The concerted attacks upon Mr. Grayson delivered by the I.L.P. leaders are scarcely likely to have their desired effect. They have all been purely personal in tone, whereas the sympathy with Mr. Grayson which they were designed to destroy is not for the most part personal at all: it is simply the impersonal satisfaction felt by Socialists at having their views forcibly presented to the House of Commons, no matter by whom. In any case it seems a pity that the various spokesmen who presented to their constituents would have been unworthy of a third-rate private inquiry agent. Moreover, he has declined either to withdraw or to substantiate his statements. The most charitable view of the affair that we can take is to regard it as a lapse due to too intimate acquaintance with the controversial methods of the "Daily Express," at whose hands Mr. Snowden himself has suffered in his time. But, even so, a man who can be guilty of that sort of lapse ought not to be allowed to represent Socialists upon so much importance.

Mr. Asquith's proposals for dealing with Unemployment during the coming winter should convince even Mr. Henderson, who, by the way, to give him his due, does not pretend to be a Socialist, that there is nothing to be got by trying to placate a Liberal Government. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon. We were told that important developments were going on in the Cabinet with reference to the Unemployed Question which would have been jeopardised if the Labour Party had taken aggressive action too soon.

He gave them three days to do it in.

Whatever we may think, however, of the recent policy of the Labour Party in the House or of the tactics by which they have chosen to defend it, we are bound to admit that they would have been scarcely human if they had not lost their temper. Indeed, we welcome their outbursts of last week as proof positive that their powers of invective are not yet seriously impaired by the deadening influences to which they seem temporarily to have succumbed. The hard things that have been said may perhaps be forgotten without very much difficulty—with one exception. Mr. Philip Snowden in "taking off the gloves," as he called it, exposed a pair of hands which, for his own sake, he had much better have kept hidden from the world. The mass of fabrication, based ostensibly upon waiters' gossip, which he presented to his constituents would have been unworthy of a third-rate private inquiry agent. Moreover, he has declined either to withdraw or to substantiate his statements. The most charitable view of the affair that we can take is to regard it as a lapse due to too intimate acquaintance with the controversial methods of the "Daily Express," at whose hands Mr. Snowden himself has suffered in his time. But, even so, a man who can be guilty of that sort of lapse ought not to be allowed to represent Socialists upon so much importance.

As a Board of Guardians

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proposals for dealing with the present industrial situation suggests that the ignorant apathy of the Cabinet is far worse than we had even dreamed. We can appreciate the point of view of Guy Fawkes.

The Parliamentary correspondent of the "Daily News" (Mr. P. W. Wilson) listened to the Premier's statement with the holy gratification which Mr. Asquith knows so well how to inspire in the hearts of the sentimental philanthropists who keep him in power. "One felt," he writes, "that the Prime Minister was proclaiming a real brotherhood between all classes of the community, that he was breaking down the un-Christian barriers which have been set up between the successful and the failures... a great statesman, moved through this whole being an accurate appraiser of the tragedy of casual and irregular trade."

And the cost of obtaining this adulation is only three pence per week per family.

"One felt," he writes, "that the Prime Minister was presenting the dignity and adequacy of Mr. Asquith's emergency measures and showing that they will aid at best but one in fifteen of the unemployed. The whole treatment of poverty in this country needs reorganisation. The problem is always approached in a hand-to-mouth and piecemeal manner... The doctor, hard-working man who is out of work through no fault of his own, the unemployed... to leave the honest to starve is the worst possible course, but this is the net result of the existing system. The waste of national resources is immense, but even more disastrous is the ruin to the worker's health, the injury to his family, and the lowering of his morale which come from undeserved unemployment." On the strength of this we cordially invite the "Daily Mail" to join us in a campaign of national efficiency. We are not disposed to scorn help from any quarter in respect of so vital and urgent a matter as the abolition of the evils of poverty.

* * *

In an article on "The Personality of Mr. Burns" the "Nation" remarks, "The restricted character of the Government's programme of temporary relief for the unemployed must, we suppose, be attributed to Mr. Burns, and will be regarded as the victory of a view of unemployment which the President of the Local Government Board holds in common with the bulk of Conservative and middle-class opinion in England." This is doubtless true, but at the same time it is due to Mr. Burns to point out that his failure has been rather in practice than in principle. He has been quite right, as Mr. Shaw mentioned in these columns last week, in refusing to sanction a policy of doles to the unemployed or any other policy based on the assumption that unemployed labour can be organised in remunerative industry without preliminary training. But he has been quite wrong in his incorrigible optimism and in his failure to put forward any sort of scheme of his own. Also his half scurrilous, half vindictive attitude towards the Labour Party has not increased either his dignity or his capacity. The Labour Party is no getting away from the fact that he has been a failure from all points of view except that of, say, the "Spectator." He has made a host of enemies and no friends, and he will have a lot of leeway to make up when the promised comprehensive measure dealing with unemployment comes along next session. If Mr. Burns still holds to his Socialist principles he will have a chance of proving it then.

* * *

As the Moderates on the L.C.C. have been claiming that Mr. Frank Smith's action in causing the adjournment of the Council delayed the passing of schemes for giving work to the unemployed may be considered an excuse for refusing to interfere. To think that his action was tardy is a mere string of titles, and several of the "eminent and impartial" persons chosen are noted for their hostility to the claims of labour. What Trade Unionist in his senses would ever have submitted to a body of chairmen which he was concerned to the judgment of Viscount St. Aldwyn or Lord Balfour of Burleigh? And why should the Duke of Devonshire's name be included when that of Mr. Sidney Webb is omitted? Does Mr. Churchill think that the Duke is more eminent or more impartial than Mr. Webb, or does he regard the former as a greater expert in the matter of industrial disputes?

* * *

The list of gentlemen who have been selected by Mr. Churchill to form the panel of chairmen for his new Arbitration Court is very disappointing, and disposes of all hopes for the success of the scheme. Also it disposes of Mr. Churchill's pretensions to the leadership of a mere string of titles, and several of the "eminent and impartial" persons chosen are noted for their hostility to the claims of labour. What Trade Unionist in his senses would ever have submitted to a body of chairmen which he was concerned to the judgment of Viscount St. Aldwyn or Lord Balfour of Burleigh? And why should the Duke of Devonshire's name be included when that of Mr. Sidney Webb is omitted? Does Mr. Churchill think that the Duke is more eminent or more impartial than Mr. Webb, or does he regard the former as a greater expert in the matter of industrial disputes?

* * *

We have received a copy of "The New Situation in Egypt," by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt (Burns and Oates).
A Challenge to the Labour Party.

By Victor Grayson, M.P.

The Labour Party is angry—and apprehensive. It has lost its temper—and its dignity. It has descended to unworthy charges and trivial abuse. To prove that a "theatrical" and "unresponsible" hour can be wrong in his perspective the finance expert of the party has been exercising his mind on members' dinner-bills. On all the Labour platforms throughout the country the Labour members have been on their defence. There have been charges of a desire to disrupt the Labour Party; to bring discord where hitherto was peace and harmony.

As the letters and telegrams pour in from I.L.P., Trade Union, and L.R.C. branches approving one's attitude, it is difficult to feel impressed by pathetic protestations of "harmony" from the Labour leaders. They know for the past eighteen months at least there has been growing among the rank and file a strong feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction. Some of that feeling found vent in the rebellion of the Colne Valley Labour (now Socialist) League against the official red-tapeism of the I.L.P. Executive. Constituencies where robust I.L.P. branches have been preaching with success for years have fretted against the bonds of an alliance now grown irksome and well-nigh impossible. A younger generation of Socialists has come into existence, and the new wine is tending to burst the old bottles. Time after time during the last eighteen months a crisis has been but narrowly averted, and then only by the most extraordinary methods. The chief accusation levelled by the old school against the restive "wreckers" has been that they are mostly young. When the situation has appeared to be desperate, there has been a painful platform exhibition of ancient veterans and heroes. Some of us, with all the reverence and reverence in the world, have grown tired of our criticism being answered by pathetic protestations of "harmony" from the Labour leaders. They may debate the matter with cogency and eloquence. Liberal eyes will melt in sympathy. Liberal votes will be solid for the Government. It is futile to threaten the Government that if they do not do something adequate the Labour Party will move out and pass a resolution. The Premier will smile and promise something more "next session."

Members of the Labour Party foresaw the impending urgency of the unemployed question. But that did not deter them from appearing on U.K.A. and Band of Hope platforms with Cabinet Ministers and Liberal M.P.'s as their colleagues in support of the Licensing Bill which they knew to be the first and most important official business of the autumn session. They have barred their pledges for a wall of the odour of respectability. Further, I know from personal observation that on nearly every question of importance discussed in the House the Government is made cognisant of the Labour Party's intentions. Take an instance. When practically the whole nation was indignant at the proposed visit of the King to the Tsar, the Labour Party were granted a whole day to discuss the question. During the early afternoon one was met with the encouraging spectacle of Mr. Balfour, Earl Percy, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Arthur Henderson in the gloom behind the Speaker's chair, consulting their watches and making arrangements for the application of the closure. It will be remembered that the present writer suffered by that arrangement. The Labour leaders have won the respect of the House and they have earned it. They are losing the respect of the democracy—and not without good reason. Their division records are splendid. They have been faithful to their pledges on gooseberry mildew and every other major matter, and they do not believe in violence. We shall see.
Mr. Grayson's Protest.

We print this week a small and almost haphazard selection from the telegrams, postcards and letters received by Mr. Grayson and the New Age congratulating him on his action in the House of Commons on Thursday and Friday of a fortnight ago.

The number of communications received has been enormous and the work of several secretaries has been necessary to read and classify the contents. With rare exceptions, amounting to more than half a dozen in all, the messages have been not merely congratulatory, but enthusiastic. It would seem as if England had been waiting for some such expression of its pent-up indignation these many days.

Nothing more significant has occurred in domestic politics since the days of Parnell. We venture to think that merely as a symptom of current thought and popular feeling, the correspondence here printed is extraordinary interesting; while as a definite indication of the direction in which Socialist political thought is moving, with the force and rapidity of a rising tide, the total correspondence is more than interesting, it is momentous.

We confine our selection this week to communications from private individuals. Next week, however, we propose to print a selection from the many resolutions that have been passed in favour of Mr. Grayson's action by various Socialist, I.L.P., Fabian and Trade Union branches of the Socialist and Labour movement.

TELEGRAMS.

Colne Valley Socialist League Executive fully endorse your action in Parliament respecting unemployed crisis.

Swelling with pride in your friendship. Who is the first Commoner now?—M. E. (Alboum.)

Bravo now you are getting to business yet again.—B. S. (Lincoln.)

Your action enthusiastically endorsed by two thousand unemployed workers assembled at Tower Hill. Good Luck.—J. W. (Strand, W.C.)

Thank heavens for one man brave enough to do and dare.—B. (Huddersfield.)

Stick to your guns; country with you.—F. M. C. (Manchester.)

Well done, Grayson. You have the angels on your side. Most truly have you proved a friend of the people. God bless you, and may He send more into Westminster of the same pattern.—F. (Bristol.)

Well done thou good and faithful servant.—L. (Digid-house.)

Good old Grayson; fight the devils.—N. (Neath.)

Hearty congratulation. More power to ye.—Belfast.

Bravo Victor; Curran's and Snowden's speeches disgrace.—G. (Liverpool.)

 Leicester unemployed congratulate you on their behalf—M. A. P. (Leicester.)

POSTCARDS.

Bravo, bravo, and bravo for the next time. But what is one among so many?—H. G. (Upper Edmond.)

Bravo Victor; Colne Valley is proud of you.—A. P. (Colne Valley.)

This card represents a host of comrades who are carrying their heads high and proudly. To be a peaceful member of the House of Commons has become a dishonourable thing.—M. (Colne Valley.)

Hurrah! Bravo Victor!! Proud to be living in the same century as you. Shame on a tinkering Government that allows hungry children to cry themselves to sleep because their fathers want work. First things first—J. W. M. (Colne Valley.)

Irish Socialists congratulate you on your courageous and effective stand on behalf of the unemployed on the sacred "floor of the House".—W. O. B. (Dublin.)

Bravo Victor. We are all proud of you. Keep the Red Flag flying.—J. F. (Manchester.)

Please do it again. Good owd lad. Proud of you.—S. M. (Colne Valley.)

The movement rejoices and is glad. More power to your elbow.—E. R. (Bedford.)

Many thanks. Samuel Plimsoll, by unparliamentary action, saved thousands of sailors' lives. I hope to God that you will all, also, by your brave action, save thousands of unemployed from hopeless starvation. The Government is doomed.—A Working Man (Bristol.)

I most heartily congratulate you on your attitude in the unemployed question. Victor Hugo said that a man with a principle was like a fixed star, and the darker the night the brighter it shines.—A. B. (Huddersfield.)

Good lad, Victor, keep the Red Flag flying. We would rather you were suspended than sitting inside going to sleep and seeing nothing.—J. C. (Colne Valley.)

Good old Grayson! I admire yourpluck.—C. H. G. (Hampstead, N.W.)

Bravo! worthy descendant of Cromwell, Wilkes, Parnell, Plimsoll, and Bradlaugh.—A. F. R. (Forest Gate.)

Victor is still in flames. The better I like my horse. JOLLY ROYCE (Coventry.)

Splendid! The gods are with you. Go on. Don't be down-hearted, old chummy. We shall, and you again, with a majority of 5,000, for you will be faithful unto death.—B. M. (Colne Valley.)

The people of the Colne Valley are the finest workers in the world represented by the finest M.P. of all South Lancs. Two of the best days! Work you ever did in your life.—J. T. S. (Colne Valley.)

Dear Mr. Grayson.—I am only a little girl, but I like you very much.—M. W. (Golcar.)

Fight on, comrades, for the workers are with you. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!—(Bristol.)

I have the honour to take off my hat to you as the only man in the House of Commons who has the courage of his convictions.—R. D. (Cheltenham.)

Bravo! Bravo! and yet again Bravo! My heartfelt congratulations to you.—G. O. H. (Manchester.)

As I understand that you may be resigning your seat and seeking re-election, I take the liberty to enclose a cheque for £1 towards your election expenses. I offer my congratulations to the electors of Colne Valley in possessing a representative who prefers to break the rules of the House rather than to break the hearts of those who trust him. But I offer my congratulations even more to you, for you have gained the gratitude of the starving poor. It is indeed the supreme honour that the nation can confer.—B. C. (Cambridge.)

Heartiest congratulations. The best thoughts and wishes of all real revolutionary Socialists are with you. Do not forget what Dr. Stockman, "The Enemy of Society," says in Ibsen's play of that name: "You see, the fact is that the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone." I am also enclosing you John Davidson's stirring lines to "The generation knocking at the door." Yours for the Revolution. D. R. M. (Honour Smith, W.)

Please allow me, a Socialist Christian (Church of England) to express my admiration and gratitude for your action during last week in the House of Commons on the Unemployed question. Your action, in my opinion, was absolutely correct and imperatively called for by religious principles, to say nothing of poor suffering humanity. I am ashamed of the Christian Church because of the way she sees her one clear duty in social matters, but I hope yet that the Socialist movement will capture it. I beg of you to continue in the course you have set yourself. The loss of attendance at the House is of small import when contrasted with the educational gain to the public mind which you so richly pursue.—B. M. (Colne Valley.)

Most truly have you proved a friend of the people. God bless you.—J. C. (Colne Valley.)

Well done. For me they are the gods. I congratulate you because you are a Conservative, to offer you my heartiest thanks and congratulations for your plucky attempt to draw attention to the unemployed.—O. K. D. (Kensington, W.)

The Coventry Socialist Sunday School beg to congratulate you on your courageous stand in the cause of the Unemployed.

I wish to God we had a lot of you there.—C. S. (Bristol.)

Do it again, comrades. Raise hell if they won't listen on Unemployment.—C. G. B. (Bristol.)

I offer you my congratulations on your expulsion from the Drug Market. I consider your course the only one that can be adopted with success in unemployment and urgency are synonymous.—F. R. (Silvertown.)

LETTERS.

Man, you are splendid. Actions like yours must awake hundreds of us who have been sleeping. This, however, is not to tell you what you must know yourself, but to ask how we can help. If I can be of any service in town, command me. In any case, if you appeal to Colne Valley, I will go up and do what I can.—W. S. (Wimbledon.)

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been making and polishing up my armour: now I'm ready for the fray. At your service, comrade.—D.M. (Regent's Park, N.W.)

I have not eradicated the woes and wants of the starving. I am a bailliff with a large practice in this city. My God, sir, the degradation, filth, and squalor in which the poor exist in this mighty metropolis of the north would make a man sick. Men, women, and children absolutely starved, and then, the shame of it, all must be evicted from the awful hells where they are. I do it with a great deal of reluctance. You should not be ashamed. Shame and blaren-faced effrontery is with the adventurer and professional politician. Fight on, then you do free. You can be as strong as yourself. God speed you—Yours respectfully, W. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

A thousand congratulations on yesterday's "scene" Good luck to you and all your brave and true friends. I have often suffered, and he is helpless to do anything. I have often wished that there was one in that stronghold of self-satisfied stupidity who has not yet come under its awful spell, which appears to have influenced even the Labour Party, for they, apparently, have more regard for rules and regulations than for a people perishing.—L. R. (Kidderminster).

Many congratulations on your splendid effort on behalf of the working classes, brightening up the face of the world.—Yours sincerely, A. S. (Portman Square, W.)

You are a Fabian, thank you for your magnificent impuchemanship of Parliament before the bar of Humanity.—Wishing you God-speed, J. R. J. (Carnarvon.)

To dear old Victor! Bravissimo! You are stirring things up with your action. If you do resign I shall strike all tasks and come and help to send you back to lick the Government into something that speaks of the vacant mind." Such frivolity on the part of members of the House. It was probably 'the loud laugh that speaks the "Evening News," you were laughed at from all parts of the house, no doubt, for it was a joke that did not hit any of the members. I trust that my small donation of £1 will be no doubt that your courage will draw more attention to the unemployed, for anything that has been said or written hitherto.—B. D. (Eton.)

The fact that the Press has so strongly condemned your action has brilliantly vindicated it in the eyes of those who are something more than echoes of imbecility. The irritation you aroused in those who are indulging in the deathly rule and regulations than for a people perishing.—L. R. (Kidderminster.)

Dear me, dear me! Don't you know that all the other M.P.'s are just as keen as you to put "unemployed" business first, only they have more dignity than to say so? And then to you to learn patience! And I hope you will go and tell the unemployed that, after all, they will gain nothing by being restless and discontented. It is better to live and let live. I lived my life on the occasions as these could come and see you.—A. H. P. (Lydly.)

Bravo, comrade! Without unbounded admiration.—A. G. (Stirling Green.)

I was very proud to find that there was some one who dared to speak the truth. May God grant you strength to carry it on in spite of the great odds you will have to face. I am the half-starved wife of one of the unemployed; you would say so if you saw both myself and children, with our patched faces. My husband is an Army pensioner. After he left the service, he has not done three 'months' work all told during that time. What we have suffered and gone through I could not tell you. Pawned and sold everything; blankets off the bed, and little garments and boots off the children, to buy nothing of the lamp, fire-irons, cutlery, cups and saucers, books; everything we valued, all had to go. My husband has often tramped eight and ten miles, expecting to get something to do, nothing to eat for work for started, and nothing for him to have when he returned, often dripping wet, and no fire. I have often wondered what would be the result of the very few of me and the children. I have been ill this 12 months, and he knows how I suffer, and he is helpless to do anything. I have often felt broken-hearted, no fire, no food, little helpless children, and then the idea comes to you for what you cannot give up. They see you two or three ladies in a motor that costs enough for the poor, and then, the shame of it, all must be evicted from the awful hells where they are. I do it with a great deal of reluctance. You should not be ashamed. Shame and blaren-faced effrontery is with the adventurer and professional politician. Fight on, then you do free. You can be as strong as yourself. God speed you—Yours respectfully, W. L. (Newcastle-on-Tyne.)
An Unemployment Bill.

There is an idea in some circles, because certain people are quite ready to push their tactics to the point of political revolution, if that be the quickest way of gaining their end, that therefore they are wild, unbalanced thinkers who are not prepared to put their schemes into the shape of a Parliamentary Bill. There could be no greater mistake. The only revolutionist worth consideration is the man who realises that the time will come when his most gloving words, his wildest actions, must be translated into the cold clauses of a Bill in the House of Commons. If these clauses do not stand criticism, then all the revolution is sheer waste of energy. The time has come to say exactly what details are necessary for the remedy of unemployment. That is no light task; if there is any truth in rumour, even the mighty Royal Commission is standing shivering on the bank before it makes the plunge. But we must not expect Royal Commissioners to say anything original. They never do. They are not likely to find any causes for unemployment and poverty which have not already been discussed, for example, in the masterly series of researches published by Mr. J. A. Hobson. They will not define the problem more clearly than Mr. Hobson has expounded it in his book, "The Problem of the Unemployed." But it is necessary to face the fact that theories and solutions must soon be drafted in the form of clauses in a Bill to place before the legislative assembly: it is time we Socialists repeated what we want Parliament to do for the Labour Party's Bill, granted some reasonable amendments, has already laid down the lines of the legislation we demand.

We do not intend to be unreasonable in our demands; not because we desire to be reasonable, but solely because it is useless being anything else. There is only one real remedy for Unemployment—Socialism. Now, it is not within the scope of practical politics to draft a Bill which will establish Socialism to-day, or to-morrow; we do not intend to set out on any such wild-goose chase. Socialism will grow with the stately majesty of an oak-tree. But if we cannot at once get at the root of unemployment, we are quite determined to do away with the worst of its ghastly effects. If we cannot prevent men and women being out of work, at least we can prevent them starving and becoming physical and mental wrecks before they can find their next job. Therefore, there must be a clause in our Bill which will make it the duty of some public council to find maintenance, up to the standard of reasonable living for all those persons who cannot find a place in the wage-market. That, be it observed, is nothing more than poor relief. Under the present poor law, a man may be "sold up" before he is entitled to relief. The new law must intervene before that uncivilised state of destitution. But while the individual has this right to be protected by society against social breakdowns (e.g., trade depression) which are, in general, entirely beyond his control, he in return has the duty of giving Society something in exchange for his maintenance. It must therefore be within the power of the council administering the relief to compel the recipient to give a fair exchange for it. At present Society demands disfranchisement and destitution as this exchange. Could the former be more unjust, or the latter more stupid? A rational unemployment Bill will demand, instead, some duty which will make the receiver a better citizen instead of a worse one. Here will be the opportunity to insist that anyone receiving maintenance must submit, for example, to a course of technical instruction in a trade, so that he may be a more efficient worker; and, if necessary, the council must have power to keep the person at this work until he has completed the course. It is useless to let a man go out hall-trained.

So far we have arrived at two essential features of a Bill. First, the compulsory duty of the State to give maintenance up to the standard of a civilised life; secondly, the duty of the recipient to submit to an educational discipline which will make him a better citizen. But all this only deals with the outskirts of the subject. We started by laying it down that maintenance is only for those who cannot find any place in the wage-market. A large number of these persons are undoubtedly "unemployables" and inefficient who could be made made employable by a course of training and discipline. But with Board of Trade figures, which show at present over 9 per cent. of the skilled trades out of work, it is impossible to say that the unemployed problem is a question of unemployables. There are thousands of efficient unemployed persons whom it would be waste of time and money to spend money on training: persons for whom there is but one thing desirable—the opportunity of doing work. What is the duty of the community towards such people? They have already fulfilled their duty towards society by learning a trade, and therefore they have nothing to offer, in return for maintenance, except their power to do work. Indeed, by training the so-called unemployables we have but added to our task, by putting more trained workers on a market which is already overstocked. Has the community any duty to provide work? Has it any power to provide it? It is certainly its duty, if possible, to provide work, because it is stupid to allow men to stand idle if they can be set to the work of producing useful wealth. As to the possibility of finding work, a proper Bill will, of course, set up labour exchanges all over the country in the hope of bringing employers and employed together. But no one expects them to help very much; except in so far as these exchanges can be made a means of compulsorily regulating (and therefore extinguishing) the supply of casual labour. So the Bill must certainly give to the central State and the local councils power to undertake any work which can be demonstrated to be useful. That must be the test. If so, set men to do it. But there must not be any pretence of doing poor, useless work as an excuse for relief. Above all, public works must be carried out by the best men in the market, not taken on from the unemployed list to fill better means. Finally the highest standard of wage must be paid. So, the community has no duty to provide work where there is no useful work to be done; it has no right to employ any but the best men on that work.

What, then, shall the State do for the efficient workman whom it cannot supply with work, either through the public labour bureau or directly in the public service? It must pay him, out of Exchequer grants, administered, probably, by the local councils, out-of-work benefit in the most generous standard. But unemployment is not a disease of the worker, it is a disease of the trade union which performs for the whole labouring class the service which a trade union performs when it pays unemployed benefits to its members. What exactly the State can demand from the maintained persons in return for the benefit is a difficult question. A wise State will always, in fact, avoid the difficulty by finding useful work. Whether this will be the development of agriculture or afforestation or road making or something else must be left to the decision of experience.

G. R. S. Taylor.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
The News of the Week.

The News comes from Melbourne where a number of unemployed men, who have been playing in the Federal House of Representatives, and were only driven back after a long struggle with the police.

The L.C.C. has issued an order forbidding any kissing games to be played in the public schools. It is rumoured that this excellent hygienic precaution may be followed up, within the next hundred years, by an order for the abolition of slums.

Speaking at the Holbeck Oyster Feast, the President of the Board of Agriculture stated that 20,000 persons had applied for 300,000 acres under the Small Holdings Act, of which 12,000 acres were supplied. Under 2 per cent. of them was the expected 300,000 acres for freehold farms.

At the end of September 60 persons per thousand were receiving poor relief in Poplar. The number of adults receiving out-relief was 16.2 per cent. over the previous September. The Local Government Board has complained that the Poplar Guardians grant excessive relief when they give 10s. per week for a wife, 2s. for the first child, 1s. 6d. for the second, and 1s. 6d. for each succeeding child over one year of age in cases where the father is in the workhouse.

Miss Dove, the principal of Wycombe Abbey School, has been elected mayor of the borough of Chepping Wycombe. She is the first woman to hold such an office. She was elected a councillor in November 1899, and has served on the Health and Hospital Committees. Miss Balkwill, the first legal woman candidate for the L.C.C., was defeated by 74 votes at Hampstead on Saturday last. Only 6,163 electors out of 15,373 took the trouble to vote.

In answer to a question by Mr. Summerson, M.P., Mr. Burns stated that during the year 1907 the number of persons who applied for freehold farms had been about 25,000, of which almost twice the total number at the close of the Empire. He also stated that the percentage of bachelors in this class exceeds the proportion in any other section of the population. The Doctor prophesies national torpor and other alarming consequences.

At the general meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations, held last week, the President, referring to the recent statement by the Prime Minister, stated that it was the business of the State to find money for the unemployed relief works, and that the money required for medical inspection.

In a paper read by Dr. Papillon before a French Congress, he showed that during the years 1906-7 Government offices had been relieved by the number of persons who applied for freehold farms, which is almost twice the total number at the close of the Empire. He also stated that the percentage of bachelors in this class exceeds the proportion in any other section of the population. The Doctor prophesies national torpor and other alarming consequences.

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The York correspondent of the "Leeds Mercury" states that the military authorities of that town served out twenty rounds of ball cartridges to their men under instructions to hold themselves ready to proceed to Bradford, where the police feared a demonstration by the unemployed and suf- fрагettes against the Postmaster-General. This repre- sents the official warning to the country that the.pem. gage of a scourge which science has declared to be remedial but is hoped that the system will eventu- ally be extended on a scale which will include all victims of a scourge which science has declared to be remedial whenever the public intelligence demands action.

We learn from our contemporary, "The Railway Review," that Mr. Wardle, M.P., has protested against the action of the Postmaster-General in ordering three postal em- ployees to refrain from taking an active part in I.L.P. meet- ings. The Right Honourable gentleman has replied that "such action is not warranted." Mr. Bruce, who enjoys all Post Office servants to maintain a certain reserve in political matters, and that in future they must abstain from such action. They cannot be permitted to take a prominent part at public meetings organised by, or in connection with, a political party." If Mr. Wardle will continue to persistently force this matter before the House he will only be doing invaluable service to the Socialist movement.

A vital principle is at stake.

The French Government has declared that it will not dissolve the General Federation of Labour, in spite of the revolutionary element having a seat in the council. The members of the body, M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, said that the revolutionary element had been much exaggerated, and that the development of trade unionism was beneficial, in that it tended towards the organisation of the democracy. M. Jaurès refused to be appeased by this pretended kind- ness, and asked the pertinent question: If the Government gives the Constitution, why does it arrest a paper which led his followers, to the number of 60, into the voting lobby against the Ministers. This is an excellent example, which our Labour Party will find a proper method of treating concessions which have no real value.

The centre of interest in the Canadian Parliamentary situation is the simulating evidence of gross corruption in the matter of public works. Sir Wilfrid Laurier takes the line that the accusations are unworthy of his notice, but the "Times" correspondent has tele- graphed: "I regret to say that the information which I have received goes to corroborate these accusations. From a source absolutely trustworthy I have learned that, on a certain portion of the J.-antarctic Railway at least, the contractors are swindling the people of Canada. It is a shameful story of falsified pay rolls, falsified books, and falsified statements of work done. Indignation, when Canadians learn the truth, will also be caused by the system under which poor labourers are placed in a position which is little, if any, better than the peonage in the Southern United States.... An official at Ottawa told me yesterday that he knew that it existed, but did not know how to prevent it. The arrangement in Canada, he said, has, like every other system, to face the question of being replaced by a more efficient one by efficient ones.

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Socialism.

By The Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A.
Vicar of S. Mary The Virgin, Primrose Hill.

(A paper read before the Church Congress at Manchester.)

We know, in a company like this, something of the horror and shame of modern civilisation; we know it partly from our own personal experience, and more securely from the cold light of the statistics that have been laboriously collected in such cities as London, York, and Glasgow. And if we love our neighbour a tenth part as well as ourselves, we must be greatly concerned with whatever proposals are brought forward to reduce the vice, misery, disease, and early death, to change the process by which a large proportion of our children are brought up degenerate, and to reconstruct society on a Christian basis.

Therefore we have to put aside all that hinders a clear judgment—all the prejudices of our particular class or coterie, all the peculiar inhibitions of our upbringing, and all the subtle blindness which our self-interest so easily imposes. We have to consider all schemes of improvement in the light of the Gospel.

The most prominent of these schemes is Socialism. Indeed, at the day it seems to be the only scheme that is at all complete, that has a universal moral appeal, that evokes prophetic fervour. There are, no doubt, still some people who believe in the Individualist principles of fifty years ago—the principles which German economists have named after the town where we have the honour of meeting to-day—and who think that Individualism can cure the evils which it has created. But such political homeopathy as this is hardly credible, that evils which it has created. But such political homeopathy as this is hardly credible; the conception that floated in the vision of the world's greatest seers, from Plato to Ruskin, the conception that was the constant ideal of the historic Church—the conception to which the great Christian fathers looked up from a world of slavery as the mark of the city of God—the orderly service of each for the good of all, the brotherly co-operation of the many members in the one body. For this is Socialism.

It is their ideas of fellowship and service that are being welcomed and preached with passionate and self-sacrificing enthusiasm by thousands upon thousands of the higher artisans. Remember, this ideal does not come from the stumps, it was not invented by the suf"ferers: it was invented by compassionate men of the middle class, and it is being taken up by that section of the working class that suffers least and has least to gain. And nowhere we study the literature of this movement we find the same insistence upon moral principles, the same inspiration of the Christian ideal. These men may be mistaken—al least there is no denying that they think they are seeking brotherhood, service, and charity, that they are moved by compassion and compassion, that they are sincerely attacking selfishness and the worship of Mammon.

(To be concluded.)

Egypt.

"Ya Rabb, Rah yigi emta al ali malyun gini dol?"*

This modest prayer, evidently of long standing, might never have been recorded, had it not been overheard; it happened, however, that I observed a felah upon his knees, and listened.

Momentarily, my spirits rose, for the man who thought in such big sums must have imagination—least. Reason, however, forced these raptures; the man was merely a child and greedy. As infinity at to the schoolmen, so was "ali malyun" to him; all he wanted was a lot, and the more he asked for the more he was likely to get. But the sheikh with whom I rode ignored the portent and continued to descend on the inequities of the cottoworm . . .

In the village we drank coffee with the omdah, who complained bitterly that he had no leisure, and wondered how long the Government expected him to work for nothing. I mentioned something fatuous about "public service"; a remark received with silence and knitted brows . . . Returning, the village gaffir accompanied me, and without delay plunged neck deep into eulogy of the Occupation, discoursing vaguely on the benefits which that phenomenon had given to the country. Having run the gamut of every department, from irrigation to finance, up the scale and down, with considerable reliance and fervour he paused, adding somewhat lamely: "Splendid people—the English." I perceived weary that this was merely the overture—the groundwork, as it were, heralding the approach of

* "Lord, when are those thousand million pounds coming?"
OCTOBER 29, 1908

THE NEW AGE

9

even more succulent matter. I whistled nervously with a poor affection of high spirits as I watched my friend gathering his forces. And suddenly a new attack came, and one of "Genab El Melettish" quivered into the air with throbbing mournful emphasis. There was a note of deeper appeal and more genuine interest now in the voice that had lately with gay animation discoursed of alien races. Briefly, it was a case of six children and P.T. 120 a month. I wrote his name in my book—a fat book, already bristling with such details; not for pity or any personal interest in the case: merely a note and a record, that might be of some use later.

Back in the rest house we dined—two other wandering inspectors had taken refuge here—and talked shop. The Nile, the crops, "the native," the Lord who had gone and the host who was here; but it was the fortunes of K— that moved us, for he had just been promoted to a fat billet at £800 a year. We were agreed on his merits, and declared him a good fellow; wondering in our hearts how soon our turn would come. "Damn this filthy country," said B--, and having drunk to this sentiment we went to bed.

Next morning I met my friend Sadig Effendi Mohammed, a native doctor late of the Government service, who had retired into private practice. I asked him how he liked the change and he announced: "I made a hundred pounds this month," he said.

The English, we are told, are here for the purpose of teaching Egyptians to govern themselves, and the Egyptians it may be supposed are working heart and soul to learn that lesson. So that an imaginative man at home might have visions of stirring mutual endeavour, helpful co-operation, individual energies and enthusiasm consciously directed to a single large purpose, of permeation, come to be appreciated and understood by the people. It is sufficiently discouraging to find the English government inspectors—whose hopes are centred on rises of pay and promotions, with the glorious prospect of leave once every two years: it is true they work hard—are mostly overworked; but their work is nothing but an incident of which the happy culmination is retirement and a pension. In India the government official is wrapped in his work, so wrapped that he talks India on board his homeward boat, finds England a devilish dull place, and pants to return to his East. In Egypt we take at the most a professional interest in our work, and there is probably not one of us who would not leave the country to-morrow if he got the chance.

Of the native population over eighty per cent. are farmers. They are industrious by nature, but harbours of barbarism, superstition, whose mental outlook is literally bounded by the limits of a cotton field. The remainder comprises for the most part the EFFENDI class, the educated native, who were, in 1882, called "Effendi"; and who is probably a more or less ardent supporter of the Nationalist Party, which will continue to be ineffective as long as its political aims are inspired by the vapourings of the "Lewa," and as long as its leaders are actuated by a desire for notoriety and the hope of personal advancement. It is sufficiently discouraging to find the English officials indifferent, but when even the Egyptian patriot is a self-seeker, it is difficult not to give way to despair.

If we are merely policemen, put here to keep order, run the finances of the place, and secure equal justice for all classes, we do our best to attain these objects, and achieve a certain measure of success. It is even possible that after an indefinite lapse of time we shall have succeeded in running a well-ordered and contented native police force, and in improving, perhaps, the condition of the people. But we have no desire to run the country's finances, and we are not here to teach the Egyptians self-government.

But there is a belief in the sincerity of our motives and a willingness to co-operate and learn. Yet this mutual understanding is impossible as long as the rank and file of the two peoples shun each other in society and abuse each other in secret.

When the true Nationalism comes, it will be a Nationalism as dear to the heart of the Egyptian as the Egyptian himself, and it will only come when on both sides the desire of personal gain has been swept away by the passion for public service. That day seems far distant; for the two have so little in common. The Egyptian's background of experience is thin and empty; he has no knowledge, no art, no drama, no music worthy the name; his history is but an inspiration. Moreover the Egyptian drinks coffee. On the other hand, there is the Englishman, sport-loving, sport-talking, whisky-drinking. This question of drinks may sound trivial; but it is one of those little things that widen barriers, strengthen antipathies.

They have, however, one thing in common; politically—if they are interested in politics—both are fanatics: that is, both see things through their own particular telescopes, refusing to admit the existence of other telescopes or to acknowledge the truth in other points of view. As an Englishman (an exceptionally unprejudiced, open-minded one, of course) I am inclined to regard the Egyptian political outlook, i.e., the "Lewa" or Nationalist outlook, as elementary and childish. Nationalism by all means, but intelligent Nationalism, based on some knowledge of history, not merely the history of war and dynasties, but the history of thought and ideas; Nationalism, in fact, backed by a sense of proportion, an intelligent recognition of facts.

It is depressing, for instance, to read in the leading nationalist newspaper that "the English have no history worth mentioning, no ideas deserving consideration, save only the philosophies of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, the former of whom had no respect for the human race, whilst the latter dealt only with material benefit." Egyptian political ideas are about on the same level of intelligence as this criticism. As for the Anglo-Egyptian, he runs to a type: dull, conventional, unimaginative.

To unite these discordant elements, and inspire this unpromising material with an enthusiasm—something that has no connection with income—can it ever be done? Possibly race antipathies are too strong, personal ambitions too violent; perhaps the leopard can never change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin; perhaps, even, there is no one here who cares about these things, no one in Egypt who feels the lack of a common purpose, or misses the thrill of the sense of co-operation; perhaps, indeed, we are all humbugs—just satisfied with regular meals.

And if these things are true, then it is useless to rail and fret. Egyptian and Englishmen alike may continue to do their daily work, conscientiously and coldly, whilst the cry of their hearts is: "Ya Rabb, Rah yigi emta al alfi malyun gini dol?"

L. H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH.

Mansura, Lower Egypt.

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Contains all the essentials

for flesh and bone-forming

in exceptional degree.

Quickly and Easily

Prepared.
My Black Boy Again.
By Richmond Haigh.

Otai came into the room at about the usual time and said, "The bath is ready, sir."

"All right!" I said. "I shall be ready in a minute. You may take the things down."

M'litisi was the name of the tiny stream which ran past my hut, and very precious was the little flow of water in that ever dry and thirsty land. Drifting over the sand, over more than six inches in depth, it could be stepped over in a walking stride; ever apparently on the point of running out, it had never within living memory failed to supply the wants of the three considerable kraals—with the hundreds of head of cattle and goats belonging to them—which some distance apart from each other, depended upon it solely during winter months for drinking, cooking, and washing purposes. But there was greater strength in the stream than appeared to the eye! Soon after the day had washed that bed for ages, and the banks were high on either side in many places, but the storm that washed it out brought over a new supply of sand with it, and for a depth of three feet—in places, far more—the water silted through the sand. A flock of goats, drinking together, lined along the stream would in a minute or two stop the surface flow entirely, and I have watched the knowing creatures at the lower end each, as the water did not reach it, jump up the bank and run along the stream to the head of the flow, then down again to finish drinking. Often there would be no water running past my station for an hour or two, when I would know that the people at, the kraal higher up and the animals there had descended together for their supply. This never occurred any inconvenience to me, nor to the natives at the other kraals, although thirsty animals would have to bide their time. At such times the sun would in a very little while dry the surface sand of the stream bed and a despising tenterfoot might die of thirst on the bank, thinking he had reached only another of the many dead watercourses with which that part of the world is cursed. The water running over the surface is used by the women of the kraals only for washing things, such as their clay pots, and is never taken for cooking or drinking. When in the morning or evening they go down to fetch water, with their calabashes they scoop holes in the sand, away from the running stream, and by the time they have cleaned their pots the hole will be full of beautifully clear, cold water. Towards the mouth of the stream, where the depth of sand is greater, the water is never taken for cooking or drinking, when in the morning or evening they go down to fetch water, with their calabashes they scoop holes in the sand, away from the running stream, and by the time they have cleaned their pots the hole will be full of beautifully clear, cold water. Towards the mouth of the stream, where the depth of sand is greater, the water is never seen on the surface, and here it is necessary to make holes four or five feet deep, but the supply never fails. The instinct of game and cattle bred in that country leads them, if it were not kept down, to make holes of the course tramping holes until the water ounces through. The less the depth of sand, of course, the more strongly do they smell the water.

It was not convenient for me to go upstream some distance for my bath, to where the water bubbled between some rough stones on a rocky bed, I had procured an extra large zinc bath, and part of the boy's duty every morning was to get this ready for me. So it was that Otai came as usual to my room and said, "The bath is ready, sir." Taking towel, soap and chair, he started off for the bathing-place, but had hardly left the room when he returned and said, "The chief is here."

"Who?" I asked; but before he could reply the chief was at the door and asking Otai if I was within. The youngster answered "Yes," and walking to the middle of the room said aloud, "Sir! the chief is here." "Come in, chief!" I called, and in walked a remarkable figure and the most consequential native personage of all this land. Mapejani was the royal wife of a great chief against whom a considerable British force had not found it easy to prevail. The chief is long since dead, and the power of the tribe has evidently declined since those days of exciting life she had experienced appear to sit heavily upon her. She was an enormous woman; taller than most men; she was broader and carried more weight than any man or woman of all her people. Upright in carriage, and with a fine head, her blue eyes were quick and clever at repartee, and her deliberate movements and address (though she would be jolly and cheerful enough on occasion) were well suited to her appearance and dignity.

As she entered my room I went forward to greet her, shaking hands in the usual way, then pointed to the chair, which Otai still held, upon which she sat. Three women were attending the chief, one of whom came in and sat upon the floor beside her, while the other two sat a little in the back of the chair, making a sort of side cubicle. As she entered my room I went forward to greet her, shaking hands in the usual way, then pointed to the chair, which Otai still held, upon which she sat. Three women were attending the chief, one of whom came in and sat upon the floor beside her, while the other two sat a little in the back of the chair, making a sort of side cubicle. "You are out early this morning, Chief," I said, by way of opening the conversation. The Queen, as her few Christianised subjects delighted to call her, laughed heartily. "It is easy to get up early," she replied, "as it is before the sun every morning. Only white people lay in bed in daytime." "Yes!" I said, "but they don't sleep all the afternoon as you do." "One cannot work all day in the heat of the sun without the animals know better than that."

"Quite right," I said, "but you have no work to do. You can simply please yourself." I knew that she was always busy about her own huts, and said this only to find out why. The reply was almost exactly what might have
been expected from a careful housekeeper at home, and rather astonished me. "No work? Do you think I can trust the women to keep the place clean? The dirty, lazy things! Will cows keep the kraal clean? They love the dirt!"

It appeared, after a little more talk, that the Chief was going to look at one of her corn lands and had stopped to see me, and get a cup of coffee, on the way—the coffee, as a matter of course, had been handed to her almost as soon as she sat down—and now she rose to leave again.

Otaï, who had brought the coffee in, knowing that I would wish to finish with the bath quickly, had not left the room, and now, when Mapejani stood up, the eager younger hearing her bid me adieu took the cup out of her hand and passed it to a spot, was sent out of sight. Mapejani—which word, as a woman (of her size) and a chief?

The hollow sanctities of your domain! Not yet man's fullest lesson have they learned: The Angels and Devils said don't, but he did. A good boy! It was an accident, Chief! "

"Son of Jaboadi, of the Sepeke," I replied. "He banged him about.

Shivering and gibbering with fright; their lives were taken. Who prided herself on having some virtue as a woman—which would have brought to an end my usefulness—As did I—then we all rushed forward to the chief's assistance. Mapejani went white and green with rage; she fairly foamed at the mouth. Otaï, who had hardly passed out of the room, hearing the mighty thud, looked back and, seeing at once what he had been responsible for, was struck motionless with terror. With a considerable effort we—the women and I—raised the chief from the ground, and bringing my own chair, stood on the threshold, speechless, while I, talking as an agent in that part; but I had an extremely able friend in the shape of a square bottle whose occasional generosity upon the face of the chief, and I thanked the Lord that he had led me to be almost harshly chary of

Now Freedom's dawn for Womankind has come; Those hearts which, for their birthright, Have stung with bitterness, but not dismayed,

And if their souls, that long in silence yearned, Have stung with bitterness, but not dismayed,

Break into flame, and shame your feeble spark,

I made about the dryness of the season reminded the chief—who prided herself on having some virtue as a rain-maker—that she wished to ask me whether I would have some real salt sea-water (a powerful aid in rain-making) sent up for her from the coast, and, while putting the question to me, she sat down again. Great Heavens! What a crash was there! Huge and fat, she must have turned the scale at nineteen stone. The room had flooring boards raised a few inches from the ground, and how they stood the shock was ever after a surprise to me. The whole building shook. The horrified attendants stood for a moment aghast—and as did I—then we all rushed forward to the chief's assistance. Mapejani went white and green with rage; she fairly foamed at the mouth. Otaï, who had hardly passed out of the room, hearing the mighty thud, looked back and, seeing at once what he had been responsible for, was struck motionless with terror. With a considerable effort we—the women and I—raised the chief from the ground, and bringing my own chair, stood on the threshold, speechless, while I, talking as an agent in that part; but I had an extremely able friend in the shape of a square bottle whose occasional generosity upon the face of the chief, and I thanked the Lord that he had led me to be almost harshly chary of

And if their souls, that long in silence yearned, have the remembrance of the whole thing.

To certain Legislators who speak scornfully of Suffragette Methods.

| M | for Man; by the way, what is Man? |
| N | for Nunquam who'll tell if he can, |
| O | is the Om about which I won't trouble you, |
| P | for the Pope and P.W.W. |
| Q | is the Quaker quiescent in quod, |
| R | is for Reason, a primitive God, |
| S | is the Superman, harmless but fat, |
| T | a Theosophist losing his hat, |
| U | the Upanishads, clever but slight, |
| V | is for Virtuous Man killing Beit, |
| X | for King Xerxes, a monotheist, |
| Y | is for You who depreved as you are, |
| Z | Zarathustra who couldn't take stout, |

He made war on the weak and they banged him about.

An Alphabet.

By G. K. Chesterton.

A is an Agnostic dissecting a frog,
B was a Buddhist who had been a dog,
C was a Christian, a Christist I mean,
D was the Dog which the Buddhist had been,
E is for Ethics that grow upon trees,
F for St. Francis who preached to the fleas,
G is for God which is easy to spell,
H is for Iaeeckel and also for Hell,
I is the Incas now commonly dead,
J is a Jesuit under the bed,
K is the letter for Benjamin Kidd,
The Angels and Devils said don't, but he did.
L Louis the Ninth who unlike the Eleventh,
M is for Man; by the way, what is Man?
N is for Nunquam who'll tell if he can,
O is the Om about which I won't trouble you,
P for the Pope and P.W.W.
Q is the Quaker quiescent in quod,
R is for Reason, a primitive God,
S is the Superman, harmless but fat,
T a Theosophist losing his hat,
U the Upanishads, clever but slight,
V is for Virtuous Man killing Beit,
W is for Wesley who banged with his fist,
X for King Xerxes, a monotheist,
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He made war on the weak and they banged him about.

To certain Legislators who speak scornfully of Suffragette Methods.

You, from whose lips the words of cold disdain Have stung with bitterness, but not dismayed, Those hearts which, for their birthright, would invade

The hollow sanctities of your domain! Have you forgotten what men have done to gain Your freedom? Think of many a bloody blade Struck home in silence, many a barricade That stemmed the tide of proud Oppression's reign.

Now Freedom's dawn for Womankind has come; And if their souls, that long in silence yearned, Break into flame, and shame your feeble spark, Keep you your scorn! remember—and be dumb!

Not yet man's fullest lesson have they learned: Pillage, and fire, and murder in the dark!

J. H. COUSINS.
Books and Persons.

I obtained the new book of Anatole France, "L'Ile des Pingouins," the day after publication, and my copy was marked "eighteenth edition." But in French publishing the word "edition" may mean anything. There is a sort of legend among the simple that it means five hundred copies. The better informed, however, are aware that it often means less. Thus, in the case of the later novels of Emile Zola, an edition meant two hundred copies. This was chiefly to save the self-love of his publishers, who did not care to admit that the idol of a capricious populace had fallen off its pedestal. The vast fiction was created that Zola sold as well as ever! One Paris firm, the "Société du Mercure de France," which in the domain of pure letters has probably issued in the last dozen years more good books than any other house in the world, has, with astounding courage, adopted the practice of numbering every copy of a book. Thus my copy of its "L'Esprit de Barbey d'Aurevilly" (an exceedingly diverting volume) is numbered 1,424. I prefer this to advertisement of "second large edition," etc. One knows where one is. But I fear the example of the Mercure de France is not likely to be honestly imitated.

If Anatole France's "editions" consist of five hundred copies I am glad. For an immediate sale of nine thousand copies is fairly remarkable when the article sold consists of nothing more solid than irony. But I am inclined to think that they do not consist of five hundred copies. There is less enthusiasm—that is to say, less genuine enthusiasm—for Anatole France than there used to be. The majority, of course, could never appreciate him, and would only buy him under the threat of being disdained by the minority, whose sole weapon is scorn. And the minority has been seriously thinking about Anatole France, and coming to the conclusion that, though a genius, he is not the only genius that ever existed. (Stendhal is at present the god of extravagance in its sensuality. And "Sur La Pierre de Barde" bears little relation to his epoch. For this book is the history of France "from the earliest time to the present day," seen in the mirror of the writer's ironical temperament. It is very good. It is inimitable. It is sheer genius. One cannot reasonably find fault with its amazing finesse. But then one is so damnably unreasonable! One had expected—one does not know what one had expected—but anyhow something with a more soaring flight, something more passionate, something a little less gently "tired" in its attitude towards the criminal frailties of mankind! When an A. B. Walkley yawns in print before the spectacle of the modern English theatre, it really doesn't matter. But when Anatole France grows wearily indulgent before the spectacle of life, one is inclined to wake him up by throwing "Leaves of Grass" or "Eve's Ham" at his head. For my part, I am ready to hazard that what is wrong with Anatole France is just spiritual anaemia. Yet only a little while, and he was as great a force for pushing forward as H. G. Wells himself.

The preface to the new book is amusing. It conceives that before writing the history of the penguins, the author went to consult an aged historian. And the historian was what the aged historian said to him: "Why, my good sir, put yourself to so much trouble, and why compose a history when you have only to copy the best known, as is the custom? If you have an original view, a new idea, if you show men and things in an unexpected aspect, you will surprise the reader. And the reader does not like to be surprised. In a history he only looks for the nonsense which he has learnt already. If you try to instruct him, he will only humiliate and vex him. Do not attempt to enlighten him, he will cry out that you are insulting his beliefs! . . . One word more. If you want your book to be well received, neglect no opportunity for exalting the virtues on which your societies reproach devotion to religion, pure sentiments, and especially the designation of the poor, which is the foundation of order. Affirm, sir, that the origins of property, of the nobility, and of the police will be treated in your history with all the respect which these institutions merit. Let it be known that you admit the writer's ironical temperament.

In 'L'Ile des Pingouins' he returns, in a parable, to his epoch. For this book is the history of France "from the earliest time to the present day," seen in the mirror of the writer's ironical temperament. It is very good. It is inimitable. It is sheer genius. One cannot reasonably find fault with its amazing finesse. But then one is so damnably unreasonable! One had expected—one does not know what one had expected—but anyhow something with a more soaring flight, something more passionate, something a little less gently "tired" in its attitude towards the criminal frailties of mankind! When an A. B. Walkley yawns in print before the spectacle of the modern English theatre, it really doesn't matter. But when Anatole France grows wearily indulgent before the spectacle of life, one is inclined to wake him up by throwing "Leaves of Grass" or "Eve's Ham" at his head. For my part, I am ready to hazard that what is wrong with Anatole France is just spiritual anaemia. Yet only a little while, and he was as great a force for pushing forward as H. G. Wells himself.

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"of imagination all compact." But was he? Splendour of utterance, splendour of imagery he had—:

Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,
Painting red pants into the West;
or this, to the sun,
When thou didst, bursting from the great void's husk,
Leap like a lion on the throat of dusk.

One might multiply in quotation. An unperturbed—one of his favourite adjectives—an unperturbed flow of intense thought he had, and expressed in his running imagery. He embroidered his work with coloured words, with sensuous words, words that expressed the fruitfulness and the beauty of earth; and he brocaded all with pattern of gold and silver. But does all this constitute a poet of the first rank? Skill of word and splendour of imagery serve the emotion, the imagination and the thought in what they have to say to us; but it is in the novelty of what these three have to say, and principally in what the first two have to say, together with the degree of artistry brought to their expression, that presumably the greatness of a poet lies. The poet thus looks through a kind of telescope of four sections. He does not always round out his steps. Francis Thompson, I think, was only novel in expression and imagery. In emotion, he seems to have been equal and austere. Little children, the woman whom he exalted in Love in Dian's Lap, certain aspects of Nature, and the teach him; but—spite of all the critics, never in such a manner as to carry one (say, myself) away like Blake, in the "Songs of Innocence," like Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in the "Love Sonnets of Proteus," like Keats, in "What the Thrush Said," and like Verlaine, in "Sagesse." And the reason of this seems to lie in Thompson's very excellences. His imagination was always at the mercy of that "wassail of organic imageries" whose novelty took away the breadth of his critics; so that his greatness in one direction obscured his whole vision, just as the view would be obscured if only one section of a telescope were pulled out. He gathered his imageries on all sides as in imagination he strayed like an earthly clod about some bower-garden of the heaven he looked to. He wove them recklessly into the stuff of his emotions; and his verse in consequence is nearly always heavy and imponderable in heaven became heavy and a harsh leaf the metaphor, I think Thompson would have...

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Nov. 18th—"SOCIALISM AND THE RATEPAYER."
Nov. 25th—"SOCIALISM AND THE EMPIRE."
have been simple and passionate, and yet employed a great deal more of
sweeping rhythm and descriptive breeziness that are
in the lines,
printing-lines like these, from "To a Daisy,"
and so on. This too facile marvelling and ruminating
inequalities and misery of the present day. But it is
Mr. Thurlocke come near to the heart of the matter,
that one unconsciously supplies a tune, in quick time.
not displeasing. The "Rustic Choir" has such a beat
away, before poetry, phoenix-like, is reborn with a new
hills and beaches we have ourselves visited, and there
struck now and again. To him, Mr. Thurlocke and
a more careful control over their words and rhythms?
from that of ready-made rhythms and square-cut
seems to have any other senses than the five. This
Mr. Thurlocke, like the author of "The Soul of a
surprised, fustian apart, at the good notes which are
Given these strange errors of taste, one is prepared
for the fustian which largely makes up this book, and
MISTRESS HILARY PAGE.

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in the nifld and with sea daft-monsters at home."—Times.

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Abbessethism, and occasionally it is good poetry."

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORS ET VICTORIA."

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Abbessethism, and occasionally it is good poetry."

"This beautiful little volume..."—Observer.

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SPECIAL OFFER OF MARX'S GREAT WORK ON CAPITAL.

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stones, and flinging it out of the window into the snow! We have much sympathy with the publisher's readers if this is the best they could find amongst the "18 miles of typewritten matter" sent in in the competition. Mr. Jacob Tonson's strictures on contemporary fiction are simply misleading understatements. Mr. Rupert Lothing, with his hundred guineas being his tongue in his cheek; but Mr. Fisher Unwin did not chance much more than the prize money on his "fancy," for the format of the book is of the cheapest and plainest description.

The Roman Empire. (B.C. 29--A.D. 476.) By H. Stuart Jones. ("The Story of the Nations.") (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

One of the most valuable books which have appeared in this famous series. It deals with a period which no serious student of human affairs can overlook; especially it is packed with lessons for the politician. For it includes a most detailed attempt at government by a bureaucracy. It was at the full swing of the reaction from the primitive democracy of the comitia. It was a period of autocracy which was often beneficent; and yet was unstable because it was not based on a sufficiently broad foundation of popular cooperation. The problem of liberty versus government is summed up by a shrewd sentence from the Consul Fronto who meditated that "while it was bad enough to have an emperor under whom no one might do anything, it was worse to have one under whom everyone might do everything." We would particularly must the chapter on Nerva, Trajan and Hadrian. Mr. Jones calls Hadrian "the only man of genius amongst the Emperors of Rome," and he quotes five lines of his death-poem which have the touch of lastlingness. He analyses him as "a poet and artist, but with a passion for the details of business and finance; a voluptuary, determined to drain the cup of human experience to the last drop, and at the same time a ruler who laboured strenuously for the well-being of his subjects--such were a few of the diverse parts which Hadrian played." There are over fifty full-page illustrations of the greatest interest for the archaeologist and the artist.

Warp and Woof. By Edith Lyttelton. (Fisher Unwin. 35. 6d. net.)

This is an ugly, depressing play, all about the ugly and sordid realities of fashionable dressmaking: overwork, long hours, society puppy, anaemic and consumptive workgirls, the irascible proprietress, driven and driving. The ball for which all this slime was stirred up and set boiling actively rouses and drives. The ball for which all this slime was stirred up and set boiling actively rouses and drives. The ball for which all this slime was stirred up and set boiling actively rouses and drives. The ball for which all this slime was stirred up and set boiling actively rouses and drives. The ball for which all this slime was stirred up and set boiling actively rouses and drives.
was no musician of the commoner sort, agile only in his fingers. No! when the dancing had become furious he danced as well—but more sedately, turning with grace, little steps, for the partner whom his arms were clasping was a life-long love. But he never boasted of this; he never sneered at any love which seemed to be more mundane. On the contrary, whenever he chanced to play at a wedding he was always contented and sprightly because he was sure it was a love match. He was just as sure of this as is every well-conducted newspaper when a prince is going to marry a princess. Einar is typical of the old-world Norwegian village where everything in this books happens; where Margret, who has the reality of a dream, lives; where Frederikke writes grotesque poems on the death of cows and other important deeds. "Let it, meanwhile, be recorded in her great honour that she, at all events, did not once, on account of the mere technicalities, say what she did not wish to say." That is delightful; so is the whole book.

DRAMA

Cooking and the Drama.

"Why," she asked, between two dainty sips at the cup of China tea, "don't we execute him?"

"They're not," I retorted, indignantly.

"Oh yes, they are. I wonder why?"

The decadent poet shook back the long black locks from his pale face and smiled complacently.

"It's the cooking," he whispered, softly.

"My dear fellow!"

"Isn't it obvious?" He settled himself comfortably back in his chair, and pointed a finger at us. "French cookery is artful and provocative, and you get Anatoile France, Montaigne, Voltaire, Rabelais. German cookery is philosophic and individual, an attempt, if you like, to conserve and perfect the Ego of the meat, and it gives us Goethe, Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche and Kaiser Wilhelm the Second. We English eat our meat raw and stew the individual soul out of our vegetables, and we produce Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, W. T. Stead and Carlyle. Er—was he? Well, the Scotch are as bad.

"Now note the effect on the theatre. In France it is a sparkle, in Germany a lamp, in England—well, the English Drama, if Mr. Lamb's baby, is more easily conceived than described."

"Bosh! Had we never a stage?"

"Never!"

"Well, really, you know—"the glance of my bosom wandered delightfully from face to face—"we always thought we had a tolerable list of world-famous dramatists."

"Yes, madam, famous on the Continent, not in Balham, that Athens of England. Balham only knows of Shakespeare and Cecil Raleigh, and thinks the modern incomparably the moreactable of the two. Our geniusesses we never have acted but on sufferance. We have always preferred Beaumont and Fletcher to Shakespeare, Dryden to Congreve, and Mr. Colly Cibber to the pack of them. Whereas the German, the mere Teutonic man-in-the-street is on speaking terms with Ibsen, or bawing terms with Maeterlinck, and on fighting terms with Shaw (and goes to see Shaw all the more often because he is on fighting terms with him). Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wilde, Shaw, Björnson, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Wedekind, Maeterlinck, Gorki and the Graces—all the real playwrights of the planet jostle for a place on his boards. Do you know, I saw a play of Synge's in Berlin. Synge is his name, isn't it? The author of 'The Riders to the Sea.' Think of it! And even I think of our own gentle worm of a Vedrenne-Barker with its Irish dramatists! ... Shakespeare? No, we don't play Shakespeare. We execute him."

"My hostess nodded her head, and looked convinced. "Don't listen to him, madam," said I. "What

THE NEW AGE

October 29, 1908

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Happy the man with thrift and care,
Who lives so well that he can spare:
Prolongs his life with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa,
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J. W. DUCKWORTH, 9gs. Church St., Hunslet, Leeds (Manager.)
he rejoiced to find the countrymen in reality they may well be proud of. This is how the matter really stands. We Britshers love Life. The Continental is past that. Your Parisian can only endure it dressed up delicately and set dancing to ballet music. If it stop but for a moment, he hears at the bottom of his soul the horrible rushing sounds of the Seine. The German accepts life as an excuse for thought-systems and ceremonies. But the Englishman loves Life for itself — Life for its own sake. Life stark naked (yes, Life, not just the Life of the angels) plagues him unceasingly. Ugly clothes, fetid slums, mouldy institutions bother him no whit. Give him his little daily breath, and he is contented. He is the last and greatest of the optimists, and a contempt for criticism, let me remind you in passing, is the proudest privilege of optimism."

"And its easiest explanation."

"Exactly. The critic is the master of detail; it is all that he sees. Only a critic could revile the drama and cooking of England. For the optimist they are tremendous assertions of the Love of Life."

"But—" began my lady.

The Poet swept her down.

"My dear fellow, please don't talk about the Love of Life. What's Life, anyway? The Love of Life for its own sake is a revealed superstition. When you and Miss Marie Corelli call the Joie de Vivre is in reality nothing better than an absence of palate — the palate being an organ with which Providence, for some hidden purpose, has omitted to supply the inhabitants of these islands."

"Bosh! It isn't the absence of palate; it's the presence of hunger. The Continental wouldn't eat at all if it weren't for the spices; the Englishman loves his meat! So what does he do but get his palate accustomed to such sauces! To blazes with them! Give him a solid beef chunk he can set his teeth into and growl over."

"And to blazes with your art and intellect?" murmured the Poet.

"Of course! Why your own pet Irish dramatist has called art and intellect bad names, though he only exists by virtue of them. Anyhow, the Briton finds them impertinent in the theatre — they distract him from the true business of the place, which is to contemplate himself prodigiously assembled there. His firm conviction is (sit he in a Covent Garden Opera box or a Tivoli gallery) that the public and not the play's the thing. Plays he does not object to, but they must be prodigiously unobtrusive."

"Unobtrusive! Have you actually the courage to call musical comedy unobtrusive?"

"Certainly. Compare it with Ibsen. Ibsen makes his public self better than the stage-piece is quite true, of course. Why, then, not let him have the theatres over."

"And its easiest explanation."

"Exactly. The critic is the master of detail; it is all that he sees. Only a critic could revile the drama and cooking of England. For the optimist they are tremendous assertions of the Love of Life."

"But—" began my lady.

The Poet swept her down.

"My dear fellow, please don't talk about the Love of Life. What's Life, anyway? The Love of Life for its own sake is a revealed superstition. When you and Miss Marie Corelli call the Joie de Vivre is in reality nothing better than an absence of palate — the palate being an organ with which Providence, for some hidden purpose, has omitted to supply the inhabitants of these islands."

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"Exactly. The critic is the master of detail; it is all that he sees. Only a critic could revile the drama and cooking of England. For the optimist they are tremendous assertions of the Love of Life."

"But—" began my lady.

The Poet swept her down.
but liver-sick stockbrokers always call us so) may enter into possession of our birthright, and be given a chance of seeing some of those English masterpieces which Continentals so much like. We are no inconsiderable minority, let me tell you, but in every constituency they outvote us. I plead for segregation... This, too, in cooking. When you have given your happy nodded assent, reserve, I pray you, for our miserable palate-possessors a few small dimly-lit restaurants where the food shall be simple and varied..."

"And clean," I added.

"And clean," he assented. "But let us not wash out the essential juices with the dirt. And let us not perpetuate that marvel of ancient British cooking whereby the essential juices were magically extracted and the dirt preserved. Even in the present enlightened age this has, I believe, at times been found possible, but I must refer you to Mr. Redford for that.

The Poet swept back his hair again—a gesture for which I always have envied him)—and dallied luxuriously with his extinguished cigarette. Mine hostess frowned.

"I think," she ventured, looking up at us after a pause, "that you are both wrong. I believe the whole thing might be put in a phrase: The Continental goes to the theatre as he goes to the restaurant—to get fed; the Englishman goes to the theatre as he goes to the public-house—to get drunk."

"Yes," retorted the Poet, sitting bolt upright, and becoming earnest, "but don't you realise that the Englishman goes to the restaurant for the same reason he goes to the play, and to the library, and the political meeting, and the football match, and the church? Now, I don't object to the drunkenness, but I want you to admire the poor stuff your countrymen can get drunk on! Such plays, such politics, such religion, such beer! Don't you think that argues a lamentable absence of palate?"

"Talking about beer," I said... And then we drifted into quite another discussion. W. R. Titterton.

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For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does no hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

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

STOP IT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In common with every other active member of the I.L.P., I am sick, sorry, and tired of the confusion and disorganization which the Party has drifted into. I protest against the present Government of our birthright, and am disgusted with the incapacity with which its affairs are administered. The present rump of the Party is reaping the glory of its work frittered away and the movement made the laughing stock of the world. It is time these gentlemen displayed some of those qualities of the Party which has so elevated them to their present positions. After all, it is we of the fighting ranks that matter. It is we who have made the movement; it is we who find the money and do the hardest work; and it is we who must see to it that any separate parties do not become our masters, but behave honestly to the party which has so honoured them. Snowden and Grayson are both paid men.

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Nov. 5.—Mr. Arthur Keevo. "The Riddle of Trade." (On the Money Question.)


Nov. 22.—Mr. G. O. Massery, M.A., L.L.B. "Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt.'"

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OCTOBER 29, 1908
bers of an I.L.P. If Mr. Grayson has neglected his duties or taken action of which the party does not approve, or if Grayson considers the other I.L.P. members have not supported him in a proper manner, let them lay their charges before the party. It is really for them to bring these charges in public and disgrace the movement. But this melancholy business is chiefly our own fault. Who is it that sets the bad example, the dandy, the libristick, court and they to be tried? The N.A.C. should be the body, but the N.A.C. to all intents and purposes is Hardie, Macdonald and Snowden, carelessly choosing a sheep-like adherence. The party is never consulted before action is taken, it is only the paper of the I.L.P., but the register and there is no one to call them to account.

Cockermouth was fought, Newcastle left unfought, entirely on the responsibility of the party; all sorts of skilful and intriguing go on in constituencies who contemplate running for Parliament. They have appeared on public platforms along with Labour Party candidates. The Licensing Bill has re-acted upon Mr. Wells as a red rag on a bull, for he, who has not been sparing with such amiable epithets, not a single passage is marked as abusive. I can there-fore take it, that though he made the allegation that I was a sycophantic alien, the principal part of my pamphlet "An Exposure of the British Parliament" contains explanations of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of misrepresentations and now as lies. The next paragraphs marked with the same expletive are not stated to be lies, but define them as such. For example, I make from facts, i.e., having shown what Socialists propose to do, I state that certain consequences must follow and show why. I state that following is untrue. In what cases I make statements of fact (of distribution) feasible under Socialism. The next paragraphs marked with the same expletive are not stated to be lies, but define them as such. For example, I make from facts, i.e., having shown what Socialists propose to do, I state that certain consequences must follow and show why. I state that following is untrue. In what cases I make statements of fact (of distribution) feasible under Socialism.
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