NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. John Burns forwent his summer holiday this year in order that he might deal with the unemployed. He is dealing with them. When the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons on October 22 that the unemployed grant should not be withheld from persons who had received Poor Law Relief during the year, or who had been assisted under the Unemployed Workers' Act during the past two years, he did not mean this at all. There can be no doubt but that he meant something quite different. It is true that the majority of the members, counting by noses, were with Mr. Asquith, and had put this interpretation upon the words used. But a powerful minority, consisting of Mr. John Burns, had come to a quite other conclusion. Mr. John Burns's circular stated that the new regulations "do not love the existing disqualifications, but they give to the Distress Committee a discretion whereby they may waive the disqualifications in proper cases." Nothing will make us believe that John Burns had committed an error. Who has ever heard him hint at such a possibility, and who so quick as he to detect error? Has he not somewhere told us that he stands as a soaring pinion wheresoever he is wanted to conquer corruption, to flagellate faults, to block beer money?

We cannot spare Mr. John Burns; England hath need of him. His health is precious to us; he must not be allowed to overwork himself. We all suffer from his work. Mr. Asquith must prevail upon him to take a prolonged holiday. Mr. Burns, we are told, went to Germany once upon a time and followed the soldiers on foot. Why not go there again? In Germany there now languishes another solitary soul, another incomprehensible man, another powerful minority. We should rejoice indeed could we learn that Mr. John Burns was taking a cure in Germany, that he had invited the Kaiser to join him on a tour in Count Zeppelin's air-ship. In such companionship their habitual reticence would disappear in the free air; they could unburden themselves to one another on all the questions which the habit of diplomatic reserve has hitherto prevented them from imparting to an interested world.

Mr. Asquith did not "in the least complain" that attention had been called to the non-fulfilment of his promise, nor did he complain "of the very moderate and reasonable manner" in which Mr. Henderson had called attention to the matter. This is really magnanimous, but gives one the impression that if some less urbane speaker than Mr. Henderson had moved the adjournment the regulations as first issued by the Local Government Board would still be in force. The Labour Party's success on this occasion emphasises the value of an independent group acting on behalf of the workers; the Labour and Nationalist members were supported only by Mr. Lea and Mr. Rowlands when leave was asked to move the adjournment. The whole episode demonstrates what real powers a President of the L.G.B. does actually possess. Without any new legislation, by merely issuing humbler regulations and by compelling recalcitrant local bodies to obey them, much could be done to change the condition of thousands from misery to comparative comfort. The poor in the lump is bad is the inscription now to be read over the portals of the Whitehall offices.

Miss Murrell Marris, in her debate with Miss Randsfield, was aghast at the thought that "if a woman worker, forced as she might be to work in a factory under Socialism, disagreed with an official, she would find it impossible to leave her place and go to another situation, because there would be no other employer but the State. She would have to remain and put up with all the insults and disagreeable conditions attached to officialdom." That is a forecast of women under Socialism. Here is a picture of men not under the slavery of the State. Mr. Roberts asked the hon. member for South Somerset, as representing the President of the Board of Agriculture, whether he was aware that David Nicholls, who had applied to the Kent County Council for a small holding, was about to be evicted from his cottage by the landlord, part of whose land was suggested as suitable for small holdings, and that Nicholls was now being subjected to a local boycott, having been refused an adjacent vacant cottage on the ground of his resistance to the aforesaid eviction; whether he was aware that other persons in the locality were being restrained from making application for land under the
Small Holdings and Allotments Act for fear of similar intimidation; and whether his Department contemplated action to protect persons in such circumstances, and, if so, what.

Sir E. Strachey: The facts are as stated, and the President of the Board much regrets that he has no power to interfere.

* * *

The appeal for "Personal Service among London Poor" has naturally been received with unanimous approval by the London Press. It is so kind of these ladies, and these good lords, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, to show such interest in the respectable poor. The signatories are aware of conflicting theories and schemes for improving the state of affairs; but the question of material relief. On general grounds we should perhaps have nothing to urge against charity when it is done with due regard to the recipient's want. We have nothing to urge against charity when it is spent through the nose. Landlords, lawyers, shareholders are all in the conspiracy; the arbitrators and the sellers are alike drawn from the property-holding classes, and they will always and everywhere bring them to any understanding of the unemployed question. It is indeed a flagrant insult to the nation, and too much in keeping with English hypocrisy to have such an appeal signed by a landlord of the Duke of Norfolk type. First, get you off the backs of the poor; then, if you have desire to be of personal service. Nor is it true that long study and research are required before conclusions can be arrived at. It may be false that long study and research are required before Lords Salisbury and Norfolk, and Mrs. Asquith and the others can arrive at a conclusion. Nay, we doubt very slightly, however, and are not behind you in idea, that to bring them to any understanding of the unemployed question. It is indeed a flagrant insult to the nation, and too much in keeping with English hypocrisy to have such an appeal signed by a landlord of the Duke of Norfolk type. First, get you off the backs of the poor; then, if you have desire to be of personal service.

Second thoughts are second best. When the Lord Chancellor proposed that sentence of death should not be passed in cases of infanticide, the Bishop of Southwark thought the first instinct of any humane person would be favourable to the proposal. After listening to the lawyers' arguments, however, he concluded that he would not take part in the division. The proposal was rejected, the Bishops present acting like the Bishop of Southwark. Our historical knowledge of the Bishops is somewhat hazy, but we suppose merely on the doctrine of chance that at some time or other there must have been somewhere a Bishop whom one could have fairly described as a humane person. What was his name? During the debate Lord Denman admitted that he had great objection to the passing of a death sentence that was not to be carried into effect. So far good. But neither he nor any of the lawyers seemed to raise any objection to the passing of a sentence that was to be carried into effect. Though we can all easily conceive ourselves committing a murder, no man can understand the state of mind of a human being who can, in cold blood, and without the slightest personal ill-will, order the death of another human being. But to become a judge you must first cease to be a man.

* * *

Highly significant is the qualified approval given to railway nationalisation by Sir George Gibb, Chairman of the Metropolitan District Railway Co., in a paper he read before the Royal Economic Society. He said "he could not wholly disapprove of a scheme which would secure for the country the advantages of a system of well-regulated monopoly, even in the guise of State ownership. Competition, in his judgment, created more evils than it cured." The directors are just commencing to recognise that it will soon be time to sell out their property to the nation, for its value is just about on the decline. Owing to the recklessness of former competition, the enormous sums grabbed by the landed proprietors, and bad finance, the companies have a vastly swollen capital. But the real danger for them is a probable change in our means of locomotion; electricity, motor-transport, and air-ships will abolish the present clumsy system of transport altogether. At the first coming of success, which may come at any moment, the railway shareholders will be clamouring to be bought out. As Sir George Gibb remarked, "the value of their property would be fully provided for in the event of State purchase." We know that the shareholders would receive much more than the value of their property. In England corruption is a fine art, it has nothing of the grossness of the United States or Russia. We certainly know that in the case of the Metropolitan District Railway, with its architectural triumphs in railway stations, and its cumbersome, overcrowded cars, the shareholders keep their property whilst prices are falling, and let the nation compete in other ways.

DECAy OF HUMOUR UNDER SOCIALISM.—This we are convinced is a true and just indictment, although it is a point our opponents have not yet raised. Fallen to the Saturday ebb, our spirits were raised by the placards of the morning papers: Amusing Debate on the Licensing Bill. We turned hurriedly to the report, we bought all the morning papers, we read the all the different versions of the same debate. Of ourselves we found nothing amusing; the jokes had to be demonstrated to us by a Liberal. Sir Samuel Evans supposed himself at eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning asking for a plate of ham and eggs and a cup of coffee. Mr. J. Hope (first humorist): "The right hon. gentleman forgets that he ought to be in church at that hour." Mr. G. D. Faber (second humorist): "Bacon and eggs were not the proper preliminary to divine worship." The third humorist was Mr. Cox, which gives us hope, for we do not remember that in his Fabian days he was ever known as a wit. Remove the moves of Socialism, and the best springs of humour will bubble forth again.

With a minority in Parliament, it is not to be expected that Mr. Fisher, the Labour Premier, will be very heroic in his legislation. If the Australian Labour Government could but carry out Mr. Deskin's New Protection to its logical sequel we should have a form of Tariff Reform which all Socialists would heartily support. Under the New Protection, the duties from increased tariffs would be paid as a bonus to those manufacturers where a certain standard for the workers was maintained. A minimum rate of wage, the best practicable of factory conditions and the private number of hours for the employees, would be the conditions to be settled between the Government, the employer, and the workers. The experiment will, we are convinced, not long tarry in Australia; we can but hope that it will be a success. It is a great misfortune that Mr. Fisher as Premier, to pilot such a measure through the Parliament and be responsible for its execution. With any other than a Labour party in power we should not
find the workers reaping much benefit from such an Act.

There is no civilised country in the world, Turkey perhaps excepted, that has a democratic form of government. The difference between constitutional monarchies and absolute monarchies is that in the former foreign affairs are conducted by an aristocratic clique and in the latter by an imperial clique. We English are making ourselves peculiarly absurd just now in our commentaries on the historic Kaiser interview. Here for a few brief moments the Kaiser spoke out of the truth of his heart, he spoke unreservedly, not as a diplomatist, not as a Czar, not as a constitutional monarch, but as a man, as a human being to another. Are we going to denounce him because he spoke frankly, without the cunning and deceit of the diplomatist or of our English Front Bouncers? Are we to denounce him because he spoke as the friend of England? or because he said a large proportion of Germans were hostile to Britain? It is doubtless true that the majority of Germans are not enemies to England, but the Kaiser was, we take it, speaking of the majority that counts in the making of wars—the bureaucracy, the officers, the army and navy, the plutocracy. What is the use of this senseless attempt to conceal the truth from ourselves? Under the German Government system was consulted the Kaiser, not as a constitutional monarch, but as a man. The Kaiser had no say when the war with the Boer Republics was manipulated. We do hope the Social Democratic Party will be under no mistake; just as an open enemy is better than a false friend, an absolute autocracy is better than any constitutional monarchy around which clings a festering mass of anarchy, treachery, and miserable poltroons. We think the Socialists of this country have too long taken it for granted that the form of government is of little importance. With the economic changes we urge there will not be a little of our demands for a constitutional alteration, with the abolition of the monarchy as a chief item.

The late Lord Justice Mathew was as strong a "pro-Boer" as he was a Home Ruler. We recall an incident in the Commercial Court in which he revealed his strong feelings on this matter. Lord Robert Cecil, in opening a case arising out of the seizure of a consignment of gold, stated that the seizure took place on the day the war broke out, the exact date of which he had forgotten for the moment. Lord Justice Mathew leaned forward, saying with great solemnity and sternness, "You need not trouble to remind me of that date, Lord Robert, I shall never forget it as long as I live." Lord Robert Cecil's father was Premier when it broke out. The late Judge was an admirable commercial lawyer, too. As a criminal Judge, on the whole, he was humane. But the ferocity of his sentences in cases of sacrilegious robbery, rather marred his reputation for humanity. Lord Justice Mathew always regarded landlords or owners of house property as, ipso facto, persons devoid of any civil rights.

We call attention to a remarkable editorial note in our columns last week. The "Labour Leader" complains that in printing a selection of letters and resolutions from private individuals and from Socialist and Labour branches we omitted the names. Our reply is that when you are printing only about 1 per cent. chosen at random of the correspondence received the addition of names would make the selection invidious. We have compiled, however, a complete list of the branches and bodies that sent congratulatory messages, and this list will be published at the opportune moment.

Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., desires to thank the many persons and organisations who have sent him congratulations and resolutions on his recent action in the House of Commons. He regrets that it is quite impossible to make the selection invidious. We have compiled, however, a complete list of the branches and bodies that sent congratulatory messages, and this list will be published at the opportune moment.

**GAVENDISH ROOMS, MORTIMER STREET, REGENT STREET, W.**

Madame SAN CARLO'S Living-Picture Recital of

**THE SONG OF SONGS**

In ENGLISH.

Adapted from the Hebrew, in dramatic form, by

**Exner Renan.**

**WEDNESDAY, December 2nd, 1908, at 8 p.m.**

Prices—1/-, 6d., 5s. and 9s. 6d.

**SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE, ENSBURY, E.C.**

Glos to Moorgate St., Broad St., Liverpool St., and Tuba Stations.

On Tuesday Evenings at 8 p.m., Commencing November 24th,

Four Lectures will be delivered by

**C. W. SALEBBY, M.D., F.R.S.,**

on **PARENTHOOD AND RACE CULTURE.**

Admission, 1/-, 6d., and 3d. Course Tickets, 2/- (Numbered and Reserved), Unreserved, 1/-.

Tickets and particulars may be had from Hon. Secretary, South Place Institute, South Place E.C.
The Limits of Compromise.

By Victor Grayson, M.P.

VICTOR HUGO, in "Les Miserables," insisted that it was God and not the English who won the battle of Waterloo. Had the heavens not wept at Blucher's delay, and thus rendered the ground so damp that Napoleon was unable to bring out his heavy artillery, the verdict might have been otherwise. Thus, according to Victor Hugo, did Wellington and his men profit by the vagaries of nature.

Had not Mr. Chamberlain and his party perpetrated the egregious and criminal blunder of the Boer war, it would indeed have needed an excessively optimistic prophet to prognosticate the supercession of the Liberals by the Tories. It was obvious even to Mr. Chamberlain, that the stereotyped policy of the Unionist Government spelt electoral disaster.

But that astute gentleman was not found lacking in political resource. He hastened to the rescue of his discrediting party with the brand new cry of Tariff Reform. Certainly, from the Unionist point of view, this move must be counted to him for righteousness.

It was a signal service to the Unionist Party. They had run through their musty stock of democratic cries. They were further in need of some nostrum that would lie opened up a precious opportunity to his enemies.

But in the attempt to save his party Mr. Chamberlain opened up a precious opportunity to his enemies. The scanty prestige that the Liberal Party had obtained by its feeble and divided opposition to the Boer war policy was hardly sufficient equipment to enable it successively to encounter the General Election.

Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda cry afforded to the Liberal Party the much-needed hint. The Liberal shop-window presented a depressing and unbusinesslike spectacle. Its Newcastle show-goods were wretchedly dusty, moth-eaten, and frail. But down from the shelf it brought the dear familiar Free Trade fetish. Having dusted it carefully, it formally erected it for worship.

Having brought the dear familiar Free Trade fetish, it was a diverting sight indeed to the astute Leader writers raged furiously and proclaimed the end of civilisation. The new Government was seri-ously perturbed. Here was a new pawn in the political game, whose value and power they had not yet dis-covered.

A new and unexpected element had entered into politics. Leader writers raged furiously and proclaimed the end of civilisation. The new Government was seriously perturbed. Here was a new pawn in the political game, whose value and power they had not yet dis-covered.

Six months elapse. Some things happen. The Labour Party consisting of thirty members out of six hundred and seventy, discover themselves to be a force in politics. The initial flush of success ostensibly administered blunted the edge of their opposition. With the result that at the General Election the Liberal Government was returned on a purely negative policy—with some disconcerting accompaniments.

A new and unexpected element had entered into politics. Leader writers raged furiously and proclaimed the end of civilisation. The new Government was seriously perturbed. Here was a new pawn in the political game, whose value and power they had not yet dis-covered.

The Reign of Christ or Socialism?

—IMPORTANT DEBATE—

HORNS ASSEMBLY ROOMS, KENNINGTON, Monday, November 23rd, 1908.

BETWEEN

Mr. F. G. JANNAWAY (Christadelphian), and Rev. N. E. EGERTON SWANN, (Church Socialist League).

CHAIRMAN: ALBERT KENDALL, Esq.

MISSION: 3d., 6d., 1s. Doors open 7.30. Commence 8 p.m. Surplus over expenses to Hospital Saturday Fund.
We understand that definite steps are now being taken by certain branches of the Independent Labour Party to call for a special conference at the earliest possible moment, to discuss its future political policy. We feel confident that the wisdom and justice of this request will appeal to every member of the movement who is looking at the matter with an open mind. This desire for a conference is nothing more nor less than an earnest wish to have settled, one way or the other, which political policy is best for the rapid advance of Socialist and Labour ideals in Parliament. At present everything is in a state of confusion and unrest which is paralyzing all efforts. A definite division has come in the ranks. A large number of the I.L.P. branches have declared that they are entirely dissatisfied with the policy now being pursued. This dissatisfaction by no means necessarily involves any vote of censure on their present representatives in the Commons; it means that a certain proportion—the evidence goes to show that it is a very considerable proportion—of the members consider that the time has now come to discuss whether the present tactics of the Labour Party in the House are really likely to advance the cause of Socialism, which the I.L.P. is out to win. If the leaders in the House are convinced at a conference that the rank and file are ready to support a more vigorous policy, then we are surely right in assuming that those leaders will willingly obey the instructions given them by the delegates.

One thing is quite clear. A frank, open discussion at a conference is absolutely necessary. If anyone objects to that opportunity being given, it can only be from a desire to hold back the truth. No one can think that it is really advisable to put off this settlement until the usual annual I.L.P. Conference at Easter. The Easter meeting is always overcrowded with urgent business; and the present subject of dispute is wide and important enough to absorb the whole time of any meeting; it is, further, vitally important to make a definite division of opinion about the future policy before the I.L.P. delegates go to the Labour Party Conference at Portsmouth in January. So that any attempt to put off the special conference on the grounds that it will involve the branches in unnecessary expense, must be regarded with suspicion as an attempt to shelve the whole matter.

We must most emphatically protest against Mr. Keir Hardie's appeal to "close up the ranks" before this question is settled. It is altogether unreasonable to expect us to stand in line with any movement which we are convinced that the ranks are marching the way we desire to go. This blind appeal for unity, regardless of whether the policy is worthy of our support, cannot be too strongly condemned. We would ask Mr. Hardie this question: Has he really been satisfied with the conduct of the Labour Party in Parliament and out of it during the last six months? Does he think they have done all that could have been done for Labour and Socialism? Does he not feel that they could have attacked the Government with twice the energy they have done and have got twice the concessions in return? Will he say that the great debate on Unemployment ended in anything but a ridiculous pantomime when the Labour Party refused to vote as a united body against the vote of confidence in the Cabinet? And if he is not satisfied on all these points then we ask whether he has any right to beseech us to "close up the ranks" until we have thoroughly threshed out this question of whether the Labour Party is conducting its business in the best way.

A COURSE OF THREE FREE PUBLIC LECTURES

on the Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche

will be delivered by ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,

On WEDNESDAYS at 5 p.m., beginning the 25th NOVEMBER.

1st Lecture (5th November): "Nietzsche—The Immortal.
2nd Lecture (9th November): "Nietzsche—The Superman.
3rd Lecture (16th November): "Nietzsche—The Moralist.

We, on our part, venture to think that the comrades of the I.L.P. will not allow themselves to be guided by sentimental appeals. They will close their ranks when they are convinced that those ranks are to be used to advance the cause of Socialism which they are fighting for Socialism in the way which will take them most quickly to the goal. They will not be treated like naughty children who must obey their elders. In two cases out of three the younger generation is always right and the elders always wrong. The I.L.P. is entitled to a clear business-like answer to the question why the Labour Party did not fight at Dundee and at Newcastle. We must remind Mr. Hardie that he declared in the "Labour Leader" that had he been in England he would have advised a fight at Newcastle; we must remind him that he went down to speak for Stuart at Dundee, while almost all his fellow-members were standing aloof. Now, when some of us are ready to support a more vigorous policy of self-help, and are saying openly that the Labour Party must mend its ways if it wants our loyal support, then Mr. Hardie almost forbids discussion and orders us to close up the ranks. We shall have the courage of our convictions, if Mr. Hardie has not. If he is in earnest in his desire to go to the assistance of Socialism, he must be prepared to face the music. We appeal to the branches that are really likely to advance the cause of Socialism in the way which will take them most quickly to the goal. They will rest the responsibility of smashing the I.L.P.
The News of the Week.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has decided that the materialists must go out of the Socialist movement. At all events, he says, he will not go.

A holy man once handed a truant to a tramp, and said, "This is a truant; take him home and see that he does not go to school." And the tramp said, "Savin' yer reverence, it ud go down better with a bowl of hot broth." Hence the term mate-ri-alist.

"Everybody," writes Mr. Macdonald, in the "Socialist Review," now admits the wisdom of the Labour Party Ex-ecutive in not fighting Newcastle. This is probably true of "everybody" except the majority of Socialists and Trade Unionists in the country—and Mr. Keir Hardie.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in replying to a question in the House, once more declares that he has no legal power to release the imprisoned suffragists or to lighten their lot in prison. It is almost a relief to hear this; it is always com-forting to know that Mr. Gladstone has no power. May the happy day soon come when he has no legal or political powers of any kind whatsoever.

It is, indeed, disheartening. No sooner have we con-gratulated ourselves because a Labour Cabinet has been formed in Australia, than the "Times" takes the pill off the gingerbread by announcing: "The new Labour Ministry is a pleasant surprise, since very few expected that the Labour and the Socialist candidates at the Munici-pal elections, which are now proceeding; they do not worry about the future; he might save some of our present Prime Ministers from persistent dis-satisfaction, and he has given the hint that the black scar disease to get a firm hold of the English potato comes.

It could be stamped out by firm administration under the Board's direction. But the Board is an ignorant, slovenly, and unwillingly for the honour of keeping a half-dozen show-militaries. To whom is the bread that will not perish?

THE NEW AGE was "inspired" when it discovered that a large number of children have only bread saturated in water for breakfast, day after day; that the noon meal is bread or bananas, and an occasional luxury of sauce made from pork bones; that children often frequent South Water Street begging for dead fowls in crates, or decayed fruit; that others have been found searching for food in alley garbage-boxes. So, just as the Church with its "sacred pittance" and its charities, it will pay and look glum. The ratepayers of a city don't cheer us. Their attitude towards a city's problems is summed up in the words: "We find the 'Times,' in a statesmanlike leader on the reverses suffered by the Labour and the Socialist candidates. It is a pleasant duty to add to this announce-ment that the Board of Agriculture is wilfully allowing the black scar disease to get a firm hold of the English potato comes.

No paper was better named than "The Englishman." Under the sole control of "Charles Weld-Blundell, of Ince-Blewett," it has independence, integrity, and the typical virtues and vices of Englishmen.

* * *

VICTOR GRAYSON'S MEETINGS:

Nov. 18th, Holborn Town Hall (Clarion Club); 20th, Colne Valley (Meltham); 22nd, Bury (Evening); 22nd, Bolton (Afternoon); 23rd, Wallington; 24th, Halifax (Victoria Hall).

Mr. Asquith got up last week to declare that he was quite prepared to spend a lot of money on the Navy, then turned to the other side of the House and gave a lecture on the Navy; a lecture paid. Why, when we wanted a few millions last year for old age pensions one would have thought the Bank of England had mislaid its last sovereign. There is plenty of money if the Chancellor gets a pocket-book. The Conservative party is not prepared to spend a lot of money on the Navy, then turned to the other side of the House and gave a lecture on the Navy; a lecture paid. Why, when we wanted a few millions last year for old age pensions one would have thought the Bank of England had mislaid its last sovereign. There is plenty of money if the Chancellor gets a pocket-book. The Conservative party is not prepared to spend a lot of money on the Navy.

Mr. Plowden ordered a little boy to be birched last week to cure his persistent disregard for certain small rights of private property. It seems that this young genius filled up his spare time after winning his scholarships and other medals with orderly conduct, and he is now willing to pay for the honour of keeping a half-dozen show-militaries.

Leeds Branches S.D.P. (Afternoon) ; 23rd, Wallington; 24th, Halifax (Victoria Hall).

Price is 4s. 6d. per dozen, carriage paid. Will send to any address. 6 Tablets for 2s. 4d. per dozen.

Write to J. W. DUCKWORTH, 119, Church Street, Hunslet, Leeds (Manager).
Remarks.

By Hilaire Belloc.

It is delightful to roam about The New Age and to browse in it. It provokes thought, and that thought tends to find expression because one knows The New Age will print ordinary opinions.

No other newspaper in this country will do so. There has fallen upon our Press a mixture of convention and terror which makes it impossible to print quite simple truths. Perhaps there has never been a greater gulf between conversation and letters than there is to-day in England. It is like two different worlds: the conversational world which we all know it to be, but the printed world aloft, nothing less, and foolery.

Those of us who have worked for some years in London journalism can, if we choose, leave an amusing account to our descendents of that particular aspect of the break-up of our society. The pale, watery-eyed atheist, honestly slaving away for his thirty shillings a week, and going to another atheist at a larger salary and saying, "Oh, I say! We can't print this!" We could describe how and why the letter is not printed. Then we could set side by side the things written in the Press and the man who wrote them. We could describe the Paris correspondents who can't talk French, and the military experts who are Volunteers, and the gentleman who knows German and nothing else. It is an amazing world! Not the big world, but the little backwater of our decaying life just here.

Let me try and put some order into my thinking, and consider what The New Age particularly suggests to me this week. I think everybody will agree with page 22, the gist of which is that the House of Commons is out of touch with the English people: and I think the instance given of Sunday closing is as good an example as you could get. The present arrangements of hours for public drinking on Sunday areservile labour. She does not command you to enjoy yourself, but she advises you to. Cards, wine, songs, things are associated in the Catholic mind with the idea of Sunday, and a very jolly day they make of it. Why one feels about a shower of rain when one is without one's umbrella, or about the sound of hammering nest to the Catholic mind a mystery. It is like the mystery of evil.

But the evil is worse than mere Sabbatarianism. It is imposition. The country is not Sabbatarian. If the English people were asked about placing themselves in the old way, the minority who were annoyed would have to grin and bear it. But they don't care about it. Take a referendum of the adult males of London, the bulls of the herd, and you would have a universal howling of an angry kind in favour of more elbow room of a Sunday—and yet by the trick of Parliamentaryism (which is easy enough to describe, but on which I won't digress here) there is a sort of smug self-satisfaction among those who are supposed to stand for the herd, at making less elbow-room. It is immense!

Supposing it was a constraining law to apply to which as well as to the poor in this country: it is a strained hypothesis, but for the sake of hypothesis, suppose such a law. One of our less successful writers, let us say, an indifferent handler of English, a wealthy man, goes into the Athenæum after leaving a friend's house where he has been dining, and takes up the "Spectator." He asks for whisky and soda, the clock strikes eleven, the waiter comes in in his shirt-sleeves and bawls "Time," and this man and the Bishops and the rest are bundled out into the street. The thing is quite inconceivable. So is conscription. So is a graduated Income Tax.

As a symptom, government after this fashion is very grave; but it is also actively dangerous in itself, because a nation, like a man, lives by its common sense, and if all organs of expression are closed to it, it stumbles and gropes. An opponent who can see, hear, and speak would beat it out of time, and at any moment this nation may be handed grips with such an opponent. It is certain that in the beginning of a campaign an unnatural form of government will call upon the strength of the nation in the wrong way, and will use it in the wrong way—the fighting will be like the fighting of a blind man.

The idea behind Hamilton Fyfe's article is very sound. It is a feature of English Socialism that it goes with fads, but I don't see why he should be puzzled by that. Most intense feeling goes with a fad of some sort, and where a nation has been deprived of its ancient and fixed religion, these fads will be multiple and personal. Very often the same person will have different fads at different times in such a society. I have known people who began as teetotalers very fond of shooting, and are now drunkards who jaw about anarchy and democracy to anyone, everybody is oppressed by them, everybody has anything to do with places of public entertainment feels about them as one feels about a shower of rain when one is without one's umbrella, or about the sound of hammering next door when one wants to sleep. They are a filthy nuisance. And why, in God's name, nuisances of this sort should continue no one can tell. The only source of paying any particular respect in any form to that day of the week is the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church says that if you are a Catholic, it is a day on which you must go to Mass and abstain from sauce as part of the sufferance. She does not command you to enjoy yourself, but she advises you to. Cards, wine, songs, games (especially dramatic entertainment), all these things are associated in the Catholic mind with the idea of Sunday, and a very jolly day they make of it. Why on Earth, or rather in Hell, people amusing themselves by making up a new religion should have chosen to make one particular day offensive is, and remains, to the Catholic mind a mystery. It is like the mystery of evil.

But the evil is worse than mere Sabbatarianism. It is imposition. The country is not Sabbatarian. If the English people were asked about placing themselves in the old way, the minority who were annoyed would have to grin and bear it. But they don't care about it. Take a referendum of the adult males of London, the bulls of the herd, and you would have a universal howling of an angry kind in favour of more elbow room.

*I.e., on The New Age of November 5.
him. Anyhow, whether they do or don’t, it is a plain piece of mathematics which there is no gainsaying; and which itself a Socialist and a Free Trader at the same time is just like a man calling himself a Catholic and an Anglican at the same time; or like a man calling himself a captain or a colonel when he isn’t even a soldier. He’s using words out of their plain meaning, and trying to play a verbal trick. Or, more likely still, he is merely repeating the words without bothering his head to think.

By the way, why does Hamilton Fyfe talk of the “slow-moving British mind,” its “respect for property,” and its “attachment to orderly methods”? The English idea is, and always have been, an imaginative and an adventurous people. They have had in the last three centuries less strict arrangements about property than any other people I can call to mind. The French, for instance, are savage in defence of property; the Irish to obtain property will risk their lives. The Englishman, on the other hand, is quite happy owning nothing, and if he owns a great deal, very often uses it as almost though it were a public trust. I know a stretch of river in my county over which several men claim hopelessly conflicting rights. The law on the point is a pure bit of anarchy—but these men never quarrel. It is true that the English rich vote large compensation to themselves whenever the State takes anything they have. I forget how many years’ purchase Hicks Beach got; it was something enormous. But that is not particularly English: it is merely human, or rather a something common to all animated beings.

If you turn a horse loose at a heap of oats he will begin eating them up, and small blame to him; it is his master who is to blame. And if the rich, under such temptation, help themselves to great wads out of the taxes, it is the fault of the electorate. When it comes to destroying economic values, in the case of the State, it is the fault of the electorate. When it comes to destroying economic values, in the case of the State, it is the fault of the electorate.

The air is chill, the yellow leaves are falling, The sky is grey with tears that will not fall, Among the trees a few sad songsters calling And yet comes Eve, with silent, shadowy spaces, The sky is grey with tears that will not fall, Gather, O shadows, deeper and more deep !

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

The air is chill, the yellow leaves are falling, The sky is grey with tears that will not fall, Among the trees a few sad songsters calling And yet comes Eve, with silent, shadowy spaces, The sky is grey with tears that will not fall, Gather, O shadows, deeper and more deep !

Sing me a song of Twilight, O sad singer, Of live, winged shadows deep’n’ing into Night, Of Twilight touching us with cool, still finger, Of Twilight touching us with cool, still finger, Of Twilight touching us with cool, still finger, Of Twilight touching us with cool, still finger.

And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West, And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West, And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West, And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West, And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West, And yet comes Eve, with sombre, purple West.

The newspapers have taken their cue from them; it is the big magazines, the big magazines, the big magazines, the big magazines, the big magazines, the big magazines, coming down upon the “new writer,” who has not been bred in one of the magazines or their standards, she says:

“it is safe to say that it is the ambition of every new writer to get into the magazines.” And although it may be difficult to get into the magazines, it is still more difficult to get out. So great has the power of the magazines been that they have convinced half the world they stand for the true aristocracy of letters, that he who ignores their canons must withdraw and forever dwell beyond the pale. The newspapers have taken their cue from them; it saves thinking; and there is, beyond all question, a certain public which will not recognize an author who has not been bred in one of the magazines or launched by one of the associate publishing houses. To be a pariah is not a pleasant thing in a world.

And so on! But pray, if a man be made of such stuff that he finds it “unpleasant to be a pariah,” what business does he have to write literature, what business has he prattling about “the larger life”? How can one manage to get into a magazine, and not get at the central fact—that the “new writer” who has it as his ambition to “get into the magazines” is simply out of place in a discussion of literature? Is
there any magazine now published in the world for the sake of literature — which has any more relation to literature than it has to cigars and soap. Speaking, not figuratively nor jestingly, but the simple fact, what is a magazine to-day but a means of enabling the exploiters of cigars and soap to make known their wares to their customers? To do this, of course, the magazine has to have readers, and to get readers it publishes a mass of reading matter; but what possible relationship has this reading matter to literature? What possible room is there in such an arrangement for an author or an editor who knows or cares anything about "the larger life," or for the magazine owner who dreams of employing such men? I was talking the other day with a person who knows, and who remarked that there were only three monthly magazines in this country making any money at present. He named them; two of them are owned and run by men who know as much about literature as they do about pork; one of them, in fact, is now running a vast grocery business with the money he has made, and is probably more interested in the groceries than in the magazine. The third publication has recently ventured to expose a little of the rottenness of our bourgeois society; and its proprietor has just been refused admission to New York's "swell" millionaire club!

In the same way that we have magazine "literature" we also have "criticism" — that is, we have departments in our newspapers where books are reviewed as a means of securing publishers' advertisements. That those books are "reviewed" the most, that are advertised the most, is something that is taken for granted by everyone. The writer of this, a few years ago, had occasion to record the results of a unique experiment of his own in this line; he published a book himself, as an unknown author, and sent it to about two hundred newspapers, with the result that it was noticed in thirteen, generally to the extent of two or three lines, being praised by two or three and condemned without reserve by six or eight. He then had it brought out by a prominent publishing house under a new title, with much puffing and a couple of thousand dollars worth of advertising, and when sent to the same newspapers it received about one hundred and fifty reviews, being praised by 84 per cent. of them, and condemned without reserve by 16 per cent.

And also we have—God help us!—"literary magazines!" Of these magazines every one of the monthlies is owned and run by some publishing house, and, with one single honourable exception, is used as a disguised puff-shop of the house's books; without a single exception they are used to afford their publisher a free advertising medium. "The purpose of the Book-Booster," writes a genial satirist, "is, as the name indicates, to boost books—our own and others. With this distinction that the books of Josh, Gosh and Company will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is 50,000 pounds. Books that fail to attain such a sale can be mentioned but briefly."

These things are deplorable, of course, and men with conscience, magazine editors among them, battle against them bravely, but only to fail, and either give up or else sink into obscurity. They fail and they must fail forever; it is intended by nature that they should fail, just as it is intended that our political reformers should fail, that our tenement-house reformers, our stage reformers, our anti-imperialists, our peace agitators, our labour conciliators should all go down beneath the juggernaut of the bourgeoisie. The point is that we have now a system of society which makes wage slaves forever from all hope of sharing in civilisation, progress, and light; and the failure of all our efforts at reform, of all our dreams of joy and beauty is simply the justice of Nature, the vengeance of this downtrodden class.
Bloody Sunday.

L'envoi . . . . . . Twenty Years On.

[The following note was intended by Mr. Cunningham Graham to appear with his article, "Bloody Sunday," to which it belongs, which was published in our last issue. Our readers will, we hope, give themselves the pleasure of re-reading the article in the light of Mr. Cunningham Graham's powerful postscript. —Ed. N. A.]

When I read again my article of twenty years ago which appeared in the "Commonwealth" through the kindness of my great and revered friend William Morris, I confess that, like Warren Hastings, I am surprised at my moderation.

I did not say half enough in condemnation of the brutal conduct of the Tory Government then in power, or of the base treachery and cowardice of the Liberals, who refused all help.

Now, as then, I preferred, actually preferred, the thieves amongst whom the wayfarer fell on his way to Samastra (I think) to the Liberal Pharisees who passed by without helping him.

You can at least fight with a highway robber, and if he beats you it is the fortune of war. Against a cowardly sneak and Pharisee, the state of your stomach deprives one of the power of doing anything but retch.

A Tory Government has been succeeded by a Liberal Government. That is to say, the hogs who were grousing and growling outside the national food troughs twenty years ago have ousted the hogs who had eaten and were lying warming their bellies in the sun.

Since that time the British Empire has several times been put up to the ignoble Dutch auction known as a general election, and we, the free and independent citizens, have been bought and sold again.

England is a big prize. Let it not be forgotten that though the actual "trading" amongst our politicians is not so large as it is in some countries over the counter, that the jug and bottle department is always open.

After twenty years' experience, I am more and more convinced that our politicians do not work (sic) for nothing.

What have we gained after twenty years on the path to Liberty? Denshawai, Zululand, the Boer War, the suppression of free speech and the liberty of the Press in India are the answers.

We are the same hypocrites. The Tories are just as ready to coerce, the Liberals as cowardly and as impotent to defend.

To their credit can be paid the killing at the Featherstone Pit. This makes them equal with their sweet enemies now out of power, Should the necessity arise, the Liberals would be just as active in suppressing free speech in London as the Tories were twenty years ago.

Nothing has changed. Only the bottle-holders of to-day would be the butchers of yesterday, and instead of Tory policemen jumping the guts out of a prisoner or knocking down a woman in the streets and calling her a "bloody whore," the ministering angel would be a Liberal.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

BURY SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN THEATRE ROYAL, BURY.

Sunday, November 22nd.

Speakers: VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.
H. DAWSON LARGE.

[Doors open at 6 p.m., commence 7 p.m.]

Apply at once for tickets, 1s., 6d., and 3d., to Gorton Hall, Manchester Road, Bury.

November Grass and Restaurant Ouddents.

By David Lowe.

Party politics offered no attractions to Quarles. He could understand politics being played like any other popular game, such as football or cricket, but for men who took the pastime seriously he had little leisure or patience. Yet he had many friends, both among the ins and the outs, and as far as he was concerned, there was no line of division in Clubland. Not given to argument, it was an entertainment in itself to watch him evade being drawn into discussion. There were occasions, however, when he was successfully trapped, and he was caught then by the warmth of those feelings which he usually so carefully concealed.

One evening he went with Rammerscales to the smoking-room of the Old Liberal Club in Buchanan Street—a room which, in the opinion of Quarles, was saturated irredeemably with intrigue and evil thought, and they joined a small circle seated in the south-west corner. The topic of conversation was industrial depression, with references to unemployment, scarcity of contracts, difficulty in collecting accounts, and prophecies as to the time when trade would take a turn for the better.

"Business won't improve till the spring," said a tall, dark-visaged merchant who was smoking a dirty briar; "there's really no money going round at all."

"Not sooner than February, anyhow," added a huge corpulent person with red cheeks, smooth forehead, laughing, mocking, grey eyes, clean-shaven face, and long grey hair; "not a day sooner, and there's piles of money in the country, but nothing to do with it."

"Some people might at least pay their accounts," interjected a lean, sallow young man, the owner of a fashionable tailoring business. "There are hundreds of gentlemen who are making dull trade the excuse for not paying their accounts; gentlemen who are quite able to pay. Instead of settling their debts, they are taking an extra day at Turnberry trying to strike a rubber ball with a stick, under the impression they are playing golf. If they paid for their suits, we might get more work for our workmen, whereas at the moment there are many good journeymen walking the streets."

"Sounds like George Square," said the merchant.

"The George Square talk did some good, too," said the tailor. "The agitation frightened many who don't pay their accounts into subscribing handsomely to the Lord Provost's fund for the relief of the unemployed."

"Their civic charity is an insurance against riot; their church charity an insurance against fire," said Quarles.

There was a prolonged silence, during which each person puffed smoke heavily, and looked past his neighbour. One evening he went with Rammerscales to the smoking-room of the Old Liberal Club in Buchanan Street—a room which, in the opinion of Quarles, was saturated irredeemably with intrigue and evil thought, and there was no line of division in Clubland. Not given to argument, it was an entertainment in itself to watch him evade being drawn into discussion. There were occasions, however, when he was successfully trapped, and he was caught then by the warmth of those feelings which he usually so carefully concealed.

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There was a prolonged silence, during which each person puffed smoke heavily, and looked past his neighbour. The corpulent gentleman with the red cheeks drew out his watch and gave a start as if he had overstayed an engagement, but it was evident that he was curious to see what turn the conversation was going to take. The silence was broken by Rammerscales, who ventured to remark in a tentative way that the citizens had responded generously to the appeal for the workless and homeless.

"There's far too much made of the unemployed; they are in the main a lot of lazy, dissolve good-for-nothings," said the dark-visaged merchant. "And, besides, the pictures of their condition are overdrawn."

"What you require to do just now," rejoined Quarles, "is to take a walk through Glasgow Green at five o'clock in the morning, and the sight of the poor wretches lying on the grass—November grass—will destroy your assertion. You should see them rise; you should see them stretch their weary, stiff limbs in..."
tragic postures of despair; you should hear the chattering of their teeth."

"Rather early for a constitutional," said Red Cheeks with a callous smile. "And, besides, what could one do though he saw those derelicts?"

"Their first need in such a condition is not a kind word, the right to work, clothes, food, or money," replied Quarles. "Any man who is forced by society to grub in the refuse and starve, is not justified, for a tumbler of grog in the first place. Their quaking jaws and clicking teeth cannot settle to eat until some cordial calms their outraged and famished bodies."

"They are wastrels, anyhow. Why not let them die out?"

"But how can we be expected to give men work when there is nothing for them to do?" asked the merchant. "If we don't get contracts, we can't keep on paying people wages. If we paid them wages for nothing, we would soon be bankrupt!"

"Unemployment is not the evil," said Quarles. "We are suffering from too much work, too many products under lock and key. Our national income reached its highest point this year, and yet there are people unable to find employment, people who arrive wageless at the end of each week. The distribution of labour is as badly arranged as the distribution of wealth."

"If people could only see that we get our living because labour is applied to the earth," remarked Rammerscales. "It is calamitous that the soil is in the possession of a few human beings who have the power—if they dare use it—to withhold from the rest of society the fruits of their toil. Imagine, seventeen people own the half, and seventeen hundred own nine-tenths of Scotland."

"But land is only one factor," exclaimed Quarles. "The other factor in production is in the keeping of the workers. People have ideas with which to war against society. They have the potential to raise its own value by gradually making itself scarcer, and, being the great voting majority, labour can easily fill Parliament with representatives pledged to legislate in the direction of fewer hours of work. Owing to invention and the direction of fewer hours of work. Owing to invention and the use of splendid mechanical contrivances, the world is being made small and parochial, and, as the nations of the earth are brought nearer and nearer to each other by speedy communication, the more susceptible will each nation become to the condition of those around it. Unemployment is by way of being universal instead of national. Man everywhere has to compete with his own Frankenstein—machines for saving labour—and is thereby committing a protracted suicide which can only be averted when he makes up his mind to expand his leisure as he expends his ingenuity."

"The upholsterers of our present system must be prepared to face a permanent war between the holders of material and the holders of labour?" asked the tailor.

"War which will end when material and labour are jointly possessed," assented Quarles, "and men may think of forsaking their Trade Unions and Federations to face this new struggle."

There was silence for a minute, and then Rammerscales exclaimed, "Every man has the right to work! That cannot be denied, anyhow."

"The right to work," said Quarles somewhat scornfully. "Bah! necessity sees after that, and our only real right is our present ability to do as we know. While labour continues to be common, absorbing the greater portion of our waking hours, it will remain cheap, and the labourer will be held cheaply. It should be re-
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

"What will be avoided will be superficiality of the specially modern kind which is the inevitable consequence when nothing but brevity of statement is aimed at."

This sentence is from the Editorial prospectus of "The English Review," of which the first number appeared last week. The prospectus proceeds to say that the Review will treat its readers, not as spoiled children who must be amused by a variety of games, but with the "respectful consideration due to grown-up minds whose leisure can be interested by something else than the crispness and glitter of a popular state-

In less frequent, expensive reviews, one encounters articles under such titles as: "Dr. Johnson as an Astronomer," or "The Topography of St. Augustine's Confessions," or "The Novels of Octave Feuillet," and one wonders who reads them, and how on earth they got into the review. The explanation is simple: no one reads them, unless he has been marooned with the review in his pocket; and was too negative to keep them out.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's, and it is not negative. Mr. Hueffer is young and forceful. He is in the world of animals, and can approach nearly all the writers worth approaching as a personal friend. He has had the extraordinary honour of collaborating twice with Mr. Joseph Conrad. This alone would certify him. But by himself also he has been prolific and various. He has had the enterprising sagacity to obtain H. G. Wells's new novel, "Tono-Bungay"—and it may be asserted that Wells's novels are not given away. "Tono-Bungay" is undoubtedly the author's best novel. It was finished, I think, some time ago. It is the history of a patent medicine and of a man, and neither foretells the future nor taxes belief.

The price of "The English Review" is half a crown. I think that a shilling net would have proved more profitable. The class that will spend half a crown for an hour with the crack authors is immensely smaller, and contains a far higher proportion of "spoiled children," than the class that can spend only a shilling. Whatever the price, those who desire that an exciting story shall be printed shall be able to obtain it from the Review. The Review will treat its readers, not as spoiled children, but as a man, at once.

No one who has read George Bourne's "The Bettesworth Book" and "Memoirs of a Surrey Laidyer"—is likely to underrate the possibilities of the exact "document" as a form of noble literature. I wonder if Mr. Stephen Reynolds, author of "A Poor Man's House" (John Lane), has read either of these works. Although I am quite prepared to be told that Mr. Reynolds has never heard of George Bourne, still he book reminds me of George Bourne's books. I take it that Mr. Reynolds is young, since I am unfamiliar with his name. This may be his first book. I hope it is, for there is a pleasure in satirising with admiration and respect a new authentic talent. "A Poor Man's House" is very
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THE NEW AGE

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good. Mr. Reynolds lived in the cottage of a Devon fisherman and sailed "in the boats," and put down what he saw and felt, as he saw and felt it. The journal, he says, was originally kept "for the purposes of fiction," but he has not turned it into fiction. Dullness was a cause of unpopularity, late in judging of Reynolds as a novelist. If he possesses the constructive gift he should assuredly be a novelist of mark. Already he has strong individuality, a finished style, a notable power of accurate observation, and a quick sympathy which is most pleasingly free from sentimentality. His pages on mackerel-fishing, cleanliness, religion, children, night-thoughts, are memorable. In the whole book nothing charmed me more than the extraordinarily fine excursus (pp. 86-87) on the vulgar use of the word "like" at the end of a sentence,—"Tony's getting obsolete, like."

As Mr. John Lane is one of the few publishers who take pride in the bodies of their books, and as the unusual salience of the chapter initials shows that original thought has been bestowed on the format of Mr. Reynolds's book, I may permit myself a few remarks on the format. The design of the page is bad. The size of type has been unwisely chosen; it is too small. Mr. John Lane ought to remonstrate with those celebrated printers, Messrs. Turnbull and Spears, about their spacing between words, which is lax and far too generous. The essence of a good page is strict economy of spacing. Further, the lower margin is too small. Mr. Lane ought to remonstrate with those confidential letters were written under hard mental torture, with the celebrated printers, Messrs. Turnbull and Spears, about their spacing between words, which is lax and far too generous. The essence of a good page is strict economy of spacing. Further, the lower margin is too small. 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historical, as in the case of "The Christian" and "The Pagans." And between these there are many gradations such as "Thermidor," where an imaginary conversation takes place between two real people, and "The Apprentice," where an imaginary person is introduced merely as a witness of a real event. But in every case it is clear that Mr. Belloc must have been at extrardinary pains to verify not only the large facts, but the small details—details of weather and trifling social custom.

Yet in Mr. Belloc's case, as Macaulay put it, the fool has not put out the fire. Nothing more readable has been written in English history. Of some cases he has cast into the climax, though quite historical, comes as dramatically as anything in the most sensational novel. From the purely literary point of view I would take as the best of these stories, that called "The End of Henry IV." Mr. Belloc describes the death of the first Lancastrian King with a vivid tragedy which recalls that moving account of the passing of Mr. Burden which formed so startlingly a contrast to the tone of the rest of that admirable satire. The physical agony of a loathsome disease, the mental agony of remorse, the loneliness, the fear of hell are painted in frightful colours. And then he tells us of the carrying of the body by sea to Canterbury, the storm which awoke the superstitions fear of the sailors, who hate carrying a corpse, the splendid burial near the shrine of St. Thomas, the evening entertainment of one of the sailors at a local inn. Then he ends thus:

They drank all together, these two companions and those who had gathered round, and when they were full of ale and had become bold with it, and had sung some songs, and when evening had fallen, the sailor saw fit to tell them this tale: That in the gate of the night (they all remembered the gate?) he and certain companions, whose names he dared not give, had lightened the ship lest it should founder; they had not lightened it of lead, nor of iron, nor of any part of that, but then, they had lightened it secretly of an evil thing—they had jettisoned the body of the King.

Quite equally good is "The Pagans," with its high sense of the dignity of the dying Roman world, and "Thermidor" with its fateful atmosphere and keenly individualised dialogue.

But, after all, these studies are not valuable only for their merit as literature. They are especially valuable because they are the judgments of a strong mind deeply read in his very narrow corner of the world. They are important events in the world's history. It is all the better that these judgments are generally counter to the view accepted by our Whig-Protestant tradition, for whether Mr. Belloc's views be right or wrong, the resistance which he offers to the conceptions which most of us indulge in our youth forces us to think. Thus the struggle against John is described as "a League of officials, wealthy merchants, higher clergy and barons, and it is said that "the people of Staines, being for the most part poor people, had made a story of the quarrel between the King and the rich men, and (being poor people) had taken sides and made a sort of game of it." Later in "The End of Henry IV" we are told that the two sweepers outside the Abbey "were full of the tradition of the common people, and knew very well that usurpation and the denial of rights and Parliaments and the rest were good for great lords, but evil for God's Rock." Finally, speaking of the flight of John to France, Mr. Belloc says:

"It was in this way . . . . that the last attempt to found a strong executive in England, to curb the rich, and to sustain all against the few was washed away."

Mr. Belloc closes his volume with an account of a public meeting held during the Elections of 1906, a piece of work in simple language, dealing with such subjects as the urgent need for the foundation of "something better" than the "Filth" that is, the improvement of the human stock. The monumental work of Senator and Kammer undoubtedly occupies a very high place amongst works devoted to the elucidation of one aspect of this important topic, and to the aid of a nation an aspirant has been prepared for the enlightenment of the thinking portion of the public from which all truly scientific and professional matter has been excluded.
secure'; I how he would use the names of the great dead 'to obtain repose'—"for when his voice weakened a little he had but to mention in a loud and particular manner one of three or four speakers who would, were they now alive, presumably stand in his division of public action, to obtain many minutes of clapping and shouting during which his voice might take rest"; how "he ended with a sentence, the intonation of which was that of the clergy when they are in pursuit of their professional affairs, and the words composing which were no less than a catalogue of the great virtues, I mean tolerance, mercy, justice, courage, the love of freedom and the service of one's country. The audience, who hissed the Politician because "in his view the Politician was the champion of all things evil, but his brother and his uncle the champions of all things good." There is also the other member of the audience, who, when questions were invited, asked "whether nations did not prosper under the conditions of justice, freedom, and tolerance?" "The reply," Mr. Belloc tells us, "was in the affirmative."

One Liberal paper has taken Mr. Belloc severely to task for ending his series of historical studies with this frivolity. It showed a woeful lack of "imagination" in Mr. Belloc that he did not realise the profound significance of the difference of opinion between the Politician on the one hand and his brother and uncle on the other, a significance at least as profound as that of the French Revolution or the conversion of the Roman world to Christianity.

For myself, I felt that "The Politician" was the fitting climax of the book. When I had read it I thought of all the visions that Mr. Belloc had so vividly called up. I saw that large room in the Pavillon de Flore where ten men sat re-making in so terrible a fashion France and Europe: I caught the rumble of the guns at Valmy; I heard the splash of the Great Seal of England when the last Stuart flung it into the Thames; I saw the black scaffold in front of Whitehall; I heard the splash of the Great Seal of France; I noted the cavalcade of barons as it passed through Staines on its way to Runnymede; I thought of the vivid flashes which had shown me the progress of the New Religion in the mighty Empire of Rome; and so back to the first vision, the Channel with the galleys of Caesar riding in the dawn. And all for this! All that the Politician might triumph over his uncle and brother or they over him!

In artistic contrast to his account of the English public meeting Mr. Belloc has set down a description of the defence of a barricade during the Commune of 1871. And that description, despite its tragedy, commodified for me the remembered fact that there was in Europe one people that had fought its masters. As for us, we have fought only to make Parliaments stronger than the King, and, because whatever men fight for they finally establish, Parliaments are stronger than the King, with results which, as Mr. Belloc says, are "'good for great lords but evil for God's flock.'" But we have never fought to make the people stronger than Parliaments, and so the people are not stronger than Parliaments, and our statutes and constitutional reforms cannot make them so.

And in his story of the Commune Mr. Belloc thus describes the final rout of the Revolutionaries:

There was not one behind the barricade but had three men, or four, or five upon him (for a full company had charged), and for perhaps a minute the younger men struggled as an animal struggles against those that hold it whilst others kill; the older men had at once gone down. In and in the midst of all this savage fight the youngest of them was shouting as he died, some screamed, disjointed syllables of a chance revolutionary song. The red flag still stood above the blood of the defeat ...

God send that we may yet live to see that flag in England, and to see the Politician and all his kin standing where a King once stood, outside the windows of the Banqueting Hall.
The Builder of Bridges.

Mr. George Alexander may not believe in the stage as a pulpit, but he has certainly made St. James's a vestry. His Edward Thursfield is only not quite of the Little Bethel because it occasionally reminds one a little of Albert Chevalier and Harry Randall. And what a splendid Chadband he would make! Here's oil for you, here's unction! How smug he is, how beaming, how mildly he pats you with his padded, priggish smile! In an article not yet published I suggest that most of our actor-managers should cross over to the music-halls. Surely Mr. Alexander should be the first to go.

The weakness of the play is the strength of Mr. Alexander. He would have a fat part, and the play is unfortunately all about a woman; the shifting of the point of interest has wrecked the play.

I am angry with Mr. Sutro. Here was a big chance for him: A proud, high-principled woman madly in love with her brother, and ready to lay all her pride and her principles and all her friends and relations as a burnt-offering on the altar of her love. Here were some fine possibilities. But Mr. Sutro has shirked the problem.

Dorothy Faringay loves her brother to distraction, and goes to St. Moritz with deliberate intent to get engaged to the man who will shortly hold in his hands the secret of her brother's theft, to come home as his promised wife, to keep so until the brother is out of danger, and then to throw him over and go back to a prior engagement. This is quite a conceivable scheme. A woman who loves her brother madly usually does not marry at all, but if she does, she will not regard the proceeding of vital significance, nor a little shuffling of the counters as morally dreadful. Still, if her principles are very high, and her pride very stubborn, here will be the drama, in the struggle between them and her love, but with heavy odds on the love. If her principles are not high, you will get the spectacle of the sister devotion; dangerous that last; it means, perhaps, a thrilling railway novel, and in the third act is a splendid thrill. First and second lovers ordered to arrive at discreetly various hours. First lover dismissed for ever because he won't find £3,000 to ransom brother from debt grand, silent lover, who has put that sum into the embezzlement account. Second lover, at tea with auntie, the brother, and She. Rattle bang at the outer doors, rumours of altercation; and then violent incursion of first lover, in wild disarray, with an offer to "dearest Dorothy" to somehow stump up the money. The Rev. George Alexander rises with his eyebrows up among his curls, his mouth pursed, and his eyes rolling. Dolly turns white, auntie utters a 'economy in use. But if the thrill is the means, it is not the end of the play; it is only the bell and the oyez of the crier to compel a hearing. Mr. Sutro compels a hearing beautifully, but he has nothing to say. Or he deliberately avoids saying it.

That, I think, is a very beautiful thrill. And I love thrill. The distinctive attribute of drama is sensationalism. Handle what tools you may—psychology, cut and thrust incident or ideas, your purpose is to thrill. The suffrages of the audiences must be taken fully, but he has nothing to say. Mr. Sutro compels a hearing beautifully, but he has nothing to say. Or he deliberately avoids saying it.

If you give us, however, in his second act, one little piece of genuine drama—thrust and all. Dolly to Thursfield, "After all—I'm not quite sure I shall marry you." Thursfield (after a pause; very calm): "Why did you say that?" Dolly: "To see how you'd take it." Thursfield: "And how did I take it?" Dolly: "You gave no sign." That could not be better.

Irene Vanbrugh found Dolly a great task. She didn't quite know whether she was in Ibsen or Drury Lane, and acted as if she was in both. Her gestures were jerky and monotonous, and her general atmosphere was coldness endeavouring to be intense. She impressed me like a figure in a cinematograph. But now and then, in the duologue quoted, for instance, and when she introduced the thought that she was good above all, in the tea-party scene just before the exploit.

The character of Dorothy Faringay is correspondingly unreal. We cannot comprehend and sympathise with this woman who, for the sake of her brother, throws everything to the winds—except her promise to marry a weak-minded young gentleman whom she loves not, and these villainies of hers could only become heroic dressed in the colours of a great devotion which we are left to take for granted. Again, except for the incidental mention of his name heavily underlined by the actress, one is left ignorant of the fact that she likes him until she tells you so. And then you don't believe it.

The builder of bridges himself (but he might have been anything else so far as the play is concerned) is an atrocious hero. His sentiments are exceedingly proper, and occasionally he is adamant; but this grand, silent man who has trusted his love absolutely, and promised simply to go out of her life if she deserts him, on finding out the fate she intended for him, treats the woman he has loved to a piece of quite abominable blackguardry, and that without losing his temper. A strong man might break out of bounds and invoke the lightnings, and a stronger or a weaker man might take his hat and say good-bye, but the only excuse for this vulgar tirade was the need of the star actor for a star speech.

And now I am angry with myself for taking Mr. Sutro so seriously. After all, he only wanted to write a thrilling railway novel and in the novel, and in the novel, and in the novel.

Dramatis personae: Dorothy Faringay, her brother, sister, auntie, Mr. Sutro, the promised wife, the first lover, second lover, Thursfield.
tion, where her note of mad playful gaiety with its undertone of hysteria was absolutely right. And she always carried herself like a queen.

The Sir Henry Killick of William Farren is to me farce too extravagant to be amusing. Mr. Dawson Milward, the bad brother, was much too tall; a lanky slender lack of identity, or else a mere man, scene, he acted without much strength or charm. Mr. Harcourt Williams opened weakly as the weak young lover, over-exaggerating the obvious moral of the part, but he, too, found himself in his "scene"—the dialogue with his sweetheart which leads to his eviction. Miss Florence Haydon, as the aunt, must learn that epigrams, however bad, are not made better by a preliminary rough. Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds was weak and violent as an office manager in the second act and tolerable as an "pathetic old clerk." In the fourth; that ridiculous, unbelievable fourth act, wherein the author reconciles his tricked hero with the detected trickstress by means of a trick photograph with some words of endearment on the back.

I want once more to enter a protest against the way we are debauching our actors with strong scenes. Few, even of the best, think it worth while to play as well as they can till the lime-light comes. And consequently the actors' most quiet scenes of our plays are uniformly dry and colourless. One can hardly blame the actors. The plays are made so, and the thunders of the gallery only go to a fine frenzy and foam at the mouth.

One word of advice to Mr. Sutro. I do not think he is interested in men and women, but I think he is interested in ideas. Let him find a theatre where there is no actor-manager, and write a play of ideas.

W. R. TITEKTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not 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.

MR. JOHN BURNS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We violently disagree with John Burns, whose natural inclination, does not prevent him from his experience in conducting the unemployment movements in the eighties, to have taken a much kindlier view of the sufferings of the workless poor in England. But, notwithstanding his callousness, there is no humbug about the way in which he throws over the obligations of his earlier, and, may we add, better days. Yet, contrast his conduct, about which there is something one can reconcile, though one profoundly differs from him, with that of the leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, who has associated himself with the attacks, rightly or wrongly, which have been made upon John Burns for saying the working classes on the Clyde drink too much. Cannot Mr. Henderson spend his Sundays in any other way than by tub-thumping at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons?

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ART NOTICES.
the Labour Party has occupied with such conspicuous dis-
credit during this Session. Moreover, philanthropists do
not produce Socialists; they invariably, produce explorers.

* * *

MR. BURNS AS WHIPPING-BOY.

"A PROPOSAL OF THE NEW AGE."

Mr. John Burns has again been made the whipping-boy of the Cabinet. On Thursday evening the Labour Party moved the adjournment of the House on the question of the circular issued by the Local Government Board to Distress Committees and the promise made by the Premier. On the face of it there was a com-
plete discrepancy, and Mr. Asquith did not hesitate to declare that neither in word nor in spirit did Mr. Burns' circular represent the intentions of the Cabinet. Unfortu-
nately for Mr. Asquith's reputation for truth, a precise reference to Hansard demonstrates that in word, at any
time, the circular was a replica of the premier's speech. The "Daily News" had the audacious unscrupulousness to sup-
press in its printed verbatim extract from Hansard the very words in question, thereby making it appear that Mr.
Burns, and not Mr. Asquith, was in the wrong. Such methods may be political, but they are not honest. Worst of all, the Labour Party now thinks itself indebted to the
astute Mr. Asquith. R. M.

"MUST SOCIALISTS BE CRANKS?"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe appears to consider he has settled something by calling the adherents of every Socialist principle "cranks." Socialists are ad-
mitted to give up their "cranks" (i.e., principles), and devote
themselves, like good and sensible men, to the advocacy, say of a "cause," dear, no, but of a "principle," which may not be impudently brazenly fraudulent nostrum by which one of the rival capitalist parties is seeking to put salt on the tails of the
goody company of fools of which it supposes the British
capitalist parties is seeking to put salt on the tails of the
principle he dislikes, "cranks." Socialists are ad-

nothing by calling the adherents of every Socialist
themselves, like good and sensible men, to the advocacy,

is no reason for coquetting with the deliberately concocted
nothing to do with the "practical common sense" of gentle-
mans very words in question, thereby making it appear that Mr.
Burns, and not Mr. Asquith, was in the wrong. Such
methods may be political, but they are not honest. Worst
of all, the Labour Party now thinks itself indebted to the
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"THE NEW AGE"

November 19, 1908

THE FABIAN EDUCATION GROUP

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A SPECIAL ARTICLE BY

Mr. G. W. Poote, (Editor), in this week's

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organisation of the workers into a "class-conscious" (for want of a better term) force to fight the capitalists for even the most elementary rights and justice. And in this work we can all, even Labourists, stand shoulder to shoulder (albeit not all in one organisation) to convert and awaken the workers and to fight their exploiters and oppressors.

What we might do about the proposed S.R.C., therefore (since many like myself would like to still remain in the I.L.P. at the same time as we joined the new body), is to call upon all branches of the various Socialist organisations throughout the country to enter a national federation, whose bases should be that of the Socialist clubs at Bolton and Blackpool, etc., where the Socialists have all combined with the object of taking independent Parliamentary and other action wherever the Labour Party left the field clear, but not otherwise. This is the present policy of the S.D.P., which also allows its members to belong to the I.L.P. if they choose; and I don't see why we should go further than the S.D.P. does already. This federation might meet together in conference once a year and draw up and alter its programme as the members and the occasion required. And in this way the whole of the friction in the I.L.P. over the Labour policy would be removed without any split being caused in the I.L.P., and at the same time an outlet would be required for the activities of those of us to whom the Labour policy seems altogether too slow.

Kev. W. B. Graham

A NUMBERED EDITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I notice that Mr. J. Tennan writes regarding the num ber of copies of books: "But I fear the example of the 'Mercurie de France' is not likely to be honestly imitated."

I have at present in the printers' hands a new work in which all publication I arranged that this should be done—each copy put on the market bearing its individual number. The work is entitled, "Who is to be Master of the World," with an introduction to "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche," by Anthony M. Ludovici, prefixed by Dr. Oscar Levy, author of "The Revival of the Aristocracy," etc.

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