To Our Readers.

We beg to draw the earnest attention of our readers and friends to the Prospectus of the proposed New Age Limited Company which we print on another page.

Since our notice of October 24 the prospects of the New Age Press have enormously improved. Thanks largely, we do not doubt, to the efforts of our readers, the circulation of The New Age has increased within the last five weeks by six thousand, making a circulation for the current week of 22,000 copies. In addition, as our readers have observed, we have twice been compelled to issue a Literary Supplement to accommodate the increase of advertisements in our columns.

Under these circumstances we do not hesitate to say that the tone of our Prospectus errs considerably (as we are willing that it should) on the side of understatement of the actual position. In fact, the total prospects of the undertaking are considerably brighter than the Prospectus itself conveys.

In view, however, of the hundred and one schemes we have in mind, both for the improvement of The New Age and for the increased activity of the New Age Press, it is necessary that a certain amount of working capital should be provided. These schemes include the establishment of The New Age as the foremost weekly journal of independent Socialist, literary, political, and intellectual discussion; the creation of a central depot in London for the production, distribution, and exchange of the most advanced literature of the day; and the organisation of the entire reform movement for the purpose of intellectual fraternisation.

We hereby invite our readers to co-operate with us in these undertakings, if only to the extent of a single share. And we may add that as regards the proposed means there is no time to be lost. The first lists of the proposed New Age Company will statutorily close on December 10. We therefore beg to urge intending subscribers to act at once.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139, Fleet Street, E.C.; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Toik's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.
pose it is on the whole better that the bodies of the teachers and children suffer than adopt secular education, allowing all religious bodies to provide their particular brand of irreligion outside school hours. This would be too logical a solution.

A pretty convention is a-growing between the Tory and Liberal Parties that our Foreign and Imperial policy must be continuous. Said Mr. Balfour at the dinner. "I rejoice to think that foreign politics are likely to be entirely outside the sphere of party controversy."

The more reason, of course, for those who do not look on politics as a game to be watchful of Britain's Imperial policy. The aim of Mr. Dalfour's amiability is not far to seek. Foreign and Colonial policy is practically in the hands of the big financiers, who have risen immeasurably in power under the present reign. The Ministers are merely the puppets who obey the strings pulled by the King and the financiers. There is a long list of important and unimportant matters of which all serious information from the people until the political coups are brought off; for the art of lying among Parliamentarians is in direct ratio to propinquity to the Front Benches.

When curiosity is unusually rife it is staved off by hints of mysterious dangers menacing our lands—"I could an' I would." This was the case in the Denshawai affair, in Natal, in the Russian visit. Home affairs, it would seem, are regarded by Mr. Dalfour as at once of minor importance and uninfluenced by our Imperial policy. Speaking of foreign affairs, he went on: "In no case shall we aim at any party advantage to the discomfiture of the national policy of the country."

Apparently, then, he would not object to a party advantage, say if it casually drove the people more readily off the land to sweep them into the towns, or if it merely led to the starvation of school children. These are not questions of national policy.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald admits that there is a fairly widespread feeling that the House of Commons is merely wasting time by not dealing with the unemployment question. But he maintains that the Labour Party has adopted the best method to make the Government take action. Seeing that the Government has done nothing at all, Mr. Macdonald becomes his own most destructive critic. There is no objection to a Labour Party like the present one acting as a Left Wing of the Government, but the Socialists demand something more vigorous than this; there is room for both the Labour Party and for a Socialist Party that shall present Socialism to the country from the House of Commons. Mr. Macdonald prophesies that in 1909 there will be a Session free for social legislation. Three important questions can be answered by the Anti-Socialist Union.

Intelligence Department. People are to be trained in the elements of economics and politics. This is a move in the right direction, for our greatest difficulty is the profound ignorance of our opponents. The cost of educating them has been heretofore borne by Socialist organisations. Grounded in economics and history, we shall be able to make converts whenever and wherever opportunity presents itself. The A.-S. Union will have several classes fitted to the capacity of their students. The Duke of Rutland, Mr. Claude Lowther, and Sir Thomas Wrightson will probably be classified according to rank, others according to attainments. The insect-house, we are informed, has been presented with several new arrivals; three mantises, or soothsayers, have been presented. Persons interested will have a good opportunity of seeing how they seize and hold their prey. These insects are fed on nase-scales, and are so voracious that in some parts of the world they are decided pests.

Every woman is at heart a servant—if she belongs to the working classes—that is the opinion of ladies when they discuss the question of women's employment. Miss Clementina Black deals vigorously with one side of this ignorant view in an article on Unemployed Women in the "Daily News" of November 20th.

The fact is that there exists an unsupplied demand for domestic servants has very little bearing on the case: widows with children, wives with sick husbands, daughters with aged parents, cannot go and live under the roof of an employer; and these three groups supply a large proportion of the unemployed and it is clear that the service can never absorb more than a very small proportion of the women out of work at any given moment. Miss Black finds the experiment carried on in the St. Pancras tailoring workroom for unemployed women, that with "very little real help, in the way of providing well-fitted factories under public control, where the tailoring work for public institutions could be carried on throughout the year—and independent of seasonal influences—we could regulate this trade so as to train and employ at decent wages a number of the aged, infirm and degrading service it has handled on to us is that of out of domestic slavery."

The slow decay of feudalism in our land has polluted the elements of economics and politics. This is a move in the right direction, for our greatest difficulty is the profound ignorance of our opponents. All measures deserve a welcome that will open up fields of employment for women, enabling those in whom all sense of chivalry is not lost to drive women of domestic slavery.

The slow decay of feudalism in our land has polluted whatever it had of merit, of grace; the most revolting and degrading service it has handed on to us is that of out of domestic slavery.

Mr. John Burns has been at pains to sustain our view that if once having entertained the doctrines of Socialism you later abjure them, there ensues a revival of humour. We take this example of wit from P.W.W.'s "Pictures in Parliament":—

"I am allowed to tell a delightful little story which illustrates the facility for retort which Mr. Burns so frequently displays. A member approached the President of the Local Government Board with the query, 'Ought I to come to you, Mr. Burns, or to Mr. Masterman on a question of water supply?' With a flash of the eye, Mr. Burns retorted merrily, 'My curate does the baptisms!'"
ment the whole personal life of any woman should be surrendered to an employer. That she shall have no private life of her own, and that she shall not be able to entertain her "followers" and friends when she will that grown women must ask permission to go out, that they dispose of just as they list. These are the conditions that the vast majority of women have to submit to when they enter service—the entire loss of control of their body and soul. Any occupation is better than this most loathsome service—degrading to the servant and dishonouring to employer. Meantime, a Trade Union for Women Servants might help in the abolition of some of the grosser material ills.

* * *

Sir,—During the last six or seven years public attention has been drawn from time to time to the slavery still existing in the Portuguese colony of Angola, on the West Coast of African, and to the similar system for supplying labour to the Portuguese islands of San Tomé and Principe, in the Gulf. The suspicions that had arisen from the accounts of our own consuls and various traveller who have unhappily been confirmed by Mr. Henry Nevinson's book on his visit to Angola and the islands three years ago, and by the recently published report of Mr. Joseph Burtt, who was specially appointed by the Foreign Office to investigate the question. The evidence furnished prevents any doubt that, apart from legal terms and Government regulations which are not observed, the system of working the sugar, sweet potato, and coffee plantations on the mainland and the wood plantation on the islands is identical with that of slave labour. These are obtained by purchase, capture, or trickery, in the interior, are brought down to the coast in gangs, usually tied together at night with wooden shackles, and then transported to the sugar plantations, where they are engaged in the most loathsome service. Those that are destined for the islands are labelled and sold by their owners at a recognised price. The climate in the cocoa plantations is very unhealthy, and in the first year that is usually the death-rate as "enormous." So far none of the "servaques" (as they are called) has ever returned. As Mr. Burtt says at the end of his report, "If this is not slavery, I know of no word in the English language which correctly characterises it."

The publication of this report by the cocoa firms through the newspapers appears to give us in demand further public action. We are aware that the subject has been discussed in private meetings, and that a pamphlet has been reviewed by the Aborigines Protection Society, reviewing its whole history; also that the Foreign Office has made representations to the Portuguese Government. But we are convinced that the hands of our own Government, the above-mentioned societies, and possibly even the Portuguese Government itself, will be strengthened in suppressing this abominable traffic if the wide support of British public opinion is gained. It is proposed, therefore, to hold a public meeting for the discussion of the subject at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Friday, December 8th, at half-past three p.m., when Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey has kindly promised to preside. One of our country's noblest achievements has been the abolition of human slavery, and we invite the attendance of all who wish to demand that it should include the arts of eating and particularly of dress is part of our creed. We are gratified to discuss the public duties, which are ideals of our race. (A word about the Captain's attire. What colour were the knee breeches buckled? And the upper part of the body? Was it left natural or dyed with woad? The King was most gratified by your loyal and dutiful address in beautiful dress, as one newspaper pointed out. Then the unhappy martyr went on with an allusion to his own sufferings: "Whatever may be your subsequent careers, you all have the opportunity of leaving Eton trained in the knowledge and accomplishments of English gentlemen, and disciplined to the self-restraint, the consideration for others, and the loyal acceptance of private and public duties, which are ideals of our race." (A word to these young stars: England expects every man to do his duty. The accomplishments of English gentlemen, such as running with the beagles; the consideration for others, such as allowing them to starve instead of ourselves. Eton must flourish.)

The refusal of Messrs. Hyndman and Grayson to speak on the same platform with Mr. Hardie is certainly a sharp reminder to Mr. Hardie that he cannot expect to continue running with the hare while hunting with the hounds. On three memorable occasions in the last eight months Mr. Keir Hardie has as good said that he was prepared to lead the I.L.P. out of the Labour alliance unless something more vigorously Socialist was done by the Labour Party. No sooner had the only Socialist member in the House of Commons taken his seat at the word, and created a scene which as a matter of cool fact has attracted more attention to the
problem of the unemployed than all the debates of the Labour Party put together, than Mr. Hardie, both with the Labour Party and on his own account, emphatically dissociated himself from that action. And this repudiation he followed up by a series of appeals on behalf of the Labour Party against the so-called "disruptive tactics of Mr. Grayson. Having thus repudiated Mr. Grayson, it was distinctly unwise of Mr. Hardie to accept an invitation to speak on Mr. Grayson's platform. He has therefore only himself to thank for the sorry position in which he now finds himself.

Arms and the Man.

By Victor Grayson. M.P.

A sense of logic is an uncomfortable companion. Its possession leads inevitably to unpleasant tasks. I have such an one before me now. Hating the enemy, I want our arms to be of the most modern and efficient quality. But in making the demand I am confronted with "the man." For many years there has been an extraordinary tendency on the part of certain officials of our movement to hide mistakes of policy and blunders in conduct behind the personality of Mr. Keir Hardie. At I.L.P. Conference after Conference he has been the willing wooden horse of many a doubtful escape. When the loyal allegiance of delegates has shown signs of wavering the venerable figure of this sturdy warrior has been brought to the footlights— with much the same motive and effect as the waving of a Union Jack before a City crowd.

Now I wish to say here with the utmost sincerity that I give first place to no man in sincere regard and admiration for the altogether magnificent life and work of Mr. Keir Hardie. But there never was, I am convinced, a period in the history of our movement when a few plain remarks were more necessary than now.

Mr. Keir Hardie's worthy and altogether deserved reputation was not made as an astute politician or a great statesman. It is as a fearless iconoclast—an incorruptible propagandist—that Mr. Hardie has won the love and respect of the rank and file. As leader of the Labour Party Mr. Hardie found his position absolutely untenable. One could not imagine the grim and un-popular Socialist "leading" a nondescript company at the well-known pace. He resigned the leadership and became, not an outsider but the official in the Parliamentary Labour Party. I would point out that in considering the policy of the Labour Party one cannot separate Mr. Hardie from the party. On many doubtful occasions Keir Hardie has identified himself absolutely with the policy of his party. How is it that the I.L.P. has never commented on the fact that its one time iconoclast has blandly acquiesced in the Labour Party's suppression of one of its own members in the House of Commons? Readers will remember that during the Colne Valley election the Labour Party refused its help, and prominent Labour and Socialist members made statements to the Press that were calculated to damage the candidature. At the I.L.P. Conference at Huddersfield it was decided, at the suggestion of Mr. Keir Hardie, that I should attend the Labour Party meetings, and receive their whips without signing the constitution. The alleged predominant Socialist section failed utterly to carry out the expressed wish of the National I.L.P. The Labour Party contemptuously refused the terms. This decision, needless to say, did not appear in the "Labour Leader."

Surely the most bigoted of the moderate and stately school will admit that any existing breach of policy was initiated by the Labour Party's decision on the question. They refused their assistance and did not consult me on any single question. If I wished to speak on any question before the House, I had to make my own arrangements and take my chance. On the visit of the King to the Czar I was quite frankly suppressed and Mr. Keir Hardie sat with the Labour Party and voted in favour of suppression.

Since that occasion he has absolutely identified himself with the policy and pace of the Labour Party, and both in public and officially has denounced and dissociated himself from me. But no observant soul has bothered about these things. I find it impossible personally to distinguish between Mr. Hardie and the party he supports so enthusiastically. He is jointly responsible—and apparently bears his responsibility lightly—for all the Labour Party has done. By voting for the Labour Party's unmeasured condemnation of a fellow member of the I.L.P., whose position was defined by an I.L.P. Conference, he has created a breach which could only have its logical sequence in recent events.

For years Mr. Hardie has refused to speak on the platforms of the Clarion Scouts, although often invited. He has even gone so far as to attack their propaganda. Before going to America he was invited to speak for the London Clarion Scouts at Holborn Town Hall, but it was not till within a week of the meeting that he wrote asking if he might come. I have felt, and still feel, that if Mr. Keir Hardie dissociates himself from me in Parliament and in the country, with all the respect in the world I am bound to adopt the same conduct.

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"A GODLESS SOCIALISM." 3D.

By FRANK G. JANNAWAY.

"This pamphlet has compelled Mr. Statchford to rewrite "Marry England." In the new edition of which he has suppressed a whole chapter and many former facts.

Published by WALTER SCOTT, Ltd., Pateroswer Square, London. On Sale at all W. H. SMITH & SONS' Bookstalls.
Advance or Stagnation.

While our most earnest wish is to disclaim absolutely all the personal feeling which some people are maliciously doing their best to weave round the refusal of Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Victor Grayson to speak from the same platform as Mr. Keir Hardie, yet we cannot allow our desire for personal friendships to hamper a perfectly frank discussion of this incident, which took place at the annual meeting of the Clarion Scouts last week. We need hardly say that we know all the parties concerned were animated by a single desire of advancing the cause of Socialism at the utmost speed. Mr. Hardie is following a line of action against which Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Grayson felt compelled to protest in a decisive way which could not be misunderstood. We honour the sincerity of Mr. Hardie with the most complete respect; but that cannot hold us back from the most emphatic expression of our opinion that his manner of advancing Socialism is no longer the best way. The last few weeks have made it clear as day that there are two methods of going forward. The question at issue is: Which is the quicker way to the goal? It is our business, as it is the business of every Trade Unionist, to attempt to answer that question on its merits without a trace of personal bitterness towards our opponents.

As we have said, there are now two main schools of practical political policy for the Labour Party in this country. The first, which is at this moment being maintained by the members of that party in the House of Commons. It is unnecessary to repeat once more what that system is. Briefly, after one has carefully weighed the meaning of the refusal to fight at the Dundee and Newcastle elections, the tame submission of the Government to do anything satisfactory for the unemployed, the ardent cooperation with the Government in spending the session on the Licensing Bill instead of insisting on measures of immediate advantage; all the innumerable smaller incidents, go to prove that the Labour Party does not intend to go out against the Liberals and Tories with the drawn political sword, but, rather, means to beg on its knees for any scraps which may be left over from the legislative feast.

To this policy there is a clear alternative: which is the method of telling the bald truth on every possible occasion; warning the people that both Liberals and Tories are fooling the people with sham reforms; that they are wasting their time over legislation which is almost useless and trivial at the best; and that there is no salvation for Labour unless the workers fight the Government with every political weapon within their grasp. This is the policy of fighting openly at every occasion, where a Socialist or Independent Labour candidate can be found, for the simple reason that only a Socialist or real Labour candidate will help to get what we seek. This is the policy of flatly refusing to allow the Commons to discuss the Licensing Bill until the unemployment is remedied from starvation.

On the one hand, there is the policy of a war of every form of political rioting within the limits of the franchise and public meetings. That is the only policy which now recommends itself to us. Mr. Hardie has made the sign the I.L.P. would have risen to follow him. He would have had the support of the vast majority of the S.D.P. We even believe he would take the large number of the present Labour members with him. We know that he would have been welcomed on every rebel platform in the country.

It was because Mr. Hardie refused to admit the grave error of the Labour Party; because he ordered us to cease our efforts before the Government was prepared to mend its ways; that Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Grayson could not stand beside him on a public platform. This is not an attack on the Labour Party because it is not avowedly a Socialist body. It is a stern criticism of Mr. Hardie for having abandoned his first determination to oppose all Governments who were not working for Labour. This Liberal Government flouts Labour on every day of the session; and yet the Labour Party and Mr. Hardie stand for gentleness and soft words. We are on the side of a policy which demands braver men. If the present members will not move then it is time to look elsewhere. Perhaps there are risks in advancing; there is certain stagnation and decay in standing still. We agree with every word which Mr. Hardie said in his speech in the Unemployed debate. It is because they agree also that Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Grayson could not stand beside him on a public platform. We have come to a parting in the ways: he who is not coming our way must go the other; we cannot have half-hearted people breaking our spirits and disturbing the ranks. Only last Easter Mr. Hyndman asked the S.D.P. to join the Labour Party: the S.D.P. refused. Since then the Labour Party has been seized with a strange paralysis. Mr. Hyndman, in common with many others, is now fully justified in definitely deciding that if this party refuses to reform its methods it must be left to go its stubborn way alone, and the men who believe in Socialism and a real independent Labour Party must go on by themselves.

If Mr. Hardie is really with the moderate men of quiet peace, then with infinite regret we realise that he cannot mean to uphold the principles of his whole life. We refuse to believe that he is contented with weak compromise. We know he wanted to fight at Dundee and Newcastle; after his magnificent speech in the Commons in the Unemployed debate a few weeks ago, we thought he was ready to do whatever might he necessary. We would remind him in that speech, he declared that if the Government would not give way he would go forth to his people and take the responsibility of his advice. The Government flung the Labour demands in his face. We expected that; but we did not expect the Labour Party to refuse to support Mr. Hardie in his declaration of war. Mr. Hardie has been flouted by the Cabinet, he has been deserted by the Labour Party—and we are still waiting for the fulfilment of Mr. Hardie's threat. We do not advise any useless conflict with the law by incitement to riot: that would scarcely help. But we do expect Mr. Hardie to keep his promise by going out to rouse the people to every form of political rioting within the limits of the franchise and public meetings. That is the only policy which now recommends itself to us. Mr. Hardie has made the sign the I.L.P. would have risen to follow him. He would have had the support of the vast majority of the S.D.P. We even believe he would take a large number of the present Labour members with him. We know that he would have been welcomed on every rebel platform in the country.

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The Future of the Fabian Society.

Amongst the many signs that heaven has vouchsafed late for the encouragement of Socialists, the rapid growth of the middle-class Socialist Society is not the least significant. There are now four Fabians for every one who was enrolled three years ago; and the provincial organisation has been so extended that instead of the half-dozen semi-dormant branches of 1905 there are between 30 and 40 flourishing local Fabian Societies as well as a number of London groups.

To some of the older Fabians this growth may seem rather disconcerting than encouraging; for certainly it appeared to them as far-reaching changes in the constitution and function of the Society. Until recently the Fabian Society was a small and select body, completely dominated by a little group of very able men whose names are well known. It confided its activities almost entirely to the academic side of Socialist work; and its achievements in that direction gave it a name and an importance, on the Continent and in the Antipodes as well as in England, which were altogether out of proportion to its size. It never attempted to take direct political action on its own account, and allowed its members complete freedom as far as party politics were concerned. In fact, it became a society of specialists, ready to give help to anybody and everybody who was working for Socialism, but unwilling to leave its own affairs for the rough and tumble of militant agitation. It did not aim at increasing its membership, because there seemed no reason to suppose that additional numbers would mean increased efficiency in the work it had begun.

The additional numbers, however, came of their own accord; and the fact of their coming without invitation or propaganda of any sort showed how great were the possibilities for Socialism amongst the middle classes and how much those possibilities had been neglected in the past. The Fabian Society, or rather the little group who still control it, thus found themselves in a dilemma. On the one hand appeared the necessity for active propaganda amongst the middle classes which no other existing Socialist society was in a position to undertake; and on the other hand there was the keen desire to maintain the old traditions and continue to concentrate upon political and sociological research. The two policies were (and are) clearly incompatible. Prolonged discussion would not only absorb energy, but would make the Society too large, too unwieldy, and too full of political possibilities for it ever to be allowed to settle down again to the old routine. The difficulty has not been solved; and as a result the Society is being stretched to the verge of uncertainty and chaos. Nobody knows exactly what is its position in the Socialist movement. Whilst struggling to maintain its aloof attitude, it is being forced towards a political destiny. Two years ago the Executive presented the Society with a report pointing out that the Labour Party did not and could not provide for the effective representation of Socialism in Parliament, and affirming the need for an independent Socialist Party. That report was signed by all the present leading officials of the Society, was adopted almost unanimously at a general meeting, and was the basis upon which the Executive were re-elected in 1907. Since then the Society has raised a fund for political purposes, but has put off the final day for deciding what to do with it. It is still nominally affiliated to the Labour Party, and it has a Liberal Member of Parliament on its Executive. Clearly these extraordinary anomalies cannot be allowed to continue indefinitely.

The undemocratic constitution of the Society is an additional source of instability. The provincial members, who now make up about half the total membership, being unable to attend the quarterly business meetings in London, have no voice in determining the policy of the Society as a whole, except the right to take part in the annual election of the Executive—a merely nominal privilege as long as they have no means of getting to know the people for whom they are voting. The obvious expedient of an annual conference which would provide a nominal privilege as long as they have no intention of surrendering to a lot of new members the absolute control which they have exercised for a quarter of a century. And the "old gang" have a strong case. Hitherto the Fabian Society has been the home of theoretical Socialism, pure and undefiled by the necessities of electioneering politics. It has provided a non-party platform for the free discussion of Socialist principles. The vexed question of political methods has been care-fully excluded. A man may belong to the Liberal Party or he may be a revolutionary Marxist; in either case he is free to join in the work of the Fabian Society so long as he is prepared to sign its basis and declare himself a believer in the Socialist solution of present-day evils. Such a Society undoubtedly performs an invaluable, if not an indispensable, function. The division of people into separate and well-defined political parties may be a necessary evil, but it is certainly an evil; and in so far as the Fabian Society provided a common meeting-place for persons who, in spite of their similar aims, would otherwise be hopelessly antagonised, it is doing excellent work.

But democratic control would mean an end of all this. The provincial societies are the life and constituents of the London Society. They exist, not for academic, but for practical purposes. Their business is propaganda and political organisation, and when they became predominant in the Conference, as they soon would, they would certainly insist upon excluding those who were not prepared to work with them on party lines. Also they would want the Society as a whole to become more and more a political party, and to devote less and less of its energies to the academic side of its work; and soon the Fabian Society would have lost for ever the old position of which its present rulers are so justly proud.

It seems, then, that there is a great deal to be said on both sides, and we believe that there is only one way of providing for the harmonious fulfilment of all the functions which the Fabian Society has thrust upon it. The provincial societies and the London groups must have an annual conference of delegates, with complete control over their collective affairs and political policy, whilst the central society remains free and independent, pursuing its chosen path. The provincial Societies would then virtually become a separate body, and would probably find it convenient to call themselves Fabian Associations instead of Fabian Societies in order to distinguish their organisation from the autonomous centres of Society, which will probably retain their old name. A considerable number of the members and all the officers of the local Fabian Associations would naturally continue their membership of the parent society, and nearly all the present members of the latter would in turn join London Fabian Associations; and thus a close and frictionless connection would be maintained. It would still be the duty of the Fabian Society, through its special organisers, to promote the formation of new groups and societies all over the country as at present, but if these proved to be of importance they would automatically become Fabian Associations.

We offer this rough outline of a scheme to those who are interested in the future of the Fabian Society. The problem is an urgent one for many reasons. There is strong evidence of the existence throughout the country of a very large number of unattached Socialists and "almost persuaded" persons belonging mostly to the middle classes who are quite capable of being organised for political purposes, but cannot be reached by theoretically working class bodies like the I.L.P. The Fabian Society alone can undertake this important work. But it must be a political association, not an academic society, that these middle-class people are asked to join; and so it is necessary for the Fabians to begin at once to get rid of the obstacles that prevent their making a definite political stand. The first step must, we believe, be the adoption of some such scheme as we have suggested.
At Random.

Mr. Asquith is not going to give evidence at the Suffragist trial at Leeds after all. A judge of the High Court has ruled that the Prime Minister could not possibly have anything to say on the subject which was worth hearing. Which is a miraculous thought-transference of my own views of the matter.

During the annual municipal service in the parish church of Blackburn, a voice was heard: "Let people have the right to work and live." The newspaper adds that "the incident passed unnoticed by the preacher." With a few honorable exceptions, that is the usual intelligent attitude of the Church. It doesn't notice anything of much importance to ordinary human beings.

Mr. L. Harcourt told the anxious member for Kilkenny that every precaution had been taken for the relief of sudden illness in the House; for, "a large medicine chest replete with every drug and instrument which the ingenuity or necessities of man can require has been generously presented to the House." Drugs! Now I understand. That's why they never get any business done in Parliament. Morphia! Indeed, "every drug." No wonder they couldn't think of a remedy for unemployment.

But be fair to all men. In a conscious interval between two doses, they occasionally think of something sensible, even in Parliament. Just listen to this pure gem of reason which fell from the lips of the Chief Commissioner of Works when he was asked to clean the Serpentine as work for the unemployed: "I cannot," he said, "for I am arranging to clean part of the lake in the Regent's Park." That is about the only serious piece of work they've announced in the House of Commons this Session. The usual Parliamentary answer to unemployed questioners: to take a dose of morphia and murmur in a sleepy voice: "don't bother, please... no money... Licensing Bill." Left nodding.

Perched on a spike of blackthorn bush, which it was softly endeavouring to permeate, I found, in a quiet country lane last week, a long letter from the Fabian Society on the "Disputed Points in the Old Age Pensions Act." So I began to write down its words of wisdom, when a dismal rook passing overhead cawed: "Silly fellow, why do you waste your time; it is only a long nourished on English fodder." Please, Mr. Irishman, do not put me amongst the long-eared ones. I don't think Socialism will solve everything, either in Ireland or anywhere else. It will give us our bread and butter in reasonable plenty, sanitary homes, cheap transit; that is about all. And then we can get to the business of life: the business of more joyful work, more ardent loving—more ardent hating, for that matter.

When every unit of electricity comes out of a municipal machine; when every cornstalk is grown on a county council farm; when wise men go to Parliament instead of drugged amateurs; when Socialism arrives, in short—there will still be each man's work before him which he must face much as he faces it now. He will have his food and clothing and railway tickets given him, it is true; but the only things which will matter are those that matter now. He will continue to sell his soul—if he is wise—for a few minutes of a blackbird's song, or a Bach fugue, or the comradeship of a merry heart and dancing eyes. And if he cannot get all these, then Socialism will be cold comfort.

Peter Pan.

There is now in formation a Commercial Travellers' Socialist Society. Every commercial traveller interested in the movement is requested to apply to the secretary (pro tem., Charles Hanby Toyle, "Stonehouse," Cambridge Road, Kilburn, Heath, Birmingham).

"The Encyclopaedia of Social Reform," which is advertised on another page, has, in its present edition, been brought up to date and published for the convenience of readers who have their books out of date, or who want to fill in the gaps in their volumes instead of one. Readers of The New Age are invited to examine the volumes for themselves on the terms described in the notice. We shall shortly publish a review of the entire work.

The Corporation of the City of London never quite got over the shock when the L.C.C. set up its rival show at the other end of the town. Nevertheless, it must try to preserve its few remaining scraps of dignity. It must really not allow its Lord Mayor to write to the papere begging for old boots and shoes for the poor children that inhabit his city. It's all very well for a Bloomsbury for the benefit of rabbit-skins and asparagus—but a Lord Mayor (of the richest city in the world, too) should surely think of something better than that. The City wants a governor, not a relieving officer of the Charity Organisation Society.

The "Times," apparently thinks that the world is after all a very comfortable place; for it announced last week with pride that, out of 30 names in one day's obituary list, 14 recorded over 70 years of age. These are the kind of figures which made the Government believe that its Old-Age-Pension Act for Deceased Grandparents was a thoroughly democratic measure. Unfortunately, it is only very thoughtful and thrifty persons who remember to die in the columns of the "Times." So many are careless enough to die quite young in slums. While as Mrs. Bridges Adams says, if a bishop dies at 70, we call it a case of infant mortality.

The "Daily News" was much troubled when it heard that the vacancy in the archbishopric of York was not to be filled on party lines, by the leader of the Liberal bishops. But it soon remembered that this most perfect of Governments can do no real wrong; so it announced that Mr. Asquith had written to the neglected ecclesiastical a letter of "warmest appreciation." This is not a bad idea for the distribution of posts: divide each favour into (I) the post, (II) the wise word; and two people are pleased instead of one. I hope the idolaters of the "Daily News" will draw a letter, when their time comes.

That very living Irish journal, "The Peasant," has some wise things to say on the relations between Sinn Fein and Socialism. "The truth is that in this country they are complementary. The man who imagines Sinn Fein is the last word in nationality is narrow-minded and short-sighted; while he who thinks the establishment of a Socialist régime would leave nothing to be fought for will generally be found to be an ass, long nourished on English fodder." Please, Mr. Irishman, do not put me amongst the long-eared ones. I don't think Socialism will solve everything, either in Ireland or anywhere else. It will give us our bread and butter in reasonable plenty, sanitary homes, cheap transit; that is about all. And then we can get to the business of life: the business of more joyful work, more ardent loving—more ardent hating, for that matter.

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The Communication of Soup.
By Chris Healy.

The world with other people's money in its pocket has often been taunted with its indifference to the march of ideas. This is a flagrant injustice. Whilst strong corner orators, or respectable Fabians, stimulated now and then by some young man in a hurry, have been patiently and respectfully asking for some such trifle as a right to live and a right to work, the great world with money in its pocket has gone further than the wildest Socialist by communising—Soup.

A few days ago this idea came home to me with appalling force on an occasion which demanded a cab, white gloves, and a clawhammer coat. As I reached the huge banqueting-hall, and the select company of shipping kings and merchant princes, and of tame politicians, with us few writers and artists thrown in as an aesthetic concession to prevent the air smelling over-greatly of diamonds and yellow gold, had met not so much to do the City honour as to take part in a free distribution of Soup. Every eye shone with a kindly geniality; there with the very genius of reading the wants of the heart, constructed here the finest Cabinet in the world—men born with us proof against the fear of poverty and old age. Then I saw that the charter of entry into the cold, ill-lighted, and gloomy great hall were the waiters. One could have conjectured here the finest Cabinet in the world—men born with us proof against the fear of poverty and old age. Then I saw that the charter of entry into the cold, ill-lighted, and gloomy great banqueting-hall, that it is a sweet and beautiful thing to dine at the expense of one's city or country, here was harsh Suspicion and sour-eyed Thrift with the prospect of a flagrant injustice. Whilst street-patiently and respectfully asking for some such trifle as a right to live and a right to work, the great world with money in its pocket has gone further than the wildest Socialist by communising—Soup. It may have been this feeling which made the business men look on us with undisguised contempt, for I was out of work! Why didn't you lay in a store of Soup whilst you were in work and so be able to live without spoiling the industrious?"

The Second Soup had small glamour save for the type of seeing eye which can detect romance in hungry cupboards and hands destitute of self-respecting work. It was made of lentils, showing that the modern taskmaster has not forgotten the lesson of Pharaoh and the Pyramids. But, even then, the lentils recalled that the historic hardening of the heart can only be followed by a great spoiling, and, mayhap, the time is not far away when the second eaters of Soup shall take the places of the first. From the point of view of charity, in the worse sense of the word, it is a flagrant injustice. The Caesarian waiters were now replaced by Soup commisers who could not change the 1d. tablet of Soup into a 2d. ticket. As a final appeal, the Lord Mayor's dinner was given, to the great thing about the first was that you were entitled to more than a good share in proportion to your lack or need of it, whereas in the second instance the firm, kind lessor was manifestly the only crime. The Caesarian waiters were now replaced by men of shrewder, harder aspect—men with power to ask heart-searching questions and soul-destroying demands. Instead of the goodly, loveable feeling which possessed the great hall at the preceding Soup, there was a beautiful thing to dine at the expense of one's city or country, here was harsh Suspicion and sour-eyed Thrift with their mostly unanswerable queries: "Why do you want Soup at the expense of the community? Because you are out of work! Why didn't you lay in a store of Soup whilst you were in work and so be able to live without spoiling the industrious?"

Victor Grayson, M.P.

and

F. G. Jones

will address a PUBLIC MEETING in

HAMMERSMITH BATHS, Lime Grove,
Shepherd's Bush, W.,
ON FRIDAY, 4TH DECEMBER, 1908.
Doors open 7.15; Chair taken 7.45. Admission free and by ticket.
Prices, 2s., 1s., 6d., each.
Tickets from Branch rooms, 1, Lamington Street, Glenthorne Road, Hammersmith, W., or W. J. McDonald, 71, Sterndale Rd., West Kensington.

A COURSE OF THREE FREE PUBLIC LECTURES
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The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche

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Anthony M. Ludovici,
AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,
ON WEDNESDAYS AT 5 p.m., beginning the 25th NOVEMBER.

1st Lecture (24th November) "Nietzsche—The Immoralist."
2nd Lecture (2nd December) "Nietzsche's Superman."
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RED FLAG BUTTERSCOTCH.

The Leeds Branches S.D.P. are making a 1d. tablet of the above Delicious Sweetmeat. It sells readily at Branch Clubs, Socials, Meetings, etc. No weighting, no loss, and bread is ABSOLUTELY PURE.

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The Solemn Spoof.

A Reply to Mr. Belfort Bax

By G. K. Chesterton.

The Editor of this paper has asked me to resume my very agreeable connection with it by making some comment on Mr. Belfort Bax's criticism of my book called "Orthodoxy." It is an undignified thing to do, but dignity has never been my strong point. I am quite ready to write in any paper on any subject; one of my favourite subjects is myself and my own opinions. Therefore, if it gives any pleasure to the Editor, I will do it straight away.

I have always had a great admiration for Mr. Belfort Bax for this reason: that his thinking is generally a drive and not a drift. So many Socialists simply collect all the opinions that have ever been called humanitarian or advanced, and try to hold them all at once. Mr. Bax's convictions have generally had a shape; he picks his position independently upon things like sex, temperance, and the laws of history. In short, he thinks; that is, he separates ideas from each other, even if he afterwards selects the wrong ones. Having said so much with sincerity, I may go on to state the sum of the matter with even more sincerity. And the sum of the matter is this: that until I read Mr. Bax's article on "Orthodoxy" I had no idea of how utterly and finally dead is the whole nineteenth century attack on Christianity.

That such a man should write such an article is a fact that smells of sepulchres and mummies. The chief proof that scientific materialism is dead lies in the fact that even the liveliest people drop dead—when they touch the topic. Ask Bernard Shaw to speak on any other subject, and he explodes with epigrammatic sagacity; ask him why he denies miracles, and his answer is a curious and dreary compound of a Hyde Park Socialist and a Broad Church Bishop. Ask Mr. Bax about any point of politics or economics, and he bristles with bold but too-ponderous generalities. Ask him about the case for materialism, and he can give nothing but a string of monotonous Early-Victorian assertions. These assertions were never anything more than fashionable; and now they are even out of fashion. The great mark of the surviving Rationalist is that he never reasons. He pronounces; and is not even (like the Pope) polite enough to do it in a long document. He does it in simple sentences. Christianity is dead past recall; Catholicism is a pose; Nationality arose economically; Socialism is a religion; and if you do not agree with all this, you are a card-sharer. If Christianity really were dead it could hardly be so dead as this sort of attack on it. Socialism is a living and fruitful energy, right or wrong. But the Bax materialism seems to be a sort of obstinate stump; it has ceased to branch or blossom.

If I am to consider this article in any order, I had better, perhaps, begin with that deep and delicate problem (so much discussed among my friends and acquaintances) of whether I am a card-sharer. I mean the question of whether I rely on what Mr. Bax calls "the intellectual three-card trick"; a mere cheap verbal dexterity. Now, I am so far from being a card-sharer that in this matter I should like to have all the cards on the table, face upwards. I should suggest that all of us should make our common confession together. Every man who writes (frequently and with any success) does drop into a trick of style; upon which he probably learns to rely too much, especially if he lives by writing, and therefore writes in a hurry. That I have such a trick, a trick of sharp inversions and short sentences, is quite obvious; and that it is a nuisance I can very well believe. And now comes the turn of Mr. Belfort Bax to confess. Mr. Belfort Bax will now tell you (the tears of sincerity streaming down his face) that the trick of style to which he and his school trusts is the trick of science, that is of a supercilious vocabulary. I attempt to bully people by short sentences. The Bax school attempts to bully people by long words. I spoof by means of levity; they spoof by means of scientific solemnity. If I bamboozle (which I do not admit), it must be by a negative appearance of lucidity; if they bamboozle (which I do not allege), it is by a deceptive appearance of profundity, by perpetual allusions to biology, economics, anthropology, and Prussian politics. Really, it is a mere matter of habit and method with both of us. I should say of Truth that it is true, and that anyone who does not grasp a primary idea had better he locked up. Mr. Bax says of Truth that it is "the intellectual expression of the self-consistency of consciousness as a whole"; a much shallower definition. I talk about the Trinity, because my readers have heard of it. He talks of the Trichotomy, because his readers have not heard of it. As regards the former, I am right in saying that I am of the school of Bernard Shaw. He himself is of the school of Herbert Spencer and the men who crushed the English people with polysyllables. He is a mystagogue. I am a demagogue.

Now, I believe that Mr. Bax is serious, in spite of the fact that he is solemn. But naturally I know this even better about myself; so it is quite useless for Mr. Bax to try and invent any more periphrases for a buffoon. I may be a fool; but I know I am not a buffoon. Accusations of artificial paradox affect me as little as arrows aimed at the moon; for I know that I am serious, whatever else I am. Therefore, since we are both serious, and since we both have a certain controversial trick or habit, let us amicably agree that neither will take any notice of the superficial swagger of the other. I can heartily assure Mr. Bax that I am no more frightened of his dim science and loose, allusive history than he is of my cheap wit or hurried epigrams. When I make some silly passing joke as that absurd "theatter is mad because he must measure the human head," Mr. Bax will be quite right to attach no value to it. And when Mr. Bax says that Nationality arose from economic or other material causes, I can assure him that I attach no value to the matter whatever. Considered in itself, it is a view which I cannot even conceive a sensible man supporting. Mr. Bax could not say that when he wrote a book or took a cab or ate a luncheon or expressed an opinion that his motives were purely economic or material. How can I suppose that he really thinks that he can say of the whole growth of France that it owed nothing to Catholicism, nothing to arms, nothing to the temperament of the tribe, but everything to that elaborate and improbable calculation about the butcher and the baker. But he did not really mean to maintain this for a moment; it was unconscious or solemn spoof. "Economic" and "Material" are the holy and hypnotic words of his superstition. Unfortunately for his purpose, they are not the hypnotic words of mine.

Having cleared all such matters away, it only remains to deal very shortly indeed with such solid criticisms as can really be found. I think they can be roughly and rapidly divided into three.

(1) Mr. Bax is wrong in his notion of the value of paradox. Obviously, as he says, there is paradox in everything. But my object is not to get to such an angle that can state the paradox: my object is to select from the fifty inevitable paradoxes the one paradox which is healthy and humane. If you like, the universe is para-
It was under the inspiration of the Church that the two chief nations arose, separate and splendid, France and Spain. If Mr. Bax says that they were Protestant, he is wrong in his idea of the arbitrary use of words. Of course, he or I can call each other undemocratic, just as he or I can call each other Abracadabra. But he really is undemocratic in a perfectly simple and legitimate sense—that is to say, he has narrowed the word both from its verbal and its traditional sense. When men like Mr. Bax say the Greek word which means “The rule of the people,” they are really only thinking of a particular Protestant township folk in billycock hats, and of how these people generally vote for “Science” and Centralisation and Wealth. They are not thinking of the actual people of Europe and of how they have always voted for creeds and fairy tales and family; and yet Mr. Bax is anti-Democratic on the decent dictionary meaning of the word.

(3) Mr. Bax misunderstands all that I said about Christendom and nationality. My theory (which may be right or wrong) was roughly this. There was in old Paganism a power of creating beautiful types; but there was no power of perpetuating them. There was a power of dying for the dying nationalities; but there was no power of making them live again. Who now can be a Pagan Stoic in the style of Cato; or even a Republican Stoic in the style of St. Just? But what there is of Stoicism, what there is of Democracy in the Church, that is renewed for ever. This theory may be fairly attacked. But you do not attack it by saying that nations existed before the Church was born or that the Church lived a long time before she perceived that they ought to be born again. By saying that you do not attack my case, but prove it. It is certain that the postumous sons of a cause which aims at the betterment of mankind was defeated by those whose interest was the poll was closed. The crowd began to gather in three-quarters of an hour it became a huge crowd: a great surging, excited mass of humanity, eager and impatient. The storm of cheers was renewed when the poll of the Socialist, and the crowd—booed! Boosed and jeered; rocked with laughter at such a huge joke; exercised their wit on the subject. It was great! “Should think that’ll about finish t’Socialists!”

And the crowd? Taken as a whole, it was a poor crowd. Many were the men who cheered who looked as though a course of square meals would be singularly appropriate; whose clothes were shabby and worn; who didn’t have “this Socialistic twaddle rammed down their throats.” And the people enjoyed being patted on the back by their “betters,” and cheered again.

Not five minutes after, the representatives of the “exhausted seedling” were on the market-ground. The red flags were helt aloft, and from a humble chair it was announced that that meeting was the first of the campaign for next November. Past experience shows that it will be. As has always been the case, the advance-guard of a cause which aims at the betterment of mankind was defeated by those whose interest in supporting it should have been, greatest. It had been defeated by Ignorance. That is the case, and as it is vanquished so shall we draw nearer to the time when . . . . the multitude make virtue.

The Pathos of the Poll.

The sight was not stirring; it was pathetic. But the victories were glorious! Away went the victors to the clubs. Again were they cheered. The crowd in the street below was exultant when the opinion which was expressed that the “exhausted seedling of rampant Socialism” had been stranded. That was a rare joke; exercised their wit on the subject. It was great! “Should think that’ll about finish t’Socialists!”

And the crowd? Taken as a whole, it was a poor crowd. Many were the men who cheered who looked there would not be long. All eyes were fixed on the great closed doors. Back they were thrown. Amid the strong light cast by a “flare,” a party quickly emerged. The great sea of white, upturned faces swayed, as a torrent of cheering broke from the throng. A bevy of pretty, healthy-looking, well-dressed girls rapturously waved small handkerchiefs and rare colors from the top of the steps. The crowd waved back, and the cheering was prolonged. Two prosperous-looking gentlemen bowed ostentatiously. There was no doubt as to who hadn’t won. The crowd roared!

The cheering subsided as the returning officer held up his hand. The momentous figures were announced. The storm of cheers was renewed when the poll of the top candidate was made known. It died away for a brief space, breaking out again the moment the name of number two left the speaker’s lips. Again the diminuendo and silence, this time broken by laughter from various parts of the great concourse. Then came the final figures; an insignificant total. It was the poll of the Socialist, and the crowd—booed! Boosed and jeered; rocked with laughter at such a huge joke; exercised their wit on the subject. It was great! “Should think that’ll about finish t’Socialists!”

And the crowd? Taken as a whole, it was a poor crowd. Many were the men who cheered who looked as though a course of square meals would be singularly appropriate; whose clothes were shabby and worn; aye, and in many cases tattered. Many were the women who cheered, and yet were in a similar condition. Many were the mill-girls, faces wreathed in smiles and looking as jolly as could be, delighted with the result; but of whom few did not look anemic, few did not work harder than any girl should work, ought to work, or ever need work, if, in the industrial world, order were substituted for chaos. But all cheered; cheered to the echo.

The Pathos of the Poll.

The poll was closed. The crowd began to gather in the market-place in front of the Town Hall. It grew and grew; its impatience increased with its size. In three-quarters of an hour it became a huge crowd: a great surging, excited mass of humanity, eager and expectant. Light political banter flew about, ardent politicians engaged in heated argument, copious calculations were made by the wiseacres, which were meant to show the way the poll must go. And the crowd grew. Police were already regulating it. A tramcar crept slowly through making a lane in the dense mass, which immediately closed in its wake. A clock struck nine. It would not be long now. A line of police stood shoulder to shoulder across the foot of the broad steps of the Town Hall. It would not be long. All eyes were fixed on the great closed doors. Back they were thrown. Amid the strong light cast by a “flare,” a party quickly emerged. The great sea of white, upturned faces swayed, as a torrent of cheering broke from the throng. A bevy of pretty, healthy-looking, well-dressed girls rapturously waved small handkerchiefs and rare colors from the top of the steps. The crowd waved back, and the cheering was prolonged. Two prosperous-looking gentlemen bowed ostentatiously. There was no doubt as to who hadn’t won. The crowd roared!

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Nanson.*

I.

A mighty form, fast-mounting up the hill,
With solid tread, large motion, arms a-swing;
A grave, dark figure, walking with a will
When homeward crows are beating on the wing
Through yellow flushes and low-tinted cloud,
And solemn mists are creeping up the vale—
That’s Nanson! sometimes singing out aloud,
And sometimes calling lest we’re out of hail;
A silhouette against the darkening west,
An image of the forward march of man;
He tramples onward, till some wooded crest,
Clothed in its shadows dun,
Lifts us above a landscape which we scan
Till all the songs of all the birds are still.

II.

To-day he leads us o’er the rolling downs,
Through shadowy forest track ways;
Sometimes past little, ancient, haunted towns
Swarming with memories of other days;
Sometimes through deeply-sunked country lanes
When apple-blossom showers at every turn,
Swarming with memories of other days;
Or autumn leaves to gold and russet burn.

The haunt of martin, nightingale, and wren,
The large charm of Nature. None but he
Can pierce them, or the stars and planets, when
Lifts us above a landscape which we scan
The tracks that lead through golden fields of corn,
The hedgerows where the hungry thrush is born,
The large wide landscape, or the litany
Or budding heather, with its myriad crowns.

III.

We march behind him, confident that he
The sombre silence of the lonely fell,
Where Nanson takes us, there does beauty dwell—
ThecompareTo his proper sphere, this unhealthy political fever is wrecking our beautiful English home life. The virtual obligation of recording his vote once in seven years naturally occupies a man to such an extent that he neglects his business and his home. Our bar-parlour at the Pig and Whistle is every night a scene of the most painful divisions. Only the other day the eldest son of a friend of mine said to him in my hearing, "For heaven’s sake, dad, ring off about the Licensing Bill!" Filial respect is gone, self-respect is going. Thanks to the Brawling Brotherhood, men talk of nothing but their rights, neglect their business, and develop that garrulity which used to be a reproach of the other sex.

This horrible demoralisation must be checked. Man’s proper place is the office. If it be said that there are men who haven’t got offices I reply that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. All really nice manly men who aren’t husbands and fathers, I say they ought still more to be ashamed of themselves. This demand for votes, or rather the exercise of the franchise, is robbing Englishmen of their manhood. What would our forefathers, say, of the ten hours day, or the workman’s vote? They would be ashamed of themselves. All really nice manly men who haven’t got offices I reply that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. This demand for votes, or rather the exercise of the franchise, is robbing Englishmen of their manhood.

The Brawling Brotherhood.

Moven by the self-denying action of the Women’s Anti-Suffrage League, a number of gentlemen, whose dislike of publicity I shall respect, are engaged in the promotion of an Anti-Men’s Suffrage League. The proper place for man is the office. This elemental truth is constantly lost sight of nowadays, and we have the undying sight of men deserting the desk and the counter—to say, even the football field—to rush into the political arena, following noisy, unsevered men, whom I may properly call the Brawling Brotherhood. No one can pretend to ignore the degrading influence of the House of Commons and Parliamentary life generally upon our manhood. What do we witness in that assembly daily? Unseemly brawling, endless recrimination, personalities, above all, that riotous loquacity so essentially feminine and unworthy of the masculine character. Rightly do we contemptuously brand our legislators as “old women.” All this is the melancholy result of man abandoning his proper sphere. Drawn by unscrupulous agitators into the political vortex, he neglects office and shop, which as I cannot too much, resume their true place in society, and cultivate the true masculine virtues of reticence, attention to business, and calm. How can a man attend to his business if he has to go voting? How can he fulfil the duties of husband and father if his time is taken up at the polling-booth? Let men meditate on this. No, the proper place for man is the office.

This unmanly craze for notoriety, this unhealthy political fever is wrecking our beautiful English home life. The virtual obligation of recording his vote once in seven years naturally occupies a man to such an extent that he neglects his business and his home. Our bar-parlour at the Pig and Whistle is every night a scene of the most painful divisions. Only the other day the eldest son of a friend of mine said to him in my hearing, "For heaven’s sake, dad, ring off about the Licensing Bill!" Filial respect is gone, self-respect is going. Thanks to the Brawling Brotherhood, men talk of nothing but their rights, neglect their business, and develop that garrulity which used to be a reproach of the other sex.

This horrible demoralisation must be checked. Man’s proper place is the office. If it be said that there are men who haven’t got offices I reply that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. All really nice manly men have offices. If they are not husbands and fathers, I say they ought still more to be ashamed of themselves. This demand for votes, or rather the exercise of the franchise, is robbing Englishmen of their manhood. What would our forefathers, say, of the ten hours day, or the workman’s vote? They would be ashamed of themselves. All really nice manly men who haven’t got offices I reply that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. This demand for votes, or rather the exercise of the franchise, is robbing Englishmen of their manhood.

* "Tom" Nanson, for sixteen years President of the Saturday Field Club. Resigned, 1907.

The true man doesn’t want all his rights; he wants money.

EDMUND B. D’AUVERGNE.
On Knowing One’s Place.

SOMERWHERE in the Book of Common Prayer is set forth the righteousness and properness of being contented in the station to which it hath pleased God to call us, and of recent years it hath been the evil pleasure of some social reformers to jibe at this excellent piece of socio-economic sagacity.

“Station to which it hath pleased God to call us! — are not all men born free and equal?” they cry, and not waiting for an answer, prance off with the head up, paws rampant, and a flapping tail.

“Estimable, my good friends,” I shout after them, “let me call your attention to the significance of that final adjective.”

Yet sagacious as the Prayer-Book precept undoubtedly is, it does not satisfy me; it lacks enthusiasm. I find “contented” too weak, too passive, too neutral a word. I would have men eager, conceited, vain, proud, happy, and glorious in the station of life to which it hath pleased God to call them. (Only it should be clear that God hath been so pleased.)

Frequenters of English theatres must have been struck, as I have been, with the curious fact that we reward good actors in small parts (when we do reward them) by giving them big parts. Now, sometimes a big part is only a small part in extent, but mostly it is something quite different, and it is mournful to see how comic the working man actor looks in his huge frock-coat. That is one of the many faces to the reason why on our stage the minor roles are so rarely well filled. The actors who have done the little things very well have been promoted to do the big things rather badly.

There are men who can do little things well, there are men who can do big things well, almost never comes a man who can do things well both in the great and the small.

In the old days people knew their places, had their individual flavours as distinct as the flavours of fruits or flowers. There was your watchmaker, your smith, your gardener, your gamekeeper, your poacher, your priest, your squire. To step from one trade to another was almost an indecency, and quite a crime. You were known for your gamekeeper, your poacher, your priest, your squire. To step from one trade to another was almost an indecency, and quite a crime. You were known for your gamekeeper, your poacher, your priest, your squire. To step from one trade to another was almost an indecency, and quite a crime. You were known for your gamekeeper, your poacher, your priest, your squire. To step from one trade to another was almost an indecency, and quite a crime. You were known for your gamekeeper, your poacher, your priest, your squire.

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have been consenting to our bondage. Except by the chance of the lucky-bag, indeed, does anyone get put to his true trade? Does education ever try to find out what our true trade is? Does it ever put out feelers and grope in the dark for the other end of the chain? Our true trade is like the pinnacle, we think, is the only admirable feature of a stock exchange.

Small wonder, then, that we see nothing grotesque in a miner quitting his profession to become a music-hall singer when really and spiritually he was a miner all along. The Worthy Brewer, The Worthy Burglar, or whatever.

The lesson of democracy is that a cart-horse is not always a racer. The lesson of aristocracy is that a cart-horse is a cart-horse and a racer a racer. The lesson of democracy is that a cart-horse is as good as a racer. My lesson is that if you wish to command, you must first learn to obey. We English are all obedient and reverent, and we blush to be seen in our workaday dress, and sink with a sigh of relief and a twitch of the shirtsleeves when our work is finished and the printing-press labours are past. But perhaps when we have begun to worship, we will pray.

And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest. And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest. And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest.

What image matters not; but that to image nightly I will pray.

And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest. And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest.

And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest. And I will let make a huge statue of St. Nicholas, or wear a leaden image of St. Nicholas under my vest.
that you must not choose your racer from your successful cart-horses, nor your cart-horses from your unsuccessful racers. The common people have never quite lost hold of that idea. Many an unemployed bricklayer will rather starve than do labourer's work, or try to do carpenter's work. That is the true spirit.

W. R. TETTERTON.

Books and Persons.

I have discovered a new publisher, and as new publishers do not come into existence very frequently (the risks of violent extinction being notoriously great in this department of philanthropy), the discovery is worth mentioning. The new publisher calls himself "Christopher," and inhabits Lancaster Place, Strand. I say "calls himself," because I am nearly sure that "Christophers" is a nom-de-guerre. As a name it is too good to be true. I can see the name of "Christophers" going down to posterity with the names of Blackwood, Murray, and Macmillan as one of theaugust makers of literature. For of course publishers, if their demeanour is any sort of guide, are the real makers of literature.

Authors only write it. As Mr. "Christophers" is an ingenu and unspotted by the world, I wish never him one or two free suggestions. He would gain profit by publishing a reprint, at a shilling, of Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," with an introduction by Havelock Ellis or someone else adequate to the task. No cheap or satisfactory edition of this great classic exists. Further, there is room for a history of journalism in the nineteenth century. No such work exists. It is needed. It would be interesting. Thirdly, I can put him on to a really good, and unknown, writer for children, who might be the equal of Mrs. Bland. This is enough suggestions for one day. But I have lots more. Let Mr. "Christophers" communicate with me, and a fortune is his. * * *

I fancy that I have possessed myself of the first book published by "Christophers." If it is not actually the first, it must be nearly the first. "Side Shows," by J. B. Atkins. It is very well produced. The volume consists of essays, largely upon social aspects of life. The essays, though some of them have appeared in the most singular journals, are excellent. Mr. Atkins has a style, a sense of humour, and an unshakable sagacity, and is quite bereft of nonsense. If Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson could write as well, how much less age would have ruined a weaker man. When Mr. "Christophers" was a Liberal with Whig leanings (school of George Russell), which is the same as being a Tory.

Mr. J. B. Atkins has had an adventurous and varied career, and he is still strangely young. He made war for the "Manchester Guardian" in Greece, Cuba, and South Africa. Of two hundred descriptive books on the Boer War, his "Relief of Ladysmith" was the most successful racers. The common people have never quite lost hold of that idea. Many an unemployed bricklayer will rather starve than do labourer's work, or try to do carpenter's work. That is the true spirit.
with cracked mirrors over cracked fireplaces! Mr. Pearson soon changed all that.) He was picking
over London's "Standard," which had
just arrived, and his face was gloomy, disillusioned, 
high liquid with horror. "Look at this!" he bade me. 
"And this?" I looked. This and these were split infinitives! I gave first aid, and ultimately got him into a 
restaurant. But it was a serious crisis. When he was 
better, I told him sternly that a man who left the 
things I heard was that he had joined the editorial staff of the "Spectator," for which organ, I believe, he 
writes the articles dealing with foreign policy. I do 
do not assert that the daily shower of split infinitives from London drove him out of Paris, but the coincidence is 
curious.

At the same time as I received "Side Shows" there came "When the Tide Turns" (Grant Richards), the new novel of Mr. Filson Young, who was Mr. Atkins's junior colleague in South Africa. Mr. Grant Richards has cleverly placed between the leaves of this book information to the effect that Mr. Filson Young's first novel, "The Sands of Pleasure," is in its seventy-four thousand copies. There are few literary critics in London who will be able to pass an opinion about an author who has run up seventy thousand copies. Franklin does not begin 
again until the two hundred thousand mark is passed, 
when critics say to themselves: "This is really going 
too far. We must demolish this." And Miss Corelli 
says: "When the Tide Turns." The opening passages descriptive of the sea have been warmly praised. I wish I could say that these elaborate and self-conscious pieces do not merely irritate me. They are simply nothing but fine writing 
and gush, large circulations, and the sardonic smiles of 
to many columns of gorgeous praise. Mr. Young 
motorists are excellent and he is still a literary infant.

And listen: "The boy sitting on the rock, his ears filled 
with the [their] tides, heart-breaking 
music, though suddenly the inevitable thought of youth —how long before here, how long before he will return after me! The same rocks, the same tides, the same sounds, a thousand years ago, a thousand years hence—and I no more than a ripple that smiles for a moment on their surface." Bright boy, inevitably 
thinking! Mr. Young's women are far worse even 
than his Rupert. They are, in fact, silencing. They 
are an exquisite sense of word music (this is not a trope, 
and silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon. 
and . . . . magic casements opening on the foam 
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

To Mr. Storer, poetry is the handmaid of this sixth 
sense; and so it should be; but I would rather say that 
the lines quoted from Thompson and Keats are born of an 
exquisite sense of word music (this is not a trope, 
as Mr. Storer says) married to the sense of wonder.

Having studied his instrument, Mr. Storer can naturally 
produce from it a music that is wise and beautiful; but 
it has not altogether the magic charm of this sixth 
sense, which steals away the heart and leaves in its 
place an aching pain. Perhaps this is because he is too 
modern, because he plays the poet beneath the mask of 
modern, because he plays the poet beneath the mask of

* "Mirrors of Illusion," by Henry Storer (Sisley, 5s. 
net); "Nature Poems," by W. H. Davies (Field, 3s. 6d. net); 
"The Testament of John Davidson" (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. 
net); "London Visions," by Laurence Binyon (Elkin 
Matthews, 2s. 6d. net); "Lyrical and Other Poems," by John 
Drinkwater (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net).
that one of the most haunting poems in the book, "The Young Bride," has a regular rhyme, and is in stanzas.

I am seventeen, and they have given
Me unto a man of twenty-nine.
He is very strong and lovely;
He is Mine.

I can fancy that the moon is
Somehow stooping from the sky;
I should like to reach and kiss her—
Ah! so happy I.

And I stand among the flowers
In my garden by the sea,
And I feel myself a flower
On a scented sea . . . .

"Treason," in "Clarice," "The Poppy Song," and "Thuribles" are good among good work; but all through the book one wishes for more intensity of feeling and less dillettantism. And why has the author, despite his poetique, written narrative and descriptive poetry ("Clarice" and "Piccadilly")?

When one approaches an aboriginal poet like Mr. W. H. Davies all one's theories about form fall to the ground. Mr. Davies is an unconventional poet writing in a conventional manner, because that was the first to hand, and he had something to say. Three men's names came into my mind as I read him—Wordsworth, Blake, and Francis Jammes, the child-man poet of France. He has something of the nature of all three, kneaded with his own essential vagrancy. Francis Jammes in this, from "The Wind":—

"T was he, no doubt, made that young man's hair white,
Who slept alone in a strange house one night,
And was an old man in the morn and crazed,
And all who saw and heard him were amazed.

Blake in "The Boy":—

Go, little boy,
Fill thee with joy;
Fear not, like man,
The kick of wrath,
That you do lie
In some one's path.

Wordsworth in his general deep love of Nature; but himself before all in "Australian Rill," "Nature's Friend," and the quaint knowledge his vagrant life has given him—himself before all in expression.

Truly, Mr. Davies has a wisdom which John Davidson never had or has lost. His "Testament" is this:

"And all who saw and heard him were amazed.
And when I die
To know itself.

It is idle to refute John Davidson. What is the use? It may be that the Universe attains
Self-knowledge only once; and when I cease
To see and hear, imagine, think and feel,
The end may come.

Therefore, we may all breathe freely (for the end will not come), welcome new visions, and use the symbols unperturbed. The truth is that, having once explained the Universe, with a wealth of material imagery and a blank verse rich in music, it may be—there is nothing more to be said about it; and so far from creating a
new epoch in literature thus, as Mr. Davidson fondly imagines he is doing, you are merely destroying all literature, for literature is man’s little song and cry against the inexplicable infinite; God “Almighty” cannot write a book. The epistle dedicated to the Poets Temporal, buying his doctrine, by betraying and ignorance of economic conditions and total lack of social psychology and lack of sense of humour. And the Testament itself is no surprise. We knew it all before.

London Visions are in vers libres and in stanzas, they are descriptive and they are narrative; yet they are poetry. Mr. Storer would say that there must be dreary wastes of plain statement; and that would be true. Yet because Mr. Storer Buyon has understood London with imaginative eyes, he has written poetry. It is when the poet’s imagination ceases, and his brooding turns to philosophy, that poetry ceases, too. Not the verse like “Red Night in London: Visions” becomes prose. Most of London’s wretchedness, squalor, enters into attics of agony and loneliness. In his por- traits and sketches, like “The Rag-Picker,” “The Little Dancers,” “The Builders,” “Martha,” “The Paralytic,” “Midsummer Noon,” “The Convict,” “John Winter,” all clearly imagined, limned, and realised, Mr. Laurence Buyon is at his human best.

“Lyrical and Other Poems” might serve as an example for Mr. Storer to decline against. There is only one poem in the book, “June Dance.”

The rest is a bald allegory, the song already quoted from, the verses and sonnets of the same quality, word-spinning with no essential imaginative impulse. In “June Dance,” however, there is humanity and some pretty natural description.

“The Gentle Shepherd” is a pleasant little allegorical masque, well worth playing in a country garden, but with nothing very vital in it, of course. As for the other poems, Mr. Castle’s “mouth was so full with his spinner”.

Our poets once went to France with disastrous results; but there is much, I think, to be learned there. The rest is a bald allegory, the song already quoted from, the verses and sonnets of the same quality, word-spinning with no essential imaginative impulse. In “June Dance,” however, there is humanity and some pretty natural description.

“The Gentle Shepherd” is a pleasant little allegorical masque, well worth playing in a country garden, but with nothing very vital in it, of course. As for the other poems, Mr. Castle’s “mouth was so full with his spinner.”

MR. GRAYSON REPLIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

“Aud if Satan cast out Satan he is divided against himself; how shall then his kingdom stand?”

One finds it difficult to deal with Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., without a Biblical text. Mr. Henderson, finding me unwilling to question the veracity of my own eyesight, hastens to verify himself out of the mouths of very reliable and impartial persons. To convince the Socialist movement that there was no such dashing conference as the one I charge him with, he secures the final testimony of his fellow conspirators. I have personally never presumed to know what was the subject of these honorable gentlemen’s conversations. I was only near enough to observe. Not one of Mr. Henderson’s impartial persons was anywhere near the conference. All they do deny is the agenda of the conference. I may point out to Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Henderson that I have never stated that they were discussing the mor-

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ing of the closure. I affirmed, and still affirm, that I with my own eyes did plainly see Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Earl Percy, and Mr. Arthur Henderson in conversation behind the Speaker's chair consulting their watches on the afternoon of June 4th.

What Mr. Balfour alleged was as follows: Mr. Henderson, sitting in his usual place at the end of the second bench below the gangway crossed the gangway several times and held conversations with Earl Percy. Mr. Balfour next went to D'Alby on the Front Opposition Bench, returning each time and conversing with Mr. Keir Hardie, who sat next to him on his left. Earl Percy then crossed to the other side of the House, around the back of the Speaker's chair, and sat on the Treasury Bench in conversation with Sir Edward Grey. Mr. Balfour soon followed, whereupon the four gentlemen moved to the back of the Chair and were joined by Mr. Arthur Henderson.

I can now visualize the spectacle with the same vividness as if it had happened this morning. Many other members must have observed it, and I hope they will not be ready to confirm the following extract from the "Daily News," "Pictures in Parliament," taken in conjunction with the extract quoted lected in THE NEW AGE, no. 112.

Frankly, I am unable to judge. But I am willing to stake my career on the statement that I personally saw the four gentlemen together. Mr. Henderson should feel that not even cunningly-qualified letters they have sent. If the escape the notice of our readers that none of the circumstances we may further suggest that Mr. Henderson should publish the correspondence in extenso, including his own letter of request to the Liberal and Tory leaders.—Ed. N.A.J.

MR. BELLOC'S "REMARKS."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It is not necessary to disagree with Mr. Belloc's opinions about Sabbatarianism and political dishonesty in order to pronounce some of his remarks exceedingly bad taste. The insinuations he referred to his style (le style c'est le poème) as, e.g., to such expressions as "sloth," as applied, or rather misapplied, to an undoubted nuisance, or his invocation of the Deity to give force to his condemnation; but to the habit in which he indulges in THE NEW AGE and elsewhere, of obtruding his religious opinions applied, or rather misapplied, to an undoubted nuisance. It is not necessary to disagree with Mr. Belloc's opinions about the government's intention, the letter of "Ex-Officer" is an explanation of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of privileged aristocracy is an old one, but is dying. If ever our land should be in a crisis of its military fate, the pro-social generals would probably be superseded by some born military genius in a shop, a farm, or factory. Cromwell, a brewer, Macaulay's "greatest prince who ever reigned in England," was such a genius, and chose for his colonels and other trusted officers several serving-men, a drayman, a wine cooper, a carpenter, a milkman, etc. These are the three who knocked into a locked hat the "officers and gentlemen" of the army of the King.

W. PARMENTER.

* * *

"A SPANISH HOLIDAY."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Will you allow me to point out that in his very kindly notice of "A Spanish Holiday," your reviewer has unwittingly done me a slight commercial injury? The price of the book is not 125. 6d., as there stated, but 7s. 6d., and that extra 5s. may make all the difference to possible buyers.

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The Preference Shares are entitled to a fixed non-cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum on the amount paid-up thereon, and rank in priority to the other Shares upon a winding up.

ISSUE OF 3,300 6 PER CENT. PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1.

Payable 1/20 per Share on application, and the Balance on Allotment, and the Balance on Allotment shall be required in installments of 1/20th at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS.—ALFRED RICHARD ORAGE, journalist, 1 and 2, Took’s Court, Chancery Lane, E.C. (Chairman).

FRANK PALMER, Publisher, 3, 20 & 22, Took’s Court, E.C. (Managing Director).


SOLICITORS.—BRABY & MACDONALD, 5, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

AUDITORS.—HARPER & BROOKE, 27, Chancery Lane, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.—A. B. LARGEN, 140, Fleet Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS

This Company is formed to acquire as a going concern the goodwill of the journal or newspaper known as The New Age, and also the publishing business known as The New Age Press.

The New Age, which was founded in the year 1894, was purchased by the present proprietor, Mr. A. R. Orage, in May, 1907, and has now established for itself a recognised position as a modern development of Socialism and its ideals.

The New Age Press, which has been under the control of Mr. Frank Palmer, has become well known for especially with Socialism and its modern economic basis.

Results of the present issue will enable the Directors to extend in many directions the scope and usefulness both of the periodical and of the publishing business.

The present Business Manager of both The New Age and The New Age Press, Mr. Frank Palmer, has presented to the Directors the following report as to the position of the two enterprises, and the Directors, while anxious to avoid making extravagant promises, yet feel justified in thinking these facts sufficient to convince intending subscribers that they will find a secure investment for their money.

The present Business Manager's Report on "The New Age" and "The New Age Press." The business progress of the "New Age" and "The New Age Press" has been slow, but unbroken.

When in January of this year I took over the management of The New Age, the weekly circulation was warrantted to be 1,000. In the week ending March 25th, the number of copies actually issued was 1,400. In the week ending May 20th, the number of copies was 1,600. In the week ending July 21st, the number of copies was 1,700. In the week ending September 22nd, the number of copies was 1,900. And in the week ending November 10th, the number of copies was 2,000. It is evident that the progress of the "New Age" is not only satisfactory but is also increasing.

The Progress of the "New Age" and "The New Age Press." The progress of the "New Age" and "The New Age Press" is not only satisfactory but is also increasing.

In estimating the above mentioned purchase money, the goodwill of the said newspaper was taken over by the Company at cost price.

The estimated amount of preliminary expenses is £1,100. No brokerage, commission or promotion money will be paid.

The Articles of Association of the Company are the revised Table A of 1901, issued by Order of the Board of Trade. The qualification and remuneration of Directors are as follows:

The remuneration of the Directors shall from time to time be determined by the General Meeting.

The following Contracts have been entered into, viz.:

(a) An agreement dated November 3rd, 1908, between Alfred Richard Orage and this Company, whereby the said Alfred Richard Orage agrees to sell the said newspaper, with its goodwill, copyrights, and other property, to this Company in consideration of the 2,200 Deferred Shares which are to be allotted to him, or his nominees, as fully paid, and £300 in cash (to enable him to discharge the before-mentioned purchase money), and whereby he agrees to serve the company as Editor for a term of five years at the yearly salary of £508.

(b) An agreement dated November 3rd, 1908, between the said Alfred Richard Orage and Frank Palmer, whereby they agree to sell to the Company the said publishing business with its goodwill, copyrights, and other property, in consideration of the 3,000 Ordinary Shares of the Company, which are to be allotted to them, or their nominees, as fully paid, and whereby the said Frank Palmer agrees to serve the Company as Publisher and Business Manager and Managing Director for a term of five years at a yearly salary of £300 plus a commission of 2½ per cent. on the actual expenditure for the first year.

These contracts can be seen at the office of the Company's Solicitors, 5, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C., at any time between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

In estimating the before mentioned purchase money, the goodwill of the said newspaper was taken at £2,000, and the goodwill of the publishing business at £1,000.

The said Alfred Richard Orage and Frank Palmer, who are Directors of this Company, are interested in the promotion of it in the manner and to the extent above set forth.

Dated November 3rd, 1908.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To be filled in by the applicant.

The printed form may be obtained at a copy of it.

Name and Address (in full)

Date of application

Occupation and/or Title

Printed for the Proprietors by A. Bowes & Sons, 3, 4, & 5, Tooke's Court, Strand, W.C. Agents for South Africa and Australia: G. & C. Down, London; Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, W. Australia; and Cape Town; and (S. Africa), Central News Agency, Ltd.


Editorial communications must be sent to I & 2, Tooke's Court, Strand.