NOTES OF THE WEEK

One of the methods adopted by the Government for solving the unemployed question is to continue discharging men from Woolwich Arsenal. Dr. Gilbert Slater, Chairman of the Discharges Committee at Woolwich, states that "the number of men discharged from the Arsenal under Mr. Haldane’s administration to October 12th, 1908, was 3,187." Out of these 3,187 men discharged, no less than 1,330 have been discharged since the date when Mr. Haldane, speaking in the House of Commons and to a deputation from Woolwich, gave repeated and solemn assurances that discharges were practically at an end, and at the very utmost would not extend beyond a further 200 men. The Government is thus treating its workmen like the very worst type of employer, instead of, as we might expect even from a Liberal Government, attempting to put its workers in the most favoured conditions. If it were a question of dispensing with some of the highly-paid and salaried officials, we know very well that whilst the Arsenal price for cordite is even true that there is no work. Dr. Slater points out to swell the ranks of the unemployed. We maintain wages they are remorselessly driven out into the streets it is not an economic advantage to the State that they be first driven into the streets. In this case it is not would be decently pensioned. But because there is no work for the men in the Arsenal, so that the youth may fall into some kind of

unskilled occupation. It is essential that the action of the State towards its own workmen receive the carnage attention of Socialists; we should welcome a tract on the State as Model Employer.

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There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth—sometimes, for it depended much on the form the repentance doth take. The L.C.C. has at last voted £10,000 from the rates for dinners to the necessitous school children. This is, of course, a long way from the half-penny rate which the Council can put in force under the Act. Still London is coming into line with the 69 other local authorities that are already attempting to grapple with the question of hungry school children. We agree with Mr. Peel, the Moderate leader, who said it was a hard measure to place this charge on the rates. The proper feeding of the children should be part of our system of education; the dinner-hour should be reckoned as school attendance. It is even more important that children be elegantly and luxuriously fed at tables bearing the appurtenances of civilised life than that they be taught, say, parsing. But Socialists have always insisted that it is not a matter of dispensing with some of the highly-paid and salaried officials, we know very well that whilst the Arsenal price for cordite is even true that there is no work. Dr. Slater points out to swell the ranks of the unemployed. We maintain wages they are remorselessly driven out into the streets it is not an economic advantage to the State that they be first driven into the streets. In this case it is not would be decently pensioned. But because there is no work for the men in the Arsenal, so that the youth may fall into some kind of

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sufficient to recover the jaded system. If the time is to be occupied by helping with the dinners the teacher will be utterly unable to cope with his teaching. He will become a simple machine for the preservation of discipline. And instead of inducing the child to unfold, he will be perforce content to thrust his own personality into the young receptive thing. The situation could to some extent be met by increasing the staff so that the teacher’s attendance at dinner-time would be counted as ordinary work, and he would either come later or leave earlier. As we have suggested, the proper feeding should be reckoned part of the school curriculum, and counted as attendance.

This is the season for valiant resolutions. The Government has made many; it is going to do all kinds of wonderful things in the next session. It will settle the Unemployed question; it will squash the House of Lords; it will present a thoroughly democratic Budget; it will abolish the censorship of plays in its present form. This does not mean that the stage will be turned quite grown-up, for the “Daily News” tells us: “No sane person of maturity can gravely doubt that a certain supervision of theatrical performances, from a moral standpoint, is in the present undeveloped state of human nature of absolute unfitness.” So that the People—in as far as you can see them, is the new version of Liberal democracy. Why should the “Daily News” arrogate to itself the right to supervise the morals of other people? We do not approve of much that is written in the “Daily News.” Yet we do not suggest any censorship of its columns before the paper is published. We recognise that there is to-day a public which is even amused by its anecdotes of the day, and which is inspired by its recognition of Lord Morley as an Indian reformer. Dramatic authors can be trusted to injure morality, “in the present undeveloped state of human nature,” quite as little as journalists. They raise no objection against submitting themselves to exactly the same supervision. But we wish they had a little more pluck. Could they not form a Trades Union, and go on strike till the absurd regulations are abolished, for we need scarcely say we put not our faith in Liberal Governments. They will not provide liberal measures. One of the last it rushed through Parliament was Lord Robert Cecil’s Bill for the more efficient protection of Cabinet Ministers and politicians at public meetings. With what rapidity any measure is carried through the House! When it comes to Unemployment Bills—next session is the invariable answer.

The British Constitution Association has been spending the Christmas holidays in the good old British Constitutional manner. Sir W. Chance and Mr. Mark H. Judge have nobly come to the rescue of their country. They assure us that, in their opinion, the present position is not incapable of remedy. We may go a-Christmassing, but they are looking after us—the noble patriots! But what an extraordinary nation ours is—or, rather, would-be—were it not for Sir W. Chance and Mr. Mark H. Judge. Solemnly shaking their wise old heads, they inform us that their Association was formed to avoid, what our nation always dislikes, extremes of doctrine. They, of course, for the valiant patriots the British nation would apparently have embarked on what it always dislikes. We gave the British people credit for some common sense, and we never would have thought of organising an association to prevent it doing what it dislikes. There is nothing doctrinaire about Sir W. Chance and Mr. Mark H. Judge. They are convinced that the chief remedies for our social ills are “adherence to the constitutional principles of liberty and individual responsibility and reliance,” “the security for lawful enterprise and on the liberty and responsibility of the individual citizen”; “better and more thorough administration of the Poor Law,” and belief “in the equitable and expansive qualities of our present civilisation.” We like such simple people ourselves. Bless those simple people, whose hard sense of justice is unshaken! If the time is to be occupied by helping with the dinners the teacher will be utterly unable to cope with his teaching. He will become a simple machine for the preservation of discipline. And instead of inducing the child to unfold, he will be perforce content to thrust his own personality into the young receptive thing. The situation could to some extent be met by increasing the staff so that the teacher’s attendance at dinner-time would be counted as ordinary work, and he would either come later or leave earlier. As we have suggested, the proper feeding should be reckoned part of the school curriculum, and counted as attendance.

Professor Shipley has written verylearntly about rats and their animal parasites. It is doubtful quite exciting to talk about the Loemopsylla cheopis and the Ctenocephalus canis, and all the other uncles, cousins, and aunts of the Siphonaptera (called by the vulgar, fleas). Just as conversing with the great not seldom turns a man’s head, familiarity with such big words has quite upset the Cambridge zoologists. It is one of the devices of the small fry of scientists—such as our Universities grow in some abundance—to coin a big word for whatever passes their comprehension, and then think everything is explained. It need scarcely be added that they are for ever occupied in coining big words. Women have not adopted militant tactics, have not interrupted meetings, have not undergone imprisonment, have not suffered the sneers and jibes of the narrow-minded and spirited, and we want the fiction to be continued yet further and longer, at least, in the case of the tribe of ladies in the progressive world. It is like the process by which a cattle dealer turns a man’s head, familiarity with such big words has quite upset the Cambridge zoologists. It is one of the devices of the small fry of scientists—such as our Universities grow in some abundance—to coin a big word for whatever passes their comprehension, and then think everything is explained. It need scarcely be added that they are for ever occupied in coining big words. Women have not adopted militant tactics, have not interrupted meetings, have not undergone imprisonment, have not suffered the sneers and jibes of the narrow-minded and spirited, and we want the fiction to be continued yet further and longer, at least, in the case of the tribe of ladies in the progressive world.
thrown in, is an irresistible attraction to poor women in the provinces. It is a matter of no surprise to anybody that that bait has lured hundreds and, maybe, thousands." Her language is just what we Socialists have often complained of when they use the writers of the "Daily Express" kind of papers. We have been so often called paid agitators, and charged with using the workers as our tools that it is with a snap of unpleasant surprise that we find a Socialist writer using this kind of people again in such a way as to charge already proved their earnestness and zeal. Would that we could imbue the Socialists with something more of the energy shown by the militant suffragettes, for whilst we do not wholly favour their politics, we admire their constancy, their faith, their courage, their refusal to be bought over by the bare promise of a colourless dignity. Some other smattering of Greek grammar the majority so painfully of his Greek. But a select few ever advance sufficiently he knew himself; but we know that there was never a old-fashioned feudal nonsense, noblesse oblige, and the beyond all endurance. Dr. James, the headmaster of Rugby, has discovered that the decay of modern, statesmanship, oratory, poetry, and fiction—and he should have added headmastership—is due to the neglect of the way he prefers to be treated when the State rendered to "his Grace's" country.

20s. some £14,000,000. "His Grace" disbelieves in all the language.

They probably expected "his Grace" would never fail to carry out a contract, even though it were an unwritten and ununderstandable contract. "his Grace" was a modern invention—standing for State action, and does not believe in individual enterprise—not even to the tune of a few shillings a week out of a fortune of any apprehension as to excessive expenditure on this deserving object, and the magnitude of the pension fortunately precludes the recipient from the taint of pauperisation. It will also preserve my ancient sub- tle understanding that they would receive a pension when past work. The Duke of Westminster has just made without several suffering a little. Besides, like all recent converts, "his Grace" is doubtless rather jealous of efficiency, and the reorganisation of the Military Forces of the Crown proceeds apace.

What shall we do with our headmasters? They are such incompetent, stupid ninny's, either absolutely ignorant or not even as Lords to leave no reason for perturbation in the minds of our faithful coal-owners. A measure has also been passed largely enhancing the pleasure and glamour of cigarettes to the minds of juvenile Bohemians. I have sanctioned an Act for the Prevention of Crime which, among other useful things, will enable my Government to imprison habitual criminals and other inconvenient persons for an indeterminate period.

To the last I regret that the things which really matter to the general well-being of my people are still being tossed about on the waves of party controversy. Unemployment and consequent starvation are still grin with us. And though they facilitate the useless conduct of commerce they are the cause of serious septennial hemorrhage from the tender parts of my state. We are still at war to supply the future, and the power to compel unfortunate youths to listen whilst he gabbles egregious nonsense. Some other headmasters were for substituting German, some other servile. It really matters little what they teach in the public schools; the headmasters will see to it that the education imparted shall be thoughtless, useless, and just sufficient to make the boys into English gentlemen, depriving them of any interest in the adventurous world in which they sojourn.

If the King turned Cynic.

A Most Ungracious Speech.

My LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,——

It is with much gratification that I am able to inform you that my relations with foreign Powers continue for the moment to be friendly. My celebrated entente cementing crusade has resulted even beyond my anticipations in the most cordial emotions of brotherhood and love between the Great Powers. As the result of those important efforts for human bettering, many causes of contention have been removed, and my people have preserved their traditional prerogatives at the International Trough.

Meanwhile, as a subsidiary stimulus to cosmopolitan fraternity, the Navy is being maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the reorganisation of the Military Forces of the Crown proceeds apace.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,—

I thank you for the provision which you have made for the Services of the year.

It was with much satisfaction that I gave my assent to a measure for securing better provision than the workhouse for very necessitous and very aged persons. The exquisite complexity of the administrative machin- ery of this most important care was so made without several suffering a little. Besides, like all recent converts, "his Grace" is doubtless rather jealous of efficiency, and the reorganisation of the Military Forces of the Crown proceeds apace. 

The King turned Cynic. —

V. G.
Arbitration—Compulsory and Effective.

PEACE has perhaps never occupied so prominent a place in the mind of Europe as at the present. The burden of immense armaments maintained to avert a menace swollen armaments might be largely hypothetical has grown intolerable. These swollen armaments might be viewed with more equanimity were they avowedly designed to crush some hated foreign nation or were the danger with which they are to cope more definite. But few level-headed men in England believe that Germany would risk disastrous losses in the unprofitable enterprise of humbling Great Britain, and equally few sane men in Germany suppose that Britain would risk weakening her own navy and make serious sacrifices of men and money for the empty pleasure of destroying the German fleet; France, with her dwindling population, is little likely to attempt the dangerous task of recovering her lost provinces; Russia and the Dual Monarchy are too fully occupied with domestic trouble to wish to interfere with their neighbours [events have proved otherwise], and the United States, the most threatening influence of the future, stand at present almost apart from European politics.

Everywhere there is a desire for the permanence of peace, and nowhere is this more evident than in England. So long as war involved only the loss of soldiers whose ranks were drawn from the lower and their officers from the upper classes, the great middle class could accept the prospect with equanimity, but now that the reality of one war and the remote possibility of another would entail a vast and ever-increasing expenditure, it is the middle class upon whom the strain is beginning to tell most heavily. There has arisen a cry for disarmament, and the British people, with their characteristic frankness, a frankness so genuine and so obtuse that foreigners constantly mistake it for cunning hypocrisy, have formulated the suggestion that this competition of fleets building should cease, leaving Great Britain in a stereotyped position of naval supremacy. This demand has been supported by arguments showing that for Britain to retain her place as a first-class Power at all it is absolutely essential that she should be supreme upon the seas; and these arguments have not been answered, or even contradicted, by the other nations.

Unfortunately, however, some of the Continental Powers do not seem to see any particular reason why Great Britain should retain her place as a first-class Power. It is a misfortune of our attitude that we have hitherto assumed as an axiom the importance of our own continued existence, which some ill-natured critics appear to regard as a problem demanding ample proof. The last phrase is here the most important, as it is the only way of ensuring that the international police power will be prompt as well as efficient. Nations might well hesitate to incur the heavy expenditure involved in the preliminary of naval and military operations for the sake of enforcing a decree in favour of another nation, but not in anyway concerning their own policies. But the possibility of experimenting in mobilisation and practising the threat of war with the knowledge that the bill will be discharged by another would be a positive inducement to prompt action.

The effectiveness of this system of mutual police duty can be shown by taking an instance. Suppose that Great Britain and Germany should at variance. If the decision is given against Great Britain, she will find every port on her frontiers. Or if Great Britain be the defeated party in the suit, she will find every port on the Continent closed to, or round, her shipping. In either case she refuse to enter into such a Treaty for Arbitration, for the rationality of one war and the remote possibility of another would entail a heavy bill, and that she must pay for her own chastening.

The arbitral authority of the conference of international jurists might be used against the great European Powers. If the defeated party in a dispute maintains her decision and the other contracting parties respect it, the tribunal is appointed arbiter, each country obtaining a certain number of favourable decisions. There then arises a question which each considers vital to its own interests, and each country takes up a firm attitude. In the game of bridge there not infrequently arises a situation in which one would be willing to say to his partner, 'I have it all ways, on condition that you do not go such-and-such a suit.' So now, each country is perfectly willing to leave it to arbitration provided the decision is in its own favour. The result will be that they either tear up the treaty and fly at each other's throat, or will respect it. Such a suit. So now, each country is perfectly willing to leave it to arbitration provided the decision is in its own favour. The result will be that they either tear up the treaty and fly at each other's throat, or will respect it. Such a suit. So now, each country is perfectly willing to leave it to arbitration provided the decision is in its own favour. The result will be that they either tear up the treaty and fly at each other's throat, or will respect it. Such a suit. So now, each country is perfectly willing to leave it to arbitration provided the decision is in its own favour. The result will be that they either tear up the treaty and fly at each other's throat, or will respect it.
Socialism and the Drink Supply.

By Cecil Chesterton.

III.

I have already pointed out that the concentration of the retail drink trade in the hands of a few rich men is the result of so-called "temperance" legislation—that is, legislation which aims at reducing the number of public-houses. Similarly, the concentration of the wholesale trade is the direct result of the heavy taxation which has been imposed with the idea of discouraging consumption. This is a matter which can be proved by figures in the most incontrovertible manner. In 1880, when the beer tax was substituted for the old malt tax, the number of persons licensed to brew beer was 21,223. One year of the new taxation brought the number down to 17,110, although the amount of beer produced remained the same. Every year has, still further reduced the number of brewers, while the amount of beer produced is greater than in 1880. Thus the result of what I may call "temperance taxation" has been not only to diminish the consumption of beer, but also to reduce the number of brewers, thereby producing the tied-house system, the chemical adulteration of beer, and all the other evils connected with the present drink traffic.

The tax on beer is "a tax on the people's food," and a very objectionable one at that. It is true that beer is not a necessity of life—that is to say, a man can live without it. The same is not true of bread and even more of meat. Vegetarians get on as well without meat as teetotalers do without beer; the evils resulting from both taboos are spiritual rather than physical. But there is a very wholesale and a very objectionable one at that. It is true that the adulteration of beer was a good thing, because it was cheaper and better article at a cheaper price (profit not being its main object) in order to beat them out of the field. Of course the National Breweries would be at an disadvantage if the retail trade still remained in the hands of the brewers—that is to say, if the tied-house system continued. But under the scheme which I have outlined this would not be the case. The Municipal houses would of course sell National Beer and National Spirits. The free houses, which would arise on every side, would be glad to fight the brewers by advertising a supply of beer and spirits the purity of which was guaranteed by the State. The State, not aiming at profit, could sell good beer at a price as low or lower than that at which the brewers sold. In the whole of the centres of population I would believe, soon beat all its competitors out of the field. There would still be room for the small local brewery and for the farmer brewing for his neighbours. But where a large wholesale supply was necessary, I believe that the State Breweries and Distilleries would soon acquire a virtual monopoly.

There are two objections of a practical character which might fairly be urged against the policy I have outlined in these articles. I will briefly note and deal with them. First, it will be urged that I am playing the deuce with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At present a large part of our national revenue comes from the taxation, in various forms, of alcoholic liquors. With much of this my policy would compel us to dispense. At present the rich do not pay, but conceal their wealth. But I do not really believe that anyone prefers beer made from chemicals or whisky made from potatoes to the genuine article, it is true that our social system produces so many poor wretches to whom every farthing is an object that some would rather drink methylated spirits at 1½d. than Volnay at 2d.

Of course all patently noxious adulteration, either of beer or spirits, ought to be severely punished. This kind of adulteration is undoubtedly very widely practiced, especially in the poorer public-houses. But even now it is illegal, and all that we want is a more vigilant inspection, a more vigorous administration of the law, and a much heavier scale of punishments for the offenders. A man who sells poisonous drink to the people ought obviously to receive a much severer sentence than a burglar or a perjurer.

But there is a kind of adulteration, almost universal in the case of beer, to which you cannot apply quite such drastic treatment. Standing upon my own right to drink beer because I like it, I cannot very well deny the right to everyone to have a combination of beer and sulphuric acid "with no more than the usual quantity of arsenic " (as they said after the Salford poisonings) to those who may prefer it. But I do deny the right of anyone to sell such a concoction to me and call it beer. Beer is a liquor made of a simple and a very objectionable one at that. It is true that we could, if we liked, undoubtedly recoup ourselves by making a huge profit out of our nationally-owned drink supply. But I am not in favour of that. The profits of national brewing and distilling ought not to go to re elect the Chancellor of the Exchequer. For as long as we pursue the latter course it matters very little whether it is their bread or their beer that we tax. When we adopt the former—we, there are those £600,000,000 of rei
and interest waiting for anyone who chooses to value them.

The other objection that may be urged is that the policy I recommend would be as hotly or, more hotly opposed by the liquor trade as the Asquith Nation policy, and, lacking the support of the Teetotalers, would fall between two stools and fail. This view seems to me to neglect the existence of an obscure thing called the English People. I agree that it is not, as politics go at present, a very important thing. But it is not utterly impotent. The power of the brewers and publowners is against the Government lies in the fact that they can appeal both to the interests and to the sense of justice of the people as a whole. But what appeal would they have to either against my policy that could possibly obtain popular support? If a man says, "The Government is going to take my business away from me!" we sympathise. If he says, "I am not allowed to sell beer!" we are indignant. If he says, "I am not allowed to sell bad beer!" we—well, we pass him by.

I am convinced that the great fact of the next decade will be the rediscovery of the need of dogma in politics. Compromises between those who want the same thing but differ as to ways and means, are impossible. Compromises between those who want incompatible things are undesirable and ultimately impossible. When all the ingenuities of Liberal time-servers are exhausted, the question will remain: "Do we want alcoholic drink supplied or not?" Carrie Nation says "No!"; the Nation says "Yes!"

The Old and the New.

It must be clear, I think, to the most casual observer that the present is a time of unrest in a very general sense throughout the world. Men, society, questions are all in a state of flux. It may not perhaps be so apparent that most, if not all, of these varied unrests can be reduced to one formula: The death-struggle of the Old order in the hands of the New. I do not mean merely the passing away of one thing to give place to the next, as one minute gives place to the next, or one species to the next in the evolution of animal life. The present is a period of much greater importance; it is the struggle of birth and death—the death of the Old and the birth from it of the New, the chicken from the egg. The more one looks at these phenomena, the more convinced one is that nothing may be wasted. But whether it be Humanity, man, or a chicken, this first attempt to draw for itself the breath of life from the great surround is full of danger: danger that it may be premature, danger that it may be harpered by old methods and old ideas.

An interesting example of the difficulties may, I think, be found in the case of the artist. Be he painter or musician or poet, we see how he reaches forth into the great unknown, and finds there glimpses of the great things his soul desires. But he cannot yet live in that atmosphere, and must needs come back to earth again, and when he tries there to reconstruct his vision of the great Love, it becomes, at least, a great personal devotion; at worst, a promiscuous sexuality. And all his hearers, fixing on the one or the other picture, murmur; enraptured, "It is all so clear and obvious; it must be true; how could we ever have missed it; we shall never do so again."

Although the simplicity of the process of translation should be in itself a warning, yet we can hardly be surprised when we see how easily it is mistaken for religion, convention for truth, and morals for morality. The mind of the present time seems to be unable to see, or perhaps to admit, that what really counts in the controversy is the meaning between the words or deeds, not in them. If there were not now in religion or science, or in the ritual and dogma at which the half-seeing jeer, would the great religions have lived all these thousands of years? For they are all one on the main questions, whatever their names. If the great Love is but sexual promiscuity, we should all have become gods long ago.

It is the Old order fighting to the death, the old structure running through body, soul and mind, which is struggling to get the new bricks laid on the old walls, not that it is a new storey which is to be built now in which, though the ancient pillar and arch will again appear, they will be modelled on a less earthy plan. The Old order was a Unity which was to make together a perfect wholeness; but hampered by old methods and old ideas, we are trying to make a new swamping unity. This attempt to revivify the bondage is wrong. Just as by moistening a seed pod we can keep it from cracking and even start a premature germination of the seeds within which will lead to their abortion, so this is wrong as prolonging unduly the life of the bondage. Those who can see should be content to abide by the old order yet awhile that the unseeing may not be stimulated to premature birth. There is no greater crime in teaching: purveying the strong food and drink to babes. It is vivisection. Many good people speak with horror of the scientist who inoculates a guinea-pig with disease for the benefit of humanity, though loading themselves for sowing for more potent diseases in their brothers' minds for exactly the same reason.

The difficulty, of course, is with the half-baked, the "materialist," who is so far "spiritualised" that he is discontented with his materialism, though still insisting that it is "pure materialism" because he is to be a "spiritualised" materialist. That is why he will shout to drive away the "spooks," and so frightens the unseeing into believing in "spooks," of which they are really quite unaware themselves. The real question of the moment is how to deal with both, that is, how to keep the unique seeds germinating. Instead of which, the obviously fallacious doctrine that "all men are equal" is teaching in exactly the opposite direction.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.
The Passing of Fabius Maximus.

By Ashley Dukes.

[The Fifth of November, 193—. An upper room in the large and handsome offices of the Fabian Society, Whitehall. From the windows the Home Office may be seen over the way. The two buildings are connected by a subterranean passage, which greatly facilitates communication with Downing Street on all matters of urgent public importance. A special apartment, adorned as to the mantelshelf with a bust of Q. Fabius Maximus (Cunctator), is reserved for the use of Cabinet Ministers seeking interviews with the secretary. In the marble entrance-hall, facing the entrance, is a design representing the rising sun. Only a small portion of the orb is visible.

The exterior of the edifice is imposing. Statues of Fabian philosophers and poets, in characteristic poses, occupy niches on the façade, and (see Annual Report for 1925-6) exert an educative influence upon public taste. They are indeed a source of exceeding wonder to the populace, who "assemble in this thoroughfare upon all critical occasions in national affairs, and gaze reverently upon the mighty fabric within whose walls their destinies are shaped." (Times" leading article, February 1, 1928).

Such an occasion is the present. The upper room is crowded, for no less an event than an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Executive Committee is about to take place. The chairman sits at the head of a long table. The secretary is on his right, and the other conspirators (for so let us name them, in memory of olden time) occupy the remaining seats, in order of seniority. Prominent among them are Rupert Polegate (Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the late Labour Government), Julius Adams (Minister of Education) and Chester Stanhope (of Scotland Yard). The strictest decorum prevails, but in the murmur of conversation one may detect a note of unrest unusual at these gatherings. From time to time a roar is heard from the crowd without, and once a shrill newsboy's voice cries "The Revolution!—Special!"

First Conspirator [to aged neighbour]: Bad business this, isn't it?

Second Conspirator [adjusting his ear-trumpet]: Eh? I didn't catch.—

First Conspirator [shouting down it]: I said it was a bad business!

Second Conspirator: Eh! Ah yes, shocking, shocking! In my younger days—[He indulges in reminiscences].

Third Conspirator [to Fourth]: The Democracy are very noisy to-day.

Fourth Conspirator: My dear sir, the Democracy are always noisy. What do you expect? It is the awakened spirit of the mob—the Herdennemenschen. Now Nietzsche—

The Chairman: Order, order, ladies and gentlemen! [They all listen earnestly.]

The Chairman: I call upon the Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting.

The Secretary [reading]: Committee held on 16th October, Mr. Polegate in the chair. Business: Report of Finance Committee. Consideration of Government Land Bill. Special deputation appointed to consult the Prime Minister. Consideration of Fabian attitude towards unemployment—discussion adjourned. The Committee approved the issue of a new tract, "The Servant Problem and How to Solve It." [Hear, hear.]

Motion that the price of tracts be reduced to 7d. per dozen. Carried with five dissentients. Consideration of Fabian attitude towards present political unrest—discussion postponed. The Committee then adjourned.

The Chairman: Is it the pleasure of the meeting that I sign these minutes? [Gentle murmur of assent. He does so.]

The Chairman: [rising again with dignity]: Ladies and Gentlemen, Before we proceed to business I wish to refer briefly to the regrettable and almost inexplicable circumstances—I may almost say the exceedingly painful circumstances—under which we meet to-day. [Sympathetic sounds.] The newspapers have told you that we stand upon the brink of Revolution. (No, no!) I do not believe that to be the case. [Hear, hear.] But certain it is that a vast upheaval is taking place: an upheaval in which, I need hardly say, this Society has no hand. (Applause.) I may remind you that in his speech during the debate upon the recent Unemployment Bill, the Prime Minister referred to us as the chief bulwark against revolutionary outbreaks. [Hear, hear.] Let us therefore take this opportunity, if only to pass a vote of censure upon his conduct. But he has left us. (Cheers.) We have been spared a very disagreeable task. I regret only that in offering his resignation Mr. Drake thought fit to make use of exceedingly abusive and improper language with regard to this Society. But let that pass. Under the circumstances we can afford—

The Crowd Without: [singing]:—

Then raise the scarlet standard high, Within its shade we'll live or die, Though—

A Conspirator: Mr. Chairman, I move that the window be closed. It is almost impossible to follow your remarks.

Another Conspirator: Mr. Chairman, I move that a second window be opened. Fresh air is the first necessity of our movement. (Hear, hear.)

The Chairman: That is an amendment. Those in favour of the original motion? [Show of hands.] Those in favour of the amendment? [Another show of hands.] The numbers are equal. General confusion.

The Chairman gives his casting vote in favour of the status quo, and proceeds. As some guide to our action at the present time, ladies and gentlemen, it may be instructive to pass in review very briefly the history of this Society. It was founded, as we all know, by a number of men who were—ah—perhaps somewhat unconventional in a number of their views. [Depreciatingly]: As an enlightened body, of course, we honour and respect them none the less for that. (Hear, hear.) But, fortunately, in the course of time these more turbulent spirits—if I may so name them—and their followers left us for—er—other organisations. It has been left to us to gather the middle classes together in one vast league; to educate them in the principles of peaceful evolution towards a sane Collectivism. (Cheers.)

The Crowd Without: With heads uncovered swear we all, To bear it onward till we fall. Come—

The Chairman: I must appeal to you, ladies and gentlemen, not to allow your attention to be distracted by the disgraceful scenes which are taking place outside. I am informed by the Home Secretary that a large force of mounted police is being held in reserve, and there is absolutely no danger of any serious disturbance.

[The uproar without grows deafening. The Chairman's face wears a pained expression, and he pauses for an instant.]
A Conspirator [near the window]: On a point of order, Mr. Chairman, had we not better adjourn? A —a conflict of some kind appears to be proceeding around the Home Office—

[They all crowd to the window. Some hooting is heard.]

Several Conspirators: Disgraceful!

An Under Secretary [Secretly flattered]: They've seen us! They think we are the Cabinet.

The Chairman [opening the window, and attempting to address the crowd]: Go away! Go away! Of course, we sympathise entirely . . . if you would only let us explain. . . . [The only response is another burst of hooting. He gives up the attempt, closes the window, and returns to his place.] Ladies and Gentlemen, I think our more dignified course will be to ignore this tumult completely. [Hear, hear.] Let us proceed to the business of the day. The first item upon the agenda paper—

A Conspirator [leaping to his feet]: Look, look! [He points towards the window. They all follow his gaze, and dull wonder creeps into their eyes. For there, above the pinnacled offices of Government, and as if uplifted by the endless roar of voices, a great red flag waves aloft, and, gathering strength an instant, waves out upon the wind.]

The Chairman [Order, order! The first item upon the agenda paper—

THE END.

Moral Myopia.

"He knows not England who only England knows." I can forgive Rudyard Kipling much of his Imperialistic rhodomontade—even his "Sons of Martha"—for that line. My twenty years' absence from the Homeland has enabled me to get a better view of England than ever I had while inspecting it from the inside. I have read that myopia may be partially cured by taking sights at very long range. Certainly the mental form of it can be. I never thoroughly grasped what British insularity meant till I encountered British moral religious and political philanthropists in South Africa, earnestly and seriously devoting time and money in an effort to persuade a happy, contented, and prosperous people to see in the indentured labour system of the Homeland the conditions described exist, and I call attention to this pamphlet completely. [Hear, hear.] Let us proceed to the business of the day. The first item upon the agenda paper—

SPECIAL NOTICE—THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.

Owing to the rapid increase of Business we are moving to Larger Offices.

On and after January 4th OUR ADDRESS WILL BE 12, 13, & 14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET (2 Minutes walk from our present offices.)

Telephone Number as before 6111 CENTRAL.
The Rejected of the World.

I.
I would like to sing a song to the rejected of the world. The heroes have always been sung—the defeated as well as the victorious.
The warriors have their ballads, the saints have their calendars, and the nations their histories.
Even labour has its bibles—has its banners—has its uplands and its great horizons;
And labour’s battle-lines are forming, and its singers they shall sing.
But the outcast are unwritten, their underworlds unsung.
No music bears their meaning forth, and not for them do the thrones and the shrines have ears.
No understanding mind proclaims their passion, and its dumb potential wholeness.
No forming battle-line is theirs, nor drum-beat nor bugle-call nor spreading banners.
However full they come, they go away empty:
They have poured their all into the lap that is motherless unto them.
If once for any of them the roses bloomed, or ever the seasons sang within their souls, it was but for the mocking moment:
Soon are their lives like the dust of the desert;
Or like the leaves the winds have heaped into the earthy damp, or left upon the solitary roads.

II.
O the under-peoples of the earth!
O the processions of the poorer than the poor!
The hosts of the spent and the shamed and the sunken!
They have been so many from the beginning—Uncounted and uncountable as nature’s other spawn—Crawling through who knows how many crushing centuries!
And now, in caravans of menacing spectres, they haunt the world’s billowing highways;
They join themselves to the livid lives that throng the grinning mask of modern social death!
And these are they in whom the senseless beast of strength has not survived;
And these are they who could not harden their hearts enough,—who could not sharper make their claws;
And these are they from whom possessions fled—to whom rule and authority came not:
And these are they who have fallen from the service of them that do possess and rule;
And these are they who bend and break beneath life’s overloads;
And these are they that have loved too much—according to them that love by rule and measure;
And these are the misjudged, the misguided, the mangled, and the merciful;
And these are they to whom no judge renders justice,
and for whom there is neither mercy nor healing;
And these are the victims of the lawless laws, which the masters make to bind them;
And these are they that went out after priests, yet neither faith nor virtue found.
Yet these are the sacred fire—the warmth of the world that casts them out:
From them all truth ascending—from them all freedom feeling forth its way.

III.
Yes, all the weight of all the world by these rejected ones is borne:

For now we have but human night—not even has the first false dawn appeared.
But when the human day ascends, when swift and social sabbath shines, these dwellers in the night shall bring it here.
Of progress, and all worded passion, these are the divine substance.
These are the true creators—makers of God and man.
It is through these that spirit grew to speech, and babbles on its way to ultimate being;
It is through these, when they are lifted up, shall earth receive its waiting glory.
These are the new earth’s deep-folded body, and the pure white soul thereof—
The earth which the flames of revolt shall bear unto birth, and into immortal growth and beauty.
These are the angels of the new heaven, over the new earth tenderly bending.
These are the everlasting sacrifice, changing all pain into power—
The lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world:
The love that, through long brutish death arising, maketh all things certainly one;
And love that shall at last lay the will of man upon the stars in their courses.

IV.
Again would I sing to the world’s rejected ones,
To them that sit in the venomous shadows say,
That one can do without the world very well:
For when the world has turned you out of doors,
And your spirit is vagrant beneath the stars,
And your feet are free upon the mountains,
And your tent is pitched by this wayside and by that,
Then indeed you possess the world as none of the possessors do:
One may always have love at one’s side,—
And it may songfully arch the whole world over.
It is through the imprisoned spirits that love fulfils the
And the peace of your spirit smiles back to you from the plains,
And the flowers of the fields come confidingly to your hands,
And the beasts of the forest are not afraid of you,
And the beasts of the forest are not afraid of you,
Then indeed you possess the world as none of the possessors do:
One may always have heaven within one’s self,—
And it may songfully arch the whole world over.
Even beneath the beggar’s burden there is bravery enough to overturn the temples:
The bravery only needs to be beckoned.
Even within the hiding ones there is wisdom to bring the kingdoms down:
It only needs to be welcomed by a little social faith.
Even behind the prison doors there is room for the soul,
For the reason that the soul is not confined by them.
It is through the imprisoned spirits that love fulfils the freedom.
It is through the earth’s rejected ones the soul of man expands.

V.
The expansion of the soul of man—
That is all there is of history:
Nothing else is worth a moment’s notice.
If Babylon and Assyria and Rome are gone,
If civilisations and cities are buried beneath the sands,
If when the world has turned you out of doors,
And your spirit is vagrant beneath the stars,
And your tent is pitched by this wayside and by that,
And your feet are free upon the mountains,
And the peace of your spirit smiles back to you from the plains,
The expansion of the soul of man—
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And your feet are free upon the mountains,
And the peace of your spirit smiles back to you from the plains,
VI.

From its germinative night the soul shall surely

waken—

Shall rise from under all that bears it down ;
And all the things that have bound it, that have
broken it,

Those things the soul itself shall break or bind.

The infernal magic of mere might shall pass away—

The strong delusion of the laws,
And of the righteousness of States,
And of the conventions of the priests—

All the long hypnotic spell which the institutions of
the masters have cast over the men.

Then we shall see with how little brains the world has

always been governed ;

And we shall know that the only really shameless

criminals have been the makers of the laws.

Beneath their deep deceit the earth is already quaking.

Sooner than we think the thrones shall fall.

And the present heavens shall also disappear:

For the soul of man must have room—

Must have the stars, and all the spaces, wherewith to
build itself a body.

VII.

So come ye rejected, over-laden and degraded,
Ye piteous processions of the poorer than the poor,
Ye whose bodies are too weak to bear any more
burdens—

Whose heavier burdens now are the burdens of the

soul—

Ye who stop in prisons that the masters built about you,
Ye mangled who are shackled still to wealth’s malign
machine,
Ye whose teness perish by the waysides of the world,
And all ye deepest dwellers in the deepest human night:

Come, let us bring the night unto its proper end,
Come, let us quickly finish all the years of lies,
Come, let us bring the truthful years of love to light,

Let us breathe the mood of freedom through the

world,
Till there shall be a world without a meddler’s hand—

Therefore be ye quick upon the mountains,

Then soon the building brave shall rise,
And soon shall rise the strength, and the joy and
laughter,
And the soul of man shall reach creative every-
where,

And truth shall open wide its farthest doors—

For truth shall be but the one human will.

VI.

Wind Instruments and the Beauty of Poverty.

By David Lowe.

We were standing at Charing Cross when a regiment
marched to Church Parade. There seemed to be no end
to the red line, which was headed by a pipe band, a
brass band, and a group of trumpet players. On either
side walked hundreds of youthful citizens, gaping in a
mixed condition of awe and admiration. To the loud blare
of trumpets onward marched the red coats to worship the
Prince of Peace. When they had disappeared, the Sal-
vation Army made itself evident, and at the corner of a
street motley musicians gathered around a red standard
and rent the air with violent unctuous. Soldiers of
destruction and soldiers of salvation both praising the
same God.

"It seems to be a growing belief," said Quarles,
dryly, "that the Creator is most easily reached by wind
instruments."

We turned into Woodside Crescent and walked slowly
along the south side of the gardens until we found our-
selves in Kelvedon Grove. At the fountain we met Ram-
nerscales and Rothes on their way to church.

"The doctor is to lecture on Peace," said Rammers-
scales; "rather good subject, isn’t it, for a church
parade of amateur soldiers?"

"Ay, it should strengthen the boys to fight when they
have the glories of peace described," added Rothes, who
had a purely native habit of caution.

The appearance of Rothes was striking. His head
was large and conveyed an impression of great power;
his coarse black hair grew in short close curls; and over
his raven moustache projected a nose of imposing pro-
portion. Lively eyes relieved his pallid countenance and
removed attention from a mouth which betrayed
weakness. He had a heavy body, for which two sturdy
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open a Sunday school for Cabinet Ministers and a Bible class for Foreign Secretaries."

"And have for teachers," added Quarles, "mothers who have lost sons in war."

"What of the young men who take the shilling? Is it personal ambition which inspires them?" asked Rammerscales. "Even though they are not aware of the nature of war?"

"Their destination should be the nearest public library and not the barracks," replied Quarles. "Carlyle—thinks that the man who scoops the profit calls himself a patriot. The fact is this, unless the built boys who cover their undeveloped bones in soldier's uniforms don't do so from natural choice. They are usually deadbeat in the industrial conflict before they try life in white spats and infinitesimal headgear. The masculine remnant that rid their lives for financiers are the same men who get turned from the works' gate without work. Their reward? It is not much, and as to its futurity akin to the rewards of religion. Veterans are partial to sleeping on stairs, and they not infrequently dispose for eternity under a poorhouse roof. Last Saturday a thin-red-line man was hung from a third storey window to escape the police. Voluntary valour is great, and a balanced fight may be a beautiful conceit, but when men are pawns moved by a master's fingers, it is rather difficult to rouse. It is so unusual for a poorly-clad person to enter the Protestant house of worship, and the incident was reported in the newspapers."

"I wonder why in recent years the common people are either forsaking the churches or remaining as lukewarm members?" asked Rammerscales.

"It may be," said Quarles, "that unless preachers are paid highly they cannot expound the beauty of poverty, and unless pewholders have good incomes they cannot understand the expositon."

The Shawbax.

By G. K. Chesterton.

If I were indeed that gay deceiver of Mr. Dexter's dream, I should leave the debate exactly where Mr. Bax and Mr. Shaw have managed to leave it between them. If I were only out for fun I could hardly find anything funnier. You publish Bax and Shaw actually in the same argument. Of course, Shaw has nothing new to say on miracles because the Rationalist view is self-evident. And Shaw says that he has something entirely new to say on miracles, and that the Rationalist view is bosh. Bax says, with gloomy magnificence, that there is no more to talk about the laws of matter; and there is Shaw sparking away like blazes, saying he can believe piles of miracles, pouring out the wilder mysticism and saying that a dog turned into a cat is not really different from the sun. If I only need my brain to do no more than take my place in the pit and applaud. But my fault is the reverse of frivolity; I am really so horribly solemn that anybody can drag me into an argument. Honestly, I think the thing is a weakness; but I am so constituted that I can bear more prejudice or ignorance in print without having a passion to reply to it; so I will spoil the silent irony of the facts and reply first to Mr. Belfort Bax.

Mr. Bax says very truly that materialism is not necessarily destructive because there are truths that have become automatic by being assumed. Arithmetic is one, and I should say that two others are the Christian doctrines of Original Sin and of Man's Authority in Nature: doctrines on which every man alive acts all day long. But the interesting thing about the old Hume and Huxley view of miracles is exactly that it is not one of these fixed things. It is less and less assumed simply because it is more and more contradicted. This contradiction does not come merely out of any doctrinal principle. If anyone really says that there has not been a Catholic Revival of late years in Europe, I can only say with every courtesy of intention that his education has been neglected. A first-class French sceptic, such as Anatole France, might say that miracles are forgotten because there is no way to believe in them. I can only say with that the old Hume and Huxley tradition would have been killed and every item in it as important as Wells' view of miracles is exactly that it is not one of these fixed things. It is less and less assumed simply because it is more and more contradicted. This contradiction does not come merely out of any doctrinal principle. If anyone really says that there has not been a Catholic Revival of late years in Europe, I can only say with every courtesy of intention that his education has been neglected. A first-class French sceptic, such as Anatole France, might say that miracles are forgotten because there is no way to believe in them. I can only say with that the old Hume and Huxley tradition would have been killed and every item in it as important as Wells' view of miracles is exactly that it is not one of these fixed things. It is less and less assumed simply because it is more and more contradicted. This contradiction does not come merely out of any doctrinal principle. If anyone really says that there has not been a Catholic Revival of late years in Europe, I can only say with every courtesy of intention that his education has been neglected. A first-class French sceptic, such as Anatole France, might say that miracles are forgotten because there is no way to believe in them. I can only say with every courtesy of intention that his education has been neglected. A first-class French sceptic, such as Anatole France, might say that miracles are forgotten because there is no way to believe in them.
Hume could have drawn between the credible and incredible in history. Thoughts fly through the air like pigeons, two minds speak with the same mouth, doctors swear they have made blisters by mental suggestion, old Lomastro and his lot dance about saying they have found smell with their bow or have seen with his left leg. Some of these discoveries are certain; many of them are most dubious; all of them are, to my taste, a little unwholesome. But they have created a world in which it is increasingly impossible to think of the any sort of things that did not happen in Galilee, or cannot happen at Lourdes. In that atmosphere nothing seems impossible except the word "impossible." To put the point shortly, the old sectic, in denying mythical dogmas, could say, let me trust my five senses. The new sectic can answer, "Are you sure you have only five?"

Mr. Bax begins his metaphysical quarrel with me (with beautiful simplicity) by eagerly assuring you all that I know no metaphysics. Now, I think I am a metaphysician; which only means that I think I can think. But I also think that all of you are metaphysicians; I think you can all think. It is quite another question whether you will all think or will take refuge in unmeaning phrases about "spoof" or "para-physicians; I think you can all think. It is quite unness and talk about the "Zeitgeist"; as if a mere

Mr. Bax does not say that truth is the unity of experience; I said one can say it again. I object to his definition, not because it is metaphysics, but because it is bad metaphysics. Surely that a thing verily is not or is.

Tired children do it on hot afternoons.

Mr. Bax said that truth was the intellectual expression of the unity of experience; I said one can say nothing about truth except that it is true, and I say again that it matters not to his definition, and because it is bad metaphysics, but because it is bad metaphysics. Surely it is plain that all thought must begin somewhere—or it would not begin at all. It must start with a first fact. And surely the first fact is fact itself; the idea that there is something.

But is it bad metaphysics to refer this ultimate actuality to some notion, such as harmony, which is really more subtle and secondary? It would be silly to say, "I define Man as a creature who can become a policeman," because the idea Man can exist before the idea policeman, or even without it. Similarly the conception that things are harmonious comes after and apart from the simple conception that things are. Mr. Bax again gives a definition: this with these first facts it is childish not to be tautological. The real childishness is in trying, like Mr. Bax, to define what is indefinable and undeniable; in always saying "What is what?" or Why is why?"

The children die under hot afternoons.

I have left myself no space to deal with Shaw; and indeed our disagreement is much simpler. Shaw seems to have got it into his head that I believe all miracles. It may be the direct evidence of sense or the indirect evidence of some friend or prophet or tradition or Church which one happens to trust. As to poor St. Januarius and his blood (which by this time seems absolutely incredible; therefore he takes Januarius as an extreme case. Whereas it is the mildest case in the Calendar, and the Resurrection is really a startler.

Shaw's philosophical mistake can be stated in one phrase. He uses the word "miracle" in the mere sense of something to be wondered at; and in this sense of course everything is wonderful if you believe in God, and very increasing if you believe that there is in the Universe a personal will strong enough, say, to turn water into wine. I mention the miracle which may annoy Shaw the most. Neither he nor I believe all the wonders we hear; obviously there will be false miracles as well as true in the sense of banknotes. The difference is that I distinguish by my reason; and Shaw only distinguishes by his taste, which simply means his prejudice.

To any "Leader Writer."

A Modern Fairy-Tale.

Tun Leader Writer heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Quite a number of times he had had the opportunity of recording his independent opinion of the shameless Suffragettes. Now still another leader was added to the series. He felt, no little pride when he thought of the sensation it would make very soon; how in a few short hours it would be released from the remorseless grip of the demonstrative machinery of the modern printing press. How Suburbia would smort in acquiescing in tube and car, "Shrinking women; of course, they ought to get twelve months."

And how smug officialdom would murmur: "They asked for this"! How in a thousand papers of lesser lustre, quotations would appear with editorial comments galore, such as, "We would draw the attention of our readers to the timely warning appearing in the sober columns of our contemporary," etc., etc.

The advice given by this official organ should serve as a check on the arrogance of these self-elected leaders of a degraded womanhood," etc., etc. He noted with distinct pleasure the downrightness of it all, no quibbling here, no fencing, no mistaking of the intention. Here you had not merely strong hooting from the shoulder, but real "knock-down blows" for the disturbers of law and order. Really he had felt some where within a sense of having of his feelings—he liked to think, his manly feelings—hurt by the unseemly familiarity of the women. The notion of it the more he was certain that his sex-consciousness was outraged too. By the time he had finished, he felt almost a sense of personal injury. Something primitive had responded and here was the result. The invaders of the stronghold of tradition and precedent were surely repulsed once and for all. Was not his paper the strongest ally of the forces of discipline, and law, and order? Was it not tradition itself? Was not its suggestion, them

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Never had there been a more slashing attack. In one sentence alone appeared the words "relicless, "folly," "ungovernable, "hysterical," The title was indeed a crowning triumph; "Death of the Women's Agitation"—it said. This was much more final than "Foolish Women," the title of the last leader on the question. It might prove the Omega of the series.
NEW DISCOVERY EVOKES ENTHUSIASM IN THE MEDICAL WORLD.

HOW NERVOUS DISORDERS ARE CURED BY BRAIN FEEDING.

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"Neurasthenia has been the Central Africa of medicine—an unexplored terri- tory into which few men enter." These words are eloquent testimony to the great mystery that surrounds the most common of human ailments.

We are able, however, to chronicle the fact that at least one scientist has penetrated to the heart of that mystery, and has brought us back a warning and—help.

There can be no more fascinating study than the study of that great mysteries force the ordinary worker is content to call "the nervous system." The hidden forces of every man and beast that controls our hopes, that decides our ambitions and aspirations—it is this power that we desire chafed down and silenced; then we "know" our battle is over.

When it is remembered that the percentage of illness grouped under "nervous weaknesses," or neurasthenia, is higher than any other class of ailment, it will be realized how serious a matter is dealt with here, and this will lend an added greatness to Dr. Hartmann's brilliant discovery.

Dr. Hartmann, whose fame as a nerve specialist is known all over the world, has penetrated to the Central Africa of medicine, and has come back to explain to us how we must build up our nervous system, and how the neurasthenic subject must be treated. His discovery is of the utmost importance, for to-day it is doubtful whether we could select ten out of a hundred of our acquaintances who are not in the toils of the neurasthenic demon.

The cure for neurasthenia, says Dr. Hartmann, is food—brain food.

It is quite a simple matter. We are to have no more dragging of the cream, or to have no more expensive and exhausting, useless and painful treatments elsewhere. All we have to do is to feed the brain with the nerve-forming foods, and we will do the rest.

In these days of high pressure, living in extreme irritability, lack of concentration, and final insanity, the story of the neurasthenic is, perhaps, best told in the following chart, which shows clearly the descent and how swiftly we are taken to the end.

**Chart of Neurasthenic Decay**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sensitiveness</th>
<th>Restlessness</th>
<th>Irritability</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Usurper of Mind</td>
<td>Reversal of Feelings</td>
<td>Inability to Rest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malnutrition</td>
<td>Nervousness</td>
<td>Paralysis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malaise</td>
<td>Fatigue</td>
<td>Depression</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mania</td>
<td>Confusion</td>
<td>Delusion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manias</td>
<td>Insanity</td>
<td>Psychosis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Somewhere in that chart the trouble of nine out of every ten men and women is placed. It is the neurasthenic chart, and once a person can recognize his symptoms therefore he should know that within twelve months is the worst of all diseases, a disease that, unchecked, can but lead to one end—

Dr. Hartmann's cure for the neurasthenic is brain feeding. That this treatment, under Dr. Hartmann's method, is effective, is proved by the splendid test-

mony voluntarily affirmed by medical men in the highest position.

This method of treatment that Dr. Hartmann has proved to be truly successful may be thus detailed.

Food, when taken into the body, is used in various ways for general nourishment. Certain foods are used for fat production, others for the manufacture of bone, and, yet again, other parts of food are used up in the production of brain tissue. Now, since all nervous affections arise in the brain, and are caused by malnutrition, it is sufficient to say that the neurasthenic lies in the question of supplying the nervous system with proper food to allow due strengthening.

Now, in all foods in some more than others—there are brain-forming materials. They are known as the leukosins, or Lechithins. Under natural conditions the "best" food contains but a trace of this wonderful substance, and, therefore, it is impossible in the ordinary way to absorb into the system sufficient quantity to effect an appreciable improvement in a neurasthenic case.

"It is, in brief, a question of administering a sufficient supply of nerve feeding elements to balance the rapid waste of nervous tissue caused by the unnatural strain of present-day life by a rapid repair."

The result of Dr. Hartmann's brilliant discovery.

In these days of high pressure, living in extreme irritability, lack of concentration, and finally in insanility, the story of the neurasthenic is, perhaps, best told in the following chart, which shows clearly the descent and how swiftly we are taken to the end—

Sensitiveness

Restlessness

Irritability

Malnutrition

Nervousness

Leucosins

Mysticism

Fearfulness

Inaptitude for Mental Deductions

Distress

Memory

Weakness

Loss of Mental Clarity

Brain Failure

Insomnia

Mental Derangement

Euxidian Treatment

Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, Physician-in-Ordinary to His Holiness the Pope, has developed a new form of treatment for neurasthenia, and has brought us back a warning and—help.

Dr. Lapponi's treatment is based on the discovery that the brain is the most important organ of the body, and that all functions of the body depend on the health and vitality of the brain.

The treatment is simple and consists of the administration of a special food called "Lechithine," which contains all the brain-building materials necessary for the brain to function properly.

The results of Dr. Lapponi's treatment have been so encouraging that he has received many testimonials from grateful patients.

Dr. Lapponi's treatment is now being used throughout the world, and many medical practitioners have reported successful results.

Dr. Lapponi's treatment is a revolutionary step forward in the treatment of neurasthenia, and is gaining popularity among doctors and patients alike.

In conclusion, the treatment of neurasthenia should not be taken lightly, and patients should consult their doctors before attempting any treatment.

It is certain that there are many readers of this paper who, at times feel the effects of neurasthenia, and would like to try Dr. Lapponi's treatment. However, it is important to note that the treatment is best administered under the care of a qualified medical practitioner.
Soon after, the Leader Writer was wending his rather weary way through the sleeping streets. Already night— the clear air on hands—to watchful look of it—was developing some occult sense within him. He had noted this on other similar occasions. Here were things that seemingly could not be measured, nor weighed, nor judged. Unconsciously the steady continuity of this thing called "night" got hold of him. When writing leaders one had one's mind nicely con fined within reasonable compass. Spaciousness was not exactly conducive to argument, and fine distinctions, and weighty reckoning. He felt he could hardly have written what he had written, out here. He began to feel the glamour of that previous argument wearing off. Almost he felt argumentative courage "oozing out," with the warmth, at his finger-tips. He certainly did not feel quite so indignant now. He let himself into his quiet home, and was soon fast asleep.

And he dreamed a dream. It was no longer winter, but soft, early summer. He was stretched luxuriously on tender green—the green of May, surely. He was curiously interested in watching young clouds travel slowly across a wishful sky. When the sun came out they seemed to be almost silver. Birds were singing "Osy by." Those hills just under the cloud area looked very near in a sudden brilliant ray of light, almost every break standing out distinctly in their faintly sides. Then over the crest of the hill, little clouds were seen standing alone among one another, and a rainbow beamed forth in response. So perfect, it held the hill in its beauteous clasp like a living ring of jewels. Then, strangely enough, it began to move! Fascinated, the Leader Writer watched it coming nearer and nearer. He was just making up his mind that he would in future spend at least one day a week in looking at the glorious refulgence of it all. He dared gaze no longer, and then he felt conscious that something had happened. "Looking up, he noticed that one and another of them seemed to be getting greener and greener. He noticed that things seemed to be getting greener and greener. He noticed that all may arise a new hope, the new aspiration, the new standard of womanhood being evolved out of the spirit of the times."

The Leader Writer looked a little sheepish at this, as he remembered having said, more than once, that the women who had irritated him so much by their seem ingly senseless behaviour were degrading the whole question of the rights of womanhood for years to come. "And was it quite truthful," said a clear silvery voice, "to say that no cause had ever before succeeded when conducted on those lines that it was hence doomed to failure?" The man felt there must be no trifling with Truth. Her gown was of the blue of the distant skies. But her eyes told you she might be approached, though she certainly could not be propitiated.

"I should like to know where the sense of Loyalty to principle comes in," said the seventh lady, who was robed in rich violet. "Because an earnest, and therefore, important group do not hesitate to be less interested in the retention of tradition, than to tread the untrodden way of the pioneer, shall you forget that you really do claim to stand for progress? Why should you betray your own loyalty to the cause of freedom?"

Gentle Hope now stepped forward and said, "for the eternal spring; that out of the dead selves of all may arise a new hope, the new aspiration, and Truth must always be free if I am to come to you, and without me you cannot live. Sometimes I am called Faith, for I stand too for the resurrection of all seemingly lost and forgotten hopes. Because these women believe in me, they shall bring their cause to victory." And as she spoke, the Leader Writer noticed that things seemed to be getting greener and greener. The Rainbow Fairies had somehow melted away, but the vast green expanse remained to show that Hope had just been there, for resting on everything round was the reflection from her robes.

The Leader Writer began to wonder where he had read about the "Rainbow being a sign." He did not think that other Rainbow could have been more beautiful, or more full of meaning than this one, when Fore sight, Toleration, Imagination, Hope, Truth, Justice, and Loyalty came from them to crowd around him. He was just making up his mind that he would in future spend at least one day a week in looking for a return visit from the Rainbow Fairies, when he woke up.

MARY E. GAWTHORPE

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A melancholy Christmas, it seems! According to "a well-known member of the trade," the business is once again—the second time this year—about to crumble into ruins. This well-known member of the trade, who discreetly refrains from signing his name, writes to the "Athenaeum" in answer to Mr. E. H. Cooper's letter about the disastrous influence of royal books on the publishing season. According to him, Mr. Cooper is all wrong. The end of profitable publishing is being brought about, not by their Majesties, but by the authors and their agents. It appears that too many books are published; that their authors and agents have evidently some miraculous method of forcing publishers to publish books which they do not want to publish. I am not a member of the trade, but I should have thought that few things could be easier than to publish a book. Presumably the agent stands over the publisher with a contract in one hand and a revolver in the other, and, after a glance at the revolver, the publisher signs without glancing at the contract.

Secondly, it appears, authors and their agents habitually compel the publisher to pay too much, so that he habitually publishes at a loss. (Novels, that is.) I should love to know how the trick is done, but a well-known member of the trade does not go into details. He merely states the broad fact. Thirdly, the seven-penny reprint of the popular novel is ruining the already ruinous six-shilling novel. It is comforting to perceive that this wickedness on the part of the sevenpenny reprinter cannot indefinitely continue. For when there are no six-shilling novels to reprint, obviously there can be no sevenpenny reprints of them. There is justice in England yet; but a well-known member of the trade has not noticed that the sevenpenny novel, in killing its own father, must kill itself. At any rate he does not refer to the point.

I have been young, and now am nearly old. Silvered is the once brown hair. Dim is the eye that on a time could decipher minion type by moonlight. But never have I seen the publisher without a fur coat in winter nor his seed begging bread. Nor do I expect to see such sights. Yet I have seen an author begging bread, and instead of bread, I gave him a railway ticket. Authors have always been in the wrong, and they always will be: grasping, unscrupulous, mercenary creatures that they are! Some of them haven't even the wit to keep their books from being burnt at the stake by the executioners of 'the National Vigilance Assoc...'

Claudius Clear has printed my essay on "Work and Worry" in the "British Weekly," and he has also printed a number of criticisms of it, some decidedly in my favour, and some decidedly not in my favour. The bulk of the criticisms are naturally inept, and deal with everything except the point at issue: which was, whether I could write an essay "readable, intelligent, and helpful without putting in some sentences as bad in themselves as any of Bulwer Lytton's." The adverse critics are occupied either in objecting to my views and style, or in searching for platitudes. There was no mention of platitudes in Claudius Clear's very precise challenge. Claudius knew, I knew, everybody knew, that nobody ever has, and that nobody ever will, write a readable essay without a statement that cannot be colourably accused of being a platitude. Yet Claudius Clear headed my essay with this title: "I do not propose to offer any opinion of my own, as no doubt I am biased." An ingenious method of offering one's opinion while avoiding the difficulty of defending it! I would willingly return to a solid gaiety, and if excitable clothes.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Who is to be Master?

The number of English works dealing with Nietzsche is not by any means extraordinarily large, and admirers of the so-called master of the future will agree that the lectures recently delivered at the University College by Mr. A. M. Ludovici have been reprinted in book form,* with some additional matter. The author does not give any details regarding Nietzsche's life; and expressly declares that his book is but an introduction to the philosophy of Nietzsche; but it is by far the best introductory manual we have yet read, lucidly written, and admirably arranged. There is no doubt that even now most of Nietzsche's doctrines are grossly misunderstood; and, as Mr. Ludovici remarks in the first lecture, "the enquirer into his life and works gradually realizes how completely, and often maliciously, he has been misinterpreted and misjudged; not only by ignorant commentators . . . but even by his best and oldest friends as well." We believe that Mr. Ludovici has himself misjudged Nietzsche in only one respect: it seems to us that he ascribes too much importance to Darwin's influence over Nietzsche. But we are aware that there is a difference of opinion in this regard, and the author's attitude on the question cannot be said to detract from the mastery of his exposition. We are inclined to think that Mr. Ludovici anything for the wonderfully clear though necessarily concise passages (pp. 19-37) in which he traces "roughly, what has taken place in European thought since the birth of Christ." Probably the most interesting of the four chapters is that on the Superman. The author's wide reading, deep knowledge, and critical acumen have a worthy branch of the subject to deal with, and the discussion on the "fitness" is a masterly piece of work, showing Mr. Ludovici at his best.

A word should perhaps be added as to the views of Socialism held by the disciple and his master. It may seem odd that, although Nietzsche rails so heartily against Socialism in all its forms, advanced Socialists have everywhere taken up his philosophy with enthusiasm. A long article would be required to deal with this curious psychological problem: in the meantime we may merely hint that Nietzsche's views were at one time what might somewhat loosely be called individualistic. The author's wide reading, deep knowledge, and critical acumen have a worthy branch of the subject to deal with, and the discussion on the "fitness." In a masterly piece of work, showing Mr. Ludovici at his best.

We observe with some regret that both the author and Dr. Levy have given their high authority to a spelling which seems to us quite incorrect: Nietzschean, instead of Nietzschean. The mere fact that Nietzsche ends in "e" is hardly sufficient excuse for making an adjective of the word by tacking on "an." Gladstone forms Gladstonian; Mr. Austin Dobson correctly writes about "post-Popean satire," not Popean. We are inclined to think that Nietzschean was first coined by some slipshod American journalist.

We hope the calumny foreshadowed by Dr. Levy in the last paragraph of his preface will not overtake the author for some time yet. In these days of shallow thinking and scrap-reading, there is plenty of work for a man of Mr. Ludovici's exceptional abilities to tackle.

J. M. KENNEDY.

* Who is to be Master of the World? An Introduction to the Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By A. M. Ludovici. Preface by Dr. Oscar Levy. (Foulis. 2s. 6d. net.)

REVIEW.

Philanthropy and the State. By B. Kirkman Gray. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d.)

Edited from her late husband's MS. by Mrs. Kirkman Gray, and assiduously by Miss B. L. Hutchins, and admirably suited to the sociological student who seeks a co-ordinated view of the whole field of public and private relief, without having time for research, and to the reader of average education interested in social politics, this volume is a wide-nosed solution. Its existence would seem to be due to the humanitarian belief of the author that there should be relief of some sort, and to his desire to examine the adequacy of existing forms; while its methods of presentation are not those of the historian and statistician, but largely a comparison between State and Philanthropy without general bias, but with a particular bias in favour sometimes of the one and sometimes of the other. It falls into two parts. The first part outlines the transition from the "economical" to the "ideological" state, and the most important development in recent years is the growth of a collective conscience. For centuries the individual has helped the distressed member of the community, but to-day there has arisen side by side with individual initiative, a recognition of the fundamental duty of the nation to its less-fortunates, and much recent legislation, notably the reformed Poor Law, has had for its aim the helping of those who are known to be in distress. The inadequacy of this, however, raised strong opposition on the part of the philanthropist, and we have, as a result, forms of organised charity, such as the C.O.S., springing into existence. The second part considers the various types of State intervention, which it very ably and usefully summarises, at the outset, in six necessary classes: Annexion, Partition, Co-operation, Supervision, Coordination, and Delegation, showing various degrees of State action, and action in relation to the philanthropist.

In such ways, then, the author affords a survey of the broad question of State v. Philanthropic action; while throughout he deals with it in a spirit of compromise, believing in the necessity both of State and philanthropic action; while maintaining the inadequacy of the latter. Arguing for State control, he says: "The necessary provision for the weaker classes of society is a social concern, and if so, it can hardly be disputed that the State should consider the remedy and (in some form or other) should adopt it. In another place he argues: "The State should maintain healthy conditions, and if healthy conditions are really to be maintained, the State must do the work;" and follows with a criticism of the defect of the State in this connexion. Again: "The question of getting rid of the present Poor Law, but no one for a moment imagines that the care of the old, the young, and the sick will cease to be a social charge."

Advocating private initiative, he particularly favours the C.O.S., and this not basing its own method, which may be a mistaken one, but because of its underlying principle. Principle, he insists, is the thing, and though the organisation may be wrong, the principle is still right. Further on he criticises the C.O.S. in its relation to character, which he considers the central error of the C.O.S. consists in a false antithesis between character and circumstance. He suggests that what is wanted is an improvement of character without making circumstances insurmountable. We are inclined to think that, for a man of his impartiality, we may note his summing-up in favour both of the State and philanthropy, urging that though "we still incline to side with Government against philanthropists, we may well retain a kindly

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feeling for these men who tried to do the nation's work at a time when the nation herself neglected it.

In the chapter on Co-operation he considers that the prison problem is to some extent an unnecessary one, seeing that half the cases of imprisonment are due to poverty. And he concludes that the funds of the voluntary hospitals are insufficient for the task imposed on them, and there is no prospect of their becoming more adequate.

The impression left by reading this interesting book is a mixed one. An able and successful attempt by an expert co-ordinator to deal with the problem of prison reform is contrasted with the assertion by a somewhat detached observer that the problem is in an ever-increasing state of neglect.

The four royal ladies who form the subject of this book are Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchess of Burgundy, Madame Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV, Marie Luisa, Infanta of Spain, and Marie Amélie Thérèse, wife of Louis XVIII. Readers of light history will find that Mrs. Bearne, as in her other books, has provided them with much interesting material.

Very little is known of Maria Luisa, Queen of Spain, whose love affairs were as numerous as those of most of the Spanish Court. Spain was one of the worst countries in those days, as now, for the conveniences and comforts of civilization. All the Spanish nobles, from the Infanta, daughter of the Queen, to the Infanta, daughter of the Prince of Parma, as an escape from maternal influence. The Infanta was fated to become one of Napoleon's pawns, and after the loss of her husband, she led a miserable life, trying to grapple with forces which were too strong for her. Considering the immorality of her mother, her own narrow training, and the follies of the period in which she lived, Maria Luisa, on the whole, guarded her children, her honour, and her country's interests well. At one time, she was deprived of all her property, and kept a close prisoner in a convent. The purity of her life stands out in relief from the immorality and treachery of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods.

The other ladies' lives are better known, and we refer our readers to Mrs. Bearne's book for particulars of their history.


At a time when so many ideas about the importance of social reform are being advocated, it is refreshing to read a book which seeks to bring into view the question of human need. Dealing with hospitals (under Co-operation) he considers that the funds of the voluntary hospitals are insufficient for the task imposed on them, and that half the cases of imprisonment are due to poverty.

DECEMBER 31, 1908

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of psychology are flooding the country, it is not surprising that many literary writers should appear whose methods are perhaps more psychological than literary. It is true that Mr. Gissing, Mr. Crane, and Mr. Mrs. Humphreys, whose methods are both literary and psychological. These many writers are mostly occupied with the idea of self-revelation, with enlightenment not as to light, but as to soul-states. They see themselves, as it were, projected into space, and therefore temperament forbids him reproducing the commonplace, just as it did in the case of those remarkable writers of novels of misery, Hugo, Daudet, Gissing, and Crane. So, though Mr. Hutchinson's story is conventional enough, just the old, old theme of man's pursuit and capture of woman, and his suggested behaviour when she's fairly under hatches—its form as a sort of story told at a Plato banquet. A new and welcome writer to all thoughtful epigram-browsers.

Priests of Progress. By C. Colemore. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

Battersea's Brown Dog looms large. Broadly viewed it is an emboldened protest against the priestly element of the doctor. The world is indeed growing more merciful, as Tolstoy said, and we are preparing to encourage mercy. Those who wish to understand the case for anti-vivisection are advised to read the propaganda and criticism and review. The question of vivisection is not an easy one to solve, as the author has no doubt found; but whatever difficulties are presented have been boldly and conscientiously met. The plan has been to examine the question in terms of evidence from the most reliable sources. The laudable intention of the book is to encourage everyone to consider the question fairly on this evidence. Its vivid description of ghastly operations and their blasting results may have the further effect of encouraging an avoidance of dissected cadavers and other objects of vivisection. The book is earnestly written; it deals with a vital subject, its evidence is important, carefully considered and presented.

The Origin and Nature of Love. By Chung Yu Wang. (Open Road Publishing Co.)

What is love? The embodiment of personal beauty (Homer); sensuous pleasure (Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid); chivalry and protuxieusia (Poets of Provence); a mental affliction (Shakespeare, M. N. D.); sweets for the insane (Arab poet); spiritual affinity (Plato); communion of two souls (Dissarci); elective affinity (Goethe); the social instinct (Spinoza); self-assertion (Lyttton); feeling of possession (Bain); the sexual instinct (Schopenhauer); disease (De Fleur); insularity (Lombruno); the point of sexual maturity (the gentleman with the imitation Chinese name).

Thus the God of Adolescence continues to visit the earth Jupiter-like in many and varied forms, and theories on his origin and nature persistently possess and baffle the human mind. Some grow hoary and grey-whiskered, like the present one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

TO YOUR TENTS, TENANTS!

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE"

Early last summer I became quarterly tenant of a small house in rural Essex without any written agreement. Through the summer it was not perfect; still, one has to be thankful for small housing mercies in the country. By November, however, the rent—(it is a shank-false rent, I make up my own) on one room moulded, and the furniture the same, in any room left for a few days without a fire were the little things that made up life there. Of course, in a cottage, or in the slums, which would have been expected, but this house was a middle-class house.

The result of it was that my wife and myself both got rheumatism, and, in addition, being disposed to philistinism, I myself acquired a fine, healthy cough, with the customary addenda. Naturally and reasonably I concluded that—if no damages were to be obtained—at the least I could refuse to pay rent beyond the date on which I left. In a country where the poor milkman may not water his milk, the poor baker make poor bread, the poor grocer sand his sugar, surely the rich landlord may not let one house and go scathless when the house is a death-trap pure and simple. Clearly, by letting the house there is a necessity of their understanding that it is fit for occupation, and when it is uninhabitable it is a case of obtaining money under false pretences. In this case the previous tenants had the exactly the same way, and with spoiled carpets; and I was told in the last six years four tenants had come and gone.

Ah me! Before expressing myself to the landlord I cautiously consulted "Woodfall's Law of Tenant and Landlord.

SOCIALISTS! HELP YOURSELVES.

Arrangements have been made that HALF THE PROFITS resulting from the sales of the undermentioned goods through this advertisement will be handed to the Directors of The New Age Press for disposal at their discretion, in aid of SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA WORK.

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<th>Tea Type</th>
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<td>Citrus and Ceylon Tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>China, Ceylon and Indian Blends</td>
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<td>Finest Darjeeling (Hill Grown)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pure, Whole, or Ground</td>
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**COCOA ESSENCE.**

Pure, 4/8 per lb. In 1, 3, 8 & lb. Tins.
lord." What a fall was there. "There is no implied duty in the owner of an unfurnished house which is in a ruinous and unsafe condition to inform a proposed tenant that it is unfit for habitation and no action will be against him for an omission to do so in the absence of express warranty or active deceit." This last phrase is delightfully naif in Mr. Woodfall, who elsewhere states: "Lord Macnaughten is the owner of an unfurnished house which is in a ruinous and unsafe condition." That is between the noble lord and his intelligence; personally, I can quote it with disapproval only. Why a landlord should be a licensed murderer and thief is hard to see; it is easy to see whose are the laws and the proths.

Fascinated by Mr. Woodfall, I submitted my investigations, to find that (1) if my house had been burnt to the ground on, say, September 30th, I should have been liable for the rest of the month (March society is altered) to pay the way, at the present; (2) that if a stack of chimneys had fallen—and I am no architect to tell when such are insecure—on a passerby, I should have been responsible for damages. To your outs, O tenants! A house is a fearful responsibility. If I mistake not, the responsibilities are better distributed in Scotland. But in England the law clearly permits a landlord to do his tenant to death by slow degrees; for your business may make a certain district necessary to you, and if no other house is to be had? Or, again, it may be impossible for you to pay two rents at once. Such are a few of England's little laws; the laws of the lords and landlads. * * * * 

EDWARD HARRISON.

To the Editor of "The New Age"

When Mr. Belloc, in his letter to Mr. Wells, speaks of "how a landowner writes for his tenants..." I do not know whether he is seeking to make a correct statement about real estate or to produce a startling effect on the reader. In one of my investigations I found that a stack of chimneys, if it fell, would damage my neighbor's house, and I have not heard of such a case. If the Frenchman could not understand. The lady further explained. After some moments the Frenchman exclaimed. "Ah, I know—you mean ze Fabian."

* * * *

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

To the Editor of "The New Age"

"It is a serious waste of time to concern ourselves with any system which we know cannot be introduced until the organic relations between man and society are altered..." Thus speaks Zarathustra Carnegie to the New Year. And so say all altercators of "organic relations." * * * *

EDWARD HARRISON.

To Mr. Belloc and Beer

To the Editor of "The New Age"

"When Mr. Belloc, in his letter to Mr. Wells, speaks of "how a landowner writes for his tenants..." I do not know whether he is seeking to make a correct statement about real estate or to produce a startling effect on the reader. In one of my investigations I found that a stack of chimneys, if it fell, would damage my neighbor's house, and I have not heard of such a case. If the Frenchman could not understand. The lady further explained. After some moments the Frenchman exclaimed. "Ah, I know—you mean ze Fabian.""
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