NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Dublin "Peasant"—henceforth to be known as "The Irish Nation and the Peasant"—has an extremely interesting report of a lecture by the editor on "Has Sinn Fein a Serious Social Policy?" The lecture demands the careful reading of all who want to understand what the re-awakening of the National movement in Ireland really stands for. "The contention that we can do nothing serious towards bringing in the reign of social justice till we put England out is absurd or impossible. I cannot conceive any real union between the rich slum landlord and the slum tenant, degraded as far as man and circumstances can degrade him; or between the master carrier in his motor-car or his suburban villa or mansion and the carrier with his 1s. 4d. a week; or between the anti-social grazier (sensitive about his sheep, insensitive about humanity) and the man with the spade in the poor patch beyond the borders of the grass ranch. In the social order that I desire and strive for, each human unit would be able to develop the highest individuality—which would constitute the general good and happiness. And, of course, those who decry all attempts to alter the degrading rules of competition that obtain in Ireland as elsewhere are the very men who live by helping a political agitation which they never intend to bring to a definite issue. Full well we know where is the Conservative element in Ireland. Full well does the Irish friend of ours who has just re-visited his home explain to us, those who deride all attempts to alter the value of small home industries. He showed that these were not the dying industries that many persons, Socialists more especially, considered them, and that in many cases it was the big factory that went to the wall. Confirmation of the value of these home industries, if a same view of labour is ever to obtain, is to be found in the Committee's Book. In recommending that the Truck Acts should include out-workers, of which, of course, no Socialist, nor, indeed, anyone with any knowledge at all of the question, can have any doubt, the Committee remarks:—"They have had evidence with regard to the conditions and products of labour of a great variety of trades, but in none have there been such indications of high artistic excellence as that involved in this home labour. When it is performed in country districts, the products of the natives, say, of Shetland in hosiery, or of Donegal in embroidery, afford constant proof of very high native and inherited skill." "Peasant" tells us Sinn Fein should show the people what the re-awakening of the National movement in Ireland means to the peasants, with the true family spirit infusing it throughout.

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The Report of the Committee on the operation of the Truck Acts is of peculiar interest. All who have read Kropotkin's wonderful "Fields, Factories, and Workshops" will remember the striking evidence he gave on the value of small home industries. He showed that these were not the dying industries that many persons, Socialists more especially, considered them, and that in many cases it was the big factory that went to the wall. Confirmation of the value of these home industries, if a same view of labour is ever to obtain, is to be found in the Committee's Book. In recommending that the Truck Acts should include out-workers, of which, of course, no Socialist, nor, indeed, anyone with any knowledge at all of the question, can have any doubt, the Committee remarks:—"They have had evidence with regard to the conditions and products of labour of a great variety of trades, but in none have there been such indications of high artistic excellence as that involved in this home labour. When it is performed in country districts, the products of the natives, say, of Shetland in hosiery, or of Donegal in embroidery, afford constant proof of very high native and inherited skill." "Peasant" tells us Sinn Fein should show the people what the re-awakening of the National movement in Ireland means to the peasants, with the true family spirit infusing it throughout.
turned out in the factories? This is what it comes to with those who sneer at hand-made stuffs.

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This home work will require stringent regulations, there is no getting away from the necessity under conditions of today, or we should have a return to the evils of child labour of the early nineteenth century. That it is much more difficult to ensure some of these regulations in home work than it is in the factories must be admitted. The difficulties appear to be so great that some who value this form of work and see in it the only real solution to our present chaos, contend that it will be necessary in the first place to drive all the workers into the factories, so that they may get accustomed to regulated labour. This seems, indeed, a counsel of despair, and we certainly shall have failed to preserve the skill of the craftsman and the joy that belongs to the making of pleasant work. If our scientists and our inventors with their machines are able to produce such wondrous mechanical engines can devise regulations for preserving what has been, and what must yet be, of most value in our nation’s development.

* * *

Mrs. H. J. Tennant, a genius in factory inspection, and Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., a Member of the Minority Report, because they cannot accept the three main proposals of the majority. Mrs. Tennant and Mr. Walsh would abolish root and branch the living-in system and the system of fines for shop-assistants. They recommend that both these should be abolished by law. One or two of the big shops have partially or completely abolished the living-in system, and some have never started it, and as these houses seem perfectly well able to carry on their businesses, we do not expect there would be much real opposition from the big shop keepers were there a live agitation on the part of the assistants against the system. The National Union of Shop Assistants, the National Association of Grocers’ Assistants, and the Irish Drapers’ Protection Association, have all denounced living-in, and their representatives gave evidence before the Committee pointing out the abuses to which it had given rise. Socialists are practically agreed in condemning these conditions which, depriving the assistants of all home life, of any possibility of a moment’s privacy during the day, offer them frequently nothing but scant, hurried, and ill-cooked food, and desert-dormitories as lodging for grown men and women. The Socialist vision of a wider communal life does not subject any grown being to the degrading experience of poverty, except in the case of a few children. Some of the young women preferred to live in because they could not get the same comfort and conveniences in lodgings, nor the same social life. Of course, when the living-in system is abolished there must be considerable increase in wages. We know there is sufficient organising ability among the shop assistants to establish their own living houses and to furnish their own social life, without the direction or to the profits of the employer.

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Decidedly one of the most important events of the week was the unanimous approval given by teachers to the “Open-air Education Memorial.” Mr. C. E. Lewis opened the conference of teachers arranged by the L.C.C. with a paper on “Open-air Work in Connection with the Ordinary School.” He recounted the benefits the children had obtained in his Kentish Town school during only one week in the purer air of an open space and from a week spent in the country during school time. Miss Beer dealt with the open-air schools, and stated: “The results obtained from the five months’ fresh air, simple food, and lack of worries in the many large remarkable. Physical improvement was steady, and was accompanied by loss of irritability and apathy, and by “increase of cheerful activity.” [Mem.—Could not other

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Now that the teachers are discovering the benefits of this system upon the unhealthy we shall look forward with some confidence to a radical alteration in our educational methods in the near future. It will be found better and cheaper—O ye rate-payers and ye tax-payers—people to give the children than to cure it when present. Instead of the 10,000 doctors and nurses which some sapient Fabian doctor estimated as a minimum for the medical inspection of our school children, we shall attempt to outfit this propitious band of doctors by giving the children the simple essentials of a healthy life. We shall feed them properly all the year round; the present voluntary Act is said to refer to the feeding of necessitous children, but there is no definition of a necessitous child. We shall see that they are well clothed, that they either work or have nothing done at all, that they are provided with baths, that expensive school buildings are abolished in favour of the fields, of the woods, of municipal tramcars for conveyance, of simple, inexpensive wooden shelters, we shall abolish that also. What will you have? This is not a perfect world. Do you plump for parental responsibility, heavy doctor’s bills, and starving children, or no parental responsibility, with healthy, intelligent children?

* * *

The Labour Party in Parliament is receiving eulogiums from all sides. The “Times,” in the first of a series of articles dealing with Socialist movements in Great Britain, recognises that:

The Socialists in Parliament have not proved the terrible fellow they were expected to be; when one of them misbehaved the other day he was indignantly repudiated by his colleagues, and merely cut a ridiculous figure. Familiarity has bred contempt, we will not going to have anything to do with these Socialists. They have no organisation, they have no authority, they have no direction, they have no influence. This home work will require stringent regulations for preserving what has been, and what must yet be, of most value in our nation’s development.

* * *

I cannot but doubt whether even the miserable offer which Mr. Burns was at last prevailed upon to make would ever have been made but for the action of one member, who broke away from his party in this matter and took it independent and unconventional action on his own part. It is very easy to condemn Mr. Gravsey, and I am not going to undertake that task, but I am prepared to give the action of the Government in forcing its absurd and oppressive Licensing Bill through a gagged House, while thousands of good men were starving in the streets, constituted grave provocation. I must further say that the Labour Party certainly needed a spur to act. They have become far too subservient to the Government, and have in consequence lost much of the prestige which they won during their first session. I may perhaps be allowed to say that it was due to me that the vote of confidence in Mr. Burns was carried. The Government had not carried its amendment, and I told against it (not the official Labour Whips). I told against it (not the official Labour Whips), and by no means the whole voting strength of the Labour Party was with us. This does seem to me to show a lack of confidence in the Labour Party, which is reifiable. I have always wished to see a strong Labour Party in the House, but a party which dare not attack a Government which
treats Labour as contemptuously as this one does is of no use to anybody. Mr. Claude Hay speaks from the observer's point of view with the whole game displayed before him. The Labour Party, he doubts not, will, if Mr. Hay blames it for supineness in action, the "Daily News" has expressed whole-hearted admiration for the labour members, and that since labour members cannot be expected to please both parties, it prefers to be subservient to the Labour Party. Mr. Bosanquet, Mr. Robert Hunter, the American, swears by the Labour Party and at the Socialists. As is well known, the leaders of the I.L.P. have ever maintained that foreigners are the most competent judges of the direction that socialist activities should take in England.

Messes. Rehmans Limited, publishers, were summoned to show cause why 372 copies of a book entitled, "The Sexual Life of Our Time," should not be destroyed under the powers of the Obscene Prints Act, 1857. The book is a translation from the German, and it was stated for the defence that it is a standard German scientific work. The magistrate made an order for the copies to be destroyed, with five guineas against the defendants. Notice of appeal was given, and the books were ordered to be impounded pending the decision of a superior Court.

Pending the result of the appeal we refrain from commenting upon this prosecution in particular and the Obscene Prints Act in general. We may, however, briefly mention a few facts about the book. "The Sexual Life of Our Time in its Relation to Modern Civilisation" is by Dr. Iwan Bloch, Physician for Diseases of the Skin, and for Diseases of the Sexual System, in Charlottenburg, Berlin. There have been six German editions; in Germany it is regarded as a serious contribution to medical science. This is clear from the criticism and opinions that have been made; amongst them one from Dr. A. Neisser, whose name is known to every medical man as one who stands in the front rank of medicine. Dr. Niesser writes: "I feel impelled to let you know how greatly delighted I have been with it (your book), and how much I admire it." The English translation is by a well-known medical man, and the book is sold at 21s. net. Rehmans are responsible publishers of medical and scientific books. Dr. Bloch is the author of many books, and has everywhere maintained this thesis: "I believe in the possibility of the eradication of venereal diseases and of the abolition of prostitution within the civilised world by national and international measures."

There is an interesting letter in the "Times" of January 4th from Mr. Guilford E. Lewis on "The Care of Illegitimate Children." Mr. Lewis puts in a plea for some sort of control over the care of illegitimate children, and begs for a Select Committee or a Royal Commission to enquire into the "true facts regarding the sacrifice of these innocents." An official inquiry would, "I am sure," record a state of affairs that the Labour Party cares one jot about his veiled impotent Fabian. * * *

Mr. Hobson argued on the high ground of political principle. Neither Mr. Shaw nor any of his supporters touched the hem of Mr. Hobson's argument. Nor did they succeed in grounding their case on opportunism. Does Mr. Shaw imagine that the Labour Party cares one jot about his veiled threat? As long as the Fabian Society remains securely shackled and estopped from moving freely in the direction of a Socialist Party, just so long will the Labour Party remain indifferent to the squall of the impotent Fabian. * * *

Mr. Hobson appealed not only for plain-dealing with the Labour Party, but also for constructive energy in creating a political instrument responsive to the needs of the Labour Party. He contended that a strong Socialist organisation in the working classes is identical with a Socialist Party. The exact reverse was the case. He welcomed a Labour Party in Parliament, and freely admitted its special political function. But he also pointed out that the view so piously held in certain Socialist circles that the Labour Party is the nucleus of the future Socialist Party cannot seriously be entertained.

To all this Mr. Shaw had no kind of an answer. He inconveniently threw it overboard as so much rubbish.
and contended himself with a more or less amusing disquisition on peramendment. The wild irresponsibility of this proceeding hardly needs emphasising. When next the Fabian "old gang" have to make a political announcement, who will believe in their sincerity? It is the Fabian debacle. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Webb, and their chelas have run their course. Their virtue has gone out of them.

Socia and Cymon;
Or, Salvation by Marriage.

[Dear Sir,—The other day I picked up a bookstall in Garrick Street an old book without a back called "The Tragedy of an Alliance." The book cost me two pence and was worth a penny. Inside, however, I found the enclosed manuscript. It was signed "Beau Cassio." I read it with Campson, and it amused me. And he said: "It sounded like a bloomin' parable," and ought to go in the NEW AGE. I therefore enclose it in bona fide, and thank you in anticipation,—Yours fraternally.]

Now it chanced that in her father's grounds there worked one Cymon, who was big and ugly of feature, and unbending in will and purpose, did jealously guard her from contact with any of the noble youths whose carriage and demeanour might make her affected of them. Hence it so happened that she did encounter none but her father's design, did pine and fret in secret, and indeed her lofty purpose concerning him. And with short respite of time she did reveal her wish to that dull uncouth companion. Whereupon, partly from kindness and partly by the motions of natural instincts, she did rudely repay her by sullen indifference and gruff speech. For she had grown to love and fear Cymon as he was. And Cymon, perceiving in her a disposition of his own kind, did become violently tender, albeit with some measure of truculence.

And the sun went forth from the mother who had been imbasted by imprudent alliance. And at the sun parting with her own thoughts, and was seized of a sudden and strange resolve to marry Cymon to the end of fulfilling her dreams, her hopes and prospects, and her mate had languid like Cymon's, and her once comely body was clothed in noisome rags. But Cymon, he did not alter. He was chosen as the mise en scène. The salvation and enlightenment of Cymon had indeed been doing good work in marshalling the unemployed, and the fires of the dead soul within him.

Cymon, well noting her kindly advances, did but rudely repay her by sullen indifference and gruff speech. But Socia, being drunk with her bold design, did consider that the interplay of their different spirits did develop strange and curious results. Socia, smugly in the business, communed with her own thoughts, and was seized of a sudden and strange resolve to marry Cymon to the end of fulfilling her lofty purpose concerning him. With a short respite of time she did reveal her wish to that dull uncouth fellow, and they decided that Socia should secretly leave her stern father's house, and fete with Cymon into the wild

VICTOR GRAYSON.

The Maelstrom.

The London and District Right to Work Committee (who, by the way, are badly in want of funds) have been doing good work in marshalling the unemployed, a process which is kin to the industry known as rope-making from sand. This unemployed question should be made the keystone of the Socialist propaganda in and out of Parliament during the winter. It had enormous possibilities at the beginning of the Session under capable stage management, and it is not yet too late—which renders me.

Two gentlemen had a slight difference of opinion at Sydney, N.S.W., on Boxing Day. One was a white man, the other merely a gentleman of colour. A sixteen-foot ring, with twenty thousand experts around it, was chosen as the mise en scène. It had been satisfactorily arranged that the white man—who bore the historic name of Burns—was to eat the other up comfortably in fourteen rounds, but, unfortunately, the coloured gentleman, being cursed with a vivid imagination, saw an opening, had a flash of intuition, and with the first blow uppercut his opponent so badly that he had the exquisite, and intellectual, pleasure of beating him to pulp over a period of some fifty minutes. Socialists, whether of the non-resisting type or otherwise, kindly note.

The unemployed have been paying afternoon calls on their West End acquaintances, choosing the fashionable squares as their drawing-rooms. The "Daily Express," in its own inimitable style, and worthily upholding its reputation as our leading "comie," has been waxing indignant at the cards of invitation issued by the wicked Socialists. These invitations stated that two dukes, one duchess, one marquis, a countess, six lords, and
Messes. J. Pierpont Morgan and Jack Barnato Joel, were "receiving." (Somehow that last name does not sound hospitable.) The "Daily Express" rightly objects, as Champion of the Unemployed, to have this class of artists forced by a thoughtful country. It is also a lesson in discipline to watch the police patrols move from seat to seat in order to prevent anybody sleeping. The familiar German legend, "Es ist Verboten," is rapidly becoming the motto of capitalist England. You must not work, you must not eat, you must not sleep—you must not even use the Thames as the waters of Lethe in which to forget. "It is forbidden." No wonder the comfortable gentlemen who bask colourfully in the sunlight of capitalism protest against the tyranny of a Socialist bureaucracy. A stroll along the embankment can certainly be advocated.

In spite of the Pope's recent encyclical against Socialism the movement is beginning to permeate the Church. When one considers that masterpiece of organisation, the Roman Church, with its elastic ring-fence, which yields but never breaks, it is impossible not to feel that Socialism has an eternal power of permeation which defies interception. Here is a Church, hoary with the rime of centuries, all-powerful in itself, unable to the slightest degree in man, armed with that keenest of weapons—political sagacity—and yet it finds itself powerless in face of the approaching avalanche of socialism which threatens to overwhelm it.

The most thorny point, that of whether artists shall be permitted to be their own agents, has caused a strong difference of opinion in the Union. The question of striking will have been decided by the time these notes appear, at general meetings to be held in London and extraordinary thing is that the big artists like Lauder, when the music-hall artist becomes a Trade Unionist, the point at issue than those drawing princely salaries. The most thorny point, that of whether artists shall be permitted to be their own agents, has caused a strong difference of opinion in the Union. The most thorny point, that of whether artists shall be permitted to be their own agents, has caused a strong difference of opinion in the Union.

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The Labour Party Conference.

As one reads through the resolutions that are to be discussed at the Labour Party's Ninth Annual Conference—which meets at Portsmouth on the 27th of this month—one feels chillier and chillier as the pages turn. When the Labour Party began its life a few years ago, all sorts of rash hopes got abroad. Some of us thought that a political party had at last arrived which was certain that the old parties were never going to set things right. The Liberals and Tories were content to look as if it only means politics after all. Politics is the game of fooling the people into thinking that Tory and Liberal Governments are doing all that is possible, instead of remaining content with the little that there is, unlike so much of the spinning of vague generalities. That is the business of politicians. As the preachers of Revolution, let us in deadly earnest, which would refuse to delay the tempestuous demand that this mockery of politics be put back in a pigeon-hole until they are brought out for the next Congress.

Reform means something very different from all this. It means Revolution. We thought the Labour Party had got one revolution: when one has read the agenda paper of the coming Conference, it begins to look as if it only means politics after all. Politics is the game of fooling the people into thinking that Tory and Liberals are going to fight at Dundee and Newcastle should have been fought? We await the speech of Sidney Webb, who happens to be a remarkable man, and who is one of the leaders of the party which this mission will be fulfilled? With one or two exceptions, which will be considered in a moment, there is not a sign to give hope for the future. There will be little done until all that they can do will have been accomplished. The Labour Party Executive is considered that New-age,calls the Labour Party's Ninth Annual Conference.

II. The Communican of Bread.

What did you think of a New Age writer's suggestion the other week that Shaw should now produce his Magnum Opus? It was a week late. Shaw had already produced it. What was it? His suggestion of Free Bread for Everybody. But don't take that seriously! Your contributor had in mind a Kelmscott Manifesto on Poverty, to be followed by a Midlothian Campaign.
Precisely, but Sidney Webb could draft a better Manifesto, probably is already drafting it. As for the campaign, Shaw knows his limits. He's not a Gladstone. Besides, as I have said, Shaw’s Magnum Opus is already produced, though nobody seems particularly to study it.

That’s because nobody takes it seriously.

And that again is because nobody dare. Every new idea in England is regarded as a dangerous animal, to be avoided if possible or shot at sight. Free Bread idea in England is regarded as a dangerous animal, to lie low and say nuffin; as when a hawk passes in the sky.

But you don’t yourself think the idea practicable? Exactly so. Once grant it desirable, and its practicability would never be questioned.

Of course, its desirability is the first consideration. But is it not vicious in principle? Vicious, yes, if the Sermon on the Mount is vicious, but not otherwise. On the contrary, Free Bread is a purely Christian doctrine. “Take, eat!” What less could a Christian State say to its members? But there are more everyday principles involved in this question than that. Not deeper, though. However, you are right; the least effective arguments in a Christian country are arguments drawn from the truth of Christianity. Let’s put them aside and regard the matter superficially, that is, from the standpoint of expediency. The case is quite as strong.

I should like to hear it stated. Very well. You admit, do you not, that men must eat to live?

Of course.

And in order to eat they must have food.

Yes.

You will not deny, further, that one of the aims of man has been to secure a plentiful supply of food with the least exertion.

Admitted.

And that with increasing organisation society has increased its powers in this direction, so that now comparatively little labour is needed to produce the bread of the world?

Admitted, again.

So far, thus, as the supply is concerned, man has got over the main difficulty. Food is now more abundant than ever before in the history of the world. Probably.

The question now is: Ought men to be allowed to enjoy this food without themselves necessarily working for it?

Yes, that is the question.

Tell me, do you believe work a good thing? It all depends upon what you mean.

In the sense, to be definite, of the exertion to produce bread?

May be.

It cannot be on the testimony of history: since man has constantly striven to lessen the labour needed, as if labour were a thing he hated. Some labour is hated, some is a delight. True, but we do not usually call a delightful activity labour. Nobody indulges in the sport of ploughing, for instance, or milling, or kneading dough. These are not occupations for artists, but for workmen.

But what arc you after?

Only this, that the attempt to spare ourselves “labour” is not in itself a bad thing. If we could all eat without working we should all do it as readily as we now do the without working. If air could be monopolised and sold by a trust, we should certainly have to work to obtain a share. That extension of private property is not contemplated in general, but already, as you know, the rent of good ozone is considerably higher than the rent of the twice-breathed air of the slums. . . . Well, if work is not in itself a good thing for man, the less of it the better.

But Shaw’s proposal would mean that some people would work while others would be idle. Would the idle then be superior to the workers?

From one standpoint, yes. Out of leisure—which in one sense is idleness—all civilization comes. But the question is really idleness in respect of the supply of bread. We need not suppose that all who took bread without paying directly for it would fail to pay indirectly. At this moment certain expensive appliances for keeping the air pure and plentiful exist in our towns and houses. The actual makers are paid, but we who breathe the air they supply are not charged so much per cubic foot. It is recognised that the business of the State is to keep the air pure, free, and plentiful. Shaw is simply proposing that it should be the business of the State to supply bread, pure, free and plentifully.

But somebody would have to pay?

Oh that ineradicable idea of payment! Pay, yes, if you like; but not in the prevalent form, not at all in the prevalent form.

How, then?

I imagine that Shaw has in his mind that other idea, namely, that the corn-lands must in future be cultivated with the least exertion. It is mine and yours as well. Do you like to feel under obligation, or to know yourself a parasite?

Not I, but many people of my acquaintance endure it pretty bravely—and thrive on it.

No parasite thrives or is happy. Most of them invent excuses for their existence. Take away their excuses and they are ashamed, and start returning services.

Then you imagine that the people who receive free bread would be anxious to contribute to society in return?

In a very little while, certainly: so soon as the first taste of dependence had had time to become bitter. 

It is too optimistic for me to believe.

Very well, to the bread again. On grounds of sheer expediency, is it not well that people should be fed with regularity and plenty?

I have admitted that.

And can we in any present or probable state of society give each man an acre or so of ground for his own use? Is it business, I mean? Obviously it is not. The corn-lands must in future be cultivated with the least exertion. But Shaw’s proposal would mean that, some people being anxious to contribute to society in return?

Yes, that is the question.

Tell me, do you believe work a good thing?

It all depends upon what you mean.

In the sense, to be definite, of the exertion to produce bread?

May be.

It cannot be on the testimony of history: since man has constantly striven to lessen the labour needed, as if labour were a thing he hated. Some labour is hated, some is a delight. True, but we do not usually call a delightful activity labour. Nobody indulges in the sport of ploughing, for instance, or milling, or kneading dough. These are not occupations for artists, but for workmen.

But what arc you after?

Only this, that the attempt to spare ourselves “labour” is not in itself a bad thing. If we could all eat without working we should all do it as readily as we now do the without working. If air could be monopolised and sold by a trust, we should certainly have to work to obtain a share. That extension of private property is not contemplated in general, but already, as you know, the rent of good ozone is considerably higher than the rent of the twice-breathed air of the slums. . . . Well, if work is not in itself a good thing for man, the less of it the better.

But Shaw’s proposal would mean that some people would work while others would be idle. Would the idle then be superior to the workers?

From one standpoint, yes. Out of leisure—which in one sense is idleness—all civilization comes. But the question is really idleness in respect of the supply of bread. We need not suppose that all who took bread without paying directly for it would fail to pay indirectly. At this moment certain expensive appliances for keeping the air pure and plentiful exist in our towns and houses. The actual makers are paid, but we who breathe the air they supply are not charged so much per cubic foot. It is recognised that the business of the State is to keep the air pure, free, and plentiful. Shaw is simply proposing that it should be the business of the State to supply bread, pure, free and plentifully.

But somebody would have to pay?

Oh that ineradicable idea of payment! Pay, yes, if you like; but not in the prevalent form, not at all in the prevalent form.

How, then?

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populace. Bakeries instead of prisons and hospitals and reformatories!

What about the present private bakers?

Most of them would be taken over by the municipality or the State. The rest might compete with the State if they liked.

They would not stand much chance if the State provided free bread.

Let them, then, make cakes—to change Marie Antoinette's remark. Why not? We need not ask the State to tell us where is fancy bread. Private artists would provide it for people who chose to pay.

But wouldn't the rates and taxes go up enormously? Almost as much as they would come down! Think of the saving on workhouses, prisons, police... It would positively pay the State in the long run to provide free bread.

And circuses?

We have their modern substitute already—free music in the Parks. Now we want free theatres and music-halls. . . . free . . . well, in the end we want everything free. By the way, the English really hate free dom. Heine said of us we liked freedom as our lawful wedded wife. Not so. Freedom is our Scarlet Woman. And you know the Scarlet Woman is also the Blessed Virgin Mary? You never thought that?

You horrify me. One question more. Do you think the Labour Party will adopt Shaw's idea?

It would lift them above politics into history if they did of their own will; they are satisfied with demanding the Right to Work. That is why they are called the "Labour" Party.

A. R. ORAGE.

Why Churchmen Become Socialists

By Rev. Conrad Noel.

II.

The prophets had always insisted that national disaster follows national injustice. The nation is carried into captivity or falls a prey to foreign dominion because it has allowed its life to become politically and economically corrupt. The Jews of Christ's time had for the most part forgotten their prophets. They regarded their conquest by the Romans as the only wrong that needed righting, until there appeared among them the last of the old order. They called him the "Labour" Party. A. R. ORAGE.

January 14, 1909
THE NEW AGE

JANUARY 14, 1909

THEM movement. But to this, I think, there are two answers.

First it may be pointed out that the Chartists asked for the vote as a means to an end. In the petition which they presented to the House of Commons they asked for political power that they might abrogate the monopolies of land, of machinery, of transit. This, indeed, was the very ground on which Macaulay and others opposed them—that they openly declared their intention of using their votes to bring about a social revolution. That was an end worth getting excited about! But what are the specific grievances of women which the women's vote would remove? Whom have you put that question to a Suffragette I have been met with a catalogue of small injustices, genuine enough perhaps, but altogether inadequate to excite so much emotion. The law of succession, it is said, favours the male, and the divorce law gives the husband a remedy in cases where the wife has none. I am not concerned to discuss these instances or to discuss the contrary list of male grievances so often cited by Mr. Belfort Bax. All I say is that I cannot understand the moral effect which they appear to produce. I cannot imagine a woman saying "Oh, joy! At last I have altered the law of succession in the very rare case of intestacy!" I cannot imagine a woman clasping her hands and exclaiming: "Nunc Dimittis! I can now divorce my husband for adultery!"

It is true that the Suffragettes seem to suggest larger as what (to my mind at least) it is, a useful instrument and whose writings I have read, talk and write about. I doubt if the enactment would be widely obeyed. The matter belongs to me that I can predicate the favourite phrase of Liberal Ministers, "outside the sphere of practical politics." Mrs. Petrick Lawrence, in her exceedingly amusing article in "Votes for Women" on the release of Miss Pankhurst appears to go even further and to promise terrestrial immortality as the result of the vote. For we are told that "to women patient with the burden of birth and death, which they have carried since the human race began, there has suddenly come the call to arise, and the voice that proclaims death is the valiant voice of dauntless and conquering youth." After all, though, even men, who have the vote, occasionally die! But there is another point to be considered in connection with the Chartists. They might be pardoned for thinking that the vote is the ultimate instrument of political power, for the experiment had not been tried. Yet even then there were two men who saw further than their fellows. One was Charles Kingsley, who told them that the Charter did not go far enough, and urged them to concentrate on social legislation. The other was Benjamin Disraeli, who, looking at the question with the insight of a man of genius and the detachment of a Jew, saw exactly what the vote would be to the worker—and get it. What has happened since then has made the tears of poor old Macaulay and the hopes of Ernest Jones look equally silly. The enfranchisement of the workers has produced neither a general spoliation nor a regeneration. (Cecil Chesterton)
The Net of the Stars.

To-night, we soar beyond the murky earth
(heigho; the lilies in the garden close)
; to-night, we tread a measure full of mirth ;—
over the stars, we dance away from earth—
(and yet beside them blooms a passionate rose).

Come with me, love, and through the Milky Way,
from cloud and dust, into the golden day,
come with me, love, and we will hark away
into the shining knotted net of the sky ;
and the wide space will lose our lonely cry.

You linger ... think! ... a wondering world will gaze,
 stark, at the flashing sky, and ask in amaze—
 "Whose feet, in passing over heaven to-night,
 whose skirts, are blotting out the star-helmed light?"
 You linger ... think of us alone to-night!

What linked perfumes hold your heart in bond?
The delicate lilies round your ankles press.
Oh, I would carry you from earth beyond,
into the strengthening wine of space, no less,
alone, uncrowded, silent, and unconfined.

Like the pure flame of my desire,
burning candescent in life's blue deep,
rose your white body before me,
O my flower, flame-petalled, of sleep!
O Primeval, O Earth-heart of fire !—
Like a tall lily swaying beside the waters,
silent and black, of Night and speechless Time,
sway, sway, O Thurible, flinging
your perfume to winds that ever are singing
their chant through the Cathedral of Earth,
in the organ pipes of the trees.

Silent and black were the waters. They drew me
sick and an-hungered on to their verge ;
and the sky was all gloomy
with birds that fluttered to lure me
into the infinite surge.
O my lily of flame and sweet incense,
green-robed, gold-hearted, and white,
your fragrance
stayed my dull feet of their vagrance
into the ocean of death-bound Night.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

What is the secret? Time and Change
creep over the earth
and along the alleys huddles death,
under each leaf ;
willy-nilly the withered skirl,
and Life is brief.

Time and Change creep over the earth,
and red rot sucks us back to clay ;
but the stars shine ever and a day,
little knots in the net of light
that holds the infinite dragon, Night.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

Bramble and fern
round my heart burn
their embraces ;
over the thorn
the green leat is born
that effaces.

Small white flowers walk
along the red stalk
all unheeding ;
beneath, who will say
is hidden away
a heart bleeding?

Wounds more fierce
the bramble will pierce
closely creeping
when tamed winds croon
of love to the moon
and she weeping.

There is a rose on your breast
and a perfume in your hair,—
warm body, sweet breath, and these,—
I know you are there.

I know?
— as the wind knows the trees,
as the fish know the swathing water
and the weed and the reed ;
as the rose and the stars that run
their course round him know the sun,
I know you Earth-daughter ;
and you know my kiss and caress
as the shore knows the sea's.
No more? But no less.

Like velvet faintly luminous
I see in the gloom your eyes.
Your bosom against me, close,
I can feel fall softly and rise ;—
but you can be to me
no more than a mirrored rose.

A little murmur in the leaves—
a cold, calm night of many stars.

F. S. Flint.
The Chestershaw.

It was unkind of Mr. Chesterton to go with "pitfall and with gin" to beset the path that he was inducing G. B. S. to wander in. But he apparently knows the weakness which is the badge of all the tribe of those who belong to the second order of the smart-paradox. The one thing they can't stand is to be accused of not being in the swim of the present season's most up-to-date intellectual fashion. Call out "early Victorian" after them, and they will unceremoniously, like a pack of geese, could not have wished for a better confirmation of my remark in my previous article that to attempt to smart-paradox a truth become a commonplace of thought simply results in silliness. Shaw's article is an illustration of this. Shaw does not, indeed, say, as Mr. Chesterton alleges, either directly or by implication, that the "early Victorian" before his eyes was any thing much better than the plain, straightforward nineteenth century Rationalist doctrine of the alleged supernatural in his sleeve. And when and why produces this wonderful Shawesque something, what does it turn out to be? A cheap verbal quibble! The "early Victorian" Rationalist divides alleged "happenings" into two orders: (1) events which were conformable to the bulk of human experience, and therefore credible, to which he gave the name natural occurrences; and (2) events which contradicted the mass of human experience, and henceforth, to which he gave the name supernatural occurrences or miracles.

These definitions, I may remark, coincide with those understood perfectly well by the man in the street. Shaw apparently thinks he has produced a particularly smart paradox when he has merely confused these establishe[d] with all the difficulty of distinguishing miracles, and distinguishing those termed by the nineteenth century Rationalist "natural occurrences" as "credible miracles" and the others as "incredible miracles." Now Mr. Chesterton only taunts Shaw with being "early Victorian." He talks of a long procession of Agnostics who have entered the church, and gives the names of three such Agnostics, all of whom I should term decadents, and of one of them (Huysmans) I can only say if he is not to be called a decadent, then the word has no meaning at all. Decadents need not necessarily be of the broken lily, trembling aster, species.

"Says Mr. Chesterton, "Every item" in the procession of converts "is as important as Wells's conversion to Socialism." This may be so, but if so, then all I can say is, its importance is not very. The credibility of these worthy persons isn't more like the genuine article recognised by the International Catholic Church than Mr. Wells's "Socialism" is like the principles recognised under that name by the International Socialist Party. Well, it is reasonable to suppose Mr. Wells has attained popularity as a clever writer of stories, and "fanecia himself," having so easily swept the Socialist Party, as already a pontifical exponent of Socialist theory. Why, he is even a little too much for the Fabian Society, a body which, as is well known, makes a specialty of collecting fearsome and wonderful Socialist wildfowl of this sort!

I must enter a protest against the suggestion that I have any "metaphysical quarrel" with our friend G. K. C. Smith as metaphysician. If Mr. Chesterton is indignant with me for not attaching due weight to what he terms the Catholic Revival. I still maintain that the said fashion or pose prevalent nowadays is as hinted at the outset, Chesterton taunted Shaw with being "early Victorian," well knowing that Shaw, with his belief that the sun will rise to-morrow justifies his belief that he or anyone else can turn a dog into a cat. The fact is, as hinted at the outset, Chesterton taunted Shaw with being "early Victorian," but in order to avoid the latter's good plain English, he takes refuge in senseless thimble-rigging of words and trifles such as any paltry penny-a-liner could reel off. He knows perfectly well he doesn't think that his belief in the Catholic Church than Mr. Wells' "Socialism" is like the principles recognised under that name by the International Socialist Party. Well, it is reasonable to suppose Mr. Wells has attained popularity as a clever writer of stories, and "fanecia himself," having so easily swept the Socialist Party, as already a pontifical exponent of Socialist theory. Why, he is even a little too much for the Fabian Society, a body which, as is well known, makes a specialty of collecting fearsome and wonderful Socialist wildfowl of this sort!

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excellent and expressive term Zeitgeist, not without a suspicion, correct as it proved, that being a good, acclimatized word, it would get out of Mr. Chesterton. I said, I believe, something to the effect that he took himself as the measure of the Zeitgeist. All I can say is that if he regards the notion of a given age having a special intellectual character of its own (which is what is obviously meant by Zeitgeist) as unaccountable, it does not speak much for his intellectual insight or his historical education. In charity, however, I am willing to treat his diatribe as not meant quite seriously.

The tendency nowadays is to think you can settle any doctrine or principle you dislike by flinging an epithet at it or its representative. There are certain Socialists we have seen who think they have achieved something by dubbing other Socialists who refuse to pronounce their shibboleth, and confine their Socialism within the four corners of an economic formula, "cranks." This word appears to have a magical efficacy attaching to it for some minds. For me these words break no bones. They simply mean that the person who uses them disapproves what he terms "cranks" in this way. I cannot deny that "cranks" exist, and I have my own definition of the word, but the fast and loose way in which it is used nowadays degrades it to a mere form of vulgar abuse for anyone whose views you disapprove of.

Again, I do not deny that the theory of the "early Victorian" is not precisely our thought today, but I do deny that the thought embodied in the epigrammatic brilliances of Shaw and the smart paradoxes of Chesterton are necessarily any nearer truth than the thought of the "Victorian". In fact, of the two, I believe that the next generation will find the sediment of truth or availably useful theory left by "early Victorian" thought will be incomparably greater than that left by early Edwardian smartness.

A popular mania which would condemn us all to talk about ideas 'made out of our own heads' in a jeering or friendly way the story is told. . . . It sets forth the whole ex-

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There are a number of small but remunerative publics felt throughout almost the whole of our literature. They are awaiting the attentions of a publisher who is clever to periodical literature in England when a publisher comes along (a) who does not think it beneath his dignity to try for less than ten thousand a year profit, (b) who will stick posters up inside and outside his offices: "Our specialty is to make money off serious authors."

The intelligent masses will only be fully discovered by the editors and publishers of London. They are appalled by the stupidity and dishonesty of local government in London...
became the possessor of a beautiful sketch by Ospovat, while the intermediary went off with a look on his face as if saying: "Consider yourself lucky, my boy!" I used even to get Ospovat's opinions on my books, and then very gently. I wanted to impress him. But I never could. The youths used to murmur: "Oh! It's no use you meeting him." They were afraid he was not spectacular enough. Or they desired to keep him to themselves, like a precious pearl. I pictured him as very frail, and very positive in a quiet way. He was only about thirty when he died last week.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

E. Nesbit: Among the Fairies.*

When you write for children it is important to remember that your intended readers are men and women who have little experience (but that remarkably intense and free), less sex and enormous imagination. So that if you wander with them in a world other than the one we walk and flying are the custom, and not crawling. People of much imagination and of little limiting experience faeries are quite easy. Your modern fairy-beast is often an altogether impossible person so far as children are concerned. He says, "I know fairies are not to be believed in. I dare say you soulless, sensible people can't believe in them. But I can, and they are very, very beautiful." Whereas the ancient fairy-tale and E. Nesbit calmly say: "Fairy = Child, Child = Fairy." And the child comes up to the Fairy and says: "How do you do, Mr. Fairy? Will you please take me to limbo-tow?" And the fairy says: "Right you are, my little dear, but I should like to have some tea first." Here E. Nesbit is in the true apostolic succession. To write fairy tales one must believe in them very much; and E. Nesbit does that; for her the world is magic, whether one dwells in Avalon, Arden, or the Kentish Town Road. Happily—perhaps naturally—it is comic too; perhaps all true magic is comic. This combination is what makes her fairies so human (and things which speak must be either human or abstractions); the immortal phoenix speaks Cooleay as well as South Sea Islandese, and thinks itself a handsome bird, and says "Chuck, chuck," and struts round its latest egg. It is very comforting as well as profound and fabulously invented or imagined by man—Phoenixes, Burglars, Maiden ladies, Mouldiwarpers, and historical personages are human; that nothing we can imagine is alien to us. To understand that truth is the first essential qualification of the modern fairy is sufficient, and quite enough; the other of religious and political economies; but the query overpasses the limits of this review.

As for her children, E. Nesbit strikes a judicious note between Little Lord Fauntleroy and realism. They are not quite what she says they are—most remarkably like you; they are a little better, but not much. They are easy exercises in goodness; without too great effort we could be like them. This is better than realism. But the author's departure from it has made her characters types more than persons. The Phoenix and the Carpet Children, her Bastables, her Ardens are very much alike. Here, maybe, E. Nesbit knows better than we do. Perhaps children are really very much alike. We know that the modern novel has had the very pernicious effect of making grown-ups forget how very much more alike than diverse they are. And anyhow children enjoy types more than persons. It is so much more easy to fit oneself into the parts.

Of course there is much in these books children will not understand. They are tender and yet sub-acid comment, for example, will all but escape them. And this is good. The dreams of growing creatures should always be a bit beyond their comprehension. They like them so. They insist on having them. If you will not give them difficult meanings they will invent difficult ones."

* 'The Phoenix and the Carpet,' and "The House of Arden." (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. each.)

THE NEW WORD

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

Corresponding member of the Parnassus Philological Society of Athens.

Cloth extra, Large Crown 8vo. 330 pages. 5s. net.

"As I turn over the leaves and read the passages I have marked, I utterly despair of conveying within my appointed limits any inkling of the author's fertility of thought and illustration. —Mr. William Archer, in Morning Leader.

"The insight and wit with which this inquiry is carried out are remarkable as a deep-going criticism of modern science and philosophy, and must be carefully studied to be fully appreciated." —Mr. G. R. S. Mead, in Theosophical Review.

'* 'The New Word' is a book of rare enchantment, with something of the freshness of the world's youth about it... To him the inalienable church of the Materialists is not substantially different from the inalienable church of the Sacerdotalists." —Mr. Harry Jones, in Daily Chronicle.

"Almost every page is so full of suggestion that he almost lays himself open to the charge of 'Sowling with the sack.' It is a brilliant criticism of life, science, and philosophy, once such an old hat and homunculus; but the chapters on the Story of Creation are wonderfully clever and deliciously funny. He is a philologist and makes merry over the lanterns of new scientific terms." —Mr. A. E. Fletcher, in The Clarion.

"The New Word" is a book to add to the small store by the side of your bed. It is full of scholarship and wit, and full of Hope."—Westminster Gazette.

London: A. C. Fifield, 44 Fleet Street, E.C.
un-meanings. The ritual of Abracadabra is bread and meal to the Child.

But what a hypocrite I am. Here I have been talking of how fine E. Nesbit's books are for children and knowing all the time that for me who in years at story tales I can endure. I have read lately Joseph Conrad, George Meredith, Edwin Pugh, Henry Longan and Arnold Bennett. Is there one of them I like half so well? Not a one. The best of Books for Grown Ups bore me. They are so pre-occupied with the peddling facts of psychology so much, so woefully blind to the splendid adventures of Man. Fraud and crime and social problems notwithstanding, it is very jolly to be alive. Oh, sour-faced novelists, remember that. The adventures of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are still more true and true than the sorrows of Fleet Street; all analyses of the soul are now and for ever a lie.

Artful E. Nesbit writes for the children because we who pretend to years of discretion will only enjoy our birdlighr under the sun. She writes for the children as Homer and Malory and Fielding and Dickens and Scott and Alexander Dumas père wrote for children, as Ludwig Thoma writes for Bavarian children now. She puts her heroes in the nursery because it is only there we can forget the follies of this wondrous age. Heroes? Gods wounds! how have we longed for heroes! And here is a cartoon of them.

Heroes of the real old original brand I pray you to observe; sometimes petulant, sometimes silly, often comic, mostly brave and good-humoured, always simple-hearted and true; good, common-place, bread-and-butter heroes stuck in a whirligig of dreams. Whirligig of dreams I call it, because although much of the fairy tale is everyday happenings no more, no less, the making of a fire equally with the coming of the Phoenix. In this world of shifting fantasy only one thing is ordinary and to be taken for granted: You. Compared with ordinary You, everything else—the Phoenix, the carpet, the cockroaches, the South Sea Islands, and Lombard street—is very wonderful and very comic. E. Nesbit is so fine a fairy-tale maker that she could do you one without the tip of the toe of a fairy in it.

But we find it impossible to convey to you the atmosphere of nobility these books possess; their sane, brave outlook on the world, their fresh delight in it. There is, as we have said, something large and heroic about them, something of the old epic as well as of the old fairy tale. The Phoenix is not a curiosity, not a nonsense in them. They have the lofty ethic of knighthood. They brace the nerves, and clear the head of illusions by putting illusion in its proper place. They have more driving power for Socialism than many Fabian pamphlets.

And no, we leave you with the sense of having praised worthy books somewhat unworthily; we leave you to read and chuckle over the visit of the Phoenix to his Temple (the Fire Insurance office), over the way he convinced the staff of his divinity, to the choral odes they broke into, and the incense of brown cardboard. We leave you to read and chuckle over the tale of the Cook who was taken on the Carpet to a southern island and became a Queen there, and got the Hurgur for a husband, and a semi-materialised curate to marry them; I leave you to the treasures of "The House of Arden," a book which, less fine of humour than the Phoenix and his Carpet, has a strong, new lyrical sweep that takes you into the making of a fire equally with the coming of the Phoenix. In this world of shifting fantasy only one thing is ordinary and to be taken for granted: You. Compared with ordinary You, everything else—the Phoenix, the carpet, the cockroaches, the South Sea Islands, and Lombard street—is very wonderful and very comic. E. Nesbit is so fine a fairy-tale maker that she could do you one without the tip of the toe of a fairy in it.

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ART.

Some Thoughts concerning Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch opens wide a door into his past, hard by Leicester Square, laying bare something of his soul, prettily introduced by Mr. Seaman and Mr. E. V. Lucas; where also may be seen even the furnishing of the whimsical old Punchbuck's home, the Round Table that is not round, the initials of his boon companions carved thereon; one of the "plague-pipes" that his greatest draughtsman Keene has smoked; and the like. And pens will write, and have written, of these things. But there hangs upon us like a shadow over all of the Leicester Gallery a sheet of paper that raises thoughts and sets one brooding—on it was given to the world, decorated by the pen of "Dicky" Doyle, the immortal poem of "The Song of the Shirt" that Tom Hood wrote; and it brings back certain impressions that came after some words that Bret Harte uttered to me of the writer of that sobbing ballad, whose discovery of Bret Harte meant so much to the author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp'. A phrase of Mr. Lucas's, in his charming introduction to the catalogue, sinks into a not unwilling pen. "'Punch,'" says he, "of course, is not so good as it was."

Mr. Punch's Pageant is, the gossip says, a formidable rival to the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy. And most fitly so. The pages of "Punch" are the picture-gallery of the nation; the pictures at the Royal Academy yield but a few hours of possession, to pass away for ever; "Punch" comes to our fireside and creeps to bed to the bookshelf, there to slumber only until we call for his good-fellowship again. His pages are the picture-gallery of the people; and the masters of their art who exhibit therein come to a wide fame and companionship that no Academician may ever hope to know.

"Punch" was born amidst the uncertainties; his very name a vague affair. Vague was to be his christening, as vague as his ultimate intentions; but the very fact that it was to have been "The Funny Dog", not only provokes how near he came to being strangled at his birth, but is proof of the crude humour of early Victorian days, though even the crude stomach of early Victorian humour could not have swallowed, could not have kept it down. One shrinks from Mr. Punch's narrow escape as if a bomb had only missed him by the breadth of his lack of hair. Yet in the draught that saved him was a drop of poison in the cup, when at the foregathering of the founders, some inspired mouth said that the affair, "like a bowl of punch, would be nothing without its Lemon," and Mayhew leaped at the idea and vowed that "Punch" should be its name; for, whilst a pun saved his life, it came in his very name was much of his significance. Vague was to be his christening, or if, as some say, the choice was mere to make folk hold their sides with laughter, but was soon as fierce and furious as its mere social nose and the folder-rollol type of jocularity, it was soon discarded for the saluting satire and genial humour of the better bloods. Whereby he rapidly rose to dignity, and was soon wearing that peculiarly English mantle of fame and companionship that no Academician may ever hope to know.

At any rate, when on the 17th of July in 1841 that "Punch" was born amidst the uncertainties; his very name a vague affair. Vague was to be his christening, as vague as his ultimate intentions; but the very fact that it was to have been "The Funny Dog", not only provokes how near he came to being strangled at his birth, but is proof of the crude humour of early Victorian days, though even the crude stomach of early Victorian humour could not have swallowed, could not have kept it down. One shrinks from Mr. Punch's narrow escape as if a bomb had only missed him by the breadth of his lack of hair. Yet in the draught that saved him was a drop of poison in the cup, when at the foregathering of the founders, some inspired mouth said that the affair, "like a bowl of punch, would be nothing without its Lemon," and Mayhew leaped at the idea and vowed that "Punch" should be its name; for, whilst a pun saved his life, it came in later years near to killing it.

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The penultimate hand of "Trilby," which his untrained hand wrote in his last years, and in which the characters are of pictured scenes that has no parallel in the world of appearance of monotony to his whole design. But no man's handling of the pen-line he developed certain affectations of curls and such tricks of style as gave an appearance to his Britishness, but British he was in very essence; he might have been own son to Thackeray, and mothered by George Elliot, and nephew to Jane Austen. For awhile his art has fallen into neglect; but he will enter into his kingdom again, for it was impossible to understand the Victorian years for such as shall not open the book of his rare and exquisite achievement.

Charles Keene, odd to say, probably owing to his supreme gifts of vison, story, and appearance of the middle class and workaday folk, an observation that had otherwise been mute, and for which his quaint vision was as wonderfully fitted as was the rich line and direct and forceful quality of his handings. But no man's command of the pen-line, that the winds of the heavens, the swinging billows of the sea, the hot air of the sun-flooded cornfields, the peace of the still, summer shores, the drowsy hum of the harvesting all such fleeting moods and whims of Nature which had her secrets, as light and shadow yielded to the hard, unruly line their magic and their mystery when Keene's deft fingers employed it, as aforetime they delivered their secrets to Rembrandts.

"Punch," of course is not so good as it was! Well, that is not wholly proven or disproven."Punch" to-day, for all that, is a better literary accomplishment, as a whole, than when his lordship of laughter stepped into the conscience and activity of England; but he is not, and he never can be, greater than—and it is queerer, by-and-by, for the "Punch" who reached the fulness of his maturity and power when Charles Keene and George Du Maurier and Tenniel drew for his pages.

The early numbers of "Punch" are somewhat strained reading. Leech had charming gifts, yet his hand’s skill was limited, his wit nearly as limited. But he who takes down the volumes of "Punch" which Keene and Du Maurier and Tenniel wrought will find such a record of the Victorian years in life and manners as no other writer or artist can fill. Into the pens of Keene and Du Maurier and Tenniel there was a wondrous link that recorded in astounding fashion the life of their age. To them, and to Dickens and Thackeray and George Elliot, the coming generations must go for the book of the Victorian years in life and manners, as light and shadow yielded to the hard, unruly line their magic and their mystery when Keene's deft fingers employed it, as aforetime they delivered their secrets to Rembrandts.

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Therefore, well may "Punch" be not "so good as it was," yet be very good, set side by side with the achievement of his full powers. It may be that the very system, a dangerous system except when giants are in the land, of relying upon two or three men to make his pictures year in and year out, made for strength and high development and greatness. But the fact was that it also kept the younger generation out; and that, too, when the old giants were failing and had sore need of their aid.

And there was another, a deeper reason. It was perhaps to the cartoons of Tenniel that "Punch" owed his place of dignity and power as much as to all else. In Tenniel the paper had a liberal mind, a large outlook on affairs, as well as a fertile and picturesque imagination. His was a combined gift of art and of wit, and when all was said and done, to Du Maurier not least of all. It became a habit of dullards to accuse Du Maurier of being a twice-told tale that has never has, fired the imagination of a people nor led a generation to mighty enterprise. It may be that it is just exactly for this reason that Mr. Punch was put down and rid himself of the rebel aspirations of his youth and full manhood, that whilst he has become more polished in his manners and sedate in his conduct, he has lost that thrill and vigour which once, not so long ago, gave a lift to forward thinking and led to forthright doing.

It is on the serious side of him, rather than on his...
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.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

A PROTEST AND AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

As one of the many who have viewed with the deepest regret the serious dissensions which have arisen lately in the I.L.P., I arranged a meeting for Mr. Victor Grayson at the Bridgend Town Hall. At about the same time the executive of the South Wales I.L.P. Federation met, and I.L.P., I was directed to attend this meeting in setting itself against mean methods. Some of us fear that at the next annual conference that clique will endeavour to burk full and frank discussion and that an attempt will be made to suppress free discussion and that an attempt will be made to suppress full and frank discussion and that an attempt will be made to suppress the arrangements for Mr. Victor Grayson’s meeting at Bridgend stood firm. Unfortunately, Cardiff succumbed to the vigourous official wirepulling, and cancelled Mr. Grayson’s engagement in that city. The Cardiff Clarion Scouts, however, felt that they would be expressing the best spirit and traditions of our movement, and the real wishes of the majority of the members, if they opposed this unwarranted persecution, and Mr. Grayson spoke, after all, at Cardiff to a large and tremendously enthusiastic audience. Again, the meeting was cut short by the Cardiff I.L.P. who issued a hand-bill which has made many of us blush with shame for our cause. This hand-bill appealed to the public to come to their meeting in preference to Mr. Grayson’s “to respect Mr. Keir Hardie.” This made Socialism the laughing stock of Cardiff, and it was painful to see the cynical grin on the faces of the Philistines. I do not know whether it ever occurred to them to bear on the Swansea comrades, but I do know that I received numerous official hints that if I did not cancel the Bridgend meeting frightful things would happen. As it may, the meeting took place, with the Rev. D. G. Rees in the chair. Grayson was a huge success, making a marked impression upon our opponents. I am now smilingly awaiting earthquakes.

It is an interesting point that we, as a branch, help to support an I.L.P. organizer in Mid Glamorgan, but we were not allowed his assistance at this meeting as he had not been allowed a say in the management of our own affairs. There is an uneasy feeling abroad amongst us that an official wirepulling, and cancelled Mr. Grayson’s engagement in that city. The Cardiff Clarion Scouts, however, felt that they would be expressing the best spirit and traditions of our movement, and the real wishes of the majority of the members, if they opposed this unwarranted persecution, and Mr. Grayson spoke, after all, at Cardiff to a large and tremendously enthusiastic audience. Again, the meeting was cut short by the Cardiff I.L.P. who issued a hand-bill which has made many of us blush with shame for our cause. This hand-bill appealed to the public to come to their meeting in preference to Mr. Grayson’s “to respect Mr. Keir Hardie.” This made Socialism the laughing stock of Cardiff, and it was painful to see the cynical grin on the faces of the Philistines. I do not know whether it ever occurred to them to bear on the Swansea comrades, but I do know that I received numerous official hints that if I did not cancel the Bridgend meeting frightful things would happen. As it may, the meeting took place, with the Rev. D. G. Rees in the chair. Grayson was a huge success, making a marked impression upon our opponents. I am now smilingly awaiting earthquakes.

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of the younger Socialists will go out of the party. It is a step which we should be profoundly sorry to have to take, and I appeal to our leaders and officials not to act in such a way. It is upon our future attitude that our ultimate decision must rest. JOHN CAWKER.

PERSONAL-ADJECTIVAL ENDINGS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In his article reviewing Mr. A. Joseph Ludovici's notable book, "Who is to be Master of the World," your reviewer, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, objects to "a speaking which seems to us quite incorrect: Nietzschean instead of Nietzschian."

Carlylean, Dominican, Goethean, Wesleyan, Shakespearean, etc. May I have space to argue that Dr. Oscar Levy and Mr. Ludovici are right and Mr. Kennedy mistaken? The normal termination seems to be "an," as in Elisabethan, Carthaginian, Wellingtonian, Shakespearean, European, etc.; but when, the name ends with a vowel, the vowel is frequently elided or changed, as in Victorian, French, Spanish, Russian, etc.; while after a final consonant an "an" is frequently introduced merely for the sake of euphony, as in Johnsonian, Emersonian, Devonian, Ruskinian. So far from the unwritten law being that a final "an" gives place to an "an," the "an" is sometimes developed in names (chiefly of Latin form), where the nominative case ends with another vowel before a consonant, as Jacobean. The common "Gladstonian" would be correct from "Gladston," but is incorrect and should be "Gladstonian," from "Gladstone."

Thus the adjective from "Johnston" is "Johnstonian," but that from "John," "Johnian." The common "Gladstonian," but that from "John," "Gladstonian."

Another objection is that "Johnstonian" is "Johnstonian,

and from "Pope" "Popean." FLAVUS.

A REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

During the last twelve months I have seen the hope expressed in your paper, often very earnestly, for some well-thought-out method of dealing with the Unemployment Problem, which should not be palliative and temporary merely, but should go to the root of the matter, and thus be a permanent remedy. I have thought and written on this question for nearly 20 years, and have several times advocated the method explained in the accompanying "tract," but, apparently, without much impression on the Labour Party, or Socialists. I cannot doubt that you, at least, do earnestly wish for such a definite, well-thought-out scheme, and will give it the careful consideration it deserves. Therefore, I enclose you two copies of my tract in the hope that you will place them in the hands of two of your most able writers or contributors—one, say, a Radical, the other a Socialist—but both men of earnestness and logical capacity, who will examine the scheme fairly and carefully, and either express their view of its merits as compared with any other scheme so far proposed, or finally reject it. Any real and important objections that may be made, after a full and fair examination, I shall be quite ready to meet.

I beg you, however, not to allow the publication in your paper of any mere quibbles, or mere jokes, as to what may be thought may possibly happen. The subject is far too serious, and the attempt thus treated is beside the point.

A. B. HUGHES.

COCOA AND PORTUGUESE SLAVERY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

We notice the reference you make in your issue of December 24th, 1908, to the labour question in Portuguese East Africa. We have all realised the proportion of the matter, as from one paragraph you suggest that our whole business depends on this African problem. The cocoa from S. Thomé consumed by all the manufacturers of England is only one-twentieth of the total world's supply. The cocoa produced by the natives of the country which we felt bound to give it our very careful consideration, and made personal investigation in Léba, and accepted a challenge of the planters to send out and see for ourselves. We have made personal investigation in Léba, and accepted a challenge of the planters to send out and see for ourselves. We will deal in a special article shortly with Mr. Walpole's scheme. Ed. New Age.

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Some of our friends consider that we should have acted more properly in immediately refusing to buy any more African cocoa in the hope that some easily realised remedy could be adopted. We cannot adopt such a course, as we have been advised by the Foreign Office, whom we have consulted all along, and by several other authorities whose opinion we trust, that we have much more power in acting as friends than we should have as enemies.

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