the depth of a German, because, just like women, he has none. He is a blueprint, and a man has no even be called shallow. What in Germany is called deep is just this instinctive impurity against one's self, about which I am now speaking: they will not see themselves as they are. May I not propose the word "German" as an international coin for this psychological degeneracy? At this moment, for example, the German Emperor calls it his "Christian duty" to secure the slave of the European race. And the man who calls himself "German" ... Have the Germans ever brought out a book distinguished for its depth? They have no notion of what depth means. I have known learned men who, upon the upshot of the Prussian Court, I fear, Herr von Treitschke is thought to be deep. And when I occasionally extol Stendhal as a deep psychologist, it has happened to me that German university professors have made me spell out the name. . . .

And why should I not go on to the end? I like to make things clear. It is part of my ambition to be looked upon as a despiser of the Germans par excellence. I expressed it, with a German fraternises at all. mere Schleiermachers). They shall never have the word "German" as much as Kant or Leibnitz; they are not the first righteous victors over the counterfeit of four thousand years. The German mind is my bad air: I breathe with difficulty in the neighbourhood of this instinctive impurity in psychology, which is betrayed by every word, every look, of a German. They have never come through a seventeenth century of laborious self-criticism, as the French did, as La Roche-foeauld, a Descartes, is a hundred times superior in righteousness to the best Germans—the Germans have no psychologist up to the present. But capacity and order between men; whether he distinguishes: in this way he is a gentilhomme; in every other case he belongs irretrievably to the open-minded, or, so good-natured! tribe of canaille. But the Germans are canaille.—oh, they are so good-natured! One lowers one's self by that the deepest spirit of all the centuries appeared among the Germans, any silly clown would imagine that his own un-beautiful soul was of equal importance. I cannot hear this race, with which one is always in bad company, and with which has not the power to perceive nuance, woes be me! I am a nuance which is awkward on its feet, and cannot even walk. . . . In truth, the Germans have no feet; they have only legs. The Germans have no conception of how vulgar they are; but that is the superlative of vulgarity. . . . they are not ashamed that they are merely Germans!

This is a characteristic example of what is contained in this wonderful book. The "Ecce Homo" gives one the impression of a man who says one has been with the Germans four thousand years, to the Old Testament, for words of like power and strength. We Englishmen may well remain dumb and motionless in this Day of Judgment! But let us listen to reason; in England, too, there is no lack of elements to which we may apply the Nietzschean phrase, "German and miserable": perhaps we only lack the Nietzsche who is capable of putting such elements in the pillory!

N.B.—I am greatly indebted to Dr. Oscar Levy, owner of the English copyright of "Ecce Homo," for permission to translate the extract given above.

J. M. KENNEDY.

REVIEWS.

Miscellanies. By Oscar Wilde. Reviews by Oscar Wilde. Being the concluding volume of the complete works. Edited by Robert Ross. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net each.

Of Oscar Wilde it appears to be true that his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he has written shall be republished. In these two handsome volumes, which close the complete edition our generation will see of the works of one of the rarest geniuses of any generation, have been collected with the meticulous care of the perfect connoisseur the scattered crumbs from the table of a lord's word. We do not claim that no selection has been made by the editor, since we are among those who demand in a complete edition the works, the whole works, and as far as possible, the whole lives.

Oscar Wilde was often, strictly speaking, unsupersalable in his house literary form. Some of the reviews here reprinted from the "Pall Mall Gazette," for example, are thick with clichés and insincere platitudes. A good deal of his writing for the "Woman's World" is also banal to the last degree. We may even admit that the essay on "The Rise of Historical Criticism," here published in full for the first time, is scrupulously colourless. Neither by personality nor by perfection, Wilde's two canons of art, does the essay rise beyond the lower slopes of the peak on which Wilde's risen genius has its abode. Yet these volumes contain little gems of reviewing as well as here and there passages of such beauty as no other English writer has surpassed. Nothing Wilde ever did in the light vein is superior, for instance, to his letters in defence of "Dorian Gray." We can be trusted to disentangle the artist from the journalist.

William Morris, Craftsman-Socialist. By Holbrooke Jackson. Social Reformers Series 9. (Fifield. 6d. and 1s. net.)

Mr. Jackson has the pleasing habit of suiting his vocabulary to his subject. Consequently this admirable introduction to the complete study of Morris is more than a little coolheaded, with Morris's own peculiar charm. Mr. Jackson rightly insists on the supreme importance to Morris of the revival of Art and of Handicraft; an importance, by the way which modern
Socialist thinkers have often grossly underestimated the most penetrating chapter in the book is on "Communism." Mrs. S. Jackson makes an excellent distinction between a man like Morris, "who was by nature a Socialist" [Communist would be more accurate], and those who are only advocates of Socialism. Morris, he says, fuelly, was so much of a Socialist himself that he regarded and cast them under the spell of what Nietzsche called the tragic view of life. England has need of a new drama, of a new set of vivid dramatists, with new artistic aims and ideals; a variegated and overflowing activity, containing and with life of its time, giving out nothing ignoble, or mean, or base: a rebirth of tragedy—for tragedy, perhaps, is a homeopathic medicine.

Of these three plays, "John the Baptist" furnishes, apart from the other two, despair. "The Tragedy of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary"" has the failure to which a while ago we drew attention in a play called "Mathilde." It apes the Elizabethan in a most dreary fashion, and though it is more brightly written than "Mathilde," what is the use of all its barren overflow of blank verse and catch-catches in prose? One cannot imagine it holding any stage, and it is tiresome to read; and so, for want of some guiding principle, Dr. Arthur Dillon diligently in play after play wastes his own talent and his reader's time. In the matter of blank verse, "John the Baptist" and "King Alfred's Jewel" are without fault. "The Tragedy of St. Elizabeth of Hungary" by Arthur Dillon. (Elkin Matthews. 4s. 6d. net.)

We have here three plays of varying merit, and they all point to the need England has of some inspiring purpose, or of some vast imagination that will lead writers to a limited vision out of their own narrow circle and cast them under the spell of what Nietzsche called the tragic view of life. England has need of a new drama, of a new set of vivid dramatists, with new artistic aims and ideals; a variegated and overflowing activity, containing and with life of its time, giving out nothing ignoble, or mean, or base: a rebirth of tragedy—for tragedy, perhaps, is a homeopathic medicine.

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more strange and noble figure than this John who went out into the wilderness to find and possess himself, filled with a prescience of One who was to come. Then the weak Herod, his friend, and the scheming Herodias with her sensual daughter, Salome, whose disprized love for John caused her, incited thereto by her mother’s hate, to have him murdered. In this play John stands out in all his honesty and nobility — sworn of hypocrisy, yet ready to learn even the hypocrite’s mile of human truth; one sees him gradually overcome by the doctrine of love and justice that is love with seeing eyes — that comes like little gusts of faint perfume from the direction of Galilee. It takes the stone from his hand that should have been the signal of Herod’s stoning, and it loses him his disciples, who, irony of fate! flock over to the new prophet, Jesus of Nazareth. — Salome dances — she holds the charger with the Prophet’s head high in her arms, and dances, but not before us. Then the curtains are drawn aside, and one sees the roofs covered with women waving palms, and from the streets below swells up an harmonious song, as one passes by who sees life with eyes that have reflected the stars and the light in the eyes of a child. Miss Marshall’s translation is exceptional: it is a good one. There are one or two passages where the English is stilted.

Will there be a renaissance of Tragedy? We had asked ourselves this question when the current number of "Vers et Prose" came to hand, in which Jean Moréas answers affirmatively, quoting Nietzsche, who has said: "I promise a tragic age: tragedy, the highest art in the affirmation of life, will revive when humanity has behind it, without suffering, the consciousness of the most cruel but the most necessary wars." Perhaps.

DRAMA.

The Understanding of Mr. Jerome.

This last play of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome’s at the Aldwych Theatre is not a play that will be particularly liked. It is not a play that I particularly like myself, but it is a play that counts. "Fannie and the Servant Problem" is an effort to get subtleties translated into obvious realities — that is to say, it has the hallmark of creative work: but it is superficial.

There comes, indeed, a time when one delights in the superficial, when to skim over the surface of things is more pleasant than to look into their depths; but for this one needs fantasy, trickery, whimsicality. There is all too little of these qualities in "Fannie and the Servant Problem." There should sparkle here and there as we touch deep waters in our skimming; there should even be a deliberate artificiality of wit, as there is in some plays of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Jerome’s play is too heavy for its whimsicality and too slight for its seriousness. The serious things are revealed to us, not in witty speeches dropping upon the surface, but in bucketfuls of the Butler’s mirage in which we are invited to study our obvious realities — that is to say, it has the hallmark of creative work: but it is superficial.

The main idea of this "quite possible" play (Mr. Jerome’s description) is that of a man desirous of marrying a café-chantant actress from Paris, and playing upon her what her manager describes as “the Lord Burleigh joke.” The joke works to perfection, but Fannie, the café chantant artiste aforesaid, finds a disastrous background to the joke in that all my lord’s servants, including the butler her uncle, are hateminded, and very much less than dear, relations from whom she has run away to go on the stage. Hence the problem.

The generations of the Lords Bantock have been served by generations of the servants Bennett, ultra respectable, ultra pious, ultra everything that Fannie has run away to go on the stage. Hence the price of their silence upon Fannie’s relationship is that she will submit to their training in the Bennett idea of how a Lady Banner should behave.

The idea in itself is so delightfully funny, and represents, in Mr. Jerome’s words, such “a quite possible”
situation, that one must regret the intrusion of the servant problem at all—covertly that. What we get is a rather slow-footed farce, only made to rush along by Miss Fanny Ward's delightful acting. This is perhaps the excuse for the play, that brilliantly as Miss Ward acts, the accentuation of the farcical elements would have given her even better chances, and might have produced a more vivid result.

It is impossible to escape from this kind of half-way feeling about the play; either the troupe of Bennett servents ought to have been more obviously typical servants, and served as part of the machinery of farce, or they ought to have been more individualised and more whimsical. Nevertheless, the play matters, because it deals with living people, and because it does not pretend to lend itself-stuff for the use of men.

It is not easy for one man to understand any other, and the understanding of the every-day things about one, and the individualising of the every-day things about one, is a high art. It is an art that finds complete expression in the drama. When we do express ourselves it is by conveying groups of ideas and associated ideas to other people, by words, by painting, by sculpture, by drama, or how you please. But to escape from quite a few commonplace groups of ideas is quite difficult. If we wrote in Chinese we might find it easier to make that, in conception, articulated words, are not of such overwhelming final importance. If we could substitute for an idea group some Chinese-like symbol we might find it easier to understand how Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Jovyn Hicks, using the same words and talking about the same subject, are so perfectly certain to come to such very different conclusions.

It is these idea-groups that matter. And the creation of new idea-groups is what makes the drama matter and all literature matter. Mr. Jerome's play is "not over-stimulating" (as Mr. Walkley is fond of quoting), but it does try to create new idea-groups, and hence it counts.

I suppose no artist ever sets to work in this cold-blooded way to create new idea-groups, or rather to dig them out of himself. It would be a very good thing if he would. If, that is, he would sit down at his desk at 9.15 a.m., and proceed to consider whether he had "anything new or new-combined of sufficient value to need getting said." What does happen is that some casual sentences, some association or book-stuff, a train of ideas, calls around it a flock of associations, out of all which a suggestion for a new work may come. And the suggestion may be artistically completely valueless or commercially very valuable, and there is nothing to help the artist but a few vague standards of criticism extremely difficult to apply. Yet those standards must be applied, if not by the dramatic author before production, then by the dramatic critic after production. And the dramatic critic can have nothing to do with those factors in the finished product which lead to commercial success or failure.

It is lamentable that this should be so—it would be so much better if the public's likes and dislikes were serious tests of value. Then, for instance, it would not be necessary to insist insomuch on the excellence of standards. Then, for instance, one could be sure the fate of Mr. Jerome's play depended upon its weaknesses and not upon its strength. And then one might be able to get, by the appreciation and deprecation to which a play would be subjected by an intelligent audience, some help in the understanding of Mr. Jerome.

Miss Fanny Ward's acting is buoyant, charming, delightful; the old butler (acted by Mr. Charles Cartwright) is a fountain of ever-flowing wisdom, but there is a sense about the play of something struggling to be conveyed and not conveyed to us, of notions trying to wing themselves with wit into realisation, and only fluttering. There is the sense that Mr. Jerome has not quite expressed himself.

There is a story about a famous physiologist, Ludwig, that when he once wished to do great honour to a visitor to his laboratories, he took off not only his
CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

P E A C E — W I T H — F O R C E.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

You cannot make arbitration treaties with the Devil. There are too many good people in the Peace Movement who have not had occasion to find out how really hard the world is found out and has not been induced to keep their pledged words when there is no compelling force, either in public opinion, or in policemen, or in soldiers. Within the space of a week or so we have witnessed a scandal arising therefrom. Some of us who have been through wars have witnessed things: a London beau, the polite frequenter of the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, fighting through wars have witnessed things: a London beau, the polite frequenter of the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, fighting

FRANCIS VANE OF TATTON.

DOCKERS’ UNION V. LABOUR PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

The following letter has been addressed to the Labour Party by the Dock, Wharf, and General Workers’ Union.

“...I am instructed by my executive to forward you the following resolution:

In view of the spirit and meaning of Rule 3, indicated by the words ‘Abstain strictly from identifying themselves with, or promoting the interests of, any party not eligible for affiliation’ being flagrantly broken by certain members of your executive and the probable consequences of such calls for explanation of such conduct and expression of opinion as to whether such persons are entitled to membership of the party.

In view of such members having co-operated with Cabinet Ministers and prominent Liberals on platforms all over the country, in some cases consort- ing with well known non-political social-smokers and committing themselves to such Government measure—the Licensing Bill, to wit—our exec- utive respectfully request to know, have these members been specifically authorised by your executive to appear on a party platform when a party measure is being discussed.

In view of the urgency of the unemployed question and consequent distress among the poor, what authority or right has been given to the Temperance section of our member-...”

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ship to give precedence to a party measure of Licensing, in view of the known problem of unemployment, affecting as it does millions of homes?

"We regret that so vital a matter as unemployment should be shelved by the action of individuals who, in effect, consent to the present time of Parliamentary sitting being absorbed upon a question of less vital importance to Labour."

"The Premier and Ministers will utilise speeches made by those who have attacked their own class, and will flout the Labour Party out of their own mouths if any demand is made to consider unemployment.

"We call upon the executive to request explanations of Messrs. Henderson, Shackleton, Richards, Crooks, Snowden, and others, who have asked for a conference with the Board of Education, the purpose of which is to discuss the recommendation of the Consultative Committee on School Attendance for Young Children, the establishment of nursery schools for children between three and five as a momentous decision, and you express the hope that this recommendation may be adopted. It is unquestionably a momentous decision, but the value of the decision depends upon the manner of the experience and knowledge in dealing with these little children in large numbers, that the persons entrusted with the consideration of the subject possess.

The list of names comprising the Consultative Committee does not contain the name of one person possessing actual experience in dealing with these little children in large numbers. Even the lady representative of the National Union of Teachers is the mistress of a Girls' School! If the Executive of the N.U.T. think, as presumably they do, that actual knowledge and experience are quite superfluous where Infants' Schools are concerned, the general public may certainly be forgiven for thinking in a like manner. I should like to draw your attention to the publication issued by the Board of Education—in regard to Infants' Schools—during the past twenty-five years. The plume opinions of the latest recommendations are to be found in them all. Infants' teachers know precisely the value and meaning of these pious opinions, and also the cost entailed in trying to realize them. All the strictures and condemnation passed upon the infants' school as it has existed, and still exists, have abundant justification. But what has been the cause of these malevolent conditions? And why need these malevolent conditions continue?

The fact that the enquiry was based upon children from three to five years of age causes deep misgiving to any person who knows how fallacious a basis age is. Some children of three have a more vigorous healthy development than some children of six.

The whole question of Nursery Schools is but another experiment. But if experiments are to be made, they should

at least be formulated by experienced persons and tested, so far as it is possible to test the results of experiments of this nature, before involving the whole of the children of the country in a scheme which the Board of Education may have to add to its avowed errors of the past.

ELLEN LEWIS.

PROFESSOR SASTURBY CONTRA NIETZSCHE.
To the Editor of "The New Age."

There is nothing necessarily anomalous about a critic of art who lacks the artistic temperament. Art and the criticism of art are two quite distinct amusements. Critics work long and certainly rigidly defined lines; artists do not. The criticism is a science, not a mere expression of one's own violent personal likes and dislikes, after the style of George Moore, Shaw, or Nietzsche—interesting though such expressions may be. Professor Sastury's estimate of Nietzsche seems to me perfectly just. Nietzsche was an eminent artist and an interesting personality, but he was obviously no critic. Moreover, why should be be?

C. M. G.

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