Complete doctrine of individualism, and held that they must
miner's work is not only one of the most arduous, but
but if he was left to the mercy of our industrial system
be long debated in Socialistic circles that we
Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.
Asquith's reply to the deputation that waited upon him
we can find for this intolerable sacrifice is that the
minimum of friction and maximum of consideration in
We cannot find anything very helpful in Mr.
A miner's two or three hours Bill would seem some-
we do not see why Governments should be so chary
that is expected to waste in experimenting
with new slaughter machinery.
A majority of the sub-committee reported in favour
of establishing school clinics at suitable centres for
the medical treatment of school children. It is well known
that there are too many brats already. Let them perish.
Mr. Webb pointed out, the views of the lady members
of medical administration than anyone in
London. In vain did Dr. Beaton tell the Council that
We do not see why Governments should be so chary
about experimental legislation. Were such boards to fail,
it would not redound to the discredit of any Govern-
ment that had provided them. The cost of such an
experiment would be small compared with the money
every Government is expected to waste in experi-
mental work.

We cannot find anything very helpful in Mr. Asquith's reply to the deputation that awaited upon him to urge legislative action in regard to sweated labour. The deputation, which amongst others, consisted of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Sidney Webb, urged the establishment of wages boards in this country for the sweated industries. The question has been so long debated in Socialist circles that we believe those who favour and those who oppose them would both long to see the experiment tried. Until a wages board is actually established we shall never really be able to say whether it is practicable or not and whether it is as effective as we should like it to be.

The L.C.C. appointed a special sub-committee to consider the medical treatment of school children. A majority of the sub-committee reported in favour of establishing school clinics at suitable centres for the medical treatment of school children. It is well known that there are too many brats already. Let them perish. Mr. Webb pointed out, the views of the lady members
to an American speech which was not too long. The walls were hung with beautiful old tapestries, some of which did service at the Coronation of King Edward. With reverence (or was it pride) the Republicans of which did service at the Coronation of King Edward. was a message from the President. The keynote of the subscription of each being at the rate of £5,000 for two performances a week. The theatre appears to the 26 gentlemen of wealth are to act as dramatic censors. Next to having an uncensored National Theatre we can think of nothing better than one run by men spending their money sensibly, Modern plays are to have a fair showing, which we do not take to mean that ballads and dialogues and stories. Of course, Robert Blatchford preferred that Robert Blatchford went on writing and touring the country. We ourselves should have blow struck by the remorseless fates, and one which marked down for Parliament from the moment that Robert Blatchford's eyes were red and his face peaked and white. Does anyone believe that Blatchford will go cheerfully to his doom? Yes, with dyed moustache. Alas, sorrow and his face peaked and white. Does anyone believe that Blatchford will go cheerfully to his doom? Yes, with dyed moustache. Alas, sorrow

We draw special attention to suggestion (1). It will be noticed that attendance at continuation schools up to 17 is to be accompanied by compulsory reduction of working hours. Notice that evening continuation schools are not demanded. The second suggestion is for the raising of the school leaving age. No light is thrown on what age it is desired that children should leave. We write 16 should be in accordance with the well-known Trades Union proposal on education.

BOY LABOUR AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The change which is noticeable in the tone of discussions of the problem of unemployment in the House of Commons, on the Press, and in the Press, leads us to hope that we may secure a hearing in endeavouring to direct public attention to one of the greatest evils which underlie the present distress.

The experience of the signatories to this letter, and, indeed, of all those who have taken part in social, educational, and other work among boys and girls, and are acquainted with the conditions of their industrial life, goes to show that the seeds of much future unemployment are sown in the period of adolescence between fourteen and twenty, and conditions for that period of industrial life cannot be regarded as satisfactory which leave those critical years out of account. We desire, therefore, withoutunderlying other causes, to lay before you a statement of facts upon this particular point, and some suggestions for a policy on the part of the State.

We would point out, then, in the first place, that in certain industries the conditions under which boys, specially, are employed are actually detrimental to their moral and physical welfare, and that large and growing need is felt by a number of industries they are as such to give them no adequate training for industrial life.

In the former case may be placed the various kinds of street-selling, and such kindred occupations as the touting for carrying luggage at railway stations. In proof of the statement as to street-selling, we may quote the words of the Chief Constable of Manchester in a paper read in May, 1906:—

"Street-trading, of all juvenile wage-earning occupations, is probably the worst of all, and other occupations followed by children... The boys develop into lazy, shiftless, and workless men, becoming, for the most part, racecourse touts, often travelling thieves and loungers... They dislike more and more honest work. They become mere creatures of chance, and sink down until they end their days either in gaol or in the workhouse."

These words are fully borne out by such direct evidence as can be obtained. For example, figures obtained from the Chief Constable of Manchester show that in that city out of 1,454 youths between 14 and 21 charged with theft and other offences, inferring dishonesty, in the year 1906, 83 per cent. were boys occupied as street traders, hawkers, van boys or carters, riveters, and night watchmen and anyone else engaged in the same trade.

Again, the following remarks, which are taken from a report as to boys engaged in touting for carrying parcels at railway stations in a large city, are typical of a general experience:—

"As soon as they appear round the station they are done for absolutely; unless external aid is forthcoming. What is more, every day that is spent round the station makes it harder to get away and start afresh. The demoralizing effect of unemployment on a grown man cannot compare with the havoc it wreaks on the character of a youth who finds himself cut adrift from all his old friends, and in the continual company of out-of-work... Thirty-two of them have been between them six months or more adjourned or left off 68 times—an average of nearly five prosecutions apiece."

The same is true to a great extent of the van boys employed by many, though not all, private firms (the railway companies generally offer greater permanency), who are often dismissed at 18 without any qualifications for further employment.

That unemployment has considerable importance in its bearing on juvenile crime is clearly shown in the last report of the Borstal Association. For instance, the Borstal Association report states:—

"Over 80 per cent. of our charges admit that they were not at work when they got into trouble."

The Committee of the Metropolitan Police say:—

"Parliament has recognised already, and is about to recognize still further, the principle of special treatment for boys."

We are tempted to ask whether
It would not be a wiser policy to begin at an earlier stage. It is better to take the step at present, when the situation and the direction in the earlier and critical years of life, much good material is being wasted and allowed to drift until it is impossible to utilise it when it is found. We undertake to refer to a question of this vast social importance so that the experience which comes to us from the treatment of French young people may be known.

Moreover, the specialization of employment has resulted in a demand for boys and girls to perform operations of a purely mechanical character, which do not give them any technical qualifications for future employment. We may mention as examples the loom children, drawers or shifters in the textile industries, oil canners in the nut and tobacco departments of London and other works where "drawers off" in saw mills, rivet boys in boiler-shops and shipyards, the boy minders of some kinds of semi-automatic industries, and the girl labelers, glass bottle washers, sweet packers, and card sorters of so many London factories. Most of these receive no training that will fit them for any employment other than that of an unskilled or low-skilled labourer. In the words of an employer, they are not taught; they are made to work. Moreover, it should be noted that in many occupations the proportion between the men and boys employed is such that the latter cannot possibly be retained after a few years in the occupation which they entered at 14 or 15, because many more boys are needed to replace the number of adult men employed to allow for the expansion of the industry. The Government has set a bad example in this matter. It is, for instance, still the case that all the pupils working in the Croydon and Wandsworth Boys' Vocational Training Schools are sent to the Post Office without any training for industry or prospect of further employment. Clearly, youths engaged in such occupations have no reason to remain in their employ when they are not required to marry and ask for a man's wage. They must leave and seek to earn their living in some other way. But they are denied the benefit of industrial training, scientific training, and ready adaptability for any of the more responsible positions of industry, as much as they would be were they men instead of boys. The result is, that when they have, no qualification at all, except average physical strength. The result is that when dismissed at the age of 18, they drift, after a longer or shorter interval, into the overstocked ranks of unskilled or low-skilled labour, where they are exposed to chronic irregularity of employment, and to wages hardly sufficient to support existence. Nothing is more surprising or more lamentable than the lack of publication of the Unmissions Intelligence and Semi-official persons in the I.L.P. of boycotting THE NEW AGE, in a demand for boys and girls to perform operations of great social importance. Mr. Asquith is to refer to a question of this vast social importance. Mr. Asquith is not an old man for such a fight. He is young enough to live to see the end of it."-London Letter, "Daily News," December 16th.

Philop Snowden which appears in "The Christian Commonwealth," on the present political situation. It seems to us that in the absence of organisation and wise men more in young persons than generosity to its friends. Generosity to political enemies is comparatively easy; it is one's political friends one finds it difficult to treat with generosity. We hoped better things of the Labour Party.

Regarding the recent disturbances at meetings addressed by Mr. Curran and Mr. Philip Snowden, it would be needless to state, were the contrary not paraded, that Mr. Grayson is in no sense responsible for them. We have over and over again contended in these pages that it is not Mr. Grayson who is the author of the unrest and dissatisfaction in the I.L.P., but the latter are those responsible. The leaders of the I.L.P. would do better, therefore, rather to face the situation than to conceal their apprehensions behind attacks on the articulate symbols of the general unrest. The growing practice of the semi-official sabotage of I.L.P. meetings is but the last in a series of illegal activities. The New Age is also a confession of weakness which we deplore on every ground. Our criticisms may be sharp, but they are the criticisms of sincere friends. Moreover our columns are open to counter-criticism, as Mr. Clynes, who made excellent use of them, knows. We hope no further protest will be necessary.

Character Sketch of 'a Wolf.

By a Lamb.

I have received an advance proof of an article which Mr. Snowden, M.P., is to contribute to "The Christian Commonwealth," on the present political situation. It is notable for a warm tribute to the Premier. I do not believe he deprecate personalities, but the latter who are the authors of Mr. Grayson. We have before now alluded to the defect of imagination in the Labour's attitude towards the Prime Minister is sufficient. It is ridiculous for its leaders to deprecate personalities. The leaders of the I.L.P. have before now alluded to the defect of imagination in the Labour's attitude towards the Prime Minister is sufficient. It is ridiculous for its leaders to deprecate personalities.

Lamour's attitude towards the Prime Minister is sufficiently indicated by the remarks of Mr. Philip Snowden which appear in "The Christian Commonwealth." On inquiry I find that the old mistrust and prejudice against the Labour leader have almost entirely disappeared, and Labour members entertain the most confident...
hopes that next year will see a generous and practical treatment of unemployment.—"Daily News," December 17th.

I am a lamb. No ordinary lamb, indeed, but a leader of lambs. It was largely on account of my acute perception that with general relief I was made out as a factor of the flock in the too frequent attacks of the genus known as canis lupus, or wolf. I must point out that in every healthyborn lamb there is an instinctive distrust of the wolf. This is probably owing to the fact that lambs constitute the main dietary of wolves. I have pointed this little fact out with merciless insistence to all the flocks I have ever met. So that their primal instinct of mistrust has been supplemented and strengthened by the reasoned data of fact.

Furthermore, the actions of the wolves themselves are of such a character as to leave no doubt in the mind. Every lamb who knows his history is fully convinced that the wolf regards him as a legitimate edible. True, they have masqueraded in the innocent guise of vegetarians, and thus deceived the ingenuous. But there is a general and growing feeling among us that the wolf, however broad his culture or kindly his intentions, cannot possibly overcome his natural appetite for lambs.

Now this is what renders my present task so exceedingly difficult. I want to give an impartial estimate of the leader of the wolves. I really rather like him. There—it's out! Further, as I have pointed out above, the feeling is general, though not all Lambs think it. Now, my difficulty is that I cannot very well eulogise the premier wolf without confusing the issue in the minds of the lambs. For if, as I believe, he is great, sincere, determined, and good, then the pack that he leads must necessarily enjoy the reflected glory. There is also the outstanding fact that he is very honest, and has no cant. Now, no lamb will let itself be eaten if it has presence of the operation. Thus the wolves have been forced to adopt a system of insincere make-believe, to mask their insatiable hunger. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from this new source.

Now, you perceive my dilemma. How am I going to convince my wary flock that the chief wolf means well and doesn't really want to eat me? No ordinary lamb, indeed, but a leader of the lambs. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from the same prey. Now you perceive my dilemma. How am I going to convince my wary flock that the chief wolf means well and doesn't really want to eat me? No ordinary lamb, indeed, but a leader of the lambs. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from the same prey. Now you perceive my dilemma. How am I going to convince my wary flock that the chief wolf means well and doesn't really want to eat me? No ordinary lamb, indeed, but a leader of the lambs. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from the same prey. Now you perceive my dilemma. How am I going to convince my wary flock that the chief wolf means well and doesn't really want to eat me? No ordinary lamb, indeed, but a leader of the lambs. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from the same prey.

Let us clear our minds of cant. Lord Morley has much to offer. He has a rare combination of gifts. He is resourceful in strategy and tenacious in purpose. He used to be regarded as lacking in sympathy. That is not true now. Whenever he is compelled to kill and eat a lamb, hot tears (lachrymae lupi) roll down his nose. For while fighting the antelopes, the wolves must live. This wolf means business. When he says he will not go on with a thing, he is determined to do so. He is not a man to be tied down. He has no cant. Now, my difficulty is that I cannot very well eulogise the premier wolf without confusing the issue in the minds of the lambs. For if, as I believe, he is great, sincere, determined, and good, then the pack that he leads must necessarily enjoy the reflected glory. There is also the outstanding fact that he is very honest, and has no cant. Now, no lamb will let itself be eaten if it has presence of the operation. Thus the wolves have been forced to adopt a system of insincere make-believe, to mask their insatiable hunger. And he leads a pack who derive their sustenance from this new source.

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magnified a thousandfold. Lord MacDonnell told him plainly on Thursday of last week, as many other Anglo-Indians and Indians have told him before, that the partition was the greatest blunder that he could conceive committed in India since Clive won Plassey, and that if it were not corrected, the scheme of reform which has been launched will fail of the success it ought to command. But Lord Morley makes no sign, although he has himself publicly called the circumstance the "settled fact" he will not undo. He knows well also that without an amnesty to political prisoners, he is merely beating the air with his bladder of reform. But he had never a word to say upon either the one head or the other.

Another wise examination of the reforms will give us the answer in a moment. They are vitiated from top to bottom by exactly the same defect. Holders of autocratic and irresponsible powers seldom in this world surrender their sceptre without compulsion. Unless the Imperial Parliament facili- ties the hands of the man in possession, the dawn of the new era will be farther off than ever. How has Lord Morley met the danger that the bureaucrat may—and what a pretentious and hypocritical people we are as we stand—work to neutralise such attacks upon his prerogative as those of the officials? The Government's majority, the admission of Indians to the secret chamber of administration? There is not the smallest guarantee that the whole of these concessions will not be rendered utterly illusory by the method by which they are put into operation.

Lord Lansdowne professed to be aghast at what he termed "tremendous innovations." Has he so soon forgotten the tricks of the trade he learned at Simla? The Secretary of State for War and Mr. Cobden fifty years ago. He might have written the words with equal truth after listening to Lord Morley last week. "The entire scheme of our spirit and character of the administration. Lord Mor- ley helps the Indian to secure neither. There is not a single paragraph which is not surrounded with the perpetuation of autocracy. He will not hear for a moment of any suggestion that Parliamentary methods of government should be introduced into India. Why not? Almost at the very inception of the non-offi- cial majorities in the Legislative assemblies are to be composed, shall never coalesce. And does any one imagine that a strong patriot or reformer will stand agreeing with the "Spectator" that the penalty was utterly inadequate. But there are the gravest reasons for fearing that the administration in British East Africa is not what it should be, and that the character of the settlers, and the advocates of the cause, and Mr. Baillie from their positions as unofficial members of the Legislative Council, in consequence of their deaths, to his horror. In 1907 there was the illegal flogging of certain natives for a cause which only existed in the imagination of Captain Grogan, the chief person responsible for that disgraceful affair. In the early part of 1908, the Governor found it necessary to suspend Lord Delamere and Mr. Baillie from their positions as unofficial members of the Legislative Council, in consequence of their insults to him and the Government he represented. At the very meeting in which it was raising the ugly matter of the alleged robbery by Mr. Routledge, which is not an isolated case, but rather a typical case of the conduct of some officials in remote parts of this vast dependency. The despatches relative to the suspension of Lord Delamere and Mr. Baillie are most painful reading. For the two topics in the same order. The first article discussed a recent attack on the native rulers, and they reveal a spirit among the settlers which augurs ill for the future of the native inhabitants of the dependency, though in such a country as British East Africa, it would be absurd to expect the same standards of integrity as exist in more civilised parts of the Empire. Taking the case of the Acting District Commissioner, one cannot shut one's eyes to the effect on a European of living far from his own womankind. It is a position in which the smallest irregularity, the least violation of the law, is an irresistible, more especially when the loneliness and comparative monotony of his life are taken into con- sideration. These are all circumstances of undoubted weight in judging these lapses. Moreover, in a dangerous doctrine to assume that a man whose private life is immoral cannot be an admirable public servant. Yet, with all these allowances, there cannot be two opinions that some inquiry should be made into the person of the official in question. The man in question was guilty of the rape of a girl of thirteen; in all probability he was enabled to commit this offence by reason of his official position. He was the supreme officer in the district, and the ag- grieved natives could not appeal. If he had been a private individual, it is certain—or we hope so—that the nearest officer of the Crown would have intervened.

It is clear that a Government servant, holding power of life and death, should be an individual of honour and integrity who will not lightly imperil the good name of the Empire which he represents. As far as possible, men ruling remote districts should be of the best type, and it is madness to appoint the kind of man who will be satisfied with £300 or £500 a year to such responsible posts. Naturally, men of inferior calibre will
obtain the posts, for only such will apply. An increase in salaries is urgently needed; and we should welcome the appointment of a Committee of both Houses to inquire into the causes of the recent scandals in British East Africa.

I next come to the more serious questions which arise out of the testimony given before the commission into slavery in Angora and the islands of San Thomé and Il Principe. Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the “Spectator,” presided at a meeting held at Caxton Hall to protest against the Portuguese slave trade. Two resolutions were submitted to the meeting, one of which contained these words: “That this meeting, acknowledging the services of British and German cocoa firms in helping to bring the evils of this labour system to light,” etc., etc. It was desired by some members of the audience to have the resolutions worded: “That this meeting, acknowledging the services of British and German cocoa firms in helping to bring the evils of this labour system to light,” etc., etc., which first attracted non-expert public attention to the horrors of this modern slave trade. Then, the British firms appointed Mr. Joseph Burtt special commissioner, and sent him to Portugal to learn about the trade. On June 1, 1907, this gentleman left Lisbon for Africa, and returned to England on April 13, 1907. His report is dated July 4, 1907. In October, 1908, Mr. William Cadbury left for Portuguese West Africa, nothing having been done of any real value between the years 1904 and 1908.

The dilatory proceedings of the cocoa firms assume a more unpleasant aspect when the early history is examined. The Consular reports from 1896 onwards contain references to the increasing prevalence of forced labour. In 1902 the Aborigines Protection Society addressed its first appeal to the Foreign Office on the subject. We understand that the British cocoa firms imported cocoa from these islands about twelve years ago. It was a strange coincidence that complaints should begin almost at the same moment.

In 1901, according to Mr. Burtt, the quantity of cocoa exported from San Thomé was 277,000 cwt. In 1905 it had risen to 307,000 cwt. and the present figures show a similar increase. Since that period when the Aborigines Protection Society took up the question, the cocoa production has doubled, for which doubling the British cocoa firms are largely responsible. Messrs. Houten, unlike the British firms, Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree, have not found it necessary to import slave-grown cocoa. We invite these English firms to state why they have not followed Messrs. van Houten’s example; these columns are open to them.

To acknowledge the services of these firms in a resolution condemning the slave trade, amounts to a stultification of the object of the meeting. No doubt, members of these firms have the reputation of being philanthropists and social reformers. Their subscriptions to deserving movements are generous; but this is not enough. Nothing is simpler than for wealthy men to avert criticism by subscribing to those associations and bodies from which criticism is likely to emanate. It is one of life’s ironies that the three Quaker families that should have been more directly engaged in the slave trade, for Messrs. Houten, Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree, refused to permit any discussion on the resolutions until they were passed as worded. This was a step obviously outside the prerogatives of the Chairman, and must have had the deliberate motive of stifling discussion. We say this with regret; but it is our belief that the consuls are involved in the continuation of slavery in Africa.

The Association urged the organisation of workers to continue their efforts to secure Parliamentary and Municipal recognition of the Trade Union Education policy, which demands a national system of education under full popular control, free and secular, from the primary school to the University.”

The recommendations of the Joint Committee, in our opinion, will retard the progress of the sound, the only educational policy, and will by side-tracking the energies of those who suffer most under the present system, delay the spread of Socialism. In the first place, what is the Workers’ Educational Association—the body responsible for the origin of the Oxford scheme?

This organisation was started in 1903 as “an Association to promote the Higher Education of Working Men” by the present Secretary, Mr. Mansbridge, and a few friends, co-operators, who were apparently persuaded that it was possible to improve working-class education by seizing opportunities of preparing people and bringing them into touch with the Universities and the University Extension Scheme. They disregarded the fact that such a movement could only treat the tiniest fraction of the people, and ignored the fact that only a real change in our industrial and educational system could give a valid education to the mass of the people. We notice that of the two conferences held in 1903, one was presided over by the Bishop of London, and another by the Dean of Durham that Mr. Rufus Isaacs, M.P., who spoke in support of the first local association to be formed (Reading, October 1st, 1904), understood the object of the Association to be “Not to move the State, but to deal with matters as we find them. We have no illusions that we have found the way to get the best possible benefit and to promote higher education, dealing with matters as they are.” That was, of course, a plan of campaign very satisfactory to the possessing classes. The energies of the workers were to be frustrated away on minute points of economics, no doubt interesting enough in their way, but so employed, the workers were not likely to disturb the pleasant economic conditions of these islands. We are not surprised, then, to find amongst those supporting the movement the names of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Leighton Churchhill in 1905; whilst amongst the list of guarantors in 1908 are the Earl of Crewe, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brabazon, and Professor Stuart, M.P.

In 1904 the Association found a further method of promoting the higher education in the development of an efficient school continuation scheme. In 1905 the Association sent a deputation to the Board of Education asking the Board “to ascertain ... how far, and under what conditions, employers and employed, in their respective work areas, would be willing for its ultimate object compulsory attendance at evening schools.” It will be said that to demand an inquiry does not mean that the Association approved of compulsory evening continuation schools. The Executive says: “In any consideration of the problems affecting the Higher Education of Working Men, that of attendance, compulsory or voluntary, at Even-
ing Schools cannot be avoided," and again, "the wast-
age which takes place immediately after the age of 13
or 14 is detrimental, not only to the interest of educa-
tion in its narrower sense, but to the national charac-
ter." The Association reprints some answers "from
representative sources" upon compulsory Evening
School Education. Amongst these we notice that Mr.
Snowden, who has nothing to do with the Association,
replies that he is strongly opposed thereto; whilst Mr.
Shackleton, who is one of its brilliant chairmen, is
strongly in favour of compulsory attendance at evening
continuation schools. Mr. Shackleton, who will not
support the suppression of the half-time system!

If the enquiry had been granted, and a report favour-
able to evening continuation schools had been adopted,
we cannot help strongly in favour of compulsory attend-
ance in its narrower sense, but to the national charac-
ter which takes place immediately after the age of 13
and of how it meets half-way the spirit of the age.

Heaven's
Food
A Complete Diet

for the Infant,
the Aged,
the Infirm.
Early Digestible.
Health-giving,
Strength-giving.

GOLD MEDALS,
London, 1900 and 1906.

The Unwrought Magnum Opus
of Shaw.

[By a Fabian of 1900.]

The New Age has several times of late referred to the
Fabian Society—its policy and its future, and those
references deserve, and doubtless received, serious and
weighty consideration. As a member of the Fabian
Society since 1900, and one who was entered to prac-
tical politics at Birmingham in 1888, when the Radical-
ism of the day was at its zenith and Chamberlain was
"our only Joe," may I be allowed to make a few
observations?

First of all, Mr. Shaw has no intention of taking up
the proposal for a Socialist Representation Comit-
tee. He removed all doubt about the matter in an
address which he delivered under the auspices of the
localised Fabian Society at York the other day. In
that address Mr. Shaw, after an interesting discussion
of what he called his "Unauthorised Program," stated
that his scheme of reforms was an offer to the Liberals,
the Unionists, or the Labour Party; and he undertook
to give his support to any party which adopted the
Program. In answer to a question whether or not he
agreed with the formation of a new Socialist Party, he
said he did not care about the multiplication of groups
after the French fashion, but he thought a constituency
might be found here and there (possibly with a mixed
electorate of the inhabitants of a small country town
and of the agricultural labouring class) which a candi-
date of a rather more intellectual type than the usual
representatives of party interests might think it worth
his while to contest. But "the Socialists (meaning
thereby "us") declared Mr. Shaw, in words we should
never forget, were "a stage army," and Socialism was
to be carried out by everybody. Indeed, a man only
became a good Fabian when he ceased to be a Socialist.
Mr. Shaw, by taking "Socialistic Politics" as the title of his address at York, and by his declaration during his remarks in favour of political action, showed that he meant on this occasion to leave theory for practice and speculation for actual affairs. His self-selected role, therefore, was that of the serious politician as distinct from that of the propagandist of Socialism merely.

What sort of a "practical politician" does Mr. Shaw make? First of all, he stated the grievances which he set out to remedy:

(a) Poverty, especially that caused by irregularity of employment, and, generally, insecurity of employment (or the risk of it) which may affect the middle classes as well as the manual wage earners.

(b) The burden of the rates on the middle classes.

(c) The subsistence wage?

(d) The burden of the rates on the middle classes.

I leave out his reference to the Family questions, the burden of supporting children, and the up-keep of poor relations, as these are in a sense exceptional, and the argument is complete without them.

Then Mr. Shaw stated the proposals by which he meant to remedy the grievances—in the form of a brief unauthorised programme ("unauthorised," i.e., authorised by Mr. Shaw, but not necessarily by the Fabian Society).

These proposals are:

(a) Communication of the supply of bread.

(b) Municipalisation of building.

(c) Taxation of unearned wealth.

(d) Regularisation of unemployment, and maintenance of unemployment at a state of efficiency, for individual members of which the prospect of poverty would be slight.

Mr. Shaw, it will be noticed, prefers to deal with "poverty" as a wholesale notion, instead of a congeries of facts, each of which would demand special treatment.

In order to examine the incidence of the proposed reforms, make the broadest distinction which the facts admit of, viz., that between the poverty of the 25 per cent. who are below the "poverty line" and the qualified poverty of the salaried middle-class, for whom there is no starvation or near-starvation at present and for individual members of which the prospect of sinking into the "below poverty line" class is so slight as to be negligible.

Taking, first, the "below poverty line" class, Mr. Shaw's proposals would operate (or not operate) as follows:

(a) Communion of bread: This would reduce the cost of bread and save a shilling or two a week, more or less, according to size of family. It can be a remedy of bare necessities at his own will.

(b) Municipalisation of building: This implies the substitution of the corporations for private landlords, and might reduce rents a little, but as the houses are to be better built, the amount might be small; its effect on the abolition of poverty would be slight.

(c) Taxation of unearned wealth: This would give indirect benefits, though fractional ones as affecting units in this class.

(d) Regularising of unemployment: Labour exchanges and maintenance of economic labour would only benefit a few of the "Poor" householders, as so many of them are non-efficients.

(b) Would have slight effect.

(c) Regularising of unemployment: Labour exchanges and maintenance of economic labour would only benefit a few of the "Poor" householders, as so many of them are non-efficients.

Taking next the middle-class "poor"—or rather, potential poor—with their prospect of poverty:

(a) Would not apply.

(b) Would have slight effect.

(c) Would help them materially.

(d) Would not apply.

Valuable as Mr. Shaw's suggestions are, the outline which he gave at York exhibits him, as a politician, weak on the constructive side, good theorist though he may be.

Is not the dominating cause of poverty want of money? Communal bread may relieve starvation, but is not the direct line of advance towards the remedy of the greatest class in the category of "poverty" to be found in the provision of a minimum subsistence wage?

Mr. Shaw had intended to follow up his statement of grievances with a discussion of "Principles and Policy"; but during the elaboration of the earlier part of his argument—evidently a gleeful occupation—he had no time left even so much as to state the concluding part of it.

The needs of the political and economic situation which exists calls for a new unauthorised programme now more than ever. The Fabian Society struck—and struck a shrewd blow—in 1892 with the issue of "To your tents, O Israel" (the drafting of which by Shaw was simply superb), and that manifesto, together with its practical application in the formation of the Labour Party, marked a great advance for Democracy and for Socialism. Why should the Fabian Society not strike again now, and strike hard? Of course, with its reputation of poverty and its large and composite membership, it could not act collectively, but characteristically Fabian way out of the difficulty be found? I imagine there can.

Provided the Society agrees that the time is opportune for a direct move to be made towards the abolition of poverty (and the fear of it), and that an unauthorised programme would be the means, a scheme more or less as follows might be considered:

(1) Let the members elect or select one of their number who might offer himself, and commission him to make a new and special study of poverty, its causes and cure.

The man of the hour should be Mr. Shaw, if he agreed. What might not be looked for if Mr. Shaw were to go into retreat—say, at Kelmscott (if that might he), where in the sweet peace of the old house and garden the Morris inspiration must still dwelt—and study for a month or so the chief Blue- books of the last twenty years on Poverty, Sweating, the Defects and Diseases of the Industrial System, Factory Inspectors' Reports, etc., the Report and Evidence of the Poor Law Commission (when it is out) taking works like Booth's "Life and Labours in London," the York, West Ham, and Middlesbrough social investigations for light reading, the while exorcising his own spirit that it might declare to him its oracles; and then writing a memorandum on Poverty, with a review of principles and policy, and a definite scheme of reforms aiming at the abolition of poverty?

What would this mean? Why this: that the Kelmscott memorandum (shall I say?) and the enforcement of it by a fight-to-the-finish campaign in the country would be the long-awaited Magnum Opus of George Bernard Shaw.

(2) Shaw's memorandum should be discussed by him with the Fabian executive, with the members of the Fabian Society at not less than two meetings, with the Labour Party, if they would, and with individual members of it, unofficially, if they would not; Shaw all the time being cordially permitted to select or reject any or all of the criticisms at his will.

(3) After that, let Shaw finally revise his unauthorised programme, and, ceasing his ineffective appeal to the mere political and economic situation, go down into the great heart of the democracy and deliver his message face to face to those who would rally to him the best of the manhood and womanhood of England.

What might not be expected if such a campaign were effectively organised? For when Mr. Shaw began his mission and combined as he could, the winning qualities of the great campaigners of the past—the moral fervour of Gladstone, the dramatic appeal of Chamberlain, the practical sagacity of Cobden—with the onset of his own overpowering personality, he would rally to him the best of the manhood and womanhood of England.

Mr. Shaw as the banner of ideas we all know. May he, too, not become a hero of deeds of derring do? Mr. Shaw has been the Peter Pan of Socialism long enough. The people want him as the St. George, ready and able to cope with his Dragon.

Whatever the fruits of a Kelmscott (I cling to the hope) campaign might be, Socialism, the integrity of the Socialist solution, could only suffer if Mr. Shaw—after he had secured an invitation to join a Liberal or Unionist Cabinet. Those who wish to see a new Socialist group, which would be, after all, only a party of epaulettes, should ask themselves if they think Mr. Shaw likely to yield to the pressure of wirepullers.
Socialism and the Drink Supply.

By Cecil Chesterton

II.

What shall then be the policy which Socialists must offer as an alternative to that of Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Carrie Nation?

Almost all Socialists will answer: "The Policy of Municipalisation." I have myself written and spoken more strongly and frequently than most men in favour of the Municipal Public-house, and I am not disposed to retract a word that I have said on the subject. Yet I have come to feel the need of further definition.

The lessons of the disaster which befell the late Conservative Government, of the disasters which are daily befal LLC the present Liberal, have been lost on us, indeed, if it does not teach us that nothing is as dangerous as a false unity—the sort of unity, I mean, which is produced by men of different opinions uniting on a formula of large and vague extent, while the realities, the things they really mean and want, are very often entirely obliterated. Even Mr. Webb and myself could both say with perfect sincerity that we wanted municipal public-houses, but I doubt if we should mean the same thing, and I am quite sure that we do not want the same thing.

My ideal of the Common Public-House (the very word "municipal" has acquired an ugly sound and smells of the oligarchy) is a sort of vast club, of which all citizens shall be members. I mean that the mass of ordinary men and women, the men and women in the street, the men and women in the bar, shall create it as men create a club to suit their own tastes and needs; shall control it as men control a club which they have created. I want it so fashioned as to reflect the will of the men who use it, to belong to them in fact as well as in name. Now, I do not think this is what many Socialists want. The Puritan Socialists, who have come unwillingly to municipalisation, want an unpleasant public-house provided for the people, many human beings wanting a pleasant public-house provided for the people. But few, I think, in their hearts want a public-house provided by the people. And that is what I want.

That is why I am for the present opposed to a monopoly. Mr. Sidney Webb has entered upon a monopoly because he maintains that the kind of public-house he wants could only exist on that condition—which means, I suppose, that his public-house would be so generally odious that no one would use it with the slightest reluctance, or any more than Parliament does. The vote may be a protection against extreme oppression (though it is not always that), but it certainly does not at present enable the people to govern themselves, to resist theuction of the Tudors, to use the word "taxation", as we call the system which I must confess I cannot follow, considers that the work is easy; it involves long standing and at times intense strain on the attention, it is

And what of the houses that remain in private hands? I have already said that I would not attempt to reduce their numbers. To do so is to increase the monopolistic value of those that remain. Besides, already many of them are shockingly overcrowded, as the Bishop of London has testified, though the Bishop, by a mental process which I must confess I cannot follow, considers this a reason for still further restricting the accommodation.

Even Mr. Asquith admitted that there was "no mathematical correspondence" between the number of public-houses per population and the arrests for drunkenness per population. As a matter of fact, there is no correspondence at all. Take the 74 county boroughs given in the official returns (Licensing Statistics, 1907. C. 111): The borough with the smallest proportion of on-licenses is West Ham (7.17 per 10,000); yet it has 43 arrests for drunkenness per 10,000 of the population, occupying thirty-third place in order of sobriety. On the other hand, the borough with the largest proportion of on-licenses (excluding the City of London, which is obviously exceptional), is Canterbury (57.23 per 10,000). Yet though there are eight times as many public-houses, the case for municipalisation to population in Canterbury as in West Ham, Canterbury has only 11.74 arrests for drunkenness per 10,000 population, being the sixth most sober county borough in the kingdom. But it is to be noted that Halifax and Huddersfield are towns of a very different type. Let us then take four towns of a more or less similar character, all prosperous manufacturing towns situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield. The figures are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Municipality</th>
<th>Licensing Statistics</th>
<th>Arrests for drunkenness</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leeds</td>
<td>21.39</td>
<td>43.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bradford</td>
<td>23.73</td>
<td>37.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halifax</td>
<td>32.79</td>
<td>37.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huddersfield</td>
<td>37.27</td>
<td>43.73</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

It will be seen that the drunkenness of these towns is almost in inverse ratio to the supply of public-houses. Similarly in Lancashire, St. Helens, with fewer public-houses per population than Blackburn, has nearly twice as many drunkards; Saltord, with two public-houses for every thousand of its population, has more arrests for drunkenness per 10,000 population than all the other towns given in the licensing returns, including the City of London, which is obviously exceptional.

Canterbury has only 10.14 arrests for drunkenness per 10,000 of the population, occupying thirty-third place in order of sobriety. On the other hand, the borough with the largest proportion of on-licenses (excluding the City of London, which is obviously exceptional), is Canterbury (57.23 per 10,000). Yet though there are eight times as many public-houses, the case for municipalisation to population in Canterbury as in West Ham, Canterbury has only 11.74 arrests for drunkenness per 10,000 population, being the sixth most sober county borough in the kingdom. But it is to be noted that Halifax and Huddersfield are towns of a very different type.
trying alike to the limbs and the nerves. Look into a public-house at twelve-thirty and see how tired and worn out the girls seem, remembering that they still have a good half-hour's washing and clearing up to do before they can snatch a few hours' sleep. The idea that a girl's morals are injured by serving behind a bar is, of course, laughable; but that her health and good looks are often cruelly injured is only too true.

Having enforced a forty-eight hour week for all those employed, we could repeal all restrictions upon the hours of opening. Non-Puritan hypocrisy was never more manifest than in the attempt to justify Sunday closing as a safeguard against overwork. So, some have told us, is the case, some Labourites advanced this argument than they stultified it by permitting the opening of public-houses during extended hours for the sale of non-intoxicants—as if there were more labour involved in serving beer than in serving coffee! For my part, I would let the publican decide when he would open and close his house, provided the forty-eight hours' week for the employees was strictly observed. If he wished to keep open later he would have to employ more hands. Probably in some exceptional cases it would be worth his while. The houses round about Fleet Street which cater for compositors and journalists would probably find it profitable to keep open all night. Those in the theatre area might find it convenient to close at one or half-past. In each case the matter would settle itself comfortably to the public convenience.

Another set of restrictions which ought to be at once swept away are those which prevent music, dancing, and games in public-houses. Every house ought as a matter of course to have a music and dancing license. As the Rev. Stewart Headlam, who has fought so many noble and courageous battles for common sense and humanization in these matters, has said, it would be much better temperance policy to turn every public-house into a total institution.

Lastly, we must frame comprehensively and enforce strictly laws against the sale of inferior or adulterated drink. This is the root evil of the present liquor trade. It is a far wickeder thing than any encouragement of drunkenness could be. I am quite willing that a publican who knowingly supplies a tipsy man with more drink should lose his license. But the publican who sells bad liquor ought to be instantly clamped into prison, whether the brewer or distiller who manufactures it should accompany him. This is the real national problem, and the problem of the Drink Supply, and next week I shall endeavour to outline a method of dealing with it on its national lines.

Occasional Reflections.

By Edgar Jepson.

After long reflection and several inquiries, I have found out what is really the matter with the Labour Party: it is gentlemanliness. That is not only the effect of being in the House of Commons, mixing night after night with all those black-coated gentlemen who look quite nice; but the publican who is doing quite cleverly. As if it were not enough, the effect of that Royal Garden Party. Of course, I am aware that the Labour Party did not really receive a dazzling and ineffable vision, just like St. Paul, of the beauty of behaving nicely; since when he has done nothing else. Also, unlike St. Paul, some of them have received a good deal of moral support in the matter of acting up to their vision; I have heard a man say that he was golfed by beautiful ladies in whose veins flows some of the bluest Liberal blood in the country. Who couldn't behave nicely on such sweet terms? But you do not behave nicely when you upset people; so the Labour Party no longer prods the fat-fed swine which snore on the Front Benches; it has grown far too gentlemanly to act in such an ill-behaved manner. Also, as long as you behave nicely, you are of very little use to anyone in this world, except perhaps your gallant self; and there are thousands and thousands of little children who will not rise until they themselves to sleep, very hungry and very cold, because the heuristic vision of pretty manners has been vouchsafed to the Labour Party. * * *

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe may well ask, "Must a Socialist be a crank?" I was talking the other day to one of our burning young Empire-builders; and he said to me with tears in his eyes and voice, "Yes; I see that Socialism is the only chance; and I should like to be a Socialist. But my wife won't let me; she thinks I should have to be a Mormon to be a Socialist." Perhaps it is not the Welshman who is the worst. Early Christianity suffered badly in the case of Striated Barley as a breakfast food, or of the later use of tobacco, or in membership of a polyandric harem. I am glad to observe that some of the Socialist leaders are beginning to see that while, when English Socialism was in its infancy, it was perhaps useful to let the cranks have their gush, because it swelled its numbers, that now he is not so much settling a conviction once it is rooted in a female heart; there is no gainsaying that she has grounds for it; and she never will let her poor husband be a Socialist. So there is another really useful man lost to Socialism—thanks to the female wholesalers.

There never was a scheme of life into which so many cranks have flocked as into Socialism. At some Socialist meetings it is hardly possible to hear the speakers for the buzzing of the bees in the members' bonnets. Someone may urge that really as many cranks flocked into Christianity; but Christianity has had about sixteen hundred years longer run than Socialism; and anyhow Socialism will catch it up in the matter of cranks in a couple of years. One never knows what test of Socialism the next Socialist is going to put up, whether he is going to make it consist in a passionate admiration of Striated Barley as a breakfast food, or of the later use of tobacco, or in membership of a polyandric harem. I am glad to observe that some of the Socialist leaders are beginning to see that while, when English Socialism was in its infancy, it was perhaps useful to let the cranks have their gush, because it swelled its numbers, that now it is not so much settling a conviction once it is rooted in a female heart; there is no gainsaying that she has grounds for it; and she never will let her poor husband be a Socialist. So there is another really useful man lost to Socialism—thanks to the female wholesalers.

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Of all the cranks who meddle up Socialism, who waste the time, and wear out the patience of the keen Socialists who want to get something done, the sex-crank, whether he be a Mormon or a more polyandrist, is the worst. Early Christianity suffered badly from them; Early Socialism is suffering worse. Of course, they are as earnest as they are noisy; most of them have the intense seriousness which comes of heartfelt discomfort. She has got the man she doesn't want, or hasn't got the man she does want; he has got the woman he doesn't want, or hasn't got the woman he does want. They are Socialists of a kind; and it would not matter so much if they were Socialists first and sex-crazed afterwards; but they are not. The taste of the world is so much smaller in their minds than their personal sex discontents. It is natural enough; but they clutter up Socialism in a really appalling fashion. Their writings, their speeches, and their doings have hindered and weakened it more than all the opposition of the shop-keepers, landlords, trust-runners, and all their ha'penny henchmen. Doubtless the sex relations of Striated Barley as a breakfast food, or of the later use of tobacco, or in membership of a polyandric harem. I am glad to observe that some of the Socialist leaders are beginning to see that while, when English Socialism was in its infancy, it was perhaps useful to let the cranks have their gush, because it swelled its numbers, that now it is not so much settling a conviction once it is rooted in a female heart; there is no gainsaying that she has grounds for it; and she never will let her poor husband be a Socialist. So there is another really useful man lost to Socialism—thanks to the female wholesalers.

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The new war machine, coming as it has so promptly after the remarkable speech by Mr. John Russell, M.P., in the House on the 20th of last month, will find the narrative of Public Opinion paved for its way into actual use.

As Mr. Russell put the matter:

"A crisis has come which must be faced. The modern fighting-man, soldier, butcher, call him what you will, has made definite representations that he must know in what way he is to be aided to carry out his business of killing or being killed in the gigantic butcheries which follow in the wake of certain political 'talkers-talkers.' In fact, like the prisoners of last century, if he must tread the mill—in his case the mill of death—he is desirous of knowing that it is doing some actual work. He has become an individual, thinking unit—a unit capable of using the brain of which he is possessed. He has risen above the semi-hysterical fervour of the ignorantus of half a century ago, who went forth to kill, with the feeling that he was engaged in a glorious—no, the most glorious vocation to which man can be called: a state of mind which was carefully fostered by men of higher attainments; though not always of higher intellect. These latter put forward in favour of the profession of human butcher, that the said butchery of their fellows, and the running of the same work, were the best means of developing all that is highest and most heroic in man. We of this age 'hae oor doots'; though, even now, there be some who still swear by the ancient belief, pointing to the Nations of the Classics, and showing that when they ceased to be soldiers they fell from the heights they had gained by arms, and became soft of fibre and heart. To the first of these I would reply that in these days of high national intellectuality we are realising that the winning of some mother's son does not help the logical solution of the question: To whom should the South Pole belong? More, that the power of Universal Law (the loom of which even now we can see) will usurp the place of the ancient butcher words, that intellectual sanity will reign in place of unreasoning, foolish slaughter.

"To the second danger, that of becoming soft of fibre and heart, I will oppose the fact that to lead the life of a civilian in this present century of ours, calls for as much sheer pluck, heroic courage, and fortitude as was possessed by the most blood-drenched human butcher of the old days.

"If any have doubts on this point, let them try to imagine the ancient Roman soldier-hero facing the problem of 270 miles per hour in one of our up-to-date motor-cars, in a day and night, a trip round the earth in one of the big flying boats, at a speed of from 600 to 800 miles an hour, and they will, I think, agree that there is some little reason with me.

"Oh, I hear the cry, 'that's because we're used to it. Let them get used to it, and they wouldn't mind.'

"True, my friends; but so were the Ancients used to slaughter; almost as much so as we're used to our mono-rail and flying boats. Yet there were cowards then, who shirked fighting, and never knew free from their cowardice; for all that they lived in a very atmosphere of war. There are cowards to-day, who have never travelled above the puny rate of 100 miles an hour, and who never will; though all about them is the roar of their higher speeds; for the rest, the courage of the one will suit itself to the needs of his time; far more so than if he were gifted with the sort possessed by some ancient hero.

"But to get back to our muttons, as an ancient saying, 'A World-Nation is the cure for the causeless slaugh-
somewhat unpleasant but—according to many learned men—a very necessary and honourable business.

“This meat should sell well; for how I can imagine that there should be considerable satisfaction in eating one’s enemy; moreover, I am told that it is a very old custom.

“I would suggest, in closing, that the butchers remember that the Head Butchers in the proper methods of killing. At present they put far more science into destroying bullocks quickly and comfortably than in performing the same kind office for their fellows. If a man must be killed, at least let him be treated no more barbarously than a bullock. Furthermore, they would have to learn, when killing, not to spoil the joints. Let every man understand his trade!"

Here Mr. John Russell made an end amid profound cheering from the whole House.

“On the Beach alone at Night.”

Over the sand of a hundred little bays the tide is now coming in, rolling on the beach and gleaming as it turns into ripples on the shore. As the water rises and falls there is a faint noise, so regular and gentle, that it seems like a person breathing in sleep. This monotonous sound alone breaks the stillness, but the sun is sparkling on the waves and the shallow waters close to land are dyed with radiant shades of green and purple. There are the tiny, lonely bays of tropical islands, far away from civilisation, unclouded by any human sorrow or despair. No wretched people have paced along these shores, no one has waded seaward to return no more, no lovers have come here by a bullock. Furthermore, they would have to learn, when killing, not to spoil the joints. Let every man understand his trade!"

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Over the sand of a hundred little bays the tide is now coming in, rolling on the beach and gleaming as it turns into ripples on the shore. As the water rises and falls there is a faint noise, so regular and gentle, that it seems like a person breathing in sleep. This monotonous sound alone breaks the stillness, but the sun is sparkling on the waves and the shallow waters close to land are dyed with radiant shades of green and purple. There are the tiny, lonely bays of tropical islands, far away from civilisation, unclouded by any human sorrow or despair. No wretched people have paced along these shores, no one has waded seaward to return no more, no lovers have come here by a bullock. Furthermore, they would have to learn, when killing, not to spoil the joints. Let every man understand his trade!"

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Recent Verse.

"Selections from the Poems of Lionel Johnson." (Elkin Matthews, 1s. net.) "The Poems of A. C. Benson"; "The Call of Dawn," by E. C. Wingfield-Stratford. (Lane, 1s. 6d. net.) "A Death in the Desert," by Norman Hill. (Samurai, 2s. net.) "Some Emotions," by C. Greville. (Open Road, 2s. 6d. net.) "Dramatic Odes and Rhapsodies," by W. B. Yeats. "Ode to Ajax," by Osmond. (Macmillan, 5s. net.) "In a Street; In a Lane," by N. W. Byng. (Ekin Matthews, 1s. 6d. net.) "Short Poems," by Clansman. (Kegan Paul, 1s. net.) "The Bridge Builders," by Harrold Johnson. (S. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.) "The Bell Branch," by J. H. Cousins. (Maunsel, 1s. net.) "Sea-Dreams, and Others," by Amy Skovgaard-Pedersen. (Hazel, 1s. 6d. net.)

Dionysus, too, and more Apollo, Apollo, spoke through the vision of the pieces of the Church; and taking much of the Cathedral's sad worn beauty, the voice of Lionel Johnson sounds with a refined melancholy the regret of the old spirituality, in an age when both Apollo and Dionysus have flown into obscure corners, without the hollow horn, the hollow bell, and rationalism. Alas! how far off from that old ecstasy we are is proved by the dull respectability of such books as "The Poems of A. C. Benson" and "The Call of Dawn," by E. C. Wingfield-Stratford. I have no heart to say much about these two books, both handsomely bound by Mr. W. A. Benson, Cambridge University, both commonplaces, with no touch of Prometheus fire, or of the imagination that set off or suggest the intensity of the vision. And so I look on these two books as sheer wasted effort.

When I lie in my bed asleep, and white the lane beneath the moon, And night winds through the rushes croon—
And ghostly looks the alders wear,
And where we are going, but always—essentially—in the right direction.

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The Foreman's Journal says: "The author draws his characters with a rare knowledge of the human propensity, both Catholic and Protestant, and Father Conolly's speech to the Ballygullion Cymreigy is a masterpiece in its way. Mr. Doyle has been a great success in the Irish Parliament. He is bound with rare taste, and containing within its two covers, waiting to be released, post-pay, unopened, and out of the window."

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Songs of Oriel. By St. L. E. R. Freep. Svo, boards, 1s. net.

The DELL-BRANCH. By James H. Corrigan. Fap. Svo, boards, 1s. net.

Poesies for Write for Catalogue of Roud Book Publications. MAUNSEL & TAYLOR, 6 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.
Then out the goblin painters creep,
Oh, ho,
To paint the tabletops red,
While I lie drowsy in my bed.

The simple acts of life symbolise themselves into the significant dread of life. I think I can say that there is much good, clearly seen, well imagined, and strongly felt poetry in this book. I like in "Clansman's" "Short Poems" the touches of delicate word-picturing, not for description's sake, but to convey something of the poet himself; and this in another mood:

Come, with the rising tide, O wind of the misty deep!
Singing in the masts of the harbour till man shall heed.
Patent blue smoke shall rise like a wraith of sleep.

Mr. Harrold Johnson is more ambitious in "The Bridge Builders," who are these who, scoriing the down-stream morality of barbarism and the up-stream morality of asceticism, take themselves to the building across-stream of a causeway of civilisation, social service, and brotherhood—a terrified task for a poet; and Mr. Johnson is at his worst when his philosophy is before him. He has a fine love of his country, and some of the poems ("For England") make one wistful; yet others are marred by easy-come sentiment. Another string is touched in "The Seasons," which shows Mr. Johnson quietly emotional in the wake of the year. But the lines to Mr. George Cadbury in "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" point to his essential weakness. While the poet of "a slow dream" and the Guardian of the Age, he can have nothing vital to say and no buttresses for bridges. Mr. Johnson is not stern enough towards himself, and he should not be content with the first word; the one that comes after is always better. Mr. Shane Leslie's "Songs of Oriol" have passion and sternness, unwithered by the sickly breath of fraternal democracy. The song of Ireland which Lionel Johnson sang in that Gothic fame of his imagination Mr. Leslie sings among the hills and lakes, the winds and monuments of Ireland and among her people. He uses imaginary words. Another Irish poet, Mr. J. H. Cousins, is already known to New Age readers as the author of Suffragette sonnets; but this must not prejudice any against him. The poems in "The Bell Branch" contain much beauty. Am I doing Mr. Cousins an injustice to say that he has lately come under the influence of A.E. and his little group of poets, whose anthology was published a year or so ago? Without seeing Mr. Cousins' previous work, one can do no more than signal the kinship of some of the poems in this book with those in the anthology, the pantheistic "Amergin," by Susan L. Mitchell, Padraic Colum's poems, for instance, and with A.E.'s own work. There are touches, too, of W. B. Yeats, and besides this more than signal the kinship of some of the poems in this book with those in the anthology—the pantheistic poems, for instance, and with A.E.'s own work. There we cared a great deal for Mr. Noyes. Certain of his poems "jumped to our eyes" as it were, and we felt that here was a man who would worthily follow after Swinburne. We still think highly of Mr. Noyes; but we beseech him to abstain from criticism; not because we do not agree with his views, but simply and solely because he does not know what he is talking about. His remarks—we can only describe them as "remarks on Morris" would be impertinent if they were not only a little more intelligent. As it is they are merely foolish. It is not necessary to dissect the book in public print in order to prove our point. That would be more cruel even than Mr. Noyes deserves. The best thing to do with it is to forget it. We have no hope that Messrs. Macmillan will withdraw it from circulation. We can only imagine that they took Viscount Morley's word for its value; and we can only imagine that Viscount Morley either does not know anything about Morris or that he has been too busy destroying the liberty of Indian subjects to read Mr. Noyes's MS. We remember hearing a friend declare that Mr. Noyes, when at Oxford, bore the reputation of being the very stupidest man at the University. We, with memories of Mr. Noyes's work in our mind, remonstrated with our friend. We were rude to him, in short; but since reading this book we have seriously considered the advisability of calling upon him with abject apologies on our lips.

Seven Splendid Sinners. By W. R. H. Trowbridge.

A wretched piece of bookmaking this. The writer has the journalist's flair for popular wants, but lacks the journalist's skill to satisfy those wants. The title of the book is as silly as the writing is dull, and the biographies unilluminated with a single ray of real insight. It should be a criminal act to bring under one label Catherine of Russia and the Comtesse de Lamotte, Lola Montez and the Duchess of Kendal. Though Mr. Trowbridge conducts us into the bedchamber, and even into the beds of his "splendid sinners," we take our leave of them without even a skin deep acquaintance. They are not even dolls stuffed with sawdust; they are all sawdust. For the writer betrays no inkling of their diverse mentalities; to him they are little other than

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the Julies of a night. You pass from the Duchesse de Polignac to Lola Montez or from Catherine to Elizabeth Chudleigh; did you not glance at the heading, there is nothing in the central picture to betray the change of character; there is an utter want of individuality, of differentiation. This kind of history may be truer than fiction; we doubt it, but it is much duller. To regard Lola Montez merely as an "emotional adventurer" and Elizabeth Chudleigh as a "sacred nun" is to misunderstand the woman altogether. A woman who could rise from failure after failure to yet more earnest efforts, a woman who, when opportunity served at Munich, carried into practice the revolutionary principles she had earlier learnt in Paris, shows her one of those rare geniuses who can not only inspire others with something of their own enthusiasm, but can execute, organise, and mould others into a like service.

Mr. Trowbridge frequently delights in rounding off his sketches with some moral reflection. Of Elizabeth Chudleigh it is said: "One word will suffice to sum up the waste of her life—Idleness! It is one of the seven deadly sins." Among this newer version of the seven deadly sins we should place work—such as Mr. Trowbridge's. It is more deadly the sinlessness, with the more deadly the sinlessness, with the less knowledge of incident and minute details of all the odd (and the even) books from Thackeray backwards a hundred years, and still gossip from first to last. And there is nothing new, yet more earnest efforts, a woman who, when opportunity served at Munich, carried into practice the revolutionary principles she had earlier learnt in Paris, shows her one of those rare geniuses who can not only inspire others with something of their own enthusiasm, but can execute, organise, and mould others into a like service.

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Margaret Bryant. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Roadmaker," does not alone refer to the career of a road engineer, as the reader might at first suspect, but also symbolises the socialistic ambition of its clearly-drawn central character. Christopher Hibbault is a study in experimental Socialism; he seems to prove that the Socialist temperament will out in spite of luxurious surroundings. He has inherited his ambition from his mother, "who was brought up in a labyrinth of Socialist theories, creeds of equality, in hatred of the rich," who rejects Aymer Aston, the sleeping partner of a great firm, accepts the millionaire's daughter, his ruthless working partner, deserts the latter owing to her Socialism, dies in a workhouse leaving her boy to be adopted by Aston unknown to Masters. The story shows how Christopher grows up under the care of Aston, and develops his ambition in the direction of that most desirable form of social roadmaking, equality of opportunity. Thus in the end, when he sets to work to dissipate his father's millions, Carnegie fashion, he realises "that he had indeed made the road of life more possible for those who would set out thereon for far and nearer goals." It is a novel out of the common. There is distinction in its writing, firmness in its characterisation of the Sartin family, strength and tenderness in its scenes between Christopher and Patricia, soundness in its social philosophy, and beauty in its descriptions of Nature.

De Libris: Prose and Verse. By Austin Dobson. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

We reluctantly refuse to read Mr. Austin Dobson's book. We know there are many people to whom it will be "charming" and "delightful" and "pleasant." No doubt it is delightfully and charmingly pleasant, but it is a prose book, and a prose book, with a beauty more or less knowledge of incident and minute details of all the odd (and the even) books from Thackeray backwards a hundred years, and still gossip from first to last. And the verse! Mr. Dobson "to interpose a little ease between the prose, Slipped in the scraps of verse.

The verse is urban, polite, meant to be witty, easily read, and not written to be read. The contents table tells us that such important matters as Bramston's "Man of Taste," "The Passionate Printer to His Love," M. Roquet on the Arts, "The Parent's Assistant," Kate Greenaway, Mr. Hugh Thomson, The Books of Samuel Rogers, A French Critic on Bath, Fresh Facts About Fielding, Cross Readings—and Caleb Whitefoord, THE ALPHA UNION

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Thackeray’s “Esmond,” and so on are treated. Now, the reproduction of Kate Greenaway’s pencil-sketches are delightfully pretty, and those of Mr. Hugh Thomson charmingly pleasant; and we like them very much indeed: they are worth looking at. But just at present our care is with living literature; and we cannot find time to read Mr. Dobson’s book. We recommend it to all those coi-disant littérature (excuses du peu!) whose daily fare is literary small-talk, and who are unaware of the existence of life on this planet. (Mr. Alfred Austin, in the garden in which he loves, will no doubt gain intimate raptures over it, to the dulcet admiration of Lamia, while it will serve Mr. Birrell as a relaxation from the stress of the odd jobs he does now and then for a mythical nation—and botches.) For ourselves, being good bookmen, we intend to lay the book aside against a holiday, and then we will browse luxuriously on the plentiful crop of bookish facts and literary tit-bits which Mr. Dobson has raised in this altogether charming, delightful, and pleasant volume.

DRAMA.

Current Drama.

I always want to praise Miss Lena Ashwell, and I always find it so difficult. Her ideals are so much higher than those of most other actor-managers. She does really look upon play-acting as an art, and she is every self-respecting scoundrel would do—makes his budding dramatists. And yet, you know, I cannot help feeling that her every self-respecting scoundrel would do—makes her acting (it impresses me as a raw nerve scraped on by a saw), and her plays are usually boring. Here is the tragedy of sublime intentions; and sublime intentions without a native lust for perfection inevitably pave the way to Nonconformity. The Kingsway stage has all the air of a Nonconformist chapel. "Grit" is very much so. Who but a Nonconformist could make a heroine of this married woman who plays with and provokes her old sweetheart until he reaches raving point, and then, when he does what every self-respecting scoundrel would do—makes his way into her dressing-room at midnight, with boiling veins and misty purposes—throws him over in frenzy of shocked surprise? He was not, forsooth, the man of shocked surprise? He was not, forsooth, the man who is interested in Labour and marries her for the sake of the poor of his parish (as she him for the sake of the poor of his parish (as she him for the sake of the poor of his parish (as she him for the sake of her "reduced" family) is a large-sized combination portrait (in oils) of Mr. Peggoty, Joe Gargery, and the Superman. The Labour problem is dragged in most indecorously as a stage prop. But though Mr. Chilton is a Nonconformist, he has read Ibsen. "Grit" is, in fact, a parody of the "Lady of the Sea," only the motive of the wife for sticking to her honest bread-and-butter husband when her ideal lover dives up from his wanderings is cheapened and pruned of its wings. The play is worth seeing for the acting of Norman McKinnel, who is very strong, impressive, and restrained. The fact that "Sir Anthony" (at Wyndham's) does not bore one with its improbability is a splendid tribute to the dramatic possibilities of the lower middle class. I beg to assert with absolute assurance that the public is tired of the West End—that is, we are beginning, even our theatrical selves, to want to see our own faces in the mirror that Madame the Muse holds up to us. This is one of the most significant symptoms of the democratic ferment of the age.

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childhood—not of harps and glittering pavements, but

do not point the moral with a pickaxe, our audience

familiar is either comic or horrible or both. For Mr.

validity of our deductions. We are afraid that if we

may arrive at another conclusion. Imagine how we

of the God-of-things-as-they-are. If we have a message

mented on the fact that modern English drama was

bent, comic figure of an ancient servitor that bears the

she can wear. Her dream of Paradise is the dream of

class person is a figure of fun. The other day I com-

dramatist is the tourist. He has taken a fourteen days'

A shadow of tragedy hangs over the play which

far. A shadow of tragedy hangs over the play which

is humour in this mad scramble of the minister (from

DICKENS) and the pork merchant (idem) for the baronet's

manner with superficial accuracy; our spirit he has

it, he has boldly taken the spirit which animates his

anyhow, we should not go ramping, raving mad with

schoolmaster would have put 'em all right with in-

Hauptmann manages better. He is a partisan,

the meaning, the artistic effect we should not have got

at all. Hauptmann manages better. He is a partisan,

of course, all his parts are of caricature. If we have a message

cannot present it dramatically without ledged type

and blazing headlines. We cannot let our vision speak

for itself. We falsify, exaggerate, distort to draw the

attention of the crowd. We have not faith in the

validity of our deductions. We are afraid that if we

do not point the moral with a pickaxe, our audience

may arrive at another conclusion. Imagine how we

should have done this thing. The young schoolmaster

whom little "Hannele" loves and who carries her into

of her dear schoolmaster. The Sister of Mercy

is, what fine insight, in this study of the dreams of

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which the sordid room is flooded with the scent of
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frame of ruthless realism—this sordid, vulgar, brutish,
hopeless world of the poor peasant, has a pitifulness
too deep for tears. What exquisite tenderness there
is, what fine insight, in this study of the dreams of
suffering child that hopes. The Lord Christ has the
face of her dear schoolmaster. The Sister of Mercy
that nurses her is her dead mother, the choir of angels
which the sordid room is flooded with the scent of
flowers. And then the dream passes, and the
breath of flowers. And then the dream passes, and the
body, crushed and battered, lies on the miserable
pavement of fun. Hauptmann might dedicate his play "To
all the sufferers of the earth." This dream, this
fragrance of crushed blossoms, is all the joy that God has
given them.

The acting on the whole did not satisfy me, but in
the minor part of the audience was shown than one
usually finds on the English stage; there was now and
then some attempt at harmony, at an effort of ensemble,
though never did you get the atmosphere which the
play demands. Mr. Ainley had the part of his life.
He should always act semi-clerical persons with a turn
for poetry. As the schoolmaster he was a little too
tearful, but he spoke his part as the Lord Christ with
rare dignity and charm. The ring of the music got
home.

I think the putting on of "Emilia" as a curtain-
raiser a sad piece of bad taste. It is quite out of keep-
ing with its successor. At the Afternoon Theatre at
least, one would think, it is not necessary to pander to
the Brillian craving for a big helping.

I went to see Mrs. Pat from the gallery the other
night and found "Deirdre" still fine, but "Electra"
ununderstandable. Apparently it is one of those plays
which do not carry in a large theatre. We have not yet
learned the importance of suitin our theatre to
our play.

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A TAX ON HAPPINESS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It appears that a number of eminent persons interested in social reform, somewhere the other day for the purpose of discussing how they could improve somebody or something, and among those eminent persons was her Grace the Duchess of Bedford. Her Grace put forth a notable suggestion. She thought that a tax should be put on happiness. I confess when I first heard of this I was struck by the suggestion. A tax on happiness, said I, how excellent! Far better, I went on, than a graduated income tax, for look at the amount of money that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could obtain from her Grace's gracious friends. The Duke of Westminster, for instance, a tax of a shilling in the £ on his happiness would produce enough to feed a large number of children, and a duchess a small number.

Now, I would not publicly accuse a duchess of trying to encourage the breeding and rearing of healthy children. The reader may not regard this as a very material point, but I think it is a matter of some importance. It is quite possible that motherhood is more frequently indulged in among poor persons than among those who are wealthy. A charwoman, he tells us, would not mean that. That kind of person never does mean that. These excellent ideas somehow seem to go askew.

MOTHERHOOD!

I put it in that like so that you can all see it. Her Grace believes that the happiness which a woman experiences in giving birth to a child is the highest happiness, and therefore should be taxed, and apparently, taxed heavily. It was here that I began to feel that something was wrong. Motherhood is probably all that her Grace says it is. I don't know—I am not a mother; but if motherhood be happiness in excelsis, it seems to me that an uncommonly large number of her Grace's gracious friends are singularly unhappy. A certain writer, named the Registrar-General, or words to that effect, who annually publishes a delightful book called, I believe, the Births, Marriages, and Deaths Record or Journal, seems to think that motherhood-happiness is more frequently indulged in among poor persons than among those who are wealthy. A charwoman, he seems to think, is likely to have a large number of children, and a duchess a small number.

Now, I would not publicly accuse a duchess of trying to write to Sidney Webb about it, so that he might thrust another idea into the thick heads of the Liberals. But the Duchess did not mean that. That kind of person never does mean that. These excellent ideas somehow seem to go askew when the various Graces touch them. For this is what her Grace means by happiness.

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THE SANITY OF ART

do a dirty trick. I do not imagine for a single moment that the Duke of Bedford would ever be so harmed by the granting of these indulgences as to think of resigning his position. I have never known such a situation, and I take it that Mr. Belloc is honestly and honestly an individualist; but, for a Socialist organ to call a great scientific man a charlatan, as an example of the works of a highly improper thing to suggest that a duke who had no children should be asked to pay a happiness tax. The Duchess of Bedford says so, and the Duchess of Bedford ought to know.

When I am next in Walworth I think I will call on that highly respectable lady, Sancha of Hervas, Primate of Spain. I have no children, and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, the happiness of a child is a highly important question. If that be charlatanism, long live charlatans! I may add that personally I think the letter from Frederick Evans, appearing in your last issue, is a summary of what a prison should be.
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