NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Afforestation Report is perhaps even more welcome for the broad spirit in which it is drawn up than for the specific proposals, valuable though these be, that it contains. In discussing the question of the preliminary training of the unemployed that would be required, the Commissioners state: "No doubt the expense incurred in this direction would involve the diminution of profit, but it is impossible to ignore the moral and material loss to the community which unemployment occasions."

A broad view of economics cannot exclude from its cognisance the grave national charge which unemployment, with all its concomitant results, involves, to say nothing of the personal deterioration by which it is often accompanied. Sylviculture is not unsuitable for building up the moral and physical future of even the most depressed of the unemployed classes, and its agency may well be invoked for this purpose, and advantage taken of its healthy and wholesome influence."

This is the commencement, very guarded of course, of that view of practical economics for which Ruskin battled and which finds its expression in the Socialist formula "Production for use, and not for profit."

Although the Commissioners, with the exception of some modifications by Mr. Stanley Wilson, M.P., report favourably on the possibility of using the labour of the unemployed in afforestation, we should give this industry an equal welcome where voluntary treaty had broken down." It is of especial interest to observe that the Commissioners find that sylviculture has been neglected in England; "it is an enterprise which rarely appeals to the private landowner or capitalist" on account of its special difficulties, although "the natural conditions of soil and climate in the United Kingdom are highly favourable." Yet it is demonstrated in the Report that the State will be able to make it a highly profitable business. We need scarcely add the Socialist moral. If the nation can profitably manage a business which is too difficult for private enterprise it is absurd to contend that the nation will be unable to manage successfully undertakings not too difficult even for private enterprise.

However, the Commissioners "have no hesitation in asserting that there are in the United Kingdom at any time, and especially in winter, thousands of men out of work for longer or shorter periods, who are quite ready and able to perform the less skilled work without previous training, and with satisfactory results. There is a still larger class of unemployed who are capable of being trained to perform this or the higher class of labour. There is then no need to accept inefficient labour with the object of affording occupation to the unemployed."

It is when we come to wages that Socialists and the Labour Party must be on their guard. The Commissioners state: "The labour employed in the national forests should not fall below the ordinary standards, and should be remunerated at the ordinary rate of the district for similar work." If this means the rate paid to agricultural labourers in such districts as the south of England we shall have to fight for a standard minimum wage upon which it is at all possible to live in these days. We shall certainly not be content with the starving pittance flung at the agriculturalist. We shall not pay the sylviculturist the lowest wages of starvation upon which the nation can get his labour. We should not think of paying a King upon these lines; or seeking a King who will be content with Marcellas instead of Havannah cigars, or who would be satisfied with a glass of small beer instead of champagne. Mr. Asquith is not paid the lowest rate at which we can get the services of a Prime Minister, and the nation must adopt the same generous method of remunerating its other employees.

An altogether satisfactory feature in the Report is the explicit statement that it will be expedient for the State to purchase the required land, and that compulsory powers must be given "to facilitate transactions where voluntary treaty had broken down." It is of special interest to observe that the Commissioners find that sylviculture has been neglected in England; "it is an enterprise which rarely appeals to the private landowner or capitalist" on account of its special difficulties, although "the natural conditions of soil and climate in the United Kingdom are highly favourable." Yet it is demonstrated in the Report that the State will be able to make it a highly profitable business. We need scarcely add the Socialist moral. If the nation can profitably manage a business which is too difficult for private enterprise it is absurd to contend that the nation will be unable to manage successfully undertakings not too difficult even for private enterprise.

We have received from the Secretary of the United
Workers' Anti-Sweating Committee a copy of the agreement which the men entering the Hanbury Street Joinery Works of the Salvation Army are required to sign. Here it is in full:—

MEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

City Colony Laboratory, 20 and 22, Whitechapel Road, London, E.

AGREEMENT between the GOVERNOR OF THE SALVATION ARMY MEN'S SOCIAL WORK on the one hand, and the undersigned on the other, on his being accepted for admission to the City Colony Elevator (Workshop).

1. I, the undersigned, work temporarily in your elevator, and undertake the same on the following conditions:

   a. I declare that unable to find work elsewhere, and as I am homeless, friendless, and destitute, I have been admitted to the City Colony to work only for my subsistence and shelter, and that everything allowed me beyond this will be so allowed merely by the kindness of the Governor.

b. I agree to obey all the rules and regulations made for the good conduct and management of the Colony, and to carry out all the instructions which may be given me by my officers.

c. I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drink during my stay in the Colony, and I pledge myself not to enter any premises where drink is sold, and to discourage others doing so. I understand that any departure from this rule may be followed by instant dismissal by the Governor. I will also refrain from the use of bad language during my stay in the Colony.

d. I agree to a thorough cleansing of the body on entrance to the Colony, and to continue this every week, or as frequently as may be considered necessary by my officer.

e. I understand that no payment of any kind is promised in advance, and that any grants assist in the purchase of clothes or otherwise will be given entirely at the discretion of the Governor.

f. In case the officer finds my work not worth first-class food and shelter, I agree to his granting me such class tickets as he may consider just and advisable.

g. In the case of task work, or promotion to a foreman’s position, with allowance, I quite understand that any extra allowance beyond food and lodgings, and that any grants are at the discretion of the Governor.

2. I agree to give my clothes over to the officer on entrance to the Colony, and to continue this every week, or as frequently as may be considered necessary by my officer.

3. I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drink during my stay in the Colony, and I pledge myself not to enter any premises where drink is sold, and to discourage others doing so. I understand that any departure from this rule may be followed by instant dismissal by the Governor. I will also refrain from the use of bad language during my stay in the Colony.

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6. I agree to give my clothes over to the officer on entrance to the Colony, and to continue this every week, or as frequently as may be considered necessary by my officer.

7. I understand that in the event of my giving the officer cause for dissatisfaction by bad behaviour, or for any other reason, I am liable to instant dismissal, and also to the forfeiture of any reward promised for inducement work.

Signed

Date

Time

* * *

Our only comment upon this agreement shall be two extracts from Mr. Bernard Shaw’s preface to “Major Barbara” in which he describes the Salvation Army laboratory as a business organisation which will compel it eventually to see that its present staff of enthusiastic commanders shall be succeeded by a bureaucracy of men of business who will be no better than bishops, and perhaps an even more dreadful and contemptuous.

“... It must be on the side of the police and the military, no matter what it believes or disbelieves; and as the police and the military are the instruments by which the rich rob and oppresses the poor (with legal and moral principles made for the purpose), it is not possible to be on the side of the poor and of the police at the same time.” The preface is dated June, 1906.

* * *

The Labour Party will be asked to sanction some alterations in the Constitution at the Portsmouth Conference. The 3rd Clause, as it now stands, forbids candidates and members “from identifying themselves with or promoting the interests of any Party not eligible for affiliation” and by Section 4 of Clause V the members of the Executive “shall strictly abstain from identifying themselves with or promoting the interests of any Party not eligible for affiliation.” The reason for both cases the Executive want to change the prohibition from “Party” to “Parliamentary Party.” The reason for this desired change will, we think, be found on page 19, where the question of “neutral platforms” is broached: “We resolved that it would be no violation of our Constitution if our members were to take part in Free Trade League meetings,” because the Manchester Free Trade League pledged itself that “in three-cornered contests it would not differentiate between the two Free Trade candidates and the Manchester Free Trade League is, of course, quite enough to see that if it does not differentiate between the two candidates, neither will the electors, who will naturally vote for the Liberal candidate in preference to a Party outsider whose policy is apparently just the same.

It is notorious that there has been great dissatisfaction in the Labour Party because many of the Labour M.P.’s have been touring in connection with, or appearing on the same platform as, Liberal M.P. and M.P.’s, and speaking in support of the same measure. These alterations in the Constitution are apparently designed to further such joint efforts in the future. The Manchester Free Trade League is not a Parliamentary Party; Temperance platforms and all Parliamentary platforms, although Cabinet Ministers are the speakers. There will be no great pleasing required on the part of the Liberal Party to form (so-called) non-Parliamentary Leagues for all the items in its programme, and everywhere Labour and Liberal M.P.’s, if the alteration is sanctioned by the Conferences, will be found on the same platform. And, of course, the Conservative Party will be able to follow suit; Labour M.P.’s will be able to appear on Tariff Reform platforms and on others yet to be instituted. The Conservative Party will possibly hark back to its older traditions and make a bid for democratic support with a programme based on social legislation. It must not be forgotten that is to a Conservative we owe the political initiation of our factory legislation. Already we find the “Morning Post,” a journal which one other English paper, and the Manchester Free Trade League meetings,” because the Manchester Free Trade League pledged itself that “in three-cornered contests it would not differentiate between the two Free Trade candidates and the Manchester Free Trade League is, of course, quite enough to see that if it does not differentiate between the two candidates, neither will the electors, who will naturally vote for the Liberal candidate in preference to a Party outsider whose policy is apparently just the same.

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* * *

The Executive seeks further powers for the enforcement of its views upon constituencies. By a new clause it will be possible for the Executive, if its advice has not been taken, to issue a statement that the candidate's attitude is contrary to its advice, and is not entitled to the political support available under ordinary circum-

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stances." The Executive will soon acquire the powers of a vichygrass, politically annihilating any local body that dares to disagree with its election policy. This tendency for an Executive to believe that all wisdom is to be found within itself alone is one that deserves no encouragement; we do not believe in this centralisation of view that Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald should have the power in the hands of one or two men, however able. We do not think it advisable from any democratic point of view that Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald should be at the same time Secretary of the Labour Party, Chairman of the I.P., director of the "Labour Leader's" policy, and Editor of the "Socialist Review." We have no animus, no personal ill-feeling towards Mr. J. R. MacDonald, and we only cite this case as an extreme instance of the power wielded by a single person who shows that anyone to-were he ten times as able as Mr. MacDonald. Indeed, his resignation of the Secretarieship of the Parliamentary Labour Party seems to show that he is himself coming to appreciate this. We do not believe that there is such a depth of intelligence in the country as these appointments suggest; we do not believe that local bodies have not sufficient political insight and knowledge to determine, with the friendly help of a central committee, what steps are best in the interest of both the locality and the nation generally. If there is such widespread want of ability, then we must relinquish altogether any hope of democratic control; we are sure the democracy will never be advanced through government by cliques, however honourable and well intentioned. This view is contrary by the Battersea Labour Party and other bodies with appointments which will prevent members of Parliament from sitting on the Executive of the Labour Party.

CAPITALISM IN PRACTICE.

Owing to the depressed state of trade, keen distress prevails in the Potteries. This circumstance was pleaded by two prisoners before separate Benches of Magistrates yesterday in extenuation of thefts they had committed. At Stoke, evidence was given that Henry Slater, a man of good appearance and soldierly bearing, walked into a butcher's shop at Hartshill. To the butcher's wife he said: "I am starving; you are the only people who can afford it, and I mean to have this," taking up a piece of beef weighing 50 lbs., and walking away. The constable who arrested him said he had had nothing to eat for a week. The Bench, saying it would not do to let people help themselves, committed him to gaol for one month.

The "Times" has concluded its series of articles on "The Socialist Movement in Great Britain." The earlier ones were mainly descriptive of the various organisations and newspapers, and are reasonably fairly accurate. Indeed, it would be difficult even for the "Times" to go very far wrong, since the Socialist bodies publish such detailed accounts of their membership, finance, and propaganda. The concluding article is devoted to some criticism which, unfortunately, does not rise above that which meets the Socialist at every meeting he addresses. We say, unfortunately, because Socialism in its progress depends, of course, upon critical examination of its theory and practice. Nowadays it is upon the Socialists themselves that we depend for any well-considered and balanced judgment upon Socialistic propositions. The modifications in their views which the "Times" finds so extraordinary have been mainly due to the efforts of women, and it is by no means certain that the new Socialism is a dynamic power, that is not content to merely theorise, but solves its problems exclusively that Socialism is a dynamic power, that is not content to merely theorise, but solves its problems to a large extent whilst it swings forward.

The "Times" states, "as a matter of historical fact, throughout the entire period during which Socialism has been before the world, not a single intellect of first-rate calibre has ranged itself on that side." Historical facts are even more than other facts of an extremely changing complex, and must ever depend upon what is an intellect of first-rate calibre. Some judges now contend that Robert Owen, Karl Marx, Disraeli, J. Stuart Mill, Shelley, Ruskin, Dr. A. Russel Wallace, William Morris, Oliver Lodge, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, to mention a few names that come to one's pen, are within that rank. However, the editor of the "Times" is not a Socialist as yet.
**Things to be Done.**

By Kart Bennedy.

We are all astril. Vibrant—pregnant with resolve. It is a conference. The Conference! Humanity is represented. Humanity with its myriad aspects. Its elusive facets. And we are here! Who are we? All kinds of men. And women, too! Men from the murky maelstrom. Men from the lofty stool. Men from the study. Men from the furrowed field.

We are here to confer, to analyse, argue, propose, resolve! We are here to place the cosmic scheme on the dissecting-table; to search its vitals with a sharp-edged knife.

We are here to articulate—once more. Here to urge the same redress; to indite the same old, venerable fallacies; to cut another head or two off the hydra-headed monster. We shall make speech. From our deep chests will roll sonorous thunder. From our eyes will flash menacing lightning. We will pass a lot of resolutions. We will move, we will*

Pass them we will! We rustle our agendas. Latin word for "things to be done." The platform fills. What a sight. O Lor! Broad-browed men with precipitous foreheads. Men bald, who started life in hirsute luxuriance. All gone—in the movement. The hair—i. mean. It is a sight.

A marvellous sight! The hammer sounds. Or is it a bell? No—a hammer. A clammy hush envelopes all! We are off!! The Conference has begun.

The President's Address.

The gentlemen write feverishly. We all swell with pride. It is a supreme moment. We are living—up to the hilt. Oh! the things we have done! Oh! the progress slow but sure! Oh! the imperceptible influence on the Established Fact! Oh! the silent sowing of the seed! And oh! the waiting—serene—confident—for the harvest. Yes. The waiting. That is where political genius comes in. Sceptics sneer. They see no fruit. Ha! poor sceptics! We know!

The Agenda! We are true to our agenda. It is a legacy from our fathers. And we are true to our fathers. They knew what should be done. And so do we. They resolved that these things must be done. So will we. We see that our children have the same loyalty. The children! Oh, to die knowing that when we are ashes our children will be passing the same noble resolutions. In similar Town Halls.

Oh! Item by item—we diminish the agenda. I had almost said *discura.* Occult! What? Brain collides with brain. All are agreed on one point. Things *must* be done this time. But how?

There's the rub...

The Labour Party members in the House of Commons have courage and aerrer of imagination. Mr. Chairman, my lords of the Executive, and commons of the Portsmouth Conference,—

Before this Conference begins to discuss the business set down in its agenda paper, I rise, Sir, to move a matter of urgency... I quite agree with the fifty gentlemen who have just sprung to their feet—I am entirely out of order. But, Sir, I am speaking on behalf of a journal which has no superstitious belief in "order" when it happens to be utterly wrong. If "order" stands for all that we consider undesirable, then, quite frankly, we prefer whatever form of disorder will set things right. I observe the smiles on some faces which seem to detect a seditious purpose. But I do not digress into the biographies of half the people who have made history.

This Conference is about to settle quietly down to discuss a great number of resolutions which really do not matter... The delegations over many years, I have heard it said, "Nonsense," and the twenty jumped to the conclusion that we have the greatest sympathy with this modest request. But it is a matter of the means of production, distribution, and exchange") which are of supreme importance. On the contrary, I think them of such supreme importance that I want to see all living realities instead of subjects of discussion. They were all accepted by rational men years ago; to put them solemnly before this Conference for its approval is much the same as if the Church Congress were asked if it believed in Christianity or the Peers Conference whether it be in favour of peace. Nine-tenths of the Portsmouth Agenda paper can be dismissed in two minutes by resolving: "that this Conference still believes in those social reforms which the Labour movement has demanded for... during the last twenty years." I refuse to insult the intelligence of the delegates by assuming that there is one who will not call "agreed" to such a resolution, without further discussion.

Having torn up, in one heartless stroke, all the brilliant speeches which were going to be delivered, the Conference will then be ready to get to its real business. I see a look of withering contempt on the faces of the delegates of the Amalgamated Carters Union, who have come here to move that the Labour Party shall be instructed to work "for the amendment of the Highways Act, 1835, section 78, and the Towns Police Clauses Act, 1847, section 28." I feel I am expressing the mind of this Conference when I say that we have the greatest sympathy with this modest request. Socialism was dismissed in two minutes by resolving: "that this Conference was asked if it believed in Christianity or the Peers Conference whether it be in favour of peace. I beg them not to consider me rude if I say that it is certainly not the business of this Conference. I observe that the delegates of the Battersea Labour Party are prepared with pride to score a point later on when they will show that their resolution ("the Socialisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange") is far above the level of the Highways Act affair. I beg them not to consider me rude if I say that it is only a step in the right direction. Shall we not ask for something better? Shall we not ask for something more? Shall the Resolution be accepted at the Hull Conference last year. Even the Trades Congress voted for that in the prehistoric ages.

Comrades of the Socialist and Labour movement, it is not a longer or a better programme that you need. Your great task and duty is to fight for the one you already have. You stated your wants last year; now
The Gilbert and Ellice Islands.

In an article entitled "A Story of the Pacific." [New Age of October 10, 1908], we analysed the circumstances under which the Pacific Phosphate Company had secured some valuable guano phosphate concessions on Ocean Island, which is within the Gilbert and Ellice group. In the latter part of that article we referred to the fact that serious charges of maladministration had been made against Mr. Teller Campbell, the present Resident Commissioner.

In November last, a White Paper was issued from the Colonial Office containing a lengthy despatch from the High Commissioner of the Pacific dealing with some of these allegations. That White Paper was drawn to our attention by a correspondent in December, and we communicated with Lord Crewe, enquiring whether he proposed to investigate further into the matter. On January 12 this year we received a reply from Lord Crewe stating that he did not propose to take any further action.

We have carefully read Sir Everard im Thurn's despatch, and we strongly regret the inaction of the Colonial Office. Sir Everard im Thurn, it is true, has written a denial of some charges against the administration of Mr. Teller Campbell, though the charge of flogging "is certainly recognised and inflicted by the native law as administered by the chiefs" is admitted; but the High Commissioner states "Mr. Campbell's constant effort has been to moderate this."

We are told that the native islanders who are employed by the Pacific Phosphate Company are "well paid," though why the rate of wage is not indicated it is difficult to understand. The High Commissioner has defended the payment of a tax by the natives on copra, which is their only form of wealth, and on cocoanuts, their chief food. In the meantime, the Pacific Phosphate Company, which has tricked the natives out of their guano phosphates, the one valuable natural product of Ocean Island, has paid a dividend of 50 per cent., and given its directors "additional remuneration," leaving a balance to be carried forward of £43,593 5 s. 6d. 1

Mr. Chamberlain ordered an enquiry some years ago into the alleged misdoings of Mr. Teller Campbell, and Sir Everard im Thurn sent a long report on the subject, which the Colonial Office has refused to publish or to allow anyone to see. Why?

The present enquiry seems to have been most unsatisfactory. What means were provided by the High Commissioner for these ignorant natives to present their case against a man in whose power they are we have been unable to discover. The Gilbert Islands, over which Mr. Campbell is a kind of Lord High Everything, are visited by the leisurely High Commissioner at intervals ranging from five to eight years.

We have before us a declaration by Anatole Quoirier, in which he says: "From February, 1899, to 1903, I was in charge of the Mission of the Sacred Heart at Nukunau, in the Gilbert Islands. During my term of residence the natives were harshly treated; they were always under sentence of prison, and there were frequently floggings with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Some of the offences were very petty; for instance, a month's imprisonment was given if a native left even a little grass unweeded in a road," etc., etc.

The "Fiji Times" has reprinted the whole of our article of October 10 last in its issue of November 28, with editorial comments supporting the view we took of these various transactions. In this instance, public opinion on the spot appears to be in agreement with home criticism of the Colonials. All the circumstances of this incident point to the necessity of setting up an independent and impartial visiting Commission to examine the administration of these remote parts of the British Empire. We urge on the Colonial Office that there is sufficient evidence before it to justify the expense of an enquiry, before which the natives could be represented by Australian counsel. For the present, we must await further developments.
Indian Notes.
By an Indian Nationalist.

The most interesting Indian topic of the week is the marriage of Lord Minto's daughter and the presents sent by the Maharajah of Benares for generations. It was rumoured that when Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser called at the rejection of these presents. It serves them right-those foolish loyal virgins, eager to show a love which they do not feel, not only for the Viceroy, but for his family as well.

I hear that Mr. Amanindra Nath Tagore, who succeeds Mr. Harivansh Rai Bahadur as the President of the Calcutta School of Art, has been replaced by an Englishman. Mr. Tagore is the foremost artist in India today, and the charm of his art lies in the fact that, in spite of his vast knowledge of Western art and Western culture, he has been inspired all through by Eastern ideals. Although his work is by no means a copy of mediaeval Indian art, it is as far removed as possible from the art products of the West. He had cleared the school of all the tawdry, tenth-rate Western pictures, and replaced them by specimens of Indian art. Mr. Havell, in his recent book on "Painting and Sculpture in India" gives some illustrations of Mr. Tagore's work, and the ideals animating it. In him and Mr. Coomaraswami lay the hope of an Indian Art Renascence. But the Anglo-Indian is again in possession.

The object of the Government can be clearly understood. Some years back it suppressed Western culture, and Lord Curzon told us not to fix our attention upon the West. How can such a policy succeed? The Government was startled to find that most of the "bomb-throwers" were profound students of Indian philosophy. "The Gita" was found in their so-called "Anarchist den." So the Government has been forced to allow the Anglos to keep up their own art. The Government does not realise that there comes a day in the history of a nation when everything she does turns against her. That day has come for Anglo-India. Whatever the Government does will turn against it.

The English press is horrified at the attitude of Russia in Persia. It seems that Russia intends to do in Persia exactly what England did in India and Egypt. Russia wants to "protect" Persia and finance her. How dare Russia do such a thing? England alone is the champion of liberty, and "protector" of humanity; and, of course, England will not allow her place to be usurped. If Persia wants a protector, England will not let the barbarous methods of the Cossacks be introduced in Persia. A "Cossack Protectorate" must not on any account be allowed.

A Prophecy of Merlin: Curious Find in the Welsh Hills.

Extract from a letter from one of the discoverers:

"At the top of the valley we found the ground rising steeply, and the precipice on the right—a jagged chalk cliff, with intrusive dykes of igneous granitic rock—was most dangerous. The guides halted on its edge to break away, and we heaved the débris over the edge into the stream. It was 12.30 ere we cleared the entrance. We sent a rocket through, by way of setting up a current of fresh air; afterwards we found the air within quite sweet, and there seems to be an outlet somewhere below.

"After lunch we crawled in, our electric lamps slung round our necks. It wasn't a very deep cave, but it was higher than we thought. The floor was rocky, and was dry nearly everywhere.

"And in the corner we made our find. It was a heap of things, covered with a layer of dust (the place was as dusty as a British drawing room); out of this heap we dragged an old, worn shield, the hilt and part of the scabbard of an ancient sword, and a lot of discs of metal that had once been hung on a wall. We were leaving the rest for further examination, when we found a kind of bundle: so we brought that with us.

"We opened it to-night: it was a long roll of linen, black outside and grey without; and in the centre was a vast knowledge of Western art and Western culture, he has been inspired all through by Eastern ideals. Although his work is by no means a copy of mediaeval Indian art, it is as far removed as possible from the art products of the West. He had cleared the school of all the tawdry, tenth-rate Western pictures, and replaced them by specimens of Indian art. Mr. Havell, in his recent book on "Painting and Sculpture in India" gives some illustrations of Mr. Tagore's work, and the ideals animating it. In him and Mr. Coomaraswami lay the hope of an Indian Art Renascence. But the Anglo-Indian is again in possession.

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Thee's victory I prophesy!  
In irresistible attack
35 They drive their foemen's standards back;  
And—though their enemies may cower  
Neath rampired wall or thickened tower—
I've seen them still maintain them,  
Their enemies' defences gain'd:
40 Their crimson banner waves on high;  
The fields and cities voice their cry!  
By economic discontent
Their spirit the soil is rent.

"The whole thing is misty to me. For example: Hughes cannot be sure of line 1; he thinks it may be 'fourteen hundred years,' and holds that the reference is to the rebellion of Owain Glyndwr: though the 'two nines' suggests that theory. He thinks 'two nines should be 'two signs.' Line 3 is inexplicable, save for the fact that line 4 gives a hint; in line 4 the word translated 'find' has the secondary meaning of 'to take title' or even 'to rob,' as a homeroost. The minster in the West' may be St. Asaph's Cathedral.

"The part in the middle, where the parchment is unfortunately worn into holes, is most illegible and in-comprehensible. Hughes says that line 23 clearly indicates Snowden, which in this place may stand for Wales; and the broken phrase commencing 'gray.....' may perhaps be what English later washed. "The wall of capital is rent' may mean that the bard believed that the Welsh would take London.

"I will conjecture no more. We are issuing a pamphlet of the part of the quarto reproduction of the parchment, which should be ready soon.

"At the back of the parchment is the most puzzling thing of all. It is a triangle, at the respective angles of which are the letters 'F.S.', 'I.L.P.', and 'S.D.P.'; in the centre are the letters 'S.R.C.' Underneath is written 'In hoc signo vincetis' - Hughes thinks this is a talismanic charm against misfortune; and I incline to agree with him."  

ERIC DEXTER.

A Round with Mallock.

By Edwin Pugh.

At the memorable affray at Ipswich between the historic pilgrims and the forces of law and order, Mr. Snodgrass, in a truly Christian spirit, and in order that he "should become somebody else" with as little delay as possible. I had also remarked, on my own account, that certain leading Socialists of a considerable reputation were inclined to take Mr. Mallock very seriously indeed, as one taken a bad joke. And I was duly impressed. I am even yet a little frightened: not of Mr. Mallock, but of my own temerity. Because Mr. Mallock does not seem to my limited intelligence to be so very formidable, though I grant you that his elaborate preparations for battle should be truly terrible, if only by reason of their portentous deliberateness, and that his demeanour, to say nothing of his frown or his language, would be simply awful if there were anything to be afraid of. But there is not. He is not going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation. And somehow I am irresistibly reminded of these gentleness of manner, by the tact which another gentle poet, Mr. Mallock, in a book entitled "A Critical Examination of Socialism," which I have lately bought in a cheap edition and am now engaged in reading.

But before I bought the book I had had the greater part of it quoted to me and expounded and defended by a number of friends who are extremely anxious that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation. And somehow I am not at all afraid of this new object-lesson which he is putting forward to the public. Because Mr. Mallock is a precisely the same sort of fellow as the one who has made a botched job of it, in the prettiest style imaginable. His only lack would seem to be in hitting power. And there he is handicapped by his sleazy adherence to old-fashioned methods, for through he has plenty of fists and guards, he has discovered no new blows whatever—except such as would disqualify him on a fool.

He devotes the greater part of his first four chapters to Marx, and does a lot of fancy sparring before admitting in chapter five and six that most modern Socialists repudiate those portions of the Marxian theory which he has been trying to prove. And if he has a shrewd idea of the quality of the stuff he is really made of. No doubt his sparring is clever, and he can duck and side-step, stop and get away, in the prettiest style imaginable. His only lack would seem to be in hitting power. And there he is handicapped by his sleazy adherence to old-fashioned methods, for through he has plenty of fists and guards, he has discovered no new blows whatever—except such as would disqualify him on a fool.

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Study of the New Age
discovered in our temple, are no more than the superficial traces of time and weather which you will invariably find upon the surface of the hardest and most solid and enduring rock.

**Unedited Opinions.**

**Concerning "The New Age."**

He says I'm an Anarchist.

What's your reply to that?

Very simple: it will take a good deal of Anarchism to make Sidney Webb's Socialist State endurable.

What's your idea of The New Age?

Something like this on its literary side. Newnes and Pearson, you know, got the first crop of popularly-educated people with their "Tit-Bits," and so on. Then came the wave of Secondary Education that gave us a slightly superior crop of readers, and in stepped T.P. with his literary weekly: in which everything was tempered and watered. Finally, we have a generation rising that finds "Tit-Bits" useless and T.P. unsatisfying. I imagine The New Age will appeal to these.

But your circulation is not confined to the young? Heaven forbid! On the contrary, The New Age appeals to the Fourth Estate everywhere. You remember Matthew Arnold's trinity, Barbarians, Philistines, and the Populace. Well, we get none of them, except by accident: we shed them like flies in our first dozen or so numbers. A Philistine is sometimes induced by his friends to buy a copy of The New Age, but he always writes to tell us he has burned it. No, our readers belong mainly to Matthew Arnold's fourth class, the class, namely, that lies outside the three weterling masses, and is composed of individuals who have overcome their class prejudices.

I was told the other day that Balfour read THE NEW AGE.

I shouldn't be surprised. One can believe anything good of Balfour. He predisposes people to credulity about his virtue. Besides, why shouldn't he read The New Age? He must read something—and what else is there? Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc, etc., are his natural peers; and, of course, he must associate with them if only in print.

The New Age has been very lucky to get such men to write for it.

Not luck, but necessity. They can no more help writing for The New Age than they can help being the genius of their day. Do you suppose Shaw, for example, would write for The New Age unless he has overcome his class prejudices?

But do you yourself agree with their opinions?

I agree wholly with nobody's opinions. Why should I? I have a peculiar diet, a peculiar set of habits. My clothes are made to fit me. I naturally shouldn't feel comfortable in anybody else's. And it is the same with opinions. A man's experience determines his opinions, and each of our experiences is unique.

But what becomes of an editorial policy if you don't agree with your writers?

Oh, that's all right. The golden rule is that there is no golden rule. On the subject of Socialism our policy is definite enough, because Socialism is an exact science like mathematics. Outside economics, we must simply pursue sincerity. Give me a man who writes sincerely and I'll respect his opinions.

Certainly The New Age writers write sincerely.

That is only one condition: the other is that they must write well.

But why do you insist upon that?

Oh, because sincerity without beauty is almost certain to result in lies. Until a writer can express his opinion beautifully he is not sure of it. The deeper the conviction, the more beautiful its expression.

That's a wide definition of beauty.

So it is, but it's not too wide. Anything less is only pretty.

Do you expect The New Age to succeed?

That all depends. England is in a very critical condition just now. It's difficult to say if we are watching its birth or its death. Personally, I believe it is re-birth; but there are signs of the other. If it is, as I believe, Renaissance, and not Decadence, The New Age will certainly succeed. A much-travelled doctor the other day told me that on returning to England two years ago he thought England spiritually dead. Then he found a copy of The New Age. Enough, enough! He was pulling your leg.

Not at all. He was in too tragic a mood. Anyhow, he said The New Age was the brightest paper in London.

That is not high praise.

The highest—in England!

But where do all the Socialists come in?

Everywhere. Socialism pervades The New Age as other pervades space. Everybody knows that the theory of Socialism is as old as poverty. What was needed was a quickening atmosphere to give the theory a visible life. Well, we are producing that atmosphere. We are sometimes told by the old Socialist buccaneers that The New Age is too damned literary, or too damned aesthetic, or too damned something or other. But the fact is that Socialism in The New Age is losing its bony statistical aspect and putting on the colours of vivid life. Shaw himself had to write Fabian essays in dramatic form, because people would no longer read tracts. The New Age is staging the whole movement.

But I thought you had to depend on a circulation among working men.

So we have to a large extent. The number of readers among the so-called educated classes is comparatively few. We have swarms of doctors, engineers, lawyers, parsons, civil servants, etc., among our readers; but they are not numerous enough or thorough enough to keep a penny paper alive. But you wholly mistake the working classes if you think they are either fools or incapable of appreciating wit and beauty.

The literature that does flourish proves it.

Not a bit. Marie Corelli is not read by the proletariat. She is read by parasites. No necessary person reads unnecessary rubbish.

Then you really think the working classes are reading The New Age?

Not quite are, but certainly will. Thousands are reading it now; but there are hundreds of thousands. We shall get at them in time. Don't think that a people that lives by admiration, hope, and love will be satisfied for ever with second-rate ideas. Oh, we shall have our day, never fear.

A. K. ORAGE.
The Psychology of Politics.*

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, the historian of civilization, once wrote an essay to show that the intellectual influence of women is always upon the side of deductive, as opposed to inductive methods of reasoning. Fortunately, however, his arguments interest the reader more than they convince him. If for Buckle were right, it would be impossible to expect anything but the most disastrous consequences from the coming increase of women's influence in the world of affairs. In politics, in economics, and in sociology, the "deductive" philosopher was the study of facts and differences, instead of preconceived generalisations and similarities.

This "intellectualist" fallacy, the assumption of a constant and unalterable uniformity, has led education from the study of the living to the contemplation of the dead, to the adoption of the methods of the new school. But in the field of politics, in economics, and in sociology, the "determinative" lines by such workers as Prof. Marshall in economics and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in sociology, instead of preconceived generalisations and similarities.

Even now we are learning but gradually to apply inductive methods to these matters; to start from the study of facts and differences, instead of preconceived generalisations and similarities. Something, however, has been achieved on "quantitative" lines by such workers as Prof. Marshall in economics and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in sociology, and every year the London School of Economics turns out batches of students trained in the more scientific methods of the new school. But in the field of politics the "determinative" lines by such workers as Prof. Marshall in economics and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in sociology, and every year the London School of Economics turns out batches of students trained in the more scientific methods of the new school. But in the field of politics, proper very little "quantitative" work has been even attempted, and it is to point out the consequent gap in the knowledge of economic principles, like freedom of contract, were laid down, and if this did not appear to remedy social evils, so much the worse for them who suffered. In short, all these sub-principles, which was just as bad. Each party started with an abstract theory. The one assumed that free competition based upon personal interest was the divinely ordained first principle of human society; the other postulated the absolute sufficiency and supremacy of the instinct of cooperation. Both these proceeded in a logical manner to deduce their respective systems of social organisation without any regard whatever for such facts about human desires and practical conditions as were then available.

The starting-point of the political economy of the day was the "simple economic man," a pure abstraction compounded of supreme selfishness and supreme worldly-wisdom; and when, eventually, John Ruskin and others showed that such a person had never existed and never would exist, the whole fabric reared by the "classical" economists crumbled to the dust. Similarly with sociology, such as it was; certain principles, like freedom of contract, were laid down, and if this did not appear to remedy social evils, so much the worse for them who suffered. In short, all these subjects, as they were studied during the happy reign of Queen Victoria, might suitably have formed part of the curriculum of any Frenehounian student of "hypothetics."

Even now we are learning but gradually to apply inductive methods or, as Mr. Wallas calls them, "quantitative" methods to these matters; to start from the study of facts and differences, instead of preconceived generalisations and similarities. Something, however, has been achieved on "quantitative" lines by such workers as Prof. Marshall in economics and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in sociology, and every year the London School of Economics turns out batches of students trained in the more scientific methods of the new school. But in the field of politics the "determinative" lines by such workers as Prof. Marshall in economics and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb in sociology, and every year the London School of Economics turns out batches of students trained in the more scientific methods of the new school. But in the field of politics, proper very little "quantitative" work has been even attempted, and it is to point out the consequent gap in the knowledge of economic principles, like freedom of contract, were laid down, and if this did not appear to remedy social evils, so much the worse for them who suffered. In short, all these subjects, as they were studied during the happy reign of Queen Victoria, might suitably have formed part of the curriculum of any Frenehounian student of "hypothetics."

The effective study of politics, he points out, is prevented by false preconceptions very similar to those which vitiated the work of the "classical" economists. Thus, "we are apt to assume that every human action is the result of an intellectual process, by which a man first thinks of some end which he desires and then calculates the means by which that end can be attained"—whereas in fact he usually does nothing of the kind. This "intellectualist" fallacy, the assumption of a conscious purpose behind every action, inspired all the disciplinary methods known to schoolmasters a generation ago, but to-day it has been largely banished from that particular sphere by the influence of modern pedagogy based on modern psychology. It still remains the basis, however, of most political reasoning, since modern psychology forms no part of the ordinary politician's training.

The young politician starts with a certain set of political principles, which he trusts more or less implicitly, and nothing more. He believes perhaps in Democracy (with a big D), in "the spirit of the British Constitution," in "rights of property," and probably in various other "rights"; and he has studied Aristotle and the history of political institutions. Gradually he becomes disillusioned, realising, like the old Chartist, that his beliefs and principles are mere words, and that men are unaccountably different and difficult to deal with; he then begins to feel that politics in disgust or hope that back upon party spirit for his political opinions and actions. "Having ceased to think of his unknown fellow-citizens as uniform repetitions of a simple type, he ceases to think of them at all," unless per chance he is a strong and able enough to obtain confidence from the new knowledge of "quantitative" methods which he has sub-consciously acquired.

Mr. Wallas gives an excellent illustration of the difference between "quantitative" and "qualitative" methods in sociologies. He imagines a deliberative assembly engaged in deciding the best size for a debating chamber to be used by the Federal Assembly of the British Empire. If "qualitative" methods were adopted, then, instead of one man reiterating that the Parliament Hall was a great hall, and ought to be large in order to represent the dignity of its task, and another man answering that a debating assembly the members of which cannot hear each other is of no use, both would be forced to ask: How much dignity? How many debating convenience? And then he either throws up politics in disgust or falls back on party spirit for his political opinions and actions. "Having ceased to think of his unknown fellow-citizens as uniform repetitions of a simple type, he ceases to think of them at all," unless per chance he is a strong and able enough to obtain confidence from the new knowledge of "quantitative" methods which he has sub-consciously acquired.

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Another illustration which Mr. Wallas gives is the change which has come over our attitude towards Democracy as the result of experience. "In 1834 it was enough, in dealing with the machinery of the Poor Law, to argue that, since all men desire their own interest, the ratepayers would elect guardians who would advance the interests of the whole community." In 1906 we find it necessary to consider a number of questions such as what areas are best for securing a fairly representative body ofratepayers, whether the more public spirited electors, or whether it is possible at all to obtain satisfactory results from such ad hoc elections. We have learnt in the meantime that that "divine oracle," the free and independent elector, "turns out, as it were, only among the most interested, reading the headlines and personal paragraphs of his party newspaper, and half consciously forming mental habits of mean suspicion or national arrogance." In short, the experience of the last half-century, particularly in America, has shaken our faith in the viability of the representative form of demo-cracy to its foundations, and we are having to begin afresh a detailed study of its actual results.

A peculiarly interesting part of Mr. Wallas's book is that which deals with the psychology of electioneering. The candidate, fresh from his books, almost inevitably assumes that on his demonstration of the relation between political causes and effects will depend the result of the election. He soon learns, however, the empirical maxim of the professional agent that "meetings are good," and if it is wasted is sufficient to make his argument; he has got to "show himself" continually, and if possible to arouse the instinctive affection of the electors and make them feel that he is "the kind of man we want." Political impulses are mostly irrational. A popular phrase or tune or colour is worth more to a candidate than any amount of "sound common sense." "Chinese labour" won the battle for the Liberals in 1906, and "It's your money we want" did the same for the Moderates in London in 1907—though Mr. Wallas points out the curious circumstance that the hostile emotions aroused by these successful posters seem now to be being transferred directly, though subconsciously, to those who were responsible for their appearance. Constant reiterated of a telling phrase is...
the master-key of success at elections. Thus, "If the word 'wastrel,' for instance, appears on the contents bill of the 'Daily Mail' one morning as a name for the Progressives, a passenger riding on an omnibus from Putney to the Bank will see it half-consciously at least a hundred times... If he reflected, he would know that only one person has once decided to use the word, but he does not reflect, and the effect on him is the same as if a hundred persons had used it independently of each other."

Mr. Wallas's book is emphatically one to be read by all who are interested in politics. It has its faults, but these are not serious. There is an absence of obvious logical sequence, a too frequent misuse of analogy, and a number of conjectural and wholly unnecessary explanations referring to "primitive man" which are somewhat irritating. But, on the other hand, nearly every page is suggestive, and if we were to say that Mr. Wallas does not even begin to fill the gap in the study of political science which he points out, he might reply that he never had any such intention.

C. DICE SHARP.

Wednesday.

A QUARTER to nine and soft warmth whitening the pavement. Round the lamp-posts buzz flies, lazily. Kilburn High Street is the road to the City, and, striding steadily northward on motor-buses puffing, Thomas Clinton is making for Queen's Arms. True he lives in Brondesbury, but though his trousers are neat and his topper quite decent, a penny is a penny, and you save it if you walk to Queen's Arms. Thomas Clinton is making for Queen's Arms. Thomas Clinton is sober and forty; he looks fairly fresh and fairly content, everything fairly; indeed, it is quite clear that twenty years ago he was rather jaunty; Bastable and Bastable and Co. have no better conveyancer; he has never forgotten anything, and has never been late in his life, even when a fog or the Underground afforded him valuable opportunities.

Thomas Clinton, however, is not really walking down Kilburn High Street. He is at Richmond, like last Saturday, sculling up stream, and the wavelets are swirling round the out-water and describing here and there little corkscrews, maelstroms for unwary insects. That boat is a dear possession, the result of much economy and of many waverings between steak and kidney pudding and the cheaper scone. Every Sunday Thomas Clinton pulls up to Hampton Court; he has got to Walton once, and seriously thought of competing for the Doggett. Ah, yes, those are fine days, those Sundays; and there are Saturdays, too, and glorious Bank Holiday Mondays. What a pity this is Wednesday, thinks Thomas Clinton; never mind, you can't have your cake and eat it; it's a pity though. Perhaps the river looks pretty on Wednesdays.

Thomas Clinton has caught his Vanguard, but his life, is still at Richmond; what a nuisance to know those fair banks on no days save those when all men may know them, when all crowd the trains and the teashops and smoke and swear and shout. Why, thinks Thomas Clinton, must these things be? As the motor 'bus stops with a jerk at St. John's Wood Road the problem suddenly materialises: "Why can't I see Richmond on a Wednesday?"

In that moment Thomas Clinton has evolved; he is self-conscious, and it is a revelation. His imagination is sharp, and he sees himself in a flash tied down to his desk from half-past nine to six, earning an income for Bastable and Bastable and Co. and for ever and ever. Now then, Thomas Clinton, no grumbling, they've been kind to you these twenty years; remember you earn three pounds five a week, and that the boys call you "Sir." "Yes, yes, but why can't I see the River on a Wednesday?" Just once; to know what it is like.

Edgware Road! Are you going on to Moorgate, yes or no, Thomas Clinton, or are you going to be late? Yes, of course, but, I should like—nonsense, my poor fellow, it's preposterous. Never mind, it must be done, quick to the telegraph office: "My aunt has died," and out quickly before the young lady finds me out.

II.

Thomas Clinton has found a new world. His top hat and his frock coat lie heaped in the bows; alone his black boots and neat striped trousers vainly try to remind him that he is playing truant; never mind, look at the water racing and the leaf rustling red on the tree. What is there to-day so balmy and so young in the soft wind that fans the grey waters? Thomas Clinton, you are born again; you are free, you shoot it, fair maidens drop pebbles on your victorious head. There are other joys, however, old friend, for here is the "Mitre" already, and you have an appetite that is sharpened, and, unheeding, you draw the Thames breezes into your lungs with an unknown gusto.

"Yes, yes, but why can't I see the River on a Wednesday?"

"Why can't I see Richmond on a Wednesday?"

"It is difficult to palliate your conduct, Mr. Clinton, but I find it far more difficult to understand it. You have served me faithfully for twenty years, and now you suddenly deceive me in a manner unworthy of an office-boy. Can you not give me some explanation?"

No, Thomas Clinton cannot explain, not even to Mr. Bastable. He is very sorry he was seen on the River; he doesn't know what made him do it.

"But, Mr. Clinton, you must have had some reason, and if you wanted a day off you should have told me. You must know that Bastable and Bastable and Co. would have given it freely to a faithful servant, to a faithful friend, I may say after all these years."

No, Thomas Clinton did not want a day off. He wanted to see the Thames.

"I am sorry to see you take up this unreasonable attitude, Mr. Clinton; you must understand that it is difficult for me to overlook a piece of deceit for which you do not offer the shadow of an explanation."

"Yes, sir."

"I do not want to be hard on you, Mr. Clinton; I know we are none of us perfect, but I am afraid that it will be long before I forget this. I accept your explanation that you wanted to see the Thames, but couldn't you wait? Why, man, you can go there any Saturday or Sunday, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then?"

Thomas Clinton doesn't know. He will not do it again. "Then let us say no more about it, Mr. Clinton; I am sorry, but it cannot be helped."

"Thank you, sir." And Thomas Clinton, very slowly, goes back to his desk.

W. L. GEORGE.
The Human Raven.

By Francis Grierson.

There were seven of us camped that evening at the mouth of the gorge leading into the central chain of the Rockies in far Western Colorado; seven weary men, some too tired to talk, others feeling conscious of the wonderful hours slipping away in that land of weird sights and romantic adventure; for we had spent a whole day prospecting in the hills for gold and found nothing.

It was in the autumn of 1875. The weather was fine and the sky perfectly clear, with a clearness that made certain objects stand out at some distance from the camp-fire, distinctly marked in the beautiful starlight, and there was a still wind coming down from the great gorge, winding round the circle of the camp in sudden gusts, and from time to time strange whistling sounds behind us towards the mountains gave a haunted sort of feeling to the place we had settled in for the night.

Of the six men besides myself, three were noted characters of the mountain regions. One was famed for his humour, another for his dare-devil adventures, and the third, the most characteristic of the three, was remarked for his personal appearance and reticent manner. He might have been picked out of five thousand, so odd, so singular, so mysteriously original—something—what was it? that made me think of a strange bird I had once seen during my wanderings in the lonely forests of Australia. Yes, it was the wonderful nose, long, pointed, fiercely invulnerable, that gave to the features the bird-like appearance, and when, once in a while, he would give his shoulders a slight shrug to tighten his blanket about him, he had the exact look and manner of a great bird settling down to roost, and the two black, penetrating, fixed eyes gazed straight before him into the rocky wilderness.

Most of the men there had nick-names, and this one had the name of the “Raven.”

The funny man of the party, Bill Slocomb, took from his pocket a small book and began to read from his favourite humorist, Artemus Ward. This was after we had made coffee and the moon had begun to cast long sheets of silver light over the giant columns to our left, slowly dissipating some shadows while it made others darker. All enjoyed the humour of Bill Slocomb, except the Raven, who sat immovable even in the night, his far-away expression, and a something, a something—what was it? that made me think of a strange bird I had once seen during my wandering in the lonely forests of Australia. Yes, it was the wonderful nose, long, pointed, fiercely invulnerable, that gave to the features the bird-like appearance, and when, once in a while, he would give his shoulders a slight shrug to tighten his blanket about him, he had the exact look and manner of a great bird settling down to roost, and the two black, penetrating, fixed eyes gazed straight before him into the rocky wilderness.

Bill Slocomb and the Kid rushed to offer him a drink from a flask, but the Raven had ceased to see he was undergoing a great change. He seemed more and more identified with that of a raven, while his eyes shone like the eyes of the dreaming demon in the poem. He turned towards the tree where the owl was perched just as it was uttering some unearthly sounds.

He made a long, sweeping gesture as he recited the marvellous lines:

“Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore.’”

As he continued he wheeled about, evidently going on a delirium strong for one so given to reticence and self-control. It was easy to see he was undergoing a great change. He seemed to be all eyes, his voice was failing, he began to reel, and as he uttered the last three lines of the poem he sank down, as we thought, in a faint.

Bill Slocomb and the Kid rushed to offer him a drink from a flask, but the Raven had ceased to breathe.

We were so dazed we could find nothing to say for some time. We made fresh coffee, lit our pipes, and began to speak in whispers. Presently we saw the big owl soar in a circle over the camp and disappear out: “What was that?”

“Pears like,” he continued, after a moment, “I heerd one o’ them night critters, an’ if there’s anything I can’t see in this world it’s one o’ them horned owls. I’ve seen ‘em in this place once before, an’ their visits don’t mean nothin’ lucky I kin tell ye!”

What with the loud talk and the moonlight that was fast turning the night into something more troubling than any light of sun, the whole company were now wide awake. Bill Slocomb sat gazing intently at the Raven, old Ned Dallas looked about him as if in search of something that could not be found, and the Woolly Kid, as he was called because of his curly hair, looked dazed and half scared in spite of his dare-devil rashness.

Suddenly the Raven shuffled to his feet and began as if speaking to himself:

“I shall never forget the day we carried poor Edgar Poe to the hospital to die, and I’ve never missed reciting that most beautiful and bewildering poem on that anniversary.”

He said this without as much as a glance at any of us.

Bill Slocomb and old Ned Dallas looked apprehensive, and ill at ease; the Woolly Kid was grinning, not from the anticipation of any pleasure, but because of the almost superhuman effort to throw off the uncanny something bearing down on the camp like a nameless, invisible presence.

“I’m going to recite ‘The Raven,’” he continued.

A strange fascination fell on the company. The weird bird itself seemed there in human shape, peer- ing through the night, and there issued from the unfathomable face a solemn quaintness, an unearthly glamour that enveloped every man in the camp.

Hardy had pronounced the famous line of the poem: “Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore.’” when from far above on a solitary peak there came the sound of jerky, hysterical laughter, and as we looked up we saw a huge owl of the horned species floating down in the white moonlight, skimming the air without flapping a wing, soaring and curving in circles, pecking at last on a dead tree within plain sight of us all.

Ned Dallas, who had a superstitious dread of these birds, looked the horror he felt but could not utter; but the Raven kept on with his recitation. Now he began to gesture, his appearance became more and more identified with that of a raven, while his eyes shone like the eyes of the dreaming demon in the poem. He turned towards the tree where the owl was perched just as it was uttering some unearthly sounds.

He made a long, sweeping gesture as he recited the marvellous lines:

“Whether Tempter sent, or whether Tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate, yet all unsteady.

On this desert land enchanted

On this Home by Horror haunted.”

And as he continued he wheeled about, evidently labouring under an emotion too strong for one so given to reticence and self-control. It was easy to see he was undergoing a great change. He seemed to be all eyes, his voice was failing, he began to reel, and as he uttered the last three lines of the poem he sank down, as we thought, in a faint.

Bill Slocomb and the Kid rushed to offer him a drink from a flask, but the Raven had ceased to breathe.

We were so dazed we could find nothing to say for some time. We made fresh coffee, lit our pipes, and began to speak in whispers. Presently we saw the big owl soar in a circle over the camp and disappear among the mountains.

After a while a search was made for some token of his identity, and from scraps of paper and portions of old, faded letters we learned that he was a Balti- morean by birth, that he had been an intimate friend of Poe, and had seen him carried to the hospital to die, that after the poet’s death on October 7th, 1849, he had been haunted by poet visions of the “Raven,” and that the visitations were not so frequent and poig- nant during the months of autumn.

Old Ned Dallas thought the only fitting place for the grave was the romantic spot under the tree where the great owl had perched, a spot dominating the long, lovely Messa Valley, sweeping up towards the lonely Peak of Leon, famed for the opal splendours of its early dawns, and by the time the grave was ready Leon was bathed in a shimmering mist of purple and gold, and the beautiful valley began to glister with the genial rays from the rising sun.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

This great Edgar Allan Poe celebration has passed off, and no one has been seriously hurt by the terrific display of fireworks. Some of the set pieces were pretty fair; for example, Mr. G. B. Shaw's in the "Nation" and Prof. C. H. Herford's in the "Manchester Guardian." On the whole, however, the enthusiasm was too much in the nature of mere good form. If only we could have a celebration of Omar Khayyam, Tennyson, Gilbert White, or the inventor of Bridge, the difference between new and manufactured enthusiasm would be apparent. We have spent several happy weeks in explaining to that harismatic tribe, the Americans, that in Poe they have never appreciated their luck. And indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the cluttered ineptitude of literary criticisms in American newspapers, or the transcendent, sheepish silliness of the American public in choosing authors for religious worship. Certain it is that we, with all our fatuities, are a cut above the Americans in these matters. But we have never understood Poe. And we never shall understand Poe. It is immensely to our credit that, owing to the admirable obstinacy of Mr. J. H. Ingram, we now admit that Poe was neither a drunkard, a debauchee, nor a cynical priest in which I was to show that the appearance of a temperament like his in the United States in the early years of the century paled and flickered out. Since then I have come to the conclusion that I know practically nothing about the public. Further enquiries satisfied me that the "secret of Poe," and that nobody else knows how, I wonder, would Mr. Walkley and Mr. Archer have treated them? What would have been Mr. Archer's tone towards constructional defects, and Mr. Walkley's towards the encouragement of adultery practised by Mr. Maugham's heroine? The question answers itself. Mr. Walkley and Mr. Archer would have been utterly unwise, yet the public's chilliness might have been utterly unaffected by the public's chilliness. It is not to be eulogised in French." "Why does not Mr. Walkley rise to the occasion?" he demanded in his carefully-selected language of clichés. It seems to me that Mr. Walkley had already risen to the occasion.

unsuitability of English soil to that trifling plant the short story is a vast lump of ridiculousness. Nearly every good novelist of the nineteenth century, from Scott to Stevenson, wrote first-class short stories. There are now working in England to-day at least six writers who can write, and have written, better short stories than any living writer of their own Art and France. As for the greater difficulty of the short story, ask any novelist who has succeeded equally well in both. Ask Thomas Hardy, ask George Meredith, ask Joseph Conrad, ask H. G. Wells, ask Murray Gilchrist, ask George Moore, ask Eden Phillpotts, ask "Q.," ask Henry James. Lo! I say to all facile gabblers about the "art of the short story," as the late C. B. said to Mr. Balfour: "Enough of this foolery!" It is of a piece with the notion that a fine sonnet is more difficult than a fine epic.

I have to refer again to the matter of dramatic criticism. The attitude of our princes of dramatic criticism towards Mr. St. John Hankin's serious and sincere play, "The last of the Murphys," was uncompromisingly hostile, and in response Mr. S. St. John Hankin's witty protest, Mr. Archer felt obliged to give his reasons for damnation, and incidentally had a narrow escape of losing his temper. Now Mr. Somerset Maugham comes along with "Penelope." Mr. Maugham is an able man who once wrote an artistic play, and who has formally renounced seriousness and stated that his unique intention is to please the public. Probably it was no part of his scheme to please Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. William Archer. But as to "Penelope," Mr. Archer wrote: "I heard stern critics objecting to the episodic nature of Mrs. Calvert's part. That did not trouble me in the least." "Stern critics" is masterly.

As for Mr. Walkley, Mr. Walkley was enchanted. He has naught but praise for "the brilliantly clever" Mr. Maugham. He composed one of his most polyglottatic articles in the name and honour of Mr. Maugham. In his article occur the following rare jewels from Mr. Maugham: His majesty national nonsense about the "art of the short story," and that Guy du Maupassant wrote very good short stories, and that Mr. Maugham was an able man who once wrote an artistic play, and who has formally renounced seriousness and stated that his unique intention is to please the public. Probably it was no part of his scheme to please Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. William Archer. But as to "Penelope," Mr. Archer wrote: "I heard stern critics objecting to the episodic nature of Mrs. Calvert's part. That did not trouble me in the least." "Stern critics" is masterly.

It was inevitable that, apropos of Poe, our customary national nonsense about the "art of the short story" should have recurred in a painful and acute form. It is a platitude of "Literary Pages" that Anglo-Saxon writers cannot possess themselves of the "art of the short story." The only reason advanced has been that Guy du Maupassant wrote very good short stories, and he was French! God be thanked! Last week we all admitted that Poe had understood the "art of the short story." (His name had not occurred to us before.) Henceforward our platitude will be that no Anglo-Saxon writer can compass the "art of the short story" unless his name happens to be Poe. Another platitude is that the short story is more difficult than the long story—the novel. Whenever I meet that phrase "art of the short story" in the press I feel as if I had drunk mustard-and-water. And I would like here to state that there are as good short stories in English as in any language, and that the whole theory of the

JACOB TONSON.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Anniversary of Burton.

Two hundred and seventy years ago, on the 25th of January, 1639, died Robert Burton, the author of a book which a few in every succeeding generation have always regarded as the most fascinating work in the English language—the inimitable, unsurpassed, unequalled "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Not a mere title, perhaps, especially to an age saturated with machine-made novels, feuilletons in the halfpenny papers, and books of memoirs made up of anecdotes and tittle-tattle! Not that Burton's share of "Halfpenny Papers, and Books of Memoirs" made up of anecdotes and tittle-tattle! Not that Burton's share of "The Battle of Books" or "Walpole's Letters," and unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath with "The Prodigal Son" or "The Treasure of Heaven." Seldom could a greater literary mistake be made. There is no surfeit in this "Anatomy." The good-humoured scholar suffers from melancholy at times, it is true; but he does not believe that men were intended to go through life depressed in mind and spirit. So he sets himself to the task of finding out every possible variety of melancholy and its cure. All his own books, all the books in Christ Church library, are ransacked. Finally the necessary materials are gathered together; and room is found for gently interspersing other people's flowers and binding them together with his own string. A hasty glance through the work would give the reader the impression that it was a collection of epigrams, sayings, and maxims from all the writers of Latin who had ever lived, interspersed with scraps of Greek, Italian, and French. A more careful examination will show how admirably and systematically all this material is arranged—how every argument bearing on a particular point is clearly set forth, duly clinched by a Latin quotation, which apparently, in Burton's opinion, settles the matter for all time.

The average modern reader, who knows this great work only by name, if he knows it at all, looks upon it, we fear, as the vapourings of a dyspeptic pessimist, unfit to be placed on a shelf beside the "Battle of Books" or "Walpole's Letters," and unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath with "The Prodigal Son" or "The Treasure of Heaven." Seldom could a greater literary mistake be made. There is no surfeit in this "Anatomy." The good-humoured scholar suffers from melancholy at times, it is true; but he does not believe that men were intended to go through life depressed in mind and spirit. So he sets himself to the task of finding out every possible variety of melancholy and its cure. All his own books, all the books in Christ Church library, are ransacked. Finally the necessary materials are gathered together; and room is found for gently interspersing other people's flowers and binding them together with his own string. A hasty glance through the work would give the reader the impression that it was a collection of epigrams, sayings, and maxims from all the writers of Latin who had ever lived, interspersed with scraps of Greek, Italian, and French. A more careful examination will show how admirably and systematically all this material is arranged—how every argument bearing on a particular point is clearly set forth, duly clinched by a Latin quotation, which apparently, in Burton's opinion, settles the matter for all time.

Burton's life was uneventful. He was born at Lindley, Leicestershire, on February 8, 1593; became a commoner at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1593; was elected a student at Christ Church in 1599 (the year of Spenser's death); took his degree of B.D. in 1614, and two years later was appointed vicar of St. Thomas, in the west suburbs of Oxford. In or about 1630 his patron George Lord Berkeley presented him with the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire. Burton always resided at Christ Church, and held the two livings "with much ado to his dying day."

Aulus Gellius in Latin, Athenaeus in Greek, have preserved fragments from the works of writers of whom we should otherwise never have heard. In the same way, Burton has culled choice passages from obscure writers of all ages, all bearing on his theme. But for Burton's book who would now take any interest in Boeradius, Alexander Magnificus, Avienea, Crato, Fuchius, and scores of others? What a variety of subjects melancholy includes can be judged only by looking through Burton's "partitions." Is there, for example, any difference between madness, "phrenzy," and melancholy? Listen to Burton's proofs:

SUCCESS depends entirely upon the use you make of your personal qualities and mental power. You will become more competent through scientific development of your latent abilities; therefore, the science of success must be your first aim if you would develop your talent.

YOU have five senses; you must train them scientifically, especially observation. You have imagination, you must develop it. Your power of judgment must be trained to be keen. Your emotions must be controlled by a strong will, disciplined on systematic lines.

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Mr. Sharper Knowlson's Course is in ten lessons, which are given on the correspondence plan direct from the author. Readers of The New Age are invited to apply for a pamphlet, "The Secret of Mental Power, sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY, THE PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 20, WENHAM HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Madness, phrenzy, and melancholy, are confounded by Celsus and many Writers; others leave out phrenzy, and make madness and melancholy but one disease, which Jason Praetius especially labour, and that they differ only secondum mensuram or minus, in quantity alone, the one being a degree to the other, and both proceeding from one cause. They differ interto et remissum grade, saith Gordianus, as the humour may be increased or remitted. Of the same mind is Aretaeus, Alexander Tstulliani, Guinius, Socionvlaro, Heinrius; and Galen himself writes promiscuously of them both by reason of their affinity, &c., but melancoly according as they do handle them apart, whom I will follow in this treatise.

He knows that his book may not suit everyone: —

... I shall be censured, I doubt not, for to say truth with Erasmus, nihil morosius hominum judicibus, there's taught so perceivably, yet this, this some comfort, ut palata, sa judicic, our censures are as various as our palates.

Tres mihi convivae pro disentaire videtur, Petterus vex multis diversus palato, etc.

Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty, that which one admires, another rejects, so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined.

Pro capta lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

That which is most pleasing to one is amaracum sui, most hard to another. Quod hominum, tant contenentiae, so many men, so many minds: that which thou condemnest he commendeth.

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

Melancholy, of course, is due to many different causes, among others: —

To be foul, ugly, and deformed! Much better he buried alive! Some are married, but barren, and that galls them. Hannah wept sore, did not eat, and was troubled in spirit, and all for her barrenness. I Sam. 1.; and, Gen. 30; Rachel said, in the anguish of her soul, give me a child, or I shall die; another hath too many; one was never married; it come to naught.

That bad tenant lets it rain in, and for want of reparation falls from the roof.

The rest are these, beside fear and sorrow, sharp Kingdoms, fulsome crudities, heat and griping in their bowels, vomits and belchings, fulsome crudities, heat and griping in their bowels, vomits and belchings, and a sweat so foul, that it rushes out of their nostrils. And that's his hell; another is, & that's his plague.

Some are fair, but barren, and that galls them.

... The rest are these, beside fear and sorrow, sharp Kingdoms, fulsome crudities, heat and griping in their bowels, vomits and belchings, and a sweat so foul, that it rushes out of their nostrils. And that's his hell; another is, & that's his plague.

... They make madness and melancholy but one disease, which Jason Praetius especially labour, and that they differ only secondum mensuram, or minus, in quantity alone, the one being a degree to the other, and both proceeding from one cause.

When Art shall be annexed to Beauty, when wiles and seduction are upon all occasions, of all colours and complexions swell upon all occasions, of all colours and complexions.

The Co-operative Union ; Wholesale Co-operation ; Pro-ductive Co-operation ; Retail Co-operation ; Agricultural Co-operation ; Labour Co-partnership ; Co-operation Abroad.

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their petticoats and outward garments, as usually dye, gold fringes, laces, embroiderings (it shall go hard but when they got to Church, or to any other place, all shall be seen), his but a springe to catch woodcocks; and as appear when they [the lovers] are both present; all their speeches, amorous glances, actions, lascivious gestures was bewray them, they cannot contain themselves, but that any concern but the highest ideals in art. The...
because we think him the greatest. He is certainly the most prominent, and the pictures by him, though not important works in the common sense, are certainly evidence of, at least, a master craftsman. We think the best is the portrait of Mr. McCulloch's son, lying on the rocks by a flooded river, fishing. It is full of life and fresh colour, and painted with splendid assurance. Also we like the little pencil sketch of Mr. McCulloch, which is more than an excellent study of character. The force Mr. Sargent obtains by the use of a full brush Sir W. Q. Orchardson gets by little more than staining the canvas. "The Young Duke," is a very fine example of his style and abounds in rich but delicate colour and quality. We think the painting of the glass and silver on the table is particularly beautiful. The similarity in the faces is unfortunate. The next best picture of his is "Master Baby" (290), a picture of rich browns and blacks, again with his characteristic delicate quality. But what tiny limbs the infant has! Millet is poorly represented, perhaps his best is "Sir Isambras at the Ford" (10). Millet himself admitted that this picture was a failure, but we think the evening sky and the distant shore with the two nuns walking by the water's edge, are worthy of him at his best—when he followed the Pre-Raphaelites. There are three lovely dreams by Burne-Jones fairly representative of his more decorative work. Watts's "Fata Morgana" (297) is very fine, but he did much better. We think Mr. Clausen's most interesting is "The Little Haymakers" (38), two country girls with rather wistful faces, a picture showing the strong influence of Bastien-Lepage, which is characteristic of one period of Mr. Clausen's work. The golden "Autumn Glory" (169) by Mr. Waterlow is one of his best oil paintings. Mr. East has "An Autumn Afternoon" (230), painted in his earlier manner, or, perhaps, before he had a manner. The painter who only comes out after tea and then does wonders. Mr. Scott, has one of his most successful pictures here, "The Inn" (273), full of the tender transfiguring beauty of summer evenings. We must congratulate the Academy on its newest Associate, Mr. Charles Sims. He is not seen here at his best. "The Kite" (140) suffers from a certain slickness and snap which is somewhat American and unpleasant, and which is particularly noticeable in such a subject. The other two paintings by him, "Washing Day" (298) and "Drying Day" (260) are excellent in colour and composition, and the handling is remarkable for so young a man. There is a canvas by Mr. Brangwyn, "Charity" (112), which is fine as decoration but should not be considered as an easel picture. We think Mr. Davis's "A nameless Day in Picardy" (12), Mr. Seymour Lucas's "The Call to Arms" (12), and Henry Moore's two sea pictures (31 and 33) should be mentioned. They are not works of art, but are extremely good painting.

Among the pictures by non-members are several good landscapes. Mr. J. Reid, who does not seem to me to be made quite enough of here, has a picture, "The Poor are the friends of the Poor" (153), remarkable for its suggestion of the cold, clear air of winter and the freshness of painting. There is also, by him, a little sketch of a harbour and shipping which is quite delightful. How different is Mr. Reid's work from the mysterious beauty of the pictures of Mr. Albert Goodwin, who is of course at his best in water-colour, but who has here the best of his oil-paintings that we have seen, "Florence: Evening" (144). Mr. Hughes Stanton has a good recent landscape, "The Gorge, Fontainebleau" (110). Mr. Peppercorn's severe style is seen to advantage, though, perhaps, not quite at its best, in "The Estuary" (223). Mr. D. V. Cameron's represented by a finely-dignified landscape, "October" (283). There are several pictures by the careful painter of out-of-door effects, James Charles, of which I think "Watering her Garden" (252), a child standing in bright sunshine outside a cottage door, is most worth notice, though it narrowly escapes prettiness. Mr. B. W. Allan's "The wild North Sea" (238), is a rich and sympathetic picture of grey, rough weather.
"Orpheus and Eurydice" (293), by Mr. Tom Graham, is a remarkable picture of a man and girl walking on the Embankment at night. The painting of the distant bridges and the moonlight on the water is particularly truthful and beautiful. There is a rather uneven piece by Mr. Laver, "Gilda; a flower girl" (296). It is interesting just now to see Mr. Orpen's "G hild" (331). "The Mirror" (270) is charming in colour; the handling is feely, but the whole picture seems to show promise of which we are seeing the fulfilment. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is most bewitching in both "Jean, Jeanne, and Jeanette" (231) and "The Witch" (232): the colour is extremely happy.

What can one say of Whistler's "Valparaiso" (249)? It is a blue dream of the harbour at night, the hills and the ships with their lights in the distance, and the quay below. Compared with it, the darlings of the Academy hang to balance it (257). The portrait of himself (290) is interesting and beautiful, but lacks the delicious quality in the flesh painting which so many of his other pictures warrant us in expecting.

The tender, perhaps somewhat melancholy, Bastien-Lepage, the peasant of Lorraine who became the lover of Marie Bashkirtseff, is represented by one of his finest paintings. In the period immediately preceding his high times in Paris and other capitals he painted three notable pictures: "The Hay Harvest" (28), "The Potato Harvest", "la saison Octobre"—here called "The Potato Gatherers," in 1879, and then the almost uncanny "Joan of Arc." They were all painted at near Chartres, amid the sombre silence of his childhood home. We are fortunate enough to have here the second of the trio (1), in which is expressed all his love of life on the land and his feeling for beauty of atmosphere and the smell of the earth. And (291) spoke of his work as "Manet à la Bourgeois" (231). Two less important pictures by Bastien-Lepage, the weird "Pauvre Fauvette" (27), a little girl partly wrapped in an unspeakable blanket, guarding cattle in the open field, and the charming "Pas mèche" (86), a hoy standing against a fence with a trumpet slung over his shoulder, a whip in his hand, and a very cheeky look on his face. The tradition started by Manet and taken up by Lepage seems to some extent, to continue in the work of Léon Turrel. His pastels, particularly of landscapes and rustic themes, are sympathetic and intelligent, the man's work a representation of strong sunshine. "Haymakers" (207) is a fair example, and "Noonday Rest" (194) is one of his best oil paintings. We feel, however, that there is not the depth of feeling that we realise in the work of those who have succeeded him. There is in this work a rich and dignified painting of an autumn evening by Harpignies (87), and some fine pastels by Fritz Thaulow. Unintelligently hung, below the eye, and on a sickly green wall, is one of the finest scenes of summer. Bastien Lepage, "a view of a river with windmills and cottages bathed in quiet luminous light, full of harmonies. Why is this picture not hung in the larger rooms—say the hundred and thirty or so square feet of Daphnetoria. Give us, please, the Matthew Maris of such is the kingdom of heaven. CHARLES ST. JOHN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does no hold himself responsible.

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

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

SHAW'S MAGNUM OPUS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The Unguarded Opinion in which in The New Age the other week a letter was given of the case for Free Bread, seems to me to be formative with regard to Socialist thought. Your argument ameliorates the argument of the Magnum Opus article. I cudde (i.e., from the heart) accept the situation. Let us commune bread. It is hard saying. It is true a thing. It introduces a new element into the sphere of political knowledge. It is a Magnum Opus.

A FABIAN OF 1905.

THE COMMUNICATION OF BREAD.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Bernard Shaw may congratulate himself on the ardent discipleship of Mr. Orage, but the Socialist party has reason to pray for deliverance from both of them and from other so-called friends, in so far as they advocate Free Bread and other communistic proposals, of which only the terrible are not so wickedly to be wicked. The organised Socialist movement, as far as I am aware, confines itself to the advocacy of the Communisation of property, making no pretentious of a means of producing in any other way. It is enough not to declare for the communisation of products. But of late many of the leaders, unhappily following by a considerable number of the rank and file, have unfortunately been preaching Communism in all its degrees, and this violation of good sense has placed an effective weapon in the hands of the enemy, and hinders the acceptance of Socialism by working people.

To advocate Free Bread is to make a burlesque of Socialism. If, as Mr. Orage says, tramps cannot live by bread alone, can the woman who desires to rescue them to rescue? If Free Bread is to be a new form of Poor Law relief, it would be an ineffective one indeed. Certainly let society not only feed, but clothe and house, the starving until it finds work and decent wages for them. But do not mock poverty by offering bread alone.

As a temporary expedient the proposal is ridiculous and cruel. To advocate Free Bread as a step towards complete Communism is absurd. Mr. Orage lamely argues that everybody would be eager to return services to society for the bread they would get free. This is the proposal of free taxation which used to be advocated by some Anarchists about a quarter of a century ago. But if people wished to return to society the value they received from it in the form of bread, as it would be their duty to do, they would want to know the value, as nearly as possible, of the bread they consumed. Surely the proper and only effective system is the present, namely, that of charging every consumer so much per pound to cover all costs of production, and not a system of taxation, whether voluntary or compulsory.

Mr. Orage glories in Free Bread as a step towards complete Communism. He says: "In the end we want everything free." Let him beware lest his logic outrun his discretion, for he assurance he does not mean (illogically, to my mind) does not take this view. Quite recently I got a letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which, while holding to Free Bread, he said that the man who wants to have Free Everything is a lunatic! "I, H. J. Haldane Smith.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN LEAGUE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Some months ago The New Age gave hospitality to some articles of mine which caused a little disturbance, I am afraid. The ideas that were then formulating in my mind..."
have ripened with time, and I am writing to different persons to ask for help in the formation of the above league. While I have every sympathy with women who cry out for political rights, I feel it is still more important that we should vigorously demand social rights. The tragic statistics of the spread of contagious diseases for which the institutions of modern society are greatly to blame, make it imperative that womankind should at once realise their responsibility in the matter.

But so long as women are economically dependent on the caprice of 16,000 men, nothing but a sea-struck can save the situation, and all ideas as a hopeless aspiration of a gentleman whose wish was father to the thought. But I propose another remedy. I wish to organise a league of women who feel keenly the degradation of every evening at the Haymarket Theatre—that deliberate appeal to the senses in order to evert money which Mr. H. A. Jones tells us "every husband has to put up with."

The League's object would be principally eugenic. Its work would be to organise lectures and issue an annual report containing expert articles; to offer prizes and rewards to mothers of healthy and beautiful children; to aid women to enter the better paid professions with every possible distinction; to do everything that may help to reform women's sexual folly and economic dependence.

* * *

Dr. Morley Davies on Miracles.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

1. "The Hume and Huxley view is that the further any asserted fact departs from the known order of Nature (why a big N to Nature?) "the fuller must the evidence be before its truth is accepted."

This isn't the "Hume and Huxley" view; it is the view of every man, woman, and child that was ever born. Our quarrel with the "scientific" people is that they lump up the evidence together (including that of their own senses) and call it worthless unless it fits in with their metaphysical dogmas, and even with their most detailed deductions therefore.

2. "The fundamental belief of the scientific man is that all occurrences can be brought under generalisation, or law of Nature. Where did this ephemeral being get that belief? It is obviously a religion, and a queer one; who revealed its transcendental first principles? Until we know the Founder, and have the Founder's credentials, or the living witness of tradition in his church, we cannot accept so amazing a dogma. It doesn't square with the two things we know most about: our own will, and the will of others."

H.D.

* * *

Socialism, Democratic or Aristocratic.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mrs. A. Besant, in her "Theosophy in Relation to Sociology," as also in her interesting article on "The Future Socialism," in Rhys's Annual, 1908, emphatically declares that though Socialism is in its main idea and true, the form known as democratic Socialism is an impossibility and against the order of Nature; that what may be called hierarchical, or aristocratic Socialism, but on the model of the family, in which the wise should guide, plan, and direct, is the ideal of the future.

In accord with this is Mr. A. F. Sinnett, who holds that a democracy is only a mass of collective ignorance, and that it is absurd to expect to distil wisdom from masses of ignorance. Mrs. A. Besant argues that it looks like a species of madness to give equal power to ignorance and wisdom, equal power to vice and virtue, to industry and idleness, to sage and criminal. Further, she maintains that not until democracy has raised a nation and people will they learn wisdom, through suffering, and that it is nothing less than madness to place the affairs of the nation in the hands of a vast uneducated proletariat. Where the suffrage is most nearly universal, and political freedom the widest, there will the struggle be the bitterest, harshest, most cruel, and unrelenting.

Now, it may be held that democratic Socialism will eventually lead to tyranny, corruption, and religion; perhaps, ultimately, lead to chaos—but why impossible? Why any more impossible than a transition stage, while the ascetic Individualism we see rapidly developing in the United States?

Democracy appears to produce better results in most countries than autocracy in its modern forms. Many of our ablest thinkers uphold the democratic principle. Many of our best reforms have been initiated by democracy. May not democratic Socialism be a stepping stone, even a necessary one, to the grander Socialism of the future? Failure or not, it certainly looks as if the democratic form...
Socialists! Help the cause without cost to yourselfs.

Arrangements have been made with a Wholesale House that hal the Profits resulting from the sales of Teas, Coffees, etc., at prices to distributors, through this advertisement will be handed to the Directors of The New Age Press for dispersal at their discretion in Aid of Socialist Propaganda Work.

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