NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Is it not surely a vain thing, a foolish and vain, to sit down by her, mourn to her, serve her, partake in her the heaped-up dead, as we mourn with her the wounded, the hungry, and the homeless, as we grieve for the alterations it has made in the statement of its objects. We do not want the League to develop into a school which spends all its energies in collecting information, tabulating results, and making experiments on plants had shown us quite new species arising by jumps, and in the Italian disaster we have a too sensational lesson of the often catastrophic, revolutionary ways of Nature. This is seen not only in the destruction of life, but in the changes that have taken place in the configuration of the land. We shall not say that Nature's cataclysmic ways are necessary to be imitated by man, but we may be at least spared homilies based upon the text Natura non facit Saltum.

The havoc wrought in Sicily and Calabria is a striking instance of the catastrophic methods of Nature. In this year of the Jubilee of the Origin of Species we have this dread example of the inadequacy of any Natural Selection to account for the changes in organisms. According to Darwin, "Natural Selection acts solely by accumulating slight, successive, favourable variations; it can only act by short and slow steps"; he also contended that "The struggle for existence is the most severe between individuals and varieties of the same species." The earthquake, with its wholesale destruction, confirms the views of those who hold a quite contrary view. We have seen it to be all-devouring, sparing not those with something more of physical vigour than their fellows, nor those endowed with greater intelligence, nor the more religious, nor the more moral. All were alike involved: the old, the mature, the young. "Slight favourable variations" were unavailing if disaster were to be escaped. De Vries' observations on plants had shown us quite new species arising by jumps, and in the Italian disaster we have a too sensational lesson of the often catastrophic, revolutionary ways of Nature. This is seen not only in the destruction of life, but in the changes that have taken place in the configuration of the land. We shall not say that Nature's cataclysmic ways are necessary to be imitated by man, but we may be at least spared homilies based upon the text Natura non facit Saltum.

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The Penal Reform League is doing such useful work that we hesitate to pronounce any criticism upon the recent alterations it has made in the statement of its objects. We do not want the League to develop into a mere instrument to "collect information criminological and penological." Dr. Slaughter, who is responsible for the alterations, belongs to that pseudo-scientific school which spends all its energies in collecting information, tabulating results, and making experiments as it is from the heart fibres of the speaker: "Feed its children as freely and as well as it feeds its seagulls." Yes, Mr. Shaw and others amongst us who have carried on the fight for this children's feeding, well may we feel brutal to this British people who endures without a pang the miseries of its unemployers, the pain and anguish of its starving children;—who are in its capital now to be partly fed during some part of the year, and for whom holidays are henceforth to mean hunger. Why, we ask, should not this chronic suffering appeal to our reason and our feeling just as readily as some overwhelming disaster? It does not, we know. We shall be perhaps told that the overwhelming disaster is due to Nature working apart from man and the chronic misery is due to man working apart from Nature. The powerful and the wealthy have no will to redress the results of their own ill-doings.

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To our readers:—We regret to have to announce that our circulation last week was 23,500 copies.
ments on subjects which we know all about. There is plenty of evidence regarding the barbaric nature of our English prisons; Oscar Wilde drew attention years ago to one very gruesome feature of prison life; persons suffering from diarrhoea are not allowed out of their cells during many long hours. This system still obtains. We do not want science in our prisons, but despite Dr. Slaughter and his kind we do want organisations that will be humanitarian. For heaven's sake, no more statistics; publish plain statements of the facts at first hand and disseminate these facts. Show up the conscious and unconscious brutality of warders, doctors, chaplains, etc. Socialists, Fabians or otherwise, should join the Society and try to obtain direct access to the prisons, interview the prisoners, go into those foul dens of wickedness, the magistrate's courts, and see for themselves how men and women are being treated. As an instance of what is known, read Mr. II. J. B. Montgomery's article, "The Extinction of the Professional Criminal," in the December number of the "National Review." Mr. Montgomery is a member of the League and writes not as a penologist but as one who has undergone a sentence of penal servitude." Mr. Montgomery, who knows more about his subject than all the scientific gentlemen who are ever measuring noses and heads and taking thumb impressions, maintains that as a rule the imprisoned person has no criminal class; that the right way "to abolish the professional criminal is to cease manufacturing him." For Mr. Montgomery, Gladstone's Prevention of Crimes Bill is a "counsel of despair," for Mr. Snowden it is an indication that "the humanitarian spirit is beginning to influence our legislators in their treatment of crime." But this Mr. Snowden writes from the comfortable seat of an M.P. who does not understand what a few extra years of prison life may mean.

Last August the Government appointed a Committee to consider how best to carry into effect the Fair Wages Resolution passed by the House of Commons. That resolution demanded in effect that the Government should be no party to sweating. The first step taken by the Government was to make the Committee as ineffective as possible; it appointed no trade unionist, none of the sweated workers, no employers of labour, no one who had mastered the question. The Committee consisted solely of well-paid civil servants; it was an intention in every way--the Committee's directions are as flabby and valueless as might have been expected. There is one very obvious measure that should be violently urged; that the Government should extend its own factories and workshops for the production required by its employees—and that the men in these workshops the most favourable labour conditions should rule, with, as a beginning, a standard minimum weekly wage of at least 35s. It is not to be forgotten that the policy of the present Government is exactly the contrary; a glaring instance being the re-ductions at Woolwich Arsenal and the placing of contracts for ordnance with outside firms. At least we might insist that the Government shall give its contracts only to "Fair Houses" where decent conditions of pay and employment exist and severely rule that it cannot recommend that Government contracts should be restricted to such houses, although "care should be continued to be taken to select firms so as to ensure that only good employers should be admitted." Such care has not been taken in the past, and no suggestions of any moment are made to prevent an abuse of this kind in the future. On the vital question of the employment of women, the Committee does not recommend the principle of equal payments for equal work. Lord Rosebery may preach on the virtues of thrift, of its strengthening the character; of thrift "as getting full value for your money and looking ahead." But it is impossible that many can imitate his lordship's thrifty example; we cannot all marry the daughters of wealthy Jewish money-lenders. There are not enough to go round. Perchance character may be strengthened by the doubled wages recommended by the Committee; the thrift for the working man means an ignoble, sordid life, means children starved in body and mind. We desire to follow Lord Rosebery's actions rather than his words, and to bring up all our children in the State to an ample, leisurely life.

Whilst Dr. Astley was in Algiers his "apparition" was seen at his home in East Rudham, Norfolk; it was seen by the vicar-in-charge, the Rev. R. Brook, by Dr. Astley's housekeeper, and by a housemaid. The two first have no doubt but that "the vicar's form and features have been reproduced before the eyes of the household at the vicarage." Most of the newspapers have amused themselves this week by giving humorous interpretations of the apparition. The "Pall Mall Gazette" thinks "it demolishes the pretty theory of the rev. gentleman having projected himself in living form from Algiers to England," and then follows some journalistic facetiae.

By the way, in the same issue of that paper we are told: "When a Christian speaks of the Divinity of Christ he means something more than that he saw Christ the equal of the Father and a part of the Godhead." We shall not offer any explanation of the appearance of Dr. Astley, but it is obvious that did he, consciously or unconsciously, project himself in bodily form, it would be much easier for him, as he appears offers no difficulty. The Society for Psychical Research is to the front with its many suggestions for prompting people not to relate whatsoever
unusual may befall them. We take it that these appara-
tions are unusual but not unknown occurring, but to those to whom they happen will care little whether other people accept or discredit their statements. They are not to be employing all the tramp and stragglers beloved by the Psychical Research Society—schemes enough to frighten away any self-respecting spirit. Surely it is clear enough that the workings of the mind are not to be interpreted by their physical effects; all the experiments and observations simply garner physiological knowledge—an excellent and most desirable lore—but will not direct ourselves into the belief that the workings of the brain and the workings of the mind are one and the same thing: that the methods requisite for an understanding of the first can be used to grasp the latter.

On Friday, January 8, at a meeting of the Fabian Society (open only to members) to be held at Essex Hall at 7.30 p.m., Mr. S. G. Hobson will move:—

"That this meeting requests the Executive to withdraw the Fabian Society from affiliation with the Labour Party, so that, in conformity with previous declarations, the political energies of the Society may be devoted to the upbuilding of a definite and avowed Socialist Party. It also urges the Executive to lend its aid in forming Socialist Representation Committees wherever practicable, as a first step towards the realisation of a Socialist Party."

We do not expect that there will be much opposition to the first part of this resolution. Nearly all the active Fabians were dissatisfied with the alliance some two years ago when the Labour Party had scarcely had time or opportunity to prove itself. Now that time has shown us that the Labour Party does not answer the wants of Socialists, that it turns from Socialism, we may feel assured that the members of the Fabian Society will follow Mr. Shaw, who "thought as a sensible man he would have to vote against the Labour Party." Mr. Shaw can obviously no longer consent to be affiliated to a Party against which he must vote and which, as he said, did not know what it meant. Moreover, the Fabian Society, by raising an election fund for Fabian Socialists, has practically committed itself to separation from the Labour alliance; and Mr. Hobson merely asks for the logical sequence of their act. With the Socialist Representation Committee we deal elsewhere. The idea has received the support of many Socialists, and has been favourably regarded by Socialists belonging to all the different organisations.

Amid the many cries of "Peace! Peace!" and "Let quarrelling cease," we are loth to let the Socialist movement remain in ignorance of its peremptory personalities. In South Wales it appears there is a silent but strong Cassarian I.L.P. Executive. Not only do they cancel Victor Grayson's engagements and offer branches with the Federation an stern alternative of doing like- wise or resigning (which latter alternative one independent branch at least has adopted), but they have also cancelled the engagements of I.L.P. lecturers who are suspected of not being in full sympathy with the N.A.C. Of the I.L.P. the Federation has had its share. But in this case, were it not for the fact that branch meetings have been organised (we had almost said packed), and dissentient members excluded. This policy is drastic, but "high ambition oft o'erleaps itself."

Pension Day.

With apologies to the Liberal Press.

The unforgettable scenes of the 1st of January have completely knocked the wind out of our special commissioner. He has exuded some sentimental slops in his time, but even he could hardly see his manuscript for tears on that memorable day. Our readers will doubtless remember (they shall not be allowed to forget it as far as we are concerned) that on the 1st of January every qualified person over seventy years of age was by the bounty of the Liberal Government presented with five shining shillings. Our representative started out before dawn to witness the scenes at the post offices. On arriving at Battersea branch office, he found the shutters still up, but as he was about to establish himself on the frosty doorstep he found to his surprise that he was not the first arrival. Seated on the cold slab, he perceived a broad-shouldered man, with grey beard and bowler hat tilted over his eyes.

"You are here betimes," said our representative, slapping him kindly and sympathetically on the back.

"You evidently don't mean to miss your pension!"

"Sapient sir," responded the man in a tone of mingled amusement and indignation, "my name is Burns; John Burns, Barnes of Battersea. I should have thought that your preocitant perspicacity would have precluded the possibility of such a myopic mistake!"

And with his characteristic hearty laugh, he shook hands warmly with our representative just as if nothing had happened. With the first faint streaks of dawn the grimly pathetic procession began to arrive. The first to come level with the post office was a dear old man whose back was so bent that he had to walk on his hands and knees. He had come two miles, and was very exhausted. Without a moment's hesitation, the President of the L.G.B. gave up his seat on the doorstep, and removing his familiar reefer jacket, he lifted the old man bodily and set him on the step. Nothing could equal the old man's wonder and surprise when, leaning over, our representative informed him in a whisper of the identity of his helper. Tears trickled from the old man's eyes as he faltered in a shaky voice, "E's very strong for a Cab'net Min'ter!"

As the church clock boomed out the hour of eight the post office door swung open. And between them the right honourable gentleman and our commissioner lifted the old man up to the counter. As he started on his hands and knees to journey back he was heard to sob, "Was there ever such a Gover'n! Such a Gover'ment!"

Then came an old lady of 82, and as she clenched the five shillings in her bony fist she asked to whom she was indebted for her unexpected affluence. And on being told that it was Mr. Asquith she wiped the tear from her wrinkled face with a corner of her tattered apron. "God bless 'im," she muttered, as she hobbled away.

Then came two old men, the younger of whom was supporting the other. To our representative's amaze-
ment they turned out to be father and son. The son's age was 76; the father had forgotten his. When the two half-crowns were placed by the kindly official in the old man's right hand-pocket, he was noticed to have an awkward list. For a few moments the situation looked ugly. But Honest John, just returning from his round, took the situation in at a glance, and divining his hand into the old man's pocket, withdrew one of the precious coins and placed it deftly into the veteran's left-hand pocket. Thus the balance was secured; and the grimly pathetic procession began to arrive. The first to come level with the post office was a dear old man whose back was so bent that he had to walk on his hands and knees. He had come two miles, and was very exhausted. Without a moment's hesitation, the President of the L.G.B. gave up his seat on the door-step, and removing his familiar reefer jacket, he lifted the old man bodily and set him on the step. Nothing could equal the old man's wonder and surprise when, leaning over, our representative informed him in a whisper of the identity of his helper. Tears trickled from the old man's eyes as he faltered in a shaky voice, "E's very strong for a Cab'net Min'ter!"

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The Maelstrom.

By Charles N. L. Shaw.

The little ship which makes her maiden curtsey on the stormy ocean of politics under the above name does so with a full sense of the dangers to be encountered upon the high seas. A very miracle of steering will be necessary in order to avoid the Sylas and Charybdises which throng the Four Seas of Socialism. There is also the subtler danger of those political sirens who lie in wait for the unwary voyager, and strive with dulcet tones to lure him from his duty. Holding, as she does, a roving commission throughout the political cosmos, and threading the fleets of friend and foe alike, it is not to be wondered if, in the stress of battle, she should occasionally torpedo the wrong craft. In a word, she seeks to act as a modern naval sleuth-hound, combining the duties of scout and destroyer. She fights under the flag of Socialism, preserving her guns for the anti-Socialist foe and her critical fire for her comrades of the fleet. Her fighting policy will be absolutely nonsectarian and independent. Now for the open sea.

The Sinn Fein movement in Ireland is rapidly absorbing the flowers of the young republics of men and of that country. As several of the Sinn Fein leaders are Socialists, every effort should be made to capture it for the larger ideal of Internationalism whilst it is yet plastic. There can be little doubt that the driving force of the Sinn Fein movement is the rank and file of Socialists. The words "Sinn Fein" mean "Ourselves," and the movement has for its object the development of Ireland physically, intellectually, and morally, and a Celtic Renaissance in music, literature, and the arts.

It is such an intensity of national atmosphere it may seem impossible to rear the seedling of Internationalism. Those of us who know the Irish race believe that there is no more potentially fruitful, united, intellectual ground in Europe for the cause of Socialism. The first essential is already there in the fact that every Irishman and Irishwoman is a born rebel, and, heretically, "agin' the Government." After all, it is this lesson of rebellion against the status quo which has made it possible for man to evolve slowly and laboriously to his present position in the scheme of things entire. It must, however, be distinctly remembered that any attempt to capture the elusive and perplexingly contradictory Irish character will require a very different type of propaganda from that embodied in the orthodox I.L.P. or S.D.P. movements. It will have to be cunningly devised movements of the ideal, the revolutionary and the intellectual if any success is to be attained, for to the Irish Celt the ideal is everything, the material nothing. However, a course of Socialist lectures in the South of Ireland is now being arranged.

The dominant feature of the Socialist movement in this country at the present time is the uneasy stirring of the rank and file under the superimposition of the laissez faire policy which, to a certain extent, appears to have permitted the leaders. There can be no question that the rank and file are ready for a more militant policy than is at present being pursued. In fact, paradoxically, the rank and file are setting the pace rather than the bulk of the acknowledged leaders. Whether one addresses meetings in the North or South, one is instantly struck by this powerful undercurrent, whilst an immediate response is given to the suggestion of a forward one.

The present "writing on the wall" of the industrial fabric is easy of interpretation to the man who keeps his eyes open. This is the day of great combines in the industrial world both as regards employers and employees. The capitalists hate Trade Unionism as the devil hates holy water, though they with Machiavellian subtlety pretend to love that good fellow, the hard-working son of toil, who might say with truth, "It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?" They are determined to strangle, or at least overlay, this vigorous Trade Unionist infant. For the unorganised worker they do not care a little bit.

Sir Christopher Furness the Wily initiated the good work of strangulation a little while back when he introduced the simple-minded Trade Unionists to walk into his parlour and inspect his precious co-partnership scheme. They are now firmly in the web, and can be sucked dry at leisure. Now there is projected a tremendous scheme of amalgamation of engine-building firms on the North-East Coast in order to prevent strikes. Sir Christopher is also one of the men at the back of this. Gradually National Employers' Federations will slowly but surely evolve into International Federations for the protection of the capitalist class. Did someone murmur, "Federated Workers of the World?" The dream of Daniel de Leon is still in the air and will call the masses of the workers have become intellectually emancipated. The Trade Unionists are playing a losing game. Their adversaries use loaded dice.

Richard Bell, another hard-headed, honest, stupid Trade Unionist, tied a noose in the neck of the worker and chokingly pretended to love that good fellow, the horny-handed son of toil, who might say with truth, "It is all too much for that)—only a few seats in the Parliament. The Maelstrom.}

Indian Notes.

By B. K. Das.

The meeting of Mr. Gokhale's Debating Society was held at Madras on the 28th of last month. Mr. Gokhale has the audacity to call it "The Indian National Congress." How an assembly can be national when it sets up as its ideal the eternal domination of an alien rule, and when by so doing it excludes more than half of the people, is more than I can understand. It clearly is not national, because it does not aim at national government. It clearly does not represent the Indian nation, because it excludes the majority of the Indians. Therefore it is not "The Indian National Congress." Hence I have christened it "Mr. Gokhale's Debating Society." It reminds me of Mr. Bryce, who said that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire.

Of course, the English Press is delighted with it. The Congress has existed for the last twenty-five years; and all this time, when there was only one party—namely, the Moderates—it was "blackguarded" by the English Press. But now that another party has sprung up—a party that goes further than the old one in its ideals—the English Press has forgotten its old hatred of the Congress, and now welcomes it. The Congress asked for (as it still asks for) a larger share in the government of India, and the English Press declared they were crying for the moon. But now a Nationalist Party has appeared on the scene and demands absolute autonomy, they find it wiser to admit the Congress claims. "Of the two evils choose the less," goes the proverb.

"Rally the Moderates to our side," cried Lord Morley last year, and it is being taken up by the whole Press. The Moderates do not ask for much (they are much too humble for that)—only a few seats in the various councils, and surely that is not too much.

"The "Daily News" exclaims in panic, "It is with the Moderate reformers we shall have to work unless we are to abandon the task of..."
admitting Indians into a share of the government of their own country, or of sharing in its government our- selves, the Turks obtained only much chagrin. The Govern- ment makes friends with the Moderates now there would be no chance for the English people, even for the few crumbs from the administrative table that Lord Morley has graciously consented to grant us. We are thankful to the Daily News, for although it de- nounces us (why should we expect an English Liberal paper to sympathise with Nationalists?), it recognises the strength of our party and our cause.

Why do we disassociate ourselves from the Congress? There are many reasons. The Congress sets up as its ideal "Self-Government on Colonial Lines." That is the creed one must sign in order to join the Congress. We cannot do that, for we detest hypocrisy of any kind. Colonial administration is impossible in India. The Constitutionalist would trot out his everlasting argument—naturally, Australia. They have not the common sense to understand that the Australians are tied to England by blood, by tempera- ments, by associations, by heredity. They are English, after all. Indians and the English people have not anything in common. India can never be tied to England by any bond. We realise this simple fact. A sense of logic is a calamity at times—we are afflicted with it.

"Supposing England were to grant you self-govern- ment on Colonial lines, what would you do?" asked an English friend of mine once. "Of course we shall accept it," was my reply. But that is crying for the moon. England will never grant us anything of the sort. That sense of logic which is so wanting in our Moderate friends in England fully possesses. She knows if India had self-government to-day, she would be independent to-morrow. Therefore, Lord Morley said, "So far as the imagination goes, so long must the government of India be absolute."

* * *

We fully realise that asking England to give us self-govern- ment on Colonial lines is crying for the moon. "It is impossible," declared Lord Curzon. "To grant India self-govern- ment." We quite agree with that, but is it impossible for us to win it, your lordship? The Moderates can go on with their constitutional agitation and the Government can throw to them stray loaves and fishes. The actual facts are wholly against Mr. Belloc and his apologists. You may improve the breed of race-horses; but man is hopeless. It is really the logical conclusion from the Clerical premises. A certain proportion of the human race will, of course, be improved individually to the point of attaining heaven by a process called, I fancy, receiving grace. But man in the bulk, what Mr. Belloc calls "the stuff of humanity," remains and will remain bad. There will always be a certain proportion of it which, on the expiration of its mortal life, will be perpetually cooked according to certain recipes admirably and lucidly set forth in Dante's"Inferno"; and even so late as Judgment Day there will be a consider- able number of persons sent to join those in the oven with celerity and dispatch. The stuff of humanity, the fact, Man, is quite hopeless; the good won't mix with it.

It is a fine, upstanding appreciation of humanity; it is also immoral. There is no use in asking a heady Brahmin to remark solemnly to Gautama Buddha, "You try to mix your Buddhism with the fact, Man. It won't mix." And I am quite sure that bloody Queen Mary's Archbishop of Canterbury—I have fortunately forgotten his name—must often have said very firmly to both Ridley and Latimer, "You try to mix your Catholicism with the fact, Man. It won't mix." And I am quite sure that bloody Queen Mary's Archbishop of Canterbury—I have fortunately forgotten his name—must often have said very firmly to both Ridley and Latimer, "You try to mix your Anglicanism with the fact, English- man. It won't mix."

The actual facts are wholly against Mr. Belloc and the Antichrist—I allude, of course, to St. Paul. The fact, Man, is by no means the fixed, abominable quan- tity they pretend. The stuff of humanity is one of the most fluid and changing stuffs in the universe. And it is plain to all sober-minded persons untroubled by these Clerical fads that it has changed and is changing, slowly but quite sensibly. At times, possibly, it has changed for the worse; but on the whole it has changed for the better. Lord Morley had asked the Persian Government to release their political prisoners, and the English audience re- ceived the statement with "tremendous acclamation." Just think for a moment! On the occasion of the birthday of the King of England, Persians must release their political prisoners, while there were about 150 political prisoners in India from age of 17 to the age of 70. And yet the English people talk glibly of the honesty, the integrity, the straight-forwardness of the British Nation!

The Fact, Man

By Edgar Jepson.

In Mr. Belloc's panegyric, in The New Age of Dec. 17, on Mr. Wells's last confession there is an uncommonly illuminating statement. It runs—

"You try to mix your Socialism with the fact, Man. It won't mix."

These golden words fix the Clerical position with a definiteness its apologists do not often attain: as far as man is concerned, the Clericals are whole-hearted pessi- mists. You may improve the breed of race-horses; but man is hopeless. It is really the logical conclusion from the Clerical premises. A certain proportion of the human race will, of course, be improved individually to the point of attaining heaven by a process called, I fancy, receiving grace. But man in the bulk, what Mr. Belloc calls "the stuff of humanity," remains and will remain bad. There will always be a certain proportion of it which, on the expiration of its mortal life, will be perpetually cooked according to certain recipes admirably and lucidly set forth in Dante's"Inferno"; and even so late as Judgment Day there will be a consider- able number of persons sent to join those in the oven with celerity and dispatch. The stuff of humanity, the fact, Man, is quite hopeless; the good won't mix with it.

This is our difference with the Moderate Party. We aim at absolute independence, which Lord Morley calls "a sinister and dishonest desire." It is always a "sinister and dishonest desire," when any of the sub- ject races of the British Empire desire freedom. The sympathetic English hearts bleed at the thought of the Russian despots—they were filled with delight when news of Poland and Rumania's independence reached Europe. England, freedom for Turkey, but freedom for India or Egypt was unthinkable. Or in other words, England always advocates freedom for any country where she has no self-interest. Mr. Asquith, in his Guildhall speech on November 9 said that the British Govern- ment always advocates freedom for any country where she has no self-interest. Mr. Asquith, in his Guildhall speech on November 9 said that the British Govern- ment always advocates freedom for any country where she has no self-interest. Mr. Asquith, in his Guildhall speech on November 9 said that the British Govern- ment always advocates freedom for any country where she has no self-interest. Mr. Asquith, in his Guildhall speech on November 9 said that the British Govern-
wickedness of the fact, Man, it might have played a much greater part. Moreover, unfortunately for Mr. Bello's contention, it played the ameliorating—beastly word!—part it did by mixing Socialism with the fact, Man, by widening his social instincts and preparing him for a yet fuller Socialism.

Finally, it is quite plain to anyone not muddled by the pessimistic fad of the Clericals that Socialism is actually mixing with the fact, Man, and that at a considerable speed, as human movements go. Though it may be that these reactionaries Clericals, both Catholics and Anglicans, would deny that municipal bodies are endowed with the stuff of humanity.

Why Churchmen become Socialists.

By Rev. Conrad Noel.

I. CONSIDERABLE HOUSEHOLD was talked about the recent Pan-Anglican Conference. It was called by more than one journal an Imperial Gathering, which it obviously was not, for it included the American Episcopalian, nor do the York and Canterbury provinces of the Catholic Church, known from ancient times as the Church of England, seek to bind by an iron rule the local churches which exist as the result of English missions. In the pre-Reformation period of the English Church a swiftly-growing religious imperialism had all but strangled national rights, and the occasion of the quarrel between Henry VIII and Rome concerning the divorce was seized by the National Church for the overthrow of a foreign domination. Imperialism was repudiated in favour of the ancient Catholic ideal of internationalism or interlocalism in religious matters. Anglican Socialists insist that there shall (a) be a very great number of bishops presiding over small areas, with less income, and in nearer touch with their clergy and people; that these bishops should be democratically elected as in olden times by the whole body of parishioners within the given area; and (b) they look forward to a re-united Catholic Church, including all historic churches, its government in local and non-essential matters being left to the national bishops, its government in essential matters and regulations on the part of the community.

We are not wanting signs that this will become the official policy of the near future, for undoubtedly it was to such Catholic internationalism that Socialism is actually mixing with the fact, Man, and that at a considerable speed, as human movements go. Though it may be that these reactionaries Clericals, both Catholics and Anglicans, would deny that municipal bodies are endowed with the stuff of humanity.

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There are not wanting signs that this will become the official policy of the near future, for undoubtedly it was to such Catholic internationalism that Socialism is actually mixing with the fact, Man, and that at a considerable speed, as human movements go. Though it may be that these reactionaries Clericals, both Catholics and Anglicans, would deny that municipal bodies are endowed with the stuff of humanity.

Why Churchmen become Socialists.

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Why Churchmen become Socialists.

By Rev. Conrad Noel.
Unedited Opinions.

I.—The Socialist Representation Committee.

WELL, how is the S.R.C. going?

Oh, doing well!

Have you had any encouragement from the various Socialist bodies?

Everything and nothing. Not one has ventured to move. The leaders could not be expected to do anything, of course. That is the prerogative of leaders. The rank and file are waiting impatiently.

But what is your quarrel with the Labour Party?

No quarrel. One does not gather silk purses of thistles. Our contention is that the Labour Party is better without us, and they will always be able to command us at need. Whereas, when we seek them, they are as lost as the asses of Kish, the father of Saul. We have to search for them in the mountains of Parliamentary politics.

You speak a little bitterly?

Pardon. The occasion does not demand it. Though, when I think of what the Labour Party might have been and what it is, I deplore their Board School education. If only they had had none at all!

But have you any specific complaints against them?

Hundreds! First, they slew the hopes of our youth. You remember we yelled. Thirty of them were returned what a stirring there was in the dry bones of England. I once heard business men, with terror dumb, whispering with white lips the foc, the foc, they have come. Insurances against battle, murder, and modern revolution suffocated the big offices. Every capitalist took out a life policy. On our side, men walked about each with a portfolio in his pocket. Napoleon's baton in knapsack! We were all Premiers. And down in the slums, every man and woman said between Tory oath and sewer, God bless my soul, No! Why should we, if you mean by that a Cabinet consisting of existing Socialists. No, not to begin with. The House of Commons to-day who could draft you any Socialist measure you please? Why, Balfour could earn five pounds by writing a Fabian tract to-morrow. He knows the theory well enough. Do you suppose they are not a hundred miles out in the House of Commons to-day who could draft you any Socialist measure you please?

What immediate steps do you propose to take?

Oh, doing well! If only they had had none at all! The I.L.P. is half awake, the S.D.P. is fast asleep. But the Labour Party have done something. In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three—yes, by one. Look at Grayson!

But the Labour Party have done something.

Oh, yes, they have been pegging away; a public name for industrious stupidity. Committees, Grand Committees, deputations, interrogations, letters to the papers, meetings, meetings, meetings, resolutions, manifestations! Oh, it's a lot of business to get through. Meantime the revolution is postponed.

But you bring no specific charges?

Plenty! Item, they have shockingly neglected advertising themselves in the House. Item, they have deliberately refrained from fighting bye-elections. Item, not one of them has mastered a single subject outside the range of Trade Union politics. Item, they have been parochial. Item, a fool like Banbury is allowed to fool them. Item, they have substituted eulogy for criticism; or, in Socialism, they have joined the Puritans. Item, they have left John Burns to deal with unemployment. Item, Grayson has . . .

Enough, I've heard enough of Grayson! E'en what the Labour Party says. But Grayson has more to say and to be said about him. Grayson happened to show the way the wind was blowing . . . for that alone he is the most significant figure in Socialist politics. But what is your quarrel? flowers are in bloom throughout the party are not commonly held?

You are wrong. Nine out of every ten of the rank and file, avowedly or secretly, have formed the same estimate; and the tenth is an official. But it is their confounded loyalty (in other words, habit) that keeps them where they are. Outside the ranks, of course, the opinion is universal; as you will see when the General Election comes.

Why, what do you think will happen?

Two-thirds of the present Labour members will lose their seats.

You really think so?

Not only that, but the Socialist members of the party will practically disappear like the Cheshire cat, leaving a smile on the face of the tigers. Add to that the rout the other promised disaster.

What is that?

The accession to the ranks of the Labour Party of the Maddison crew: fourteen of 'em. But they are mostly good men, are they not? Oh, good as M.P.'s go; good enough, that is, to form a Trade Union and Labour Party, but not good enough to form a Socialist Party. Again, you expect too much. Even your Socialist Party would be able to do very little.

I would describe one thing only of a Socialist Party in the House of Commons.

What is that?

They must keep Socialism in the limelight. You see, my friend, there are enough books on Socialist publications and available at this moment to instruct and convert ten times our population. There are enough practicable proposals in Socialist statesmen's brains to supply fifty Cabinets with ideas. What we need is not more public instruction, but more advertisement! Do you suppose they are not a hundred miles out in the House of Commons to-day who could draft you any Socialist measure you please?

Then you are not proposing to form a Cabinet?

God bless my soul, No! Why should we, if you mean by that a Cabinet consisting of existing Socialists. Not one of the lot of us is born to be a Cabinet Minister, thank goodness! But we can determine the nature of the Cabinet. It shall be a Socialist Cabinet, though not a Cabinet of Socialists.

Wondrous! You expect too much. Even your Socialist Party, the I.L.P., will fail; one Blues-book will begin to quote stanzas from the "Red Flag." [By the way, I suggest a variant of Connell's hymn for the sole use of Socialists in the Labour Party: "We'll keep the White Flag flying still"]). At present the colour of the Cabinet is blue.

Your forecast of the next election interests me.

What good do you Socialists expect to get out of the defeat of the Labour Party?

First, our political independence. Secondly, half a dozen Socialist members in the election after. That is looking a long way ahead.

Not at all. The second General Election will be over within five years from now. The coming Parliament cannot give a big majority to either side; consequently its days will be easily numbered. Its dissolution will be our chance.

What immediate steps do you propose to take?

Well, I imagine the Labour Party will have a long rope . . . but it's a long rope that has no noose at the end! We can rely on their continuing the present policy, and walking to their own funeral. Apart from that, there are the other Socialist souls to be saved, the I.L.P., the S.D.P., and the Fabian Society.

Will they be saved?

The I.L.P. is half awake, the S.D.P. is fast asleep
and snoring, the Fabian Society is respectably asleep; but they are all breathing. I think they will wake in time to be saved.

But would'th they all hate you if you were to tell them this?

On principle, yes; in practice, no. We on The New Age have no axe to grind, except the Socialist axe. We are out for the people. Nothing else. Nothing but the people. The people are the plot whereof the revolution is not complete. We mean to socialise everything from a man's boots to his brains. Nobody shall have a thing of his own. Everybody shall own everything. Knowing that this is our programme, what Socialist can hate us? People are frequently hated by their friends for their moderation, but never for their extreme.

The Merry Tragedy of Pyramis and Thisby, or The Story for Baby Buntings.


Much Ado about Nothing:

or

The Merry Tragedy of Pyramis and Thisby, or A Story for Baby Buntings.

A R. ORAGE

Rehearsal. A fresh rehearsal was therefore called, and Peter, looking very pale and haggard, appeared on the scene. Bottom, strolling about the place, by accident was suddenly turned into an ass, and uttered strange noises much unlike his former dulcet tones, so that the other workmen were frightened at the apparition which appeared before them, and fled from him in dismay.

But the workmen had prepared for the King was duly performed, and though the Royal audience professed to admire it tremendously, it was noised abroad that the King himself had voted it a rotten show. Some time after, when Bottom awoke and found that he was alone, he declared to himself that he had been made an ass of himself, went off with her lord and their train (for it was before the days of motor-cars). And when they had well drunk, they called for three more, as follows:

"Then raise the scarlet tankard high, and let us drink until we die. Though cowards flinch and T.'s sneer, We'll keep the tankard flowing here."

And when they had well drunk, they called for three more, as follows:

"What is this the sound and rumour?"

And when they had well drunk, they called for three more, as follows:

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, The plain song cuckoo gray, Whose note full many a man doth mark, With an air of most sweet grace that say, 'We are hungry, and we have no bread to eat;'

But the word which the man had spoken was true, for the noise continued, and the people could be heard plainly saying, "We are hungry, and we have no bread to eat."

"If a man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not been, man's hand is not able to taste, nor his heart to conceive, nor his mouth to speak what all the fuss is about. I will rise and go to Peter Quince. I will get him to write me a ballad, and I will sing it at the end of the play."
And the Queen turned to the King and said, "Give them a picture book." So the King sent for a picture book, and threw it at the people, but when they had devoured one, they were hungry, and kept on saying, "We have no bread to eat."

So the Queen said, "If they have no bread, why don't they eat cake?"

"I don't know," answered the King testily; "but that's really not a bad idea." So they began to pluck the currants from the cakes on the table, and carried them to the window and showered them on the people below. And when the people felt the currants falling on them, they came to the conclusion that it was raining hard, and the mob dispersed.

And the lion, who had not been invited to the feast, shook his beard and said, "Well, I'm blowned!"

EDW. C. REED.

From the Land of Shadows.

[We have received the following remarkable documents from a contributor whose signature will not be recognised as familiar to THE NEW AGE. We publish them exactly as received.—EDITOR, NEW AGE.]

VIENNA, December 21, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may remember that, in 1900, I sent you a description of a speech delivered by the late Lord R-----h C-----l on the Boer War, which was recorded by our reporter at a seance held in the house of my old friend, Prince H-------. On receiving my letter, you asked me to forward you the full text of the speech, as such a powerful indictment of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, even though uttered by a man many years in his grave, would, in all probability, be published by the British Liberal Press, notwithstanding its ghostly and uncanny origin. I did so; but your attempts to bring this brilliant attack on Mr. Chamberlain's intrigues to the knowledge of the general public were without avail, as no editor could muster up sufficient moral courage to print the denunciatory voice from beyond the grave.

On Thursday, December 17, 1908, the day when Lord Morley of Blackburn made, in your House of Lords, his statement on the proposals of reform of the Government of India, we were holding a similar seance in the Chateau Merillon in Brittany. One of those present was Mademoiselle Merillon, of whose interest in the welfare of India you are well aware. Mademoiselle Merillon suggested that we should seek to communicate with the late Mr. John Morley, whose recent death, while holding the high position of Secretary for India, caused such consternation among the English Radicals. After some discussion, her suggestion was acceded to, though none of us believed that our efforts would meet with success. To our amazement, however, after some little time, we heard the well-known voice of our late friend, Mr. John Morley, and we were gratified to find that his speech still retained, in another place, that vigour, clarity and eloquence which so distinguished him among British statesmen in his lifetime. The enclosed is a transcript of his speech delivered on the proposals of reform of the Government of India.

Whether you will succeed in publishing this statesmanlike pronouncement I know not; but I have observed that the last eighteen months has seen the rapid growth of a truly independent paper in your country, the New Age, which we read with the impression that you have occasionally contributed. May I venture to ask you, though you are not a democrat, to approach the editor of THE NEW AGE, with a view to bringing before the British public the enclosed speech of Mr. Morley's, dealing with the sophism that "Parliamentary institutions for India are impracticable."

With the compliments of the season,

Yours very truly,

HENRI REMEUILAC.

[Enclosure: Extract.]

Mr. John Morley: Mr. Speaker, We have been considering the position of those who would fain divide the community into two great castes; the one of thoughtful and instructed persons using their minds freely, but guarding their conclusions in strict reserve; the other of the illiterate or unreflecting, who should have certain opinions and practices taught them, not because they are true, or even if they are true, or really what their votaries are made to believe them to be, but because the intellectual superiors of the community think the incultation of such a belief useful in all cases save their own. Nor is this a mere theory. On the contrary, it is a fair description of an existing state of things in India to-day. (Cheers.) On the one hand, we have the Indian bureaucracy, whose obvious interest and advantage lie in keeping the peoples of India in the grip of those ugly twin-sisters, Ignorance and Superstition; on the other hand, we have the vast myriads, mostly unreflecting and illiterate; but with many thousands thoughtful, widely read, and well-informed, of the inhabitants of India.

Sir, I regret to observe that a Liberal Secretary of State for India used the following extraordinary language, in making the considerations of these trumpery reforms: "If I were attempting to set up a Parliamentary system in India, or if it could be said that this chapter of reforms led directly or necessarily up to the establishment of a Parliamentary system in India, I, for one, would do nothing at all. I do not believe—it is not of very great consequence what I believe, because the fulfilment of my valuations will not come off very soon—in spite of the attempts in Oriental countries at this moment, interesting attempts to which we are well on up some sort of Parliamentary system in India, it is no ambition of mine, at all events, to have any share in beginning that operation." I repeat, Sir, I am amazed that any Liberal statesman could be found to utter such sentiments as these. (Cheers.) Sir, I venture to make this reply: Liberalism would be something more generous, more attractive—yes, and more practically effective, if its professors and champions could allow their sense of what is feasible to be re

WESTMINSTER, January 7, 1909.

THE NEW AGE.
his high-mindedness, in suffering himself to be driven
into his convictions by his party. On the other, a
party is extolled for its political tact, in suffering itself
not to be forced out of its convictions by its leader. It is
hard to decide which is the more discrepand and de
moralising sight. (Appl.) Personally, I have chosen
to evade transfixing myself on either horn of
this dilemma, by acting on Liberal principles, and
trusting to the Liberal Party to support me in such
action. (Loud applause.) To those critics who will
deny the practicability of giving India a Parliament, I
retort: In making up our minds as to what would be
the wisest line of policy if it were practicable, we have
nothing to do with the circumstance that it is not prac
ticable. (Hear, hear.) If we are of those who believe
that in the stage of civilisation which England has
reached in other matters, the monarchy must be either
obstructive or injurious, or else merely decorative ; and
that a merely decorative monarchy tends in divers ways
to engender habits of abasement, to nourish lower
social ideals, to lessen a high civil self-respect in the
community ; then it must surely be our duty not to lose
any opportunity of pressing these convictions. Equally,
if we believe in this interpretation of democracy, that it
stands for "government of the people by the people for
the people," then it is our manifest and bounden obli
gation to our private conscience and honour, to apply
this principle of democracy in those countries wherein
we maintain our control, our forces, and our machin
ery of government. (Appl.) Do not let us be deceived by the sophistries and mental trickeries of self
styled "practical" politicians. A principle, if it be sound, represents one of the larger expediencies. To
abandon that for the sake of some seeming expediency
of the hour, is to sacrifice the greater good for the less,
on no more creditable ground than that the less is nearer.
It is better to bear the burden of unpractic
ableness, than to stifle conviction and to pare away
principle until it becomes mere hollowness and trivi
ality. What is the sense, and what is the morality, of
postponing the wider utility to the narrower? Nothing
is so sure to impoverish an epoch, to deprive conduct
of nobleness and character of elevation. (Loud cheers.)

The right hon. gentleman then proceeded to analyse
the proposals of the Governments of India and Great
Britain.]

[NOTE.—Personally, I am no spiritualist, and the
means whereby these words were transmitted to the late Mr. John Morley to this manuscript are as great a
mystery to me as to all readers of The New Age. After
a careful examination of his works, I have found that
many passages in the above speech originally appeared
in the late John Morley's illuminating work, "On Com
promise." One passage seems to have been quoted
from the speech of Lord Morley of Blackburn in the
House of Lords on December 17, 1908. Beyond stat
ing these curious coincidences, I can throw no further
light on this amazing revelation of the inmost thoughts
of one who is "in another place."

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

Violettes.

Je t'ai donné des violettes,
qui sont mortes sur ton coeur une à une.
Je t'ai donné des violettes ;
elles ont chassé ma rancune.

Des violettes ... ah, les violettes ...
To rappelles-tu ce jour de printemps,
Nous les cherchions, blanches, seulettes,
Te rappelles-tu ce jour de printemps?
Depuis nous nous querellons parfois, hélas !
Des violettes . . . ah, les violettes . . .
Je t'ai donné des violettes . . . .
Elles ont chassé ma rancune.

F. S. FLINT.
Tents was told to me by a friend one day:—

"During the time that I was studying at Moscow, I had as neighbour, in the house in which I lived, a 'demoiselle'—you understand! She was Polish, and her name was Thérèse. Tall, strong, and of dark complexion, with bushy eyebrows and features so rugged that they seemed to have been hewn out by a hatchet. The flash of her beastial dark eyes, her thick low voice, and her black hair dishevelled, and on these occasions she would regard me with particular impudence.

"Good morning, Monsieur Student!" she would claim with a mocking smile on her lips, which still increased the disgust with which she filled me.

"What do you want?" said I.

"I looked at her face, and there was an expression of confusion on it. Of what I had never before seen.

"I remained on my couch without replying, and I thought:—Was it not a ruse? Was she not contemplating an outrage on my virtue? I must be strong.

"What the devil can she be driving at?" thought I.

"I composed a letter replete with tenderness and affection, and almost wished that I were Boles—if only the correspondent had not been Thérèse.

"I thank you with all my heart,' said Thérèse when I had finished. 'Perhaps I can do something for you?'

"No, thank you.'

"I could, perhaps, clean your shirts, or see to your underwear, Monsieur Student?"

"I felt that this diabolical woman had made me blush; I replied quite curtly that I had no need of her services.

"She left.

"I have finished. 'Perhaps I can do something for you?'

"I should like you to write me another letter.'

"Very well. . . To Boles?'

"No, quite the contrary, his reply!"

"What?"

"Oh, I am so stupid! I expressed myself badly—Forgive! The letter I now want you to write is not for me—it is for a friend of mine. . . . that is to say, not exactly a friend, but an acquaintance. . . . He cannot write himself. . . . He has a fiancée and she is also called Thérèse. . . ."

"She rose from her chair, her face turning crimson. Her manner suggested that she had something to say which was difficult for her to express. The thought suddenly struck me that perhaps my earlier suspicions were unfounded.

"'Monsieur,' she began. But suddenly she checked herself, and with a gesture of the hand, walked briskly out, closing the door behind her."

"I thought she was sorry for what she had done, and I resolved to go to her room and write whatever she wished. . . . to the end. . . . she made me pity her. . . . !"

"When I entered her room I found her sitting near the table, her face hidden in her hands.

"And always when I come to this point of my story, I feel myself moved by strange emotions, as if some mysterious power had gripped me by the heart.

"Then she explained."

"I had to restrain myself from laughter when I thought of 'little sad dove' over six feet in height, with formidable fists and a face the ugliness of which was not relieved by a single feature.

"Who is Boles?" I asked.

"Boles?" she repeated with an astonished air, as if it were impossible for anyone to be acquainted with Boles. 'Boles? He is my fiancée.'

"And why are you so surprised, Monsieur Student? Is it impossible for a young girl like myself to have a fiancé?'

"She, a young girl. . . . !"

"And for how long have you been engaged?"

"Six years!"

"I composed a letter replete with tenderness and
But I—I exist,' she said. 'To whom but to Boles! ' And to whom, to "him?" ' To whom but to Boles! ' The Devil!—but you say he does not exist! ' Oh, Jesus-Mary! It is true he does not exist, but I imagine there is a Boles. I write to him, therefore, as if he were a living being—and Thérèse, it is. Then he replies to me, and I write to him again! And he replies to me once more ! ..."

"Yes, the more man has tasted the bitter the more he seeks the sweet . . . ! But we, often—we do not understand because we are clothed in our ancestral presumption or the conviction of our infallibility. But Mr. Frederic Harrison, one had naively imagined, possessed some rudimentary knowledge of the art which he has practised."

"But some items give joy. Thus the Bishop of London has enjoyed a vast commercial success, thanks to the bad taste of leading actresses in the principal European countries, and it is a vast commercial play. This year I think the lists are less funny than usual. This year I think the lists are less funny than usual."

"But the treatment accorded to his play offered a bright illustration of the need in England for a regeneration of dramatic criticism. If the average intelligent man were asked to name the two principal English dramatic critics he would almost invariably give Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. William Archer. The articles of Mr. St. John Hankin, the author of several subtly quiet comedies produced at the Court Theatre, and of 'The Last of the De Millins,' recently produced by the Stage Society, has done a brave thing. He has replied to a critic. I applaud him. The thing ought to be done oftener. The critic is Mr. William Archer, just established as dramatic critic of the "Nation." Mr. Archer objected to certain passages in Mr. Hankin's play, and he objected to Mr. Hankin's having chosen a subject very similar to Sudermann's "Magda"; and he allowed it to be understood that "Magda" is a masterpiece. Now, really, it is monstrous that a responsible critic in an artistically respectable paper should be allowed to treat "Magda" as a masterpiece. Sudermann has written one or two good second-rate works, but "Magda" is not of these. "Magda" is a rank melodrama, of no artistic value, and bearing no authentic relation to life. It is not even as good as Dumas fils. It has enjoyed a vast commercial success, thanks to the bad taste of leading actresses in the principal European countries, and it is a vast commercial play. This success, with much bravura acting, has dazzled far too many critics. And Mr Hankin was very right to put his foot down firmly."

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"Books and Persons.

(The New Age, January 7, 1909)"

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"The treatment accorded to his play offered a bright illustration of the need in England for a regeneration of dramatic criticism. If the average intelligent man were asked to name the two principal English dramatic critics he would almost invariably give Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. William Archer. The articles of both these men on Mr. Hankin's play were miracles of wrong-headedness. Mr. Walkley's, indeed, deserved a harsher adjective. Mr. Walkley was once an able man. He can write. He is fairly learned. But his ideas are now concealed. His clock has stopped. He is still excellent in judging work which the world has judged—work upon which he cannot go wildly wrong—but confront him with something original, something which necessitates that he should arrive at an opinion of his own, and his attitude instantly becomes captious and refractory, not to say ugly, and he will not spare his very considerable ingenuity to damn that thing. He seems to drop back into the eighteenth century and to begin "Ca ne ressemble à rien, mais c’est du bon point de vue." His attitude is, after all, a thing to say, is almost already gone."

"DELICIOUS COFFEE"

"For Breakfast & after Dinner."

"THE NEW AGE"

"January 7, 1909"
A critic who persistently talks of Mr. Pinero's "masterpiece," and who persistently admires the acting of a lady like Lavallière, of the Variétés, Paris,—well, he cannot expect to retain authority for ever and ever.

* * *

Mr. Archer's is a less important case. He never wrote with distinction. He is not learned, save in a German way. His pronouncements on plays like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the Bible-burning "Mrs. Ebbsmith," stand inconveniently against him, together with the great majority of his more recent verdicts. His attitude to Mr. Sutro's latest invention was more than benevolent. All that can be said in his favour is that he is genuinely interested in the theatre, and that he is formidably honest. But these qualifications are not enough.

* * *

The strong and real dramatic movement now at work in England requires a critic who is contemporary with it, and who has the wit and the skill of Mr. Wallkey and the enthusiasm of Mr. Archer. On the whole, Mr. E. F. Spence, of the "Westminster Gazette," is the best dramatic critic in London, but his enthusiasm has not, I think, survived his youth. "Max" is good, but he is not sufficiently worldly. He, in fact, knows nearly nothing of the world, and therefore is not in a position to judge original art. Mr. J. T. Grein is equipped, but when he writes English he is not using his native tongue, and this is a drawback. There are one or two other critics of fine taste, but they lack the force to impose themselves on the public. Mr. Massingham was admirable in his slightly amateurish way, in the "Nation," and it is regrettable that he has yielded his place to Mr. Archer.

* * *

One dramatic critic there is who would fill the bill—Mr. C. E. Montague; but I presume that the wages of an ambassador would not tempt him to London. Mr. Montague is far better than Mr. A. B. Wallkey was at his best, and at his youngest. He is more learned; he is wittier; his taste is far surer; and he writes with an incomparable verve. Further, he is younger now than he was twenty years ago. His too rare articles ought to be collected. Some day they most certainly will be.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Charles Lamb.

In the first place, let us pay our tribute to those in charge of the Oxford University Press. They have recently issued several reprints of English classics at two shillings a volume, which are far and away superior to anything else on the market at two or three times this figure. These latest volumes are but another specimen of the careful editing, and excellent printing, binding, and format, which should assure all Oxford editions of a wide circulation. We are surprised that the series is not advertised more than it is; for even the Oxford Press can find a means of "pushing" its wares with becoming dignity.

As for Lamb himself . . . he belonged to the people who mocked Zarathustra in the market-place and called for the rope-dancer. Let not readers arch their eyebrows, and scratch their heads, and, mayhap, sneer, for the rope-dancer. Let not readers arch their eyes, and dismay and anxiety by the greater number— as a tyranov-mopstaur, and I fear that this hitherto unknown Greek compound gives but a faint conception of how Nietzsche should be regarded. Books must henceforth be judged by a new standard, a new table of values: it is an interesting, if not, indeed, a grimly humorous proceeding, to put classical works into this

**"The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. 2 vols. (London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 2s. per vol., net.)**
new testing apparatus, to watch them as they emerge, and then to compare the new results with the old.

As truisms are always overlooked and neglected, it may be permitted me to recall that a period of strength, expansion, and conquest in a nation is, generally speaking, followed by a period of weakness, shrinkage, and degeneration. This law holds good in the realm of literature—the strong, expansive, healthy period of classicism is followed by a flaccid, shrinking, degenerative period of romanticism. Classicism, it is true, may tend to over-develop and become pedantry, just as romanticism usually degenerates into spasmodicism and hysteria; but these latter facts hardly bear upon the point at issue—the place of Charles Lamb as judged by a new literary standard. The prime test is a man's strength—his will to power—does he command, or does he obey? Surely strength is an ancient British virtue, and one to be commended?

Canon Ainger and a host of other writers on Lamb have remarked how intimately he is known to us through his works—more intimately than any other figure in English literary history, unless Samuel Johnson. This constant comparison of Lamb with Johnson is in some respects just, and it is susceptible of a further application which does not seem to have been given it. "Contrast" should be used rather than "comparison"—(I would ask, in passing, how many people of this generation have read Johnson's complete works?)—for there is a considerable difference between the strong, fighting, argumentative philosopher, who bought a thick stick for use upon the head of Mr. "gentle" Elia, who pined away when separated from his beloved ledgers at the India House. According to Lamb we have the new testing apparatus, to watch them as they emerge, and then to compare the new results with the old.

Johnson, bending under the weight of disease, poverty, and the cold neglect of a patron; dispirited by the death of his wife; dreading arrest for debt even when completing his dictionary; setting out upon life's journey. Lamb, with all his prejudices, faults, and foibles, was yet a classicist—sure of himself anywhere, but when circum-scribed by theological limits. But Lamb!—what is his strength? what can he do? Compare these excerpts:—

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces...

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces:
How some have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Lamb wrote this when he was twenty-three—in the very prime of his early manhood, when we might have expected his writings to show traces of healthy life and energy. That he did not look upon it as a matter of youthful effort is certain, for, when preparing an edition of his works twenty years later, he deliberately retained these lines, having rejected many other pieces of prose and verse. And again in "Rosamund Gray":—

... A plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it—for they both occupied one grave. I prostrated myself before the spot—I kissed the earth that covered them—I contemplated with gloomy delight, the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs—and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer—for I could not speak.

This nauseating twaddle is the early nineteenth century substitute for the Dunciad, for the Tale of a Tub, for the Vanity of Human Wishes, for the Spectator, for Steele's essays, for Fielding's novels, for Congreve's plays. Can we wonder that weak spines should now be so common—that boxing matches should be frowned upon—that there should be temperance reformers?

Let us leave the romanticist—broken-hearted before setting out upon life's journey. Johnson, bending under the weight of disease, poverty, and the cold neglect of a patron; dispirited by the death of his wife; dreading arrest for debt even when completing his dictionary; could yet compose himself to write a letter to a nobleman whose influence at that time in politics, literature, and society was unquestioned and unassailable. It is not necessary, and there is indeed insufficient space, to reproduce a letter which is, or should be, known to...
every student of English literature. There can be no harm, however, in reminding our readers of its two most celebrated paragraphs:

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pursuing my investigations, and have come to the conclusion that the

In view of the recent rejection of the Licensing Bill, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherrell's revised version of their well-known book of the liquor trade statistics, in the light of recent evidence and new developments, should be indispensable to politicians. As is well known, this volume is an able and exhaustive study of the necessary increase of taxation on the liquor trade, and the fact that it attempts to prove the necessity of high license taxation in the usual way of showing the fallacy in the other direction of under-taxation, in an independent and not subsidised survey of the licensed trade, adds considerable force of appeal.

With regard to the necessity of increased taxation, not much need be said. It would seem to be necessary on strict economic grounds, in the first place, because it is not only an alternative to the deceased Licensing Bill, with its reduction fallacy, but an improvement on it, since it is the true and scientific reduction of licenses. In the second place, it provides an increase of revenue to which the Government, by all considerations of equity, is entitled. This is, of course, the view of the temperance abolitionists, who in displaying sympathy with the Government, really ask the Government to display sympathy with their aims. With regard to the practicability of the high license taxation scheme one or two facts stand out. That in the United States the high license duty acts with such scientific precision that the higher the license duty the fewer the public-houses is the inevitable rule; that Greater New York, with its comparatively small population of 2,450,000, raises a revenue from liquor licenses of £2,319,000, as against the £2,216,000 of the United Kingdom. That such taxation would be advantageous may be gathered from the long array of facts and figures, which point to the fact that, judged by American standards of liquor and license taxation, the liquor trade in this country is under-taxed to the extent of several millions per annum.

Whether beneficial social consequences are likely to arise from high license taxation is problematical. Though the economic lack of adequate taxation is necessary to control the drink traffic in the interest of the public purse, it does not necessarily follow that it is the best means of overcoming the drink evil in the interest of public salvation. But the contrary may be the case.
seeing that high taxation can only apply an economic remedy to the temperance problem, while what is needed to touch the root of the question is a vital or biological one. For the truth is, the gin-palace is but the effect, not the cause of drunkenness. The cause lies in the individual himself. It is found in a taste for strong drink which centuries of hereditary tendencies have unrolled. Hence, though you remove the gin-palace you still have the gin taste, just as if you remove Parliament, you still have the taste for上半年 polkas. However, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book is clearly designed to deal with the regulation of the drink traffic so as to divert some of its gains for Treasury purposes, and as a guide to the economic incen-tives to drink the whole of all recommendations. Perhaps the second volume will supplement it on the philo-sophical side, and afford us a view of the biological incentive to drink. The drinking hell is but a passing phase, the inferno of temperament we have always with us.

Constance Both-at-Once. By Alan McDougall. (J. M. Dent. 6s.)

Most novels with a scientific bias are caviar to the general reader. But there are exceptions; this book is one, and all who do not object to scientific terms used lightly, wittily, joyously, will read it.

The quotation, "I'm, logical, amn't I? Yes, dear, biological," explains the both-at-oneness of Constance. She is born with a great sense of responsibility—she spells it responsibilities—which she can stantly obey, and which consistently leads her to her desired end. Her story is that of the ideal child who develops into a model young woman owing to her parents' neglect to put her into a fixing bath. She grows up in sonata form. The first movement themes are hereditary ambition. The heroine thinks she is necessary to the human end, and loves the work she makes her necessary. The slow movement is composed of unbounded human limitations. The heroine as Alice-in-Wonderland comes to the help of the whole world. The third movement is concerned with developing instincts and a growing sense of limitations. The heroine comes to the help of the family group. The rondo expresses love triumphant. The heroine comes to the help of one man (not her brother), and achieves her real object which is to help herself. Thus she helps him to his M.D., because she wants it for herself; the Gold Medal because she would share its honour; and when she marries him "she was happy, she has to toil, to plan, to smooth, to guard, and guide. Her children arose and called her blessed, her husband also, he praised her."

Health, Strength, and Happiness. By C. W. Schilt and J. B. Richards. (6s.)

Dr. Saleby's successful aim in this comprehensive book is to provide a popular vade-mecum of health. Reduced to simple categorical form, it would read: What is man?—Mind. What is the first principle of health?—Forget the body. What do I need in air?—Fresh; no windows, nose breathing. Light?—Constant air-baths. Clothes?—Protection, ventilation, freedom. Exercise?—Unsystematic play, no athletics. Sleep?—Deep, dreamless, plenty. Drink?—Moderation, no alcohol. Food?—Nourishment, assimilation. Care of the bowels?—Daily evacuation. Care of the skin and appendages?—Cleanliness, avoid cosmetics. Sexual indulgence?—As little as possible. Heredity?—Careful and conscientious study.

This scheme hopefully indicates the great mass of detailed information on the vital man which the book places before the general reader. Perhaps its two most important chapters are those on the racial function and heredity. The question of the sexual life of the individ-ual is no less vital than that of his organic and social heritage. Upon the one life itself hinges; upon the other, its evolutionary potencies. Dr. Saleby deals rather timidly with the main issues of the first question, which is to be regretted.

For the rest the book is sane and sound. It is the work of a medical man who is steeped in biological science without being an extremist. It may be read with interest and advantage by both laymen and general practitioners.

Edwin Trafford, Altruist. By William K. Hill. (D. Nut.t. 6s.)

Mr. Hill's novel is a melodramatic essay in theoretical and applied Socialism, in which the author has been quick to strike advantage of a situation which was pronounced as the third reading of a Woman's Suffrage Bill. Edwin Trafford, its hero, has inherited traits from a mechanical genius and an independent-minded mother which, developed by the Oxford Union training, make him a full-fledged idealist. Naturally, therefore, on becoming junior partner in his late father's shipbuild-ing firm, his thoughts turn to ideal industrialism, and the emancipation of his employees. Accordingly he projects profit-sharing and mixed-workshop schemes tending to promote equality of qualities, opportunities, and sexes, takes a workgirl to wife, becomes an M.P., and makes a speech on the aforementioned Suffrage Bill which secures its third reading by a majority of 55. His schemes, however, miscarry. He suaves profit-sharing and reaps rapidity and an unholy strike. His workgirl wife, who, luckily for his theories, proves to be the illegitimate daughter of a capitalist, is a failure, and he tries platonic union.

DRAMA.

"Pinkie and the Fairies."

"The scent of a Rose that's Blue" is the fragrance that the Fairy Queen brings to Mr. Graham Robertson from "the Land where dreams come true," and as one pictures him with closed eyes inhaling the breath of this highly improbable flower, one understands the quaint perverseness which tinges his vision of "Pinkie and the Fairies."

To his imagination children are wise, and "grown ups" childish: fairies are models of good behaviour according to his stiffest mortals' codes, and, we are sorry to say, with the exception of their Queen, whose manners in common with those of other queens are above criticism, appear to our short-sighted vision, intolerably priggish. Naturally, we long for the children to stop talking of their elders' silliness, and to say, to give us every chance of seeing those elders behave foolishly before us, and when the fairies undertake in all seriousness to explain the ridiculous side of grown-up life, in consideration of their youth we have to yawn politely, as one might at a favourite parson's sermon. From time to time the Blue Rose fades, and then we

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have to patiently bear with Mr. Graham Robertson while he discovers a purpose behind his fairy world and proceeds to lecture us. We should have had to suffer through the whole of the third act, and to have been content with fairies and limelight if Mr. Robertson had not suddenly realised that he could not endure it himself, and had promptly transformed Cinderella into a society belle with a liking for scandal and the Fairy Queen to a premiere danseuse, "still and solemn, like a little idol of silver,"

The Blue Rose throws the shadow of Oscar Wilde at times. Under that gracious shade how many flowers luxuriate to-day! The Good Fairy of the play is Mr. Tree, who only appears to take a "call." Astute Mr. Tree! He has evidently been a little uneasy over Mr. Robertson's desire to preclude, and with a business-like if gnomish hand, with a touch he has twisted the author's effort to "keep straight" into its proper channel, and hey presto! we have Miss Terry, Miss Haviland, and Mr. Robertson is an epiphany. We find this minor key. No better choice could have been made to personate the girl novitiate in the mysteries of dress, hair-waving, and dance methods to make their meaning clear; we know that at heart the author believes that fairy tales were written and picturized that "grown-ups" might amuse themselves while their children worked at air-ships and miniature motor-cars.

In all work that has the quality of poetry, a quality that is frequently discoverable in Mr. Robertson's play (though too often his choice things are wrongly voiced), there is some tinge of sorrow or regret, and in Molly, the girl novitiate in the mysteries of dress, hair-waving, and of love, who has not yet lost sight of fairy land, we find this feeling. No better choice could have been made to personate this feeling than Miss Stella Campbell. In her acting there is a haunting charm, an indefinable something between weakness and strength; the pathos of a soul half-refused, yet surely, a strong expression of itself. Of course, it is she, as Molly, who should have realised "how full the darkness is," when fairies were abroad. The words, coming as they did from the mouth of dear, matter-of-fact Pinkie, made one shudder, but they might be the prelude to yet another child sermon. "The play's the thing"; so do I like to feel; but here one has to realise that were it not for the players one would not care to see the play again.

Mr. Robertson is an epicure. With a sensitive finger-tip he has exquisitely creamed, and then digested to his tip he has exquisitely creamed, and then digested to his own benefit and ours, many of the good things in his play. He has got rights—and exercising them; sometimes the shrill and horribly pathetic tone of the girl horrified me; among the girls, I was surprised at you, I am. Among the girls! There was a slight diversion once when a singularly pretty girl passed by; and a leery youth, rent in twain by his admiration for her beauty and his contempt for her action, shouted, "Gumby, you're a bit of all right, you are!"; and another youth turned round and slapped his mouth, crying. "Don't be a filthy cad!" But, I repeat, I was surprised at you, I am. Among the girls! I see it all. It is now perfectly plain, and I confess it was he, the pavement artist, who revealed the truth to me. It was he, the pavement artist, who revealed the truth to me. It was he, the pavement artist, who revealed the truth to me. It was he, the pavement artist, who revealed the truth to me. It was he, the pavement artist, who revealed the truth to me.
There were several pictures lying against the parapet. This was the way in which they were done. He drew a semi-curve with a slight bulge at the base. He drew another semi-curve, with a slight bulge at the base. He drew three semi-curves with a bulge at the base. Then he went to the first semi-curve, and he made a mess on top of it. He put a semi-curve on top of another semi-curve at the base. He placed them in couples of lines, parallel lines, beneath it, and a little circular thing, and then some waggishly thing. On top of the mess suggestive of a woman's hair, he put a top-sided arrangement with reply ends. And underneath all, he wrote this legend:

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The second semi-curve was given a number of chart, curly lines underneath which grew to what was supposed to be a foot-cot. On top of this semi-curve was a square thing resembling a silk hat, only much prettier. And this semi-curve bore the legend:

EDWARD THE PEACE-MAKER.

The third semi-curve had a peaked cap, a moustache and curls representing military decorations. It was labelled:

GENERAL RULI.

I was annoyed. I walked away cursing the pavement artist. It was not his foolish drawing which annoyed me. I have seen worse than that at Burlington House. It was his unclean kind. You see, I was still adhering to my dogma that all men are dissimilar, whereas this pavement artist was making out that all men are alike. All semi-curves, with a slight bulge at the base. I think I had walked as far as Waterloo Bridge before I realised that it was I who deserved cursing; that it was I who did not know anything about human kind; that my ignorance was lamentable, to be brief, the street artist was right and I was hopelessly, utterly, but, thank heaven, not irrevocably wrong. He had gone when I went back to the place. I think I have not seen him since.

It is so true, isn't it? The differences which strike us as being fundamental are really superficial. The fact that G. B. Shaw's books and L. W. C. Scott's books were short-handed does not really matter a bit. It is just our label, the decorative part of us. Fundamentally, we are two men both requiring food, good food; housing, decent housing; clothing, warm clothing; in short, all those things which are necessary for life; in fact which people have really lost sight of. If we were really conscious of this fact we should be so scandalised by reading the newspapers, that we should leave Norwood school from hunger of twenty-four hours' duration, that we should never allow that scandal to occur again.

But we are not conscious of it. We think we need a common God or a common King, or a common country, and hopelessly different God from the God that the Archbishop worshipped by Lord Halifax! a thing of bread and wine, stomach which clamours for a common adequate supply of food; and common bodies which clamour for common warmth and protection. That is the fundamental fact about us all. That is the semi-curve with a bulge at the base. The rest is leather and prunella.

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

OXFORD AND THE W.E.A.

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

All the criticisms of the report on Oxford and Working Class Education which have appeared in the Socialist Press are strangely similar. They are the criticisms of men who have not read a word from a painful, frank, unbiased, and partial Socialist, and as such am convinced that the recommendations of the Joint Committee bring us nearer the wish of the Barry branch of the A.S.R.S., which are the teaching of truer views of social questions, and a curriculum suitable for the training of Labour leaders, than does the present teaching of the educators who are the representatives of the Trade Union Congress. A national system of education, free and secular from the primary schools to the University is Democratic, but not necessarily Socialist. Such a system might very well end in securing for the exploiting class a magnificent supply of brain power, create a hierarchy of experts, reduce the rent of ability by glutting the market, and intensify the struggle of the weaklings. The Joint Committee, on the other hand, has faced the question of curriculum, has recommended the teaching of history and economics from the working-class point of view, including in their syllabuses the writings of well known Socialist writers. Mr. Shackleton is a big man in more ways than one. He is the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brassey, or any other multiplication of big-pots are the W.E.A. Its driving force is its Socialist members, and so it is all right.

If we are not conscious of it, we think we need a common God, and could not do without him. As a matter of plain, unadulterated fact we have not got a common God, and could not stand Him if we had. The God in whom I believe is a God of bread and wine, stomach which clamours for a common adequate supply of food; and common bodies which clamour for common warmth and protection. That is the fundamental fact about us all. That is the semi-curve with a bulge at the base. The rest is leather and prunella.

* * *

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it is surely common knowledge that the source of supply of this drug varies greatly in different districts.

4. The important correspondence is observable that, wherever and whatever the district, whatever the mode of supply, the cause of every case of drunkenness is the drug alcohol.

5. Thus Mr. Chesterton imagine that those arrested for drunkenness are the only members of the community whose lives are hurt through the consumption of the drug? If so, I refer to his notice the recent works of Sir Victor Horsley, Macpherson, and Dr. Sullivan, of H.M. Prison Service, on the subject.

6. It is not obvious how, under present conditions, by increasing the available of opium, alcohol, or any other narcotic drug, we could lessen the ill-effects following their consumption.

7. No reflecting person would assert that "a girl's morals are injured by serving behind a bar." Since, however, the physiological effect of the drug they sell is to lessen the attraction of the higher centres, while stimulating that of the lower, the barman and barmaid, of necessity, do their work in the company of, and generally in conversation with, persons in that condition. That many girls are morally unaffected, or even strengthened, by such experience, is beyond doubt. On the other hand, that some girls, a not inconsiderable percentage, eagerness, morally speaking, to the perils of their calling, is also certain.

8. Efficient inspection of "public-houses," and "stringent regulation" of the hours worked by employees might prove difficult in practice, if placed under, jointly the "public-houses" (theirs or the public's)? as they pleased.

9. As between so-called "good liquor" and "bad liquor," it is possible that the one is in reality just as "so very bad." It is true enough that "good liquor" may mean the consumption of only one drug as against the two or more contained in "bad liquor." In this matter, it is "good" and "bad," alike, however, with rare exceptions, the most harmful constituent is the drug common to both.

A. D. MACPHERSON, M.B.

SCHOOL DINNERS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

You say: "We badly want a pamphlet showing in detail how school feeding is to be done in London, making use of the available material." Miss McMillan is preparing a pamphlet on this subject, and it will probably appear under the title of "School-Feeding: How to Begin," with chapters on the organisation of the dinners, food, and dining as a detail in education.

T. F. W.

Secretary: Committee for Promoting the Physical Welfare of Children.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

My parental instincts lead me to prefer my own words to those which, in five instances, you have substituted in my work. In four cases I may perhaps be considered as having the right to express my own feelings. In one, I refuse to accept "I am exaggerated" in Christianity.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.

P.S.—I must also congratulate you on the dictum (p. 194, last paragraph) on the rascally type of landlord to his senses.

Socialist writer must take the greatest pains to find out the experiences, is beyond doubt. On the other hand, that some lives are hurt through the consumption of this drug varies greatly in different districts. It is surely common knowledge that the source of supply, the cause of every case of drunkenness is the drug alcohol. "The Use of Enemies." This should read, "The Use of Enemies."
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