

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 751 [NEW SERIES. Vol. IV. No. 14] THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1909. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	273	THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POLITICS. By C. D. Sharp	281
THINGS TO BE DONE. By Kart Bennedy	276	WEDNESDAY. By W. L. George	282
OUR RESOLUTION AT THE CONFERENCE. By G. R. S. Taylor	276	THE HUMAN RAVEN. By Francis Grierson	283
THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS. By C. H. Norman	277	BOOKS AND PERSONS. By Jacob Tonson	284
INDIAN NOTES. By an Indian Nationalist	278	THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURTON. By J. M. Kennedy	285
A PROPHECY OF MERLIN. By Eric Dexter	278	ART: At the Royal Academy. By Charles St. John	287
A ROUND WITH MALLOCK. By Edwin Pugh	279	CORRESPONDENCE	289
UNEDITED OPINIONS. IV.—CONCERNING THE NEW AGE. By A. R. Orage	280		

ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Manager, 12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London.

ALL EDITORIAL matter should reach the Editor by Saturday at latest for the following week's issue, and should be addressed to 1 & 2, Took's Court, Fournival Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENTS: The latest time for receiving Advertisements is first post Monday for the same week's issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES for England and Abroad:

Three months 1s. 9d.

Six months 3s. 3d.

Twelve months 6s. 6d.

All remittances should be made payable to THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., and sent to 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

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 some 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, involve, 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 influences." 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 were it found that the unemployed cannot be taught afforestation. From the Socialist point of view it is of equal importance to attack the unemployed question indirectly through the taking over by the public of our industries or through the invention of new fields for public or State works. By giving winter occupation to small holders, by preventing rural depopulation, and so decreasing the influx from the country into the town, by the building that will be requisite to provide housing accommodation for the workers, we shall be making a very real attack upon the unemployed question on Socialistic lines.

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 forget the words of the Commissioners as to the consequences of personal deterioration which we have already quoted. 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 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.

* * *

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 Labour Bureau,
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).

I, the undersigned, seek temporary work in your elevator, and undertake the same on the following conditions:—

1. I declare that being unable to find work elsewhere, and being 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.

2. 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.

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 my instant dismissal.

I will also refrain from the use of bad language during my stay in the Colony.

4. 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.

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

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

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 shelter is altogether voluntary, and may be withdrawn at any time, and more especially on account of bad behaviour, and I hereby fully agree that I am not legally entitled to payment of such allowance.

6. I agree to give my clothes over to the officer on entrance, and if, in the opinion of the officer, they are incapable of further use, the Colony to supply me on loan with the necessary fresh clothes, for which I am prepared to give a receipt, with the distinct understanding that should I, on leaving the Colony, take these clothes without written authority for my so doing, I render myself liable to be charged with embezzlement.

When leaving the colony I am only entitled to the clothes that I brought in with me, or that I may have duly acquired during my stay there. No allowance to be made to me for any clothes of my own which were found valueless by the officer on my admittance into the Colony, and therefore destroyed.

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 industrious work.

Signed.....

Date.....

Time.....

* * *

Our only comment upon this agreement shall be two extracts from Mr. Bernard Shaw's preface to "Major Barbara": "It [the Salvation Army] is building up 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 a good deal more unscrupulous." . . . "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 oppress the poor (on 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." In 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 p. 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 if one were ours." The Manchester Free Trade League is, of course, cute 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 the country together with, or appearing on the same platform as, Liberal Ministers 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 are not Parliamentary platforms, although Cabinet Ministers are the speakers. There will be no great cunning 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 Conference, 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 it is to a Conservative we owe the political initiation of our factory legislation. Already we find the "Morning Post," a journal which so honourably distinguishes itself by its fairness, and by the force and vigour of its advocacy of municipal progress, declaring that "Unionists will not be returned to power with the majority which is necessary for the great work before them, unless they give the people of this country some guarantee that they are in sympathy with well-considered measures of social reform and are prepared to apply the policy of Tariff Reform to their furtherance. The working men of England are to-day looking round them for new leaders, the ill-conceived projects of the Labour Party having culminated in a bankruptcy of progressive ideas." If, as is evidently the case, there is a desire on the part of some of the Labour members to weaken their independence of other political Parties, we do not believe in the power of any formula, however cunningly devised, to restrain them from political association with bodies that cannot be affiliated to the Party. None could object, for instance, to the common advocacy of Labour M.P.'s and Cabinet Ministers of, say, "A National Theatre League," or a "National Vegetarian Party." No one would desire to inhibit the activities of the Labour members, but everyone can see that if Manchester Free Trade Leagues and the like are to be considered neutral platforms, the sooner, in the interests of political honesty, the 3rd Clause is deleted the better.

* * *

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 candidature is contrary to its advice, and is not entitled to the political support available under ordinary circum-

stances." The Executive will soon acquire the powers of a *vehmgericht*, 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 and in the concentration that comes of all political 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.L.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, more power than should be given to anyone to-day, were he ten times as able as Mr. MacDonald. Indeed, his resignation of the Secretaryship 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 dearth 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 interests of the particular 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 covered by the Battersea Labour Party and other bodies with amendments 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 *solbs.*, and walking away. The constable who arrested Slater said he gave prisoner food, which he ate as though he had had nothing to eat for a week. The Bench, saying it would not do to let people help themselves, committed prisoner to gaol for one month.

Samuel Jones, a potter, charged at Hanley with breaking into a cold storage and stealing a brace of pheasants, two chickens, and a leg of mutton, pleaded guilty. He said he had not been doing much work, and had a wife and six children. It had been hard to go home and see no fire nor anything for the children to eat. It was hard lines to hear the children crying for food, and he could stand it no longer. Prisoner was committed for trial.

We reprint the above from the "Daily Telegraph." The original heading was "Socialism in Practice," obviously a printer's error, which we have taken the liberty of setting right. On January 19th, 1909, Socialism was not yet inaugurated in this country. Lord Balfour of Burleigh "holds that all legislation which decreases personal responsibility or discourages personal initiative tends to weakness. The spread of Collectivist ideas, on the contrary, threatens to destroy the moral fibre of the British people by encouraging all classes to rely for their well-being upon Parliament or municipalities rather than upon their own efforts." Apparently such doctrines may be preached in the "Times" without rebuke, yet when his poor dupes, like Henry Slater and Samuel Jones, carry out these principles in practice, relying upon "their personal initiative" to supply themselves and their families with food, and so resist the destruction of the moral fibre of the British people, they are sent to gaol. According to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, "the primary functions of the State are to protect the country from invasion and to secure the administration of justice." Will Lord Balfour of Burleigh now be prosecuted for conniving at these thefts?

Now that the London County Council is taking more responsibility than it has hitherto done for the feeding of the children going to its schools, it is important that the organisation of the dinners should be as perfect as possible. Undoubtedly the Bradford system, in which the cooking of the dinners is not let out, the cooked food is distributed from centres in special heat-retaining cases packed in motor-vans, and the dinner tables are served by girl monitresses and presided over by teachers who themselves eat with the children, may for the present indicate what is needed in London, even if in some details it is not possible to adopt Bradford methods in London.

* * *

The Women's Labour League, which will hold its fourth annual conference at Portsmouth on Tuesday, January 26th, is doing excellent work of a very special kind. Its branches have increased from 23 to 40, and it has published useful leaflets on Medical Inspection of School Children and the like. To enlist the sympathy and enthusiasm of women for the Socialist movement is the business that is most required at this moment. A woman will not rest satisfied till she has converted a householder to her point of view, whilst, we say it with regret, the antagonism that many men experience from their companions when they work for Socialism is a frequent cause of the loss of most valuable service. The Women's Labour League will discuss Married Women's Work and the Endowment of Motherhood, to be opened by Mrs. Glasier, followed by Miss Bondfield, Miss MacArthur, Mrs. MacDonald. Women are not handicapped at present (and, unfortunately, we are almost led to say) by political exigencies, so that we may look forward to some plain speaking. It is no use dealing with vague generalities, pious declarations that all will be well under Socialism, that economic disabilities are the only ones that women have to consider or that women's sphere is the home. We should like women to present a clear account of the existing conditions from their own special knowledge and to take into account, neither over-emphasising nor under-estimating, the sexual side. We should like a pronouncement from thoughtful women on the general question of the Endowment of Motherhood without too much insistence upon any of the various schemes that more or less ignorant males have formulated.

* * *

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, newspapers, and literature, and were 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 Socialists themselves, and prove conclusively 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 complexion, 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 astir. 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, lunge, parry, 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 indict 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.

Pass them we will!

We rustle our agendas. Latin word for "things to be done." We have been agendas ourselves—in a sense. The platform fills. What a sight. O Lor! Broad-browed men. 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 reporters 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 shall we! We shall 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 *dicenda*. Occult! What? Brain collides with brain. All are agreed on one point. Things *must* be done this time. But how?

There's the rub!

Up speak our Members of Parliament. No squibs; just ordinary common or garden rhetoric; prosaic—prim. Beneficent influence quietly permeating the Legislature. Have redeemed the name of Labour. Won respect and admiration from the most astute lawyer and grasping capitalist. Temperance prospects good. Labour growing saintly. Coronetted obstructions must be removed. Unemployment much the same as last year. Worse perhaps. Government has promised. Again! Luminous gleams seen in the East. Patience—and hope.

Ah! hope!

That is the electric word: the magic symbol. Labour Party will ask questions. That will settle them. Will divide on every subject—sane or insane; important or meaningless. High sense of duty. No theatricals. Just steady plodding round division lobbies. Walked 500 miles in one session through lobbies. Things are moving.

Gradually!

* * * * *

Conference over. We shake hands. Flesh touches

flesh. Eye flashes response to eye. We have done things. We are the people. Vox populi. Vox dei. We shall hold another Conference next year. With a similar Agenda. Resplendent platform. Perhaps a Cabinet Minister!
Ugh!

Our Resolution at Portsmouth.

RESOLUTION.—That this Conference beseeches the Labour Party members in the House of Commons to have courage and a glimmer 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 sensational paradox in the last sentence. I am sorry to disillusion the wearers of those smiles. There is no paradox; merely a sombre statement of the historical fact that Progress has been brought about by men and women whom their neighbours considered disorderly persons. But I must 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 dozen delegates who shout "Nonsense," have jumped to the hasty conclusion that I consider that Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wages, International Peace, National Hospitals, and dozens of other vital matters, are of no importance. On the contrary, I think them of such supreme importance that I want to see them 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 Peace 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 a thousand times over 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. But it is a matter to be discussed in detail between the secretaries of the Union and the Secretary of the Labour Party. It is certainly not the business of this Conference. I observe that the delegates of the Battersea Labour Party are preparing 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 really not a scrap better than the other. Socialism was 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

you have to ask yourselves what your leaders in the House of Commons have done towards obeying your orders. They have had a difficult task, I grant, but have they done one half as well as they might have done? I hear honourable members muttering all around me on this platform that I am beginning to attack their personal characters. On the contrary, I am overwhelmed by their honesty and earnestness: they would all make ideal trustees for Savings Banks and Building Societies. But it happens that we did not send them to Parliament to be trustees, we sent them to be statesmen. What is the immediate work before the statesmen who lead the Labour Party? It is to convince the wage-earners of this country that the Labour Party stands for an entirely new ideal in English politics; that it is prepared to insist on reforms of an altogether different kind from the trivialities which Liberals and Conservatives offer.

What have our leaders in the House of Commons done to make the people realise this momentous intention? They have behaved like gentlemanly politicians; when it was extremely important that the whole country should know that they were not politicians, but fiercely determined men to whom, for example, five shillings a week at seventy was not reform at all, but a miserable bribe to keep the people from demanding their just rights. I do not say that thirty votes could have wrung anything more from a Liberal majority, but those thirty men could have made such a scene in the Commons against the pauper disqualification that the workers of this country would have begun at last to ponder on the way they are being defrauded of their due.

Again, what happened in the Unemployed Debate? They sat placidly waiting Mr. Asquith's pleasure to make a statement, which they must have known would be worthless; and when it proved to be worse than worthless, half the party ran away when they had the opportunity of supporting a vote of censure on the Government. They cannot deny this fact; it is recorded in the official division list that only fifteen of the Labour members voted against Mr. Alden's motion of confidence in a Government which allowed workless men to starve. Do they hope to appeal to the imagination of their fellow workers by running away when the fight is raging?

Once more, when the men of Dundee and Newcastle asked to be allowed to defy these hum-bugging Liberals in the polling booth, the Labour leaders declared that it was a "wild-cat" adventure to dare to fight Liberalism. Very well, then, the whole Labour Party is a wild-cat scheme, and the sooner it is given up the better. On behalf of every man who believes in a real Labour Party, I say: Damn their caution. . . . Yes, gentlemen of the Executive, in the vain hope of saving a few of your seats from Liberal opposition at the next election, you deliberately surrendered the whole vitality of your Party's creed. You thereby have attempted to teach the workers that they will get what they seek, not by fighting Whigs and Tories until they annihilate them, but, instead, by going on their knees to them as their forefathers did. You were not sent to Parliament to save your seats at the next election: you were sent there to stand by your colours, even if you all got shot down for doing it. Your lips curl at such a preposterously unparliamentary idea. That is because you have not sufficient imagination to see that the people will never believe in you and rise to help you until their blood is fired by something more heroic than political wire-pulling. If you really think that the game can be won by offering the Liberals a softly-gloved hand, then go the whole way and call yourselves Liberals. But if you really believe that an independent Party is necessary, then, in the name of common sense, have the courage of your convictions, and teach the people of Great Britain what independence is. You reply that you are gradually teaching the people to follow you. Perhaps, but it is not always well for an army to follow its leaders—when they are running away. There are two ways out of a battlefield, but only one way in front,

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

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 one of 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. Telfer 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. Telfer Campbell, though the charge that 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" to the extent of £3,125, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £43,653 5s. 6d.!

Mr. Chamberlain ordered an enquiry some years ago into the alleged misdoings of Mr. Telfer 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 to enable 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 leisured High Commissioner at intervals ranging from five to six 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; there were always numbers in 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.

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.

C. H. NORMAN.

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 Indians. These presents have been refused; an old and obsolete rule prohibiting officials from taking presents having been raked up to justify the refusal. In the first place, only officials are barred under that rule from taking presents. Is Lord Minto's daughter also an official? Secondly, though nobody questions the value of the rule, it is often observed in the breach. So, why this sudden spasm of virtue?

* * *

It is not very long ago that Lord Curzon graciously accepted a rare ivory chair that had been in the family of the Maharajah of Benares for generations. It was rumoured that when Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser called on the Maharajah of Tipperah they were very much struck with certain things of exquisite workmanship; and that these things now adorn the home of Sir Andrew Fraser. It is further rumoured that during Lady Minto's fête at Calcutta in 1907 the various jewellers and shopkeepers begged of Lady Minto so very earnestly to accept certain presents that the poor lady was positively compelled to take them. And so the examples multiply. But I, for one, am very pleased at the rejection of these presents. It serves them right—those foolish loyal virgins, eager to seize every opportunity to show a love which they do not feel, not only for the Viceroy, but for his family as well.

* * *

I hear that Mr. Abanindra Nath Tagore, who succeeded Mr. Havell as the Principal of the Calcutta School of Art, has been replaced by an Englishman. Mr. Tagore is the foremost artist in India to-day, 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 mediæval 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 Dr. Coomaraswami lay the hope of an Indian Art Renaissance. 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 on the West, but on the "splendid civilisation" of the East. We followed his advice. We started reading our own literature and our own philosophy, and studying our own art. The result was a fierce desire of reviving the greatness of India—only possible through freedom. 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 failed in that policy, and now Eastern culture must be suppressed. 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 be it. How can she allow the barbarous methods of the Cossacks to 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 and let us down, first Hughes and then myself, to a narrow ledge some thirty feet below, upon which gave the mouth of the cavern.

"You will remember the name of the valley—'Glyn Merlin,' that is, Merlin's Vale. They call this cave 'Castell Merlin,' Merlin's Castle, and the people about here have a superstitious dread of even looking up at the hole in the cliff. This no doubt accounts for its being unexplored.

"For two mortal hours we wielded shovel and pick, enlarging the opening. The limestone was fairly easy 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 above.

"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 one 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 coins. 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 parchment scroll, covered with Welsh writing. Part of the scroll had adhered to the wrapping, and the beginning and some lines in the middle are indistinct. Hughes has translated the lines, and even cast them into rough verse; he is a dab hand at that, and his metrical translation of Ab Gwylm is fine. He says this is the most archaic form of Welsh he ever met: so that his translation is tentative and colloquial. Here is what he has written out:

- " . . . nineteen hundred year
Two nines with nought between appear.
Then Wales and England closely joined
5 More wealth shall seek, and they shall find.
And many portents shall betoken
The power of those whose rule is broken:
Which done, the minster in the West
Shall put its fortunes to the test,
10 And—miracle oft seen before—
The rich shall seek the poor man's door.
And once again it shall be said:
The poor take promises for bread.
'A band of sturdy folk I see,
15 Who scan the clouds of poverty;
Who hold aloof from those in power
And wait their own successful hour.
Alas! Their foemen's butt they are.
They clash in internecine war,
20 They drub each other with their helms
And turn their swords upon themselves.
No long-concerted action . . .
Their leaders . . . minds (?)
Snow . . . with gray . . . contend,
25 . . . hardy . . . des(cend?).
Will great reverses weld their ranks
Into one solid massed phalanx?
'Upon themselves alone depends
When they shall gain their wished-for ends,
30 Yet if they teach themselves to think,
And all their differences sink
I see, I see, their day is nigh,

- Their victory I prophesy!
In irresistible attack*
35 *They drive their foemen's standards back;
And—though their enemies may cower
'Neath rampired wall or lichen'd tower—
I see their onset still maintained,
Their enemies' defences gained:*
40 *Their crimson banner waves on high;
The fields and cities voice their cry!
By economic discontent
The wall of capital 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 year,' and holds that the reference is to the rebellion of Owain Glyndwr: though the 'two nines' upsets 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 tithe' or even 'to rob,' as a henroost. '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 incomprehensible. Hughes says that line 23 clearly indicates Snowden, which in this place may stand for Wales; and the broken phrase commencing 'gray.....' may perhaps personify England: I don't know. '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 with a picture of the cave and a 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 it 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 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 irresistibly reminded of these tactics of the gentle poet, Snodgrass, by the tactics of 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 I 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 takes 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, after all, 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 in the least simple about him. But there is not. He is profound all the time. As will be plain to you from the fact that though his book begins and ends with the word Socialism and purports to be an exposure of its fallacies, he does not—so far as I can judge after reading the first half of it and skimming through the rest and examining the elaborate synopsis of the various chapters—attempt to grapple with the difficulty of Rent or to upset the basis of economic Socialism, which still

is "the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," despite that Mr. Bernard Shaw has somewhere stigmatised this phrase as a shibboleth, seeming to forget (though, indeed, he may very well remember) that the original shibboleth was perhaps the most important thing in the world at the time when it was used as a test of true brotherhood, and that this present shibboleth may be not less important.

Mr. Mallock reminds one of Mr. Snodgrass because, though he is forever threatening to begin to annihilate his opponents he never seems to get his coat right off, and so one gains no actual sight, though one 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 slavish adherence to old-fashioned methods, for though he has plenty of feints and guards, he has discovered no new blows whatever—except such as would disqualify him on a foul.

He devotes the greater part of his first four chapters to Marx, and does a lot of fancy sparring before admitting in chapters five and six that most modern Socialists repudiate those portions of the Marxian theory which he has already wasted nearly seventy pages in pretending to attack. And so he goes on. His whole plan of campaign is devised on those lines. Throughout he confines himself to showing you how all manners of clumsy assaults can be quite easily countered if only Socialists had not given up using them long ago. But they have discarded them, he proceeds to say with a queer disingenuousness; and so his advice to you is to take no notice of his previous instructions, but to concentrate yourself on this new object-lesson which he is now about to give you. The new object-lesson turns out to be the old Incentive-of-Gain business, or some other similar hackneyed lead, complicated by a few flourishes in the air; or else it is a dazzling display of footwork in which one of his legs stands for (say) Capital and the other for (say) Directive Ability. But he moves them both so rapidly that if you are not very observant you are apt to become confused as to which is which: in fact, he would have you believe that they are the same leg. Watching this imposing display—and I use the word "imposing" advisedly—the intelligent onlooker is constrained to ask Mr. Mallock a good many pertinent questions; but he has all the correct pontifical air and all the usual pontifical flow of pompous nonsense at command.

The truth is, to quit metaphor, that Mr. Mallock is just a tricky and elusive dialectician of the super-undergraduate type, and nothing more wonderful. I would as soon expect to obtain an adequate conception of the beauty and dignity of some magnificent cathedral by going over its walls inch by inch with a microscope, as to get a right impression of the scope and the grandeurs of Socialism from this pettifogging examination of some minor details of its exterior. The edifice of our faith may be composed in part of rather rough and coarse material; it may have been a little botched in the building, here and there; but it is a noble edifice, notwithstanding. And if Mr. Mallock would only discard his magnifying glasses and get down from his stilts and look at it with the eyes that Nature gave him, he might perchance see it as it is. For he has intelligence. Though I hardly like to credit him with the least ability of any sort, since it is one of the most irritating characteristics of his own method to exalt and praise only those opponents whom he fancies he has discomfited—thereby increasing the glory of his own triumph—whilst those whom he realises he cannot meet with any sure hope of eventual victory, he disregards utterly or dismisses with a lofty air as unworthy of his serious notice.

So, what I have read of his books encourages me in the belief that I shall be able to show that his view of this vital matter of Socialism is a short-sighted and a false view; and that the structural weaknesses, the holes and flaws and blemishes that he thinks he has

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 weltering 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 had to?

But I thought Shaw was such a friend of the paper.

Oh, he is. He lent us money in the early days, and wrote a wonderful series of article. Besides, it's obvious THE NEW AGE couldn't have been produced without him. He is not THE NEW AGE himself, but he camphorates it.

I don't understand the phrase.

Never mind. I'll only say that Anarchism needs a great deal of camphor. Shaw is camphor.

I can understand Shaw writing for THE NEW AGE, he being a Socialist; but why should Belloc and Chesterton?

No mystery about it. They want a hand in the creation of the new age. You know the phrase: "the spirit of the years to come yearning to mix himself with life"? Belloc, Chesterton and the rest are that spirit. They are drawn to life as air is drawn to flame.

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 tragical 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 ether 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 æsthetic, 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 drama 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 generous 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. R. ORAGE.

The Psychology of Politics.*

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, the historian of civilisation, 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. For if 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 curse of the nineteenth century; and we have only just now begun to achieve freedom from the spell of his lazy transcendentalism. Nearly all the early Victorian political students were devotees of *Laissez Faire*; and the rest, a comparatively insignificant minority, were Utopians, 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 co-operation. Both these proceeded in a logical manner to deduce their respective systems of social organisation without any regard whatever even 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 Erewhonian 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 other end and study 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 proper very little "quantitative" study has been even attempted, and it is to point out the consequent gap in our knowledge that Mr. Graham Wallas has written this book.

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 disciplinarian 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 Chartists, that his beliefs and principles are mere words, and that men are unaccountably different and difficult to deal with; and then he either throws up politics in disgust or falls 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 perchance he is strong and able enough to hold on and learn new 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 politics. 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 of a great Empire 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?' and 'How much debating convenience?' and the problem would be settled perhaps by drawing a series of curves representing the advantages and disadvantages to be obtained from each additional unit of size, in dignity and acoustic properties respectively.

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 1908 we find it necessary to consider a number of questions such as what areas are best for securing a really representative poll, how to rouse the interest of 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, too often, only to be a tired householder, 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 simple democracy 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 no good"; what is wanted is advertisement rather than 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 sub-consciously, to those who were responsible for their appearance. Constant reiteration of a telling phrase is

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. (Constable. 6s.)

the master-key of success at elections. Thus, "If the word 'wastrel,' for instance, appears on the contents bills 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 they are mostly superficial. 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. DYCE 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 next the 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 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 he 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. 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, just once. 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 rusting 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 are outlawed, and, unheeding, you draw the Thames breezes into your lungs with an unknown gusto. Go on, then, for here is Kingston, and who knows how far you may go; perhaps to Hampton Court, where the sun will for you cause the Palace to blush brighter red—to Walton, the goal of that Doggett record—unless you stop at Sunbury, where, oh! nameless folly, perhaps you may lunch at the Flowerpot, alone in the big dining room. And the dining room will say: "What, you here, Thomas Clinton!" And for you it will be easy to laugh and to tell the dining room that such surprise is rude, for you are free, Thomas Clinton, free, free, and on a Wednesday.

Quicker then, quicker with the sculls; you are no longer forty: you are sixteen again, and racing in a tub to Putney Bridge, from which, as 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 would ruin an A.B.C. Truly they need not be amazed, for Thomas Clinton is loose at last; he is taking a holiday.

And now, good conveyancer, you have earned your leisure and slowly drift down, lazily puffing the unusual luxury of a Sunday cigar. From a bungalow a girl with fair hair smiles at you in vain, for such can be seen at the Bank any day of the week, and this one is not as other days. The afternoon wanes and, gently, the Wednesday night sun slowly sinks into the water, with a new and more complete radiance, the perfect ending of a perfect day.

III.

"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 stiff 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 did he look with his long, jet black hair falling to his shoulders, his black piercing eyes, which glistened 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, far-seeing 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 impenetrable and enigmatic. Then one of the party told an exciting story about Indians and the Mormons, but still leaving the Raven untouched. More stories were told, the flames died down, and one by one the company prepared to fall asleep—all except myself, Bill Slocomb, and the Raven. Somehow I did not feel drowsy, I could not sleep, not for worlds would I have slept, and I noticed the Raven seemed wider awake than ever; he frequently turned his head to look behind him, then at the mountains facing us.

All at once old Ned Dallas sat bolt upright and cried out: "What was that?"

"Pears like," he continued, after a moment, "I heerd one o' them night critters, an' if there's anything I despise 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 this 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, peering through the night, and there issued from the unfathomable face a solemn quaintness, an unearthly glamour that enveloped every man in the camp.

Hardly had he pronounced the words 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, perching 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 gesticulate, 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 undaunted,
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 even 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 Baltimorean 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 poetic visions of the "Raven," and that the visitations were more frequent and poignant 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 glisten with the genial rays from the rising sun.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE 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 barbaric race, the Americans, that in Poe they have never appreciated their luck. And indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the clotted 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 eremite. This is about as far as we shall get. Poe's philosophy of art, as discovered in his essays and his creative work, is purely Latin and, as such, incomprehensible and even naughty to the Saxon mind. To the average bookish Englishman Poe means "The Pit and the Pendulum," and his finest poetry means nothing at all. Tell that Englishman that Poe wrote more beautiful lyrics than Tennyson, and he will blankly put you down as mad. (So shall I.)

* * *

Once, and not many years since, I contemplated editing a complete edition of Poe, with a brilliant introduction in which I was to show that the appearance of a temperament like his in the United States in the early years of the nineteenth century was the most puzzling miracle that can be found in the whole history of literature. Then, naturally, I intended to explain the miracle. My plans were placed before a wise and good publisher, whose reply was to indicate two very respectable complete editions of Poe which had eminently failed with the public. Further enquiries satisfied me that the public had no immediate use for anything elaborate, final, and expensive concerning Poe. My bright desire therefore paled and flickered out. Since then I have come to the conclusion that I know practically nothing of the "secret of Poe," and that nobody else knows much more.

* * *

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 mysteriously somehow 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

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 age in 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 de Mullins," was uncompromisingly hostile; and in response to Mr. 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. Somerset 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 he has done so. They are both delighted. Mr. Archer "laughed a good deal" and does "not blush to own it." Mr. Maugham sets out to produce laughter at any cost, and the most laughable scene in "Penelope" is unrelated to the plot. If a dramatist who was also conscientiously trying to be an artist had misconstrued his play by dragging things into it by the neck for any purpose whatever that dramatist would have had a wiggling from the pontifical Mr. 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 polyglottic articles in the name and honour of Mr. Maugham. In his article occur the following rare jewels from the French and other tongues:—

communia,
crampon,
taradiddles,
motif,
coup de théâtre,
electrical (of an effect),
score (not twenty),
pour le bon motif.

Also neat references to Horace, Dr. Johnson, Wilkes, Mr. Dilly, Sardou, Barrie, Machiavelli, and Ibsen. Also a mistake in grammar. Mr. Archer mentioned the "genius" of Miss Tempest, and said that she "ought 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.

* * *

Supposing that Mr. Maugham, instead of fabulously succeeding with the dinner-digesting public, had failed—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 unaffected by the public's chilliness. They would have been exactly as enthusiastic and benevolent as they in fact have been. It is not to be imagined that the princes of dramatic criticism follow the taste of the public. They guide it.

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 an attractive 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 the work is at all large. He quotes the saying of Macrobius: “Omne meum, nihil meum” (“’tis all mine and none mine”)—like Montaigne's remark about gathering 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 satirising the follies of mankind. But before giving his huge folio to the world, Burton recalls the name of another philosopher, who also laughed at such follies, and the book is issued under the name of Democritus Junior, with, however, an “Apologetical Index” at the end, dated from “my Studie in Christ Church, Oxon.,” and signed Robert Burton.

The success of the book seems to have been complete. Five editions were called for within the author's lifetime, and he had something new to insert in every one of them. The sixth edition, which is the one now usually reprinted, was issued after Burton's death, with his last corrections.

Burton's life was uneventful. He was born at Lindley, Leicestershire, on February 8, 1576; 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 rectorship 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 Beroaldus, Alexander Magnus, Avicenna, Crato, Fuchsius, 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.

The Secret

OF

Mental Power

A COURSE OF
INDIVIDUAL
LESSONS ON

Intellectual Development

Conducted Personally by
T. SHARPER KNOWLSON,
Author of
“The Art of Thinking.”

MENTAL power, as distinct from mere learning, is worth more than anything else to you. The course of lessons by Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson, issued under the auspices of the Pelman School, is a Success Course, prepared on quite original lines, and will bring out the best that is in you, making success easier. The course is for the “mind that is already awake.” Mr. Sharper Knowlson does not advance strange and mystical theories, but teaches the practical application of Nature's universal laws, which must be followed by all her subjects who desire to be (a) master of themselves, (b) master of others.

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 Pratensis especially labours, and that they differ only secundum majus or minus, in quantity alone, the one being a degree to the other, and both proceeding from one cause. They differ inteso et remisso gradu, saith Gordonius, as the humour is intended or remitted. Of the same mind is Aretaeus, Alexander Tertullianus, Guianerius, Savonarola, Heurnius; and Galen himself writes promiscuously of them both by reason of their affinity; but most of our neotericks 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 judiciis, there's naught so peevish as men's judgement's, yet this is some comfort, ut palata, sic judicia, our censures are as various as our palates.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa 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 captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

That which is most pleasing to one is amaracum sui, most harsh to another. Quot homines, tot sententiae, so many men, so many minds: that which thou condemnest he commends.

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 be buried alive! Some are fair, 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, and that's his hell; another is, & that's his plague.

And youthful idleness:—

A young man is like a fair new house, the carpenter leaves it well built, in good repair, of solid stuff; but a bad tenant lets it rain in, and for want of reparation fall to decay, &c. Our Parents, Tutors, Friends, spare no cost to bring us up in our youth in all manner of virtuous education; but when we are left to ourselves, idleness as a tempest drives all virtuous motions out of our minds, & nihil sumus, on a sudden, by sloth and such bad ways, we come to naught.

Then there is that celebrated but fearsome description of "Windy Hypochondriacal Melancholy":—

... The rest are these, beside fear and sorrow, sharp belchings, fulsome crudities, heat in the bowels, wind and rumbling in the guts, vehement gripings, pain in the belly and stomach sometimes, after meat that is hard of concoction, much watering of the stomach, and moist spittle, cold sweat, importunus sudor, unreasonable sweat all over the body, as Octavius Horatianus, lib. II. cap. 5, calls it: cold joints, indigestion, they cannot endure their own fulsome belchings, continual wind about their hypochondries, heat and griping in their bowels, praecordia sursum convelluntur, midriff and bowels are pulled up, the veins about their eyes look red, and swell from vapours & wind. Their ears sing now and then, vertigo & giddiness come by fits, turbulent dreams, dryness, leanness; apt they are to swell upon all occasions, of all colours and complexions. Many of them are high-coloured, especially after meals, which symptom Cardinal Caesius was much troubled with, & of which he complained to Prosper Calenus, his Physician, as he could not eat, or drink a cup of wine, but he was as red in the face as if he had been at a Mayor's feast. That symptom alone vexeth many.

Love, of course, has much to do with melancholy; and many of Burton's comments on the fair sex are not at all flattering.

Sometimes they lie open and are most tractable and coming, apt, yielding, and willing to embrace, to take a green gown, with that Shepherdess in Theocritus, Idyll, 27, to let their Coats, &c., to play and dally, at such seasons, and to some, as they spy their advantage; and then coy, close again, so nice, so surly, so demure, you had much better tame a colt, catch or ride a wild horse, than get her favour, or win her love, not a look, not a smile, not a kiss, for a kingdom.

When Art shall be annexed to Beauty, when wiles and guiles shall concur: for to speak as it is, Love is a kind of legerdemain, mere juggling, a fascination. When they shew their fair hand, fine foot, and leg withal, magnum sui desiderium nobis relinquunt, saith Balthasar Castilio, lib. I, they set us a longing, and so when they pull up

NOW READY.

THE REFORMERS' YEAR BOOK, 1909.

Crown 8vo. Wrapper. 1/- net. By post 1/3.
Cloth, 2/- net. By post 2/3.

THE MOST COMPLETE REFERENCE
BOOK OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

THOROUGHLY REVISED UP TO DATE
AND ENLARGED.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS.

Section 1.—PARLIAMENTARY.

Present and Late Ministers; List of Members in Houses of Lords and Commons; Addresses, Constituency and Majority, Bye Elections; The Labour Party; Political Organisations; Record of the Government.

Section 2.—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Constitution and Powers of Local Authorities; Socialist Representation on Local Authorities; Municipal Trading.

Section 3.—TRADE AND FINANCE.

National Budget; Income and Expenditure; Taxation of Land Values; Census of Production, etc.

Section 4.—IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN.

Irish Question; Indian Reform Movement; The World's Colour Problem; Young Turkish Movement; Egyptian Nationalism; Congo Reform.

Section 5.—QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Unemployment—A Remedy; Afforestation; Nationalisation of Railways and of Canals; Liquor Licensing; Sweating and Wages Boards; Reform of the Poor Law; Housing; Agricultural Problem; Reform of the House of Lords; Reform of Parliamentary Procedure; Disestablishment.

Section 6.—SOCIALISM.

The Facts on which Socialism rests; Proposals of Socialism; Socialist Organisations; Socialism Abroad—Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States.

Section 7.—TRADE UNIONISM.

Strength of Trade Unionism throughout the World; Trade Disputes and Arbitration; Principal British Trade Unions—Addresses and Funds; Trade Union Congress, 1908; Trade and Labour Councils and Addresses.

Section 8.—WOMEN'S WORK.

Women and Women's Work; Societies—Industrial and Political; Working-Girls Clubs; Industrial Laws relating to Women.

Section 9.—CO-OPERATION.

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

WHO'S WHO OF REFORMERS.
100 Biographies.

THE SOCIALIST, LABOUR, AND REFORM
PRESS.

REFORM SOCIETIES: Complete Directory.
BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

DIRECTORY OF USEFUL ADDRESSES, con-
taining over 3,000 names and addresses.

AN ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE
BOOK.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS,

Or from the Publishers,

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

their petticoats and outward garments, as usually they do to shew their fine stockings, and those of purest silken dye, gold fringes, laces, embroiderings (it shall go hard but when they got to Church, or to any other place, all shall be seen), 'tis but a springe to catch woodcocks; and as *Chrysostom* telleth them down-right, though they say nothing with their mouths, they speak in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies. And what shall we say otherwise of that baring of their necks, shoulders, naked breasts, arms, and wrists, to what end are they but only to tempt men to lust?

Perhaps it would be better not to quote from the division relating to dancing. People are so squeamish nowadays! But no exception can be taken to a few of the symptoms of love, as described by the grave cleric:—

But the best conjectures are taken from such symptoms as appear when they [the lovers] are both present; all their speeches, amorous glances, actions, lascivious gestures will bewray them, they cannot contain themselves, but that they will still be kissing. *Stratocles* the Physician upon his Wedding day, when he was at dinner, *nihil prius sorbillavit quam tria basia puellae pangeret*, could not eat his meat for kissing his Bride, etc. First a word, and then a kiss, then some other Compliment, and then a kiss, then an idle question, then a kiss, and when he had pumped his wits dry, can say no more, kissing & colling are never out of season.

Hoc non deficit incipitque semper,
'tis never at an end, another kiss, and then another, another, and another, etc.

We refuse to mutilate this work any further. It is impossible, in a few detached excerpts, to convey any conception of the marvellous skill with which the subject is handled; the appositeness and humour of the arguments; and, above all, the amount of curious literary and other information, and the number of anecdotes, scattered through the volumes. Messrs. Bell have now published the Rev. A. R. Shilleto's scholarly edition in two cheap series; so it can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for not reading this masterpiece that the quotations—a most important part of the work—are unedited and unidentified. Most of Burton's quotations have now been traced to their original sources, and the result is but another confirmation, 'f such were needed, of the scholarship, wide reading, keen insight, good humour, and outspokenness of the man who studied human nature, and studied it thoroughly and successfully, from behind the cloisters of Oxford.

J. M. KENNEDY.

ART.

Pictures at the Royal Academy.

THERE is not space here to write much more than a list of the things really worth seeing in the extraordinary "fortuitous concurrence" of pictures now on view at Burlington House.

Time was when it would have been considered at least eccentric to have hinted that the Royal Academy had any concern but the highest ideals in art. The pendulum (blessed word) has swung, however, right to the other side, and it now requires a certain amount of courage to insist that not every R.A. or A.R.A. is—well, an "Academician." This name now suggests the type of man who—"high art be hanged"—intends to "get on": probably, by sticking to the particular formula of the picture which first brought him into notice and thereby earning large sums, to get into Society and have the magic R.A. after his name. Was not this the apotheosis of the wonderful boy we read about as children? He made such marvellous drawings of the baby, while he should have been rocking it to sleep or filling it with Mellins's, that his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, recognising the extraordinary beauty and truth of the representation (usually exhibited by dear mother, in her great joy, upside down) fell on his neck and encouraged him, and he lived to be "a great Academician."

With this class, fully in evidence in this exhibition, we are not here concerned. But we may perhaps point out a few pictures by the members of the Academy who must be thought of as sincere artists. If we mention Mr. Sargent first, it is not necessarily

NOW READY.

BOUND IN ART CLOTH. A SECOND REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF **REGENERATIVE FOOD AND COOKERY.**

By W. A. and E. WILLIAMS.

With chapters on—The Quality of Food, and the Right Combination of Foods; the Art of Bread and Cake Making without Yeast, Barm, or Chemical Rising; the Food Value of Nuts, with formulæ for the preparation of all kinds of Nut Cakes, Nut Meats, Soups, etc.; How to Prepare all kinds of Fruit Dishes, Salads and Drinks, etc.

In its review of the first edition "The Crank" (now "The Open Road" says:—"To conclude, I may say that I have read through nearly every Food Reform Cookery Book published, and I have no hesitation in saying that I think it to be the most satisfactory so far."

L. N. FOWLER & CO., LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Or through your bookseller, at 1s. 6d. net. Post free, 1s. 9d.

SPECIAL OFFER OF MARX'S GREAT WORK ON CAPITAL.

CAPITAL:—A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production.

The Twelfth English Edition of "Das Kapital," by Karl Marx, translated from the German by SAMUEL MOORE and Dr. EDWARD AVELING, and Edited by F. ENGELS. The best translation of this important work, which contains the masterly statement of those Socialistic doctrines which are having so great an effect throughout the world. Demy 8vo, cloth,

Published at 10/6. Now offered at 4/6 post free.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers,

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Glaiser's Catalogue of Books at Reduced Prices sent on Application.

NOW READY.

The Church Socialist Quarterly, Or OPTIMIST.

JANUARY issue 94 pp., 6d. net. By post 8d.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Economic Socialism. By CONRAD NOEL.

Of Sentimentalism and the Head and Heart.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

Modernism and Socialism. By A. L. LILLEY.

Socialism in Turkey. By NOEL BUXTON.

The "Moderate" Reformer and the Socialist.

By A. J. CARLYLE.

Of all Newsagents and Booksellers, or direct from the Publishers

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

If You Miss It You Lose.

Order it of your newsagent at Once.

"THE FREETHINKER."

Lively, Original, Uncompromising.

Weekly - - - - - TWOPENCE
PIONEER PRESS, 2, NEWCASTLE STREET, E.C.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS AT HALF PRICES!!

NEW BOOKS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

Books on all Subjects and for all Examinations
(Elementary and Advanced) supplied.

STATE WANTS. SEND FOR LISTS. BOOKS SENT ON APPROVAL.
BOOKS BOUGHT. GOOD PRICES GIVEN

W. & G. FOYLE, 135 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

COOMBE HILL SCHOOL,

WESTERHAM,

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

An attempt to secure proper scope for the play of instincts and impulses, and to provide a series of purposes by the performance of which ideas may grow into clearness and freedom.

Principal, Miss CLARK.

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 surely 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 (116). 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 a more than 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" (77), 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! Millais is poorly represented. Perhaps his best is "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" (10). Millais 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" (67) 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. Stott, 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 Gleamy 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. R. 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" (135), remarkable for its suggestion of the cold, clear air of winter and for 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" (142). 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" (224). Mr. D. Y. Cameron is 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 brilliant sunshine outside a cottage door, is most worth notice, though it narrowly escapes prettiness. Mr. R. W. Allan's "The wild North Sea" (128), is a rich and sympathetic picture of grey, rough weather.

ENGLISH REVIEW

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

No. III. NOW READY. VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1909.

1. MODERN POETRY

Gerhart Hauptmann.
W. B. Yeats.
Walter de la Mare.
J. Marjoram.
John Galsworthy.

2. NORMAN DOUGLAS

The Island of Typhœus.

3. H. GRANVILLE BARKER

Georgiana (i).

4. JOSEPH CONRAD

Some Reminiscences (iii).

5. J. SATURIN Ivan—"Isvoschick."

6. VERNON LEE

The Virgin of the Seven
Daggers (Conclusion).

7. H. G. WELLS Tono-Bungay.

8. THE MONTH

EDITORIAL: The Functions of the Arts in the Republic—III. Music.

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC: The Empire—(i.) A. M., India; (ii.) Syed Sirdar Ali Khan, The Present Discontent in India; (iii.) G. Egremont, The Desert of Australia.

REVIEWS: "Orthodoxy," by G. K. Chesterton, reviewed by R. A. Scott-James.

COMMUNICATIONS: From Messina, by O. Rossetti Agresti; Balance-sheet of a Twenty-five-acre Holding, by F. E. Green.

DUCKWORTH & CO., HENRIETTA ST., W.C.

"Orpheus and Eurydice" (295), 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 picture by Mr. Lavery, "Gilda: a flower girl" (286). It is interesting just now to see Mr. Orpen's earlier work. "The Mirror" (270) is charming in colour; the handling is feeble, 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" (331) and "The Witch" (332): 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. Compare it with the picture by one of the darlings of the Academy hung to balance it (257). The portrait by Whistler of himself (299) 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 Baskirtsheff, 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" in 1878, "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 or near Damvillers, amid the associations of his childhood. 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 Degas spoke of his work as "Manet-à-la-Bougereau"! There are also 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" (89), a boy 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 be continued in the work of Léon Lhermille. His pastels, particularly of landscapes and rustic life are sympathetic and virile, and he excels in the representation of strong sunlight. "Haymakers" (307) 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 we have called his predecessors. There is 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 landscapes of James Maris (192): a view of a river with windmills and cottages bathed in quiet luminous light, full of harmonies. Why could not this have been hung in one of the rooms with red walls, instead of against the colour best calculated to kill it? Matthew Maris fares better. In the Black and White room, actually hung where it can be well seen, is a picture (321) which—saving the presence of the respectable people "doing" the Academy—makes us want to dance before it for joy. It is, of course, quite simple. A girl is filling her pitcher at a garden pump. The quality of colour and surface is wonderfully beautiful, and with what a gentle, intimate charm it is inspired. It is amusing—and instructive—to study the "Academician" point of view by comparing this picture, twelve inches by ten, with the dreary wastes of paint hung in the larger rooms—say the hundred and

thirty or so square feet of Daphneforia. 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 not hold himself responsible.

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

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

SHAW'S MAGNUM OPUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The Unedited Opinion in which in THE NEW AGE the other week a deeper analysis was given of the case for Free Bread, seems to me to be formative with regard to Socialist thought. Your argument annihilates the argument of the Magnum Opus article. I cordially (*i.e.*, from the heart) accept the situation. Let us communise bread. It is a hard saying. It is a true saying. It introduces a new element into the sphere of political knowledge. It is a Magnum Opus.

A FABIAN OF 1900.

* * *

THE COMMUNISATION 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—all of them too silly to be wicked. The organised Socialist movement, as far as I am aware, confines itself to the advocacy of the Socialisation of the means of production; it is, as yet, sane enough not to declare for the communisation of products. But of late many of the leaders, unthinkingly followed 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 thinking people.

To advocate Free Bread is to make a burlesque of Socialism. If, as Mr. Orage says, tramps cannot live by bread alone, how can the women and children he desires 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. As an ideal, on the other hand, Free Bread for Everybody is equally 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 I can assure him his Master in the Faith (illogically, to my mind) does not take this view. Quite recently I got a letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which, while holding to his Free Bread proposal, he said that the man who wants to have Free Everything is a lunatic!

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

This is an oblique point (Relief style) and can be supplied with any Neptune Pen at 5/- upwards



Obtain of your stationer or send P.O. direct to

Neptune Pens

(Any steel pen matched). The high reputation of these pens has been maintained since their introduction in 1890. They are the best value for money ever given. Engineer Commander G. A. Haggerty, R.N., 14, South Parade, Southsea, writes on Mar. 17, 1908: "The 'Neptune' Pen (a 10s. 6d. one) has scarcely had a day's rest during the sixteen years I have had it." (Hundreds of testimonials can be seen at our office).

Every pen sent out has been tested with ink and found perfect.

PRICES: 2/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 15/6.

(Write for new Catalogue)

A turned-up point can be supplied with any Neptune Pen at 7/- each upwards.



Manufacturers: Burge, Warren & Ridgley, Ltd., 91 & 92, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

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 terrible statistics of the spread of contagious diseases for which the institutions of modern society are greatly to blame, make it imperative that women should at once realise their responsibility in the matter.

But so long as women are economically dependent on the caprice of individual men, nothing but a sex-strike can save the situation; and I abandon that idea 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 "sweedling," that "combination of swindling and wheedling" which Miss Ethel Irving portrays with delicious charm every evening at the Haymarket Theatre—that deliberate appeal to the senses in order to extort 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.

FLORENCE FARR.

* * *

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 all 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 therefrom.

2. "The fundamental belief of the scientific man is that ALL occurrences can be brought under a 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 that, 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.B.

* * *

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 Bibby's Annual, 1908, emphatically declares that though Socialism in its main idea is 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, built on the model of the family, in which the wisest should guide, plan, and direct, is the ideal of the future.

In accord with this is Mr. A. P. 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 indolence, to sage and criminal. Further, she maintains that not until democracy has ruined many 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 irreligion; perhaps, ultimately, lead to chaos—but why impossible? Why any more impossible, as a transition stage, than the democratic 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

POPULAR BOOKS ISSUED BY

WILLIAM REEVES,

83, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

The Strike of a Sex. By George N. Miller. The most advanced Book on the Emancipation of Woman published. 1s.
After the Strike of a Sex. By G. N. Miller. 1s.
Life of Henry George. By his Son. Cloth, 7s 6d.
The Awakening of Women, or Woman's Part in Evolution. By Frances Swiney. Cloth 2s net; paper 1s net.
Woman: Past, Present and Future. By August Bebel. Cloth 2s.; paper, 1s.
What is Property? An Inquiry into the Principles of Right and of Government. By P. J. Proudhon. Translated by B. R. Tucker. Cloth, 3s. 6d.; paper, 2s.
Co-operative Commonwealth. Exposition of Modern Socialism. By L. Gronlund. Edited by Bernard Shaw. Cloth. 2s.; paper 1s.
Karl Marx's Theory of Value. (Complete). Forming the First Nine Chapters of Capital. Cloth, 2s.; paper 1s.
A Creed for Christian Socialists. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. (Bishop of Truro). Cloth 2s.; paper, 1s.
Catalogue of Social and Political Books and Pamphlets, containing works by William Morris, Elisee Reclus, P. Kropotkin, Henry George, August Bebel, Proudhon, Bishop of Truro, Flursheim, Stewart D. Headlam, Belfort Bax, H. S. Salt, etc.
 Post free.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE PROBLEM OF PARLIAMENT:

A Criticism & a Remedy.

BY

VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.,
and G. R. S. TAYLOR.

80 pages. Paper, 6d. net. (post 7d.).
Cloth, 1s. net. (post 1s. 2d.).

CONTENTS.

THE PROBLEM STATED.
LIBERALISM AND CONSERVATISM.
TRADE UNIONISM.
SOCIALISM.
THE SOCIALIST SOCIETIES.
THE LABOUR PARTY.
PROGRAMME AND TACTICS.

THIS BOOK SHOULD BE READ BY
EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN THE
SOCIALIST AND LABOUR
MOVEMENTS.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

Or from the Publishers,

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Pupil to Learn Publishing Business

is required by the Manager of THE NEW AGE PRESS. Age 16 to 18. Good education essential. Every opportunity would be given to learn all branches of the Publishing Business in a thoroughly practical manner. Excellent opportunity for a youth not afraid of work and really anxious to learn. Apply by letter to

F. PALMER,

12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

TUITION FOR EXAMS. AND GENERAL CULTURE.
Educational Booklet Free.
Expert Tutors. Low Fees. Special Commercial and Literary Courses.
J. B. RATHBONE, A.C.P.,
Phoenix Correspondence College,
GUILDFORD.

BY POST

of Socialism is the next stage in human evolution to be attempted. No other form can at present be discerned on the horizon. A majority rule invariably tends towards intolerance and the oppression of the opposing minority. Inventors, artists, men of creative genius and of ability have not, and will not, be appreciated or encouraged by the majority, even if all could be educated. Generally, they are not even justly appreciated by their own class, but only by a limited number of the cultured minority and of tolerant thinkers. This may lead to intolerable abuses and persecution of opposing minorities, but will it be worse for the general welfare of the race than the frightful intolerance, heartlessness, corruption, and cruelty of the present system?

W. HUDSON HAND (Colonel).

"N.B.—To avoid misconception it must be borne in mind the term "aristocratic" above is used in the sense of aristocracy of intellect, not of title or riches.

* * *

SOCIALIST BUSINESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I must protest against the letter of your correspondent "L. O.K." Human beings—and I presume even "L. O.K." admits this includes the employees of a Socialist organisation—are liable to err, and had the mistake been pointed out it would have been remedied immediately.

I presume that had he been dealing with a Capitalist organisation he would have drawn attention to the mistake in the usual way, and no more would have been heard of it.

If he had treated us with this fairness he would have saved himself considerable labour. What troubles me most is that his Volume III. is still no nearer completion, for I am quite unaware of the identity of "L. O.K." Will he give us the chance of retrieving our reputation?

F. PALMER.
Manager.

The New Age Press, Limited.

* * *

NEW YORK NEW THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I note with interest your comment in your issue of December 24th relative to the New Theatre in New York, and I am induced thereby to tell you that there was one other thing besides the message from the President missing at the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner-stone of that institution. That other thing was a representative of the "Evening Call," the Socialist and Labour daily paper of New York. This was the only daily newspaper in this city not accorded the courtesy of an invitation to the ceremonies, nor tickets of admission when these were asked for. The excuse was made that admission to the ceremonies was necessarily limited; but we have a suspicion that the active managers of the affair were afraid our representative might soil those elegant coronation tapestries which were such a conspicuous figure of this intellectual occasion. On the other hand, it might have been just snobishness that inspired the ignoring of the Socialist daily—for England has not by any means the monopoly of snobbery.

There is some hope that the New Theatre may prove eventually to be free from any sinister influence emanating from its twenty-six commercial founders, but we who know these particular gentlemen do not nourish this hope. What would you in England expect from an institution subsidised by a similar group of industrial and financial magnates?

WILLIAM MAILLY.

Managing Editor
New York "Evening Call."

* * *

AN EXPLANATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As my failure to reply to Mr. Blatchford and my other critics may be misinterpreted, I ask you kindly to allow me to explain that the Editor of the "Clarion" (although I was invited to write on the subject) declined to allow me to reply to my critics.

HARRY ROBERTS.

* * *

A SOCIALIST LABOUR CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will any of your readers who are prepared to become members of a Socialist Labour and Advanced Democratic club, on the lines of the late democratic club in Essex Street, kindly send in their names to the undersigned at 45 Chancery Lane, London, marking their letters on the outside, "Club"?

The subscription will probably be one guinea, and half a guinea entrance fee.

C. H. NORMAN.
(Acting Hon. Secretary.)

Socialists! Help the cause without cost to yourselves.

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

Tea China, Indian, and Ceylon Blends from 1/- to 2/- per lb.
Pure China from 1/6 to 2/4 per lb.
Finest Darjeeling (Hill Grown) 2/8 per lb.
Special China and Darjeeling blend 2/- per lb.
Coffee Pure Whole or Ground from 1/- to 1/10 per lb.
French Coffee from 10d. to 1/4 per lb.
Cocoa Essence Pure 1/8 to 2/- per lb.
Carriage paid on 5 lbs. assorted parcels in London, 20 lbs. in Country.

Terms. Cash with order. Samples and price list free.

THE REFORM TEA ASSOCIATION,
17 Ingate Place, Battersea, London, S.W.

THE NEWEST IDEAS

in LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD., 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C. Particulars post free.

Good Prospects for Active Agents.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:—

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	13 Insert.	26 Insert.
16 words	1/-	5/-	10/6	17/-
24 "	1/6	7/6	13/6	22/6
32 "	2/-	10/-	21/-	34/-
40 "	2/6	12/6	28/6	42/6
48 "	3/-	15/-	31/6	51/-

Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for same week's issue.

Trade Advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

Remittances and orders should be sent to the Manager, THE NEW AGE, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

BEAUTY AND PRODUCTIVITY.—Collection Vegetable Seeds, 2/3, 3/-, 5/-, 9/6 upwards. Collection Hardy Annuals, 2/6 upwards. Collection Sweet Peas, 12 or 18 Varieties, 1/-, 1/6. Everything for the Garden. Catalogue Gratis.—J. G. BALE, Church Lane, Hampstead, London.

BOARD AND EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.—Home in connection with Classes for Day-pupils. Four Boarders received. Humanitarian diet.—The Misses MESSIEUX, Oakdene, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

BOOKS.—SECOND-HAND BOOKS in all classes of literature. Catalogue post free.—HALL, Bookseller, Tunbridge Wells.

CHEAPEST BULBS IN THE WORLD.—500 BULBS FOR 3/6 CARRIAGE PAID. Snowdrops, Crocus, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Tulips, Bees, 181 P, Mill Street, Liverpool.

CHEAPEST ROSES IN THE WORLD. Complete Catalogue post free, including Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Alpines, Perennials. Bees. 181 P, Mill Street, Liverpool.

FRENCH RIVIERA.—Boarders received for winter, sunny comfortable house. Terms moderate.—Les Charmettes-Ermalgate Antibes. (Alp-Mar.).

HOUSING QUESTION SOLVED.—Why not enter your own house, in any district, at once? NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED. Representatives may receive deeds without further payment, in case of death.—Write for particulars, Box 88, "New Age," 1 & 2, Took's Court, E.C.

MEN and Women wanting pleasant profitable work (spare time). Write J. W. GOTT, 28, Church Bank, Bradford.

ONE OR TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS WANTED, near Highgate or Finchley. Conveniences, etc. Moderate. M. S., c/o New AGE Office.

RAZORS, Ideal, 3/6, 2/6 and 1/6. Set of Carvers, 5/6 to 9/0. Pocket Knives from 1/0. Sheffield Branch S.D.P. Catalogues.—EVANS 23, Somerset Road.

THE POETS AND SOCIAL REFORM.—Unconventional LECTURES by Dr. ARNOLD EILOART, Ditton Hill, Surbiton. Syllabus free.

TYPEWRITING.—8d. per 1,000 words. Remington. Neat, accurate copies.—JOHN H. RUDIN, 8, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Unitarian Argument" (Biss), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke) "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

VICTOR GRAYSON: The "Boy" who paralysed the House of Commons. New Penny Pamphlet, 6d. doz. to Comrades and Branches. GOTT, 28, Church Bank, Bradford.

YOUNG MAN, 27, Dismissed for Socialistic Propaganda, desires berth Shorthand, typewriting, accounts, French, German; well-educate; good appearance and address: some platform ability. Highest references Box 33

ZION'S WORKS contain explanations of the Bible, which free mankind from the charge of Sin. Read Vol. V., p. 87, and the "Discourses," Vol. XII. IN THE PRINCIPAL FREE LIBRARIES.

THE NEW AGE PRESS NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLES DICKENS: The Apostle of the People. By EDWIN PUGH. 316 pp. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net.

"Not only a very interesting book about Dickens, but the *only* interesting book about Dickens. It ought to have a special interest for Socialists because Mr. Edwin Pugh is persistent and convincing in his argument that Dickens was essentially—in temperament, in feeling, in aspiration, and ideal—a Socialist."—*The Clarion*.

"An able and attractive book; a book which has at least the one thing that is wanted in books just now, the note of the trumpet, the note of dogma and challenge."—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in *The Daily News*.

"Mr. Pugh has certainly something worth hearing to say about Dickens."—*The Spectator*.

"It is very well written, and it is wrong from beginning to end."—*The Daily Mail*.

IN THE HEART OF DEMOCRACY. By ROBERT GARDNER. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net.

"This is a striking book. The author starts from the humdrum aspect of life as lived by millions of workers, and attempts to work out a philosophy of human society. The book is a remarkable contribution to the solution of problems which are agitating many thoughtful hearts."—*The Publishers' Circular*.

The Rev. J. R. CAMPBELL, writes to the author:—

"I am greatly impressed by your book which I am now reading. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of a subject in which we are both interested."

THE HUMAN MACHINE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Bennett writes enthusiastically on the too little meditated subject of the deliberate management and culture of the brain. His advice is on the whole admirable."—*The Manchester Guardian*.

"This is a remarkably freshly written book. The author keeps us in his grip for the whole whole 100 pages he has decreed that we shall read. It might be imagined that the book is a psychological treatise. Nothing of the kind. The psychology is there all right, but it is put in such an attractive way that every man of intelligence will be drawn to read it, and, having read it, will be grateful for having his attention called to the book."—*The British Weekly*.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM. By G. R. S. TAYLOR. Wrapper, 1s. net.; cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

"Briefly, but with judgment and vivacity, Mr. Taylor reviews the panaceas which have been advocated by social reformers from Robert Owen to Robert Blatchford, points out their merits, and shows where they have failed."—*The Scotsman*.

CONTENTS:—Robert Owen, Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, William Morris, H. M. Hyndman, Sidney Webb, J. Keir Hardie, G. Bernard Shaw, Jean Jaures, Robert Blatchford.

THE NEW AGE. Vol. 3. 520 pp. Art canvas, 4s. 6d. net. (by post 5s.)

"A book worth possessing." Binding Case and Index, Vol. 3, 1s. 6d. net. (by post 1s. 8d.). A few copies of Volume 2 are still obtainable. Price 5s. post free.

PORTRAITS. By JOSEPH SIMPSON. Nos. 1 and 2 now ready.

I.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

II.—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Price 2s. each. By post, securely packed, 2s. 4d.

These portraits are reproduced in colour, the picture surface measuring about 10 x 9½ inches, and artistically mounted on superfine mounts measuring 20 x 16 inches, ready for framing.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS STILL IN GREAT DEMAND.

THE SUNLIT WAY AND OTHER POEMS. By GUY KENDALL. Fcap. 12mo, quarter bound, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net. (by post 1s. 8d.).

TOLSTOY: His Life, Works, and Doctrine. By Dr. A. S. RAPPOPORT. Paper, 6d. net. (by post 7d.). Includes Tolstoy's recent Challenge to the Russian Government, and Bibliography.

"Readers who do not care to face the voluminous biographies, but who wish an outline of the great thinker's life and work, will find all they need in this succinct and careful study."—*The Dundee Advertiser*.

SEXUAL ETHICS. By Prof. A. FOREL, with an Introduction by Dr. C. W. SALSBY. Wrapper, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.). Cloth gilt, 2s. (by post 2s. 2d.).

"Prof. Forel's ideas, stated always with frankness and yet in a manner which cannot give offence, are worthy of the attention of all who are concerned for the improvement of the race."—*The Bristol Mercury*.

"We hope all sensible people will study what Forel says on sex relations and the prevention of the creation of diseased offspring. He is plain-spoken, and yet not a word is misplaced or indelicate."—*The Pioneer*.

THE BURDEN OF WOMAN. By FRANK MOND and Others. 230 pp. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. (by post 1s. 8d.). Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. (by post 2s. 8d.).

THE COMMONSENSE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION. By MILLICENT MURBY. Wrapper, 6d. net. (by post 7d.). Quarter canvas, gilt, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

THE LEGAL SUBJECTION OF MEN. By E. BELFORT BAX. Wrapper, 6d. net. (by post 7d.). Quarter canvas, gilt, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

OUR CRIMINAL FELLOW-CITIZENS. By G. G. ANDRÉ, J.P. Limp canvas, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SOCIALISM. By H. M. BERNARD. Limp canvas, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Quarter canvas, 1s. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

We beg to inform our customers that we stock I.L.P., Fabian Society, S.D.P., and "Clarion" Publications, and also a large selection of Reform Books of other publishers. Post orders receive prompt attention. Callers may examine books freely and at their leisure.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS—

The NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd., 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

Printed for the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., by A. BONNER, 1 & 2, Took's Court, E.C. Agents for South Africa and Australia: GORDON & GOTCH, London, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa), CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD. Business Offices: 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Tel. 6111 Central.