

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

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[NOTE.—The Editorial address will in future be 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Two persons were killed and some 20 were seriously injured by two wild Russian thieves in Tottenham. No one but regrets this cruel loss of innocent life and injury to innocent persons. The story of the crime recalls American doings in the Far West or English doings in the Far East and Far South, rather than anything to which our sober land is accustomed. We do not remember that in the Monaco trunk murder case the Goulds were denounced by the Continental Press as members of an English political gang, or that every Englishman on the Continent was a would-be murderer. There was probably almost as much connection between Gould and the Conservative Party as between the Tottenham desperadoes and any Russian political party. Yet without the slightest bit of evidence, the London Press loudly asseverated that the men were Russian anarchists, members of a political organisation pledged to rob and murder. The Press shrieked for a more rigorous anti-aliens Act, so that our King's friend (and the Government's), the Russian Tsar, might shoot and imprison still others of his political opponents. The coroner went out of his way to suggest that they were "anarchists"—the enemies of all society—and the jury, hypnotised by Press and coroner, added a rider to their verdict drawing "the attention of the Home Secretary to the present peril which the country is subject to under the existing Aliens Act." It is obvious that the Russians were goaded by a mad impulse and utter recklessness; that no special legislation is ever able to deal with special and exceptional deeds. Were it shown that they belonged to some political organisation, their crime had not the slightest political or anarchistic relationship. One would imagine that no Englishman has ever committed robbery with murder or any deed of violence. It would have been more to the point had the coroner elicited the rate of wages paid by Messrs. Schnurmann and Co. to foreigners when they are first taken on at these rubber works.

Most insistent upon increased anti-alien legislation was that blackguardly paper, the "Daily Telegraph"; we use the word blackguardly in its original meaning of one who performs the lowest menial's duties about a court. The "Daily Telegraph," with its scare placards about Haunts of Anarchists, with its leader working up anti-alien panic legislation, must surely offend its very patrons. This newspaper is the property of Lord Burnham, better known as Edward Levy Lawson, or simply Edward Levy. Is it not monstrously indecent that this renegade Jew, having now risen to wealth and power, posing as a True Blue British patriot, should foment an agitation against aliens, his parents or grandparents, and to be directed against his own race? Another of these Imperialistic all-British gentlemen who shriek anent alien immigration is Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, the American Jew (?) Editor of the "Daily Express." Faugh! These men nauseate us. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. In common decency let these Patriots leave this cry to those who came over with the Normans or were here before that time. These latter, perhaps, will at least remember that under the existing alien law St. Augustine and Christ himself would have been refused permission to land; they travelled not with £5 in their pockets, nor were they British subjects (as is so very generally supposed). This anti-foreign, anti-barbarian, cry has been, of course, the easiest prejudice to arouse from the dawn of history down to our times in every land from China to Britain. Our own attitude is quite clear. We demand, for the present, a minimum wage and standard conditions of work and home life rigorously enforced, therewith the exclusion of none by reason of his birth. We need scarcely point out that this leads to the exclusion of all wares produced by sweated labour that still compete with our productions under better conditions. This is not Free Trade, but the fetish of the Labour Party does not bind the Socialist.

* * *

We are perfectly aware that our remarks can and will be misrepresented, and that we shall be called bloodthirsty, cowardly anarchists who have no sympathy for the victims, the boy who was killed, or the policeman. We do not forget them, and we especially recall that the police constable's name was Tyler. When proper support has been given to his widow we may trust the nation will turn to a consideration of some other victims; men who suffer and die as the direct result of our industrial system but about whom scarce a word is ever said, and whose heroic deaths or patient martyrdom certainly evoke no sympathetic leaders or placards from the daily Press. Refer to the current number of the Board of Trade "Labour Gazette," you will find that in 1908 there were 885 reported cases of lead poisoning, 23 of arsenical poisoning, 47 of anthrax. Every one of these can be pre-

vented; these people were simply poisoned by industrialism. "Lead poisoning," says one medical book, "is marked by excruciating pains of the abdomen; the countenance is dull and anxious, the skin bedewed with perspiration, the pulse is tense and hard. . . . Another result is lead palsy. The disease affects the muscles of the forearm, so that when the arm is raised the hands fall by their own weight. The whole arm may become affected, and the lower limbs. . . . The more advanced symptom of chronic lead poisoning consists in affection of the brain and nervous system." We need not continue this picture of suffering which we all help to bring about. Of course, we know that men and women under our present "free conditions of labour," need not enter the industries which poison them; they could join the ranks of the unemployed if they fear the risks of lead poisoning. Under the "servile labour of Socialism" there would be no industrial poisoning; we should not make objects that involved these risks, for our imperialism is concerned rather with the growth of healthy men and women than with the growth of trade.

* * *

According to the same returns 2,892 workpeople (exclusive of seamen) were reported as *killed* in the course of their employment; a large proportion of these were men employed in the railway service. Our readers should study for themselves a pamphlet on this subject just issued by T. A. Brocklebank. The writer points out that the number of reported deaths is no indication of the number who died as the results of railway accidents, for the railway returns "have to be made within 24 hours of the accident." "Of 6,018 railway servants given as killed or injured in 1907 in the movements of trains, only about one-third of the deaths which resulted are reported." Mr. Brocklebank furnishes this striking illustration of the rate at which we kill railway men:—

Four hundred and forty-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-five British soldiers were engaged in the South African war; their wastage, killed in action, died of wounds, died in captivity, accidentally killed, and those wounded sent home as invalids during that campaign, reached 18,100. Had those soldiers been engaged in the peaceful occupation of shunting in place of professionally seeking to kill or be killed, then, according to the railway returns of 1907, which show one shunter in thirteen killed or injured, that 18,100 would have been about 110,000, or six times larger.

The late Sir Francis Marindin, for 22 years Railway Inspector to the Board of Trade, declared before the Royal Commission in 1899:—

"That if automatic couplings were adopted in this country they would not only reduce the accidents under this head to a minimum, but would also have a good effect in reducing the number of accidents under other heads."

Ten years later, still no automatic couplings; railway shareholders find it cheaper to murder their employees. One engineer boldly admits that "we do not consider, or rather it would be better to say I do not consider, that 100 men's deaths for lack of safety appliances is practically of any account in the working of railways where large financial expenditure is required to reduce them, it is but the necessary result of railway working, though of course," he added, "were the railways to give expression to such an opinion there would be a howl of public indignation on this view of the subject."

* * *

Why no public funerals for railway guard heroes? Why these men, living under free conditions of labour, do not adopt some less hazardous occupation, say that of banker or professor, we must leave to Lord Avebury and Prof. Yves Guyot. At any rate, we may acknowledge that if wicked Socialists preach the class war, our good shareholders practise it more successfully, judging by the killed and wounded they leave among their servants on these fields of battle—the railway lines. How thankful a dead shunter must be that he does not live under Socialism, which, according to Sir Arthur Clay, would destroy "character." It is so much jollier merely to lose your life under capitalism.

* * *

According to Yves Guyot, Socialism will replace our

present "free labour by servile labour." Last week we gave one instance of the "free labour" conditions at the Salvation Army's sweating establishment in Hanbury Street. Here is another instance of labour that has nothing servile about it. Sir Wm. P. Hartley, the jam manufacturer, believes that "nothing but good can result from a share of the profit coming into the hands of the people." The event is thus described in the "Daily News":—

The 380 workpeople came forward one by one to receive their "shares" as their names were called, and in giving them their envelopes Sir William shook each employee cordially by the hand and spoke a few encouraging words. How nice of Sir William to give a little jam with each packet of money. Have you ever been a little boy receiving a prize and a pat on the head and some fatuous advice from some pompous old gentleman whom you felt inclined to land one in the breadbasket? At this jam meeting Alderman Grantham, Deputy Mayor of Southwark, said "he looked upon such schemes as Sir William's as the best means of combating the dangers of modern Socialism." We do not entirely agree, for we think there is sufficient manliness yet left in the British workman, even after 100 years of commercialism, to see through such schemers as Sir William. They will take the money packets and give a nice contribution to Socialist propaganda funds out of them.

* * *

The following letter is sent by the Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain to one of our correspondents:—

PRIVATE.

Dear Madam,

Will you, as an Anti-Socialist, do something for the national movement, by helping to get an Anti-Socialist "snowball" going?

We are just starting a new paper, "The Anti-Socialist," which will be the organ of the movement.

I would suggest that you write a postcard to three friends, in the following terms:—

"Dear

Will you kindly help the national movement against Socialism? Remember, first, that Socialism is opposed to religion. Next, that the family and the home will be broken up if Socialism comes. Last, that it must cause a terrible financial disaster, which would ruin the country. If you want to help to stop it, please get one copy of the penny paper, 'The Anti-Socialist,' published at 20, Victoria Street, London, and write three cards like this to friends. Do it now, and keep this 'snowball' rolling.

Yours

If you do this now you will start a snowball which may reach 100,000 in a few months.

Yours faithfully,

W. LAWLER WILSON

* * *

The lady's reply ran:—

Dear Sir,—Your bishops and your ministers tell me that religion is now dead in this country, killed by mammon; your law courts inform me that in the homes of your commercial classes husbands spy upon their wives, wives avoid the company of these spies, whilst the friends betray each in turn; your Blue-books show me the largest number of your working classes have no homes to be broken up, whilst their families are now brought up in Fulham Crèches and the like under the guidance of your philanthropists; your police announce that your family life is eked out in London alone by a known army of 70,000 prostitutes; your Parliamentary reports make it known that your tradesmen flourish on the living-in system, where family life disappears, and by encouraging prostitution amongst the shop assistants so as to reduce the wages bill; your politicians assure me that the country is already ruined by Free Trade, or will be ruined by Tariff Reform, and since they insist on one or the other my postcards cannot stay financial ruin. Lastly, your Government, by its Boer War, took away over one-fifth of the little property my father thought he had left me, "an orphan and a widow," securely invested in British Consols, and you offered me not one farthing of compensation, whilst the Socialists at least offer such relief to expropriated individuals as may seem fit.

* * *

"Socialism will destroy the home and family life" is always with us; we are sure it will. But perhaps few

persons realise the bias against family life evinced by the authorities of this day. Mr. Thomas Shore, in his pamphlet, "The Great Anti-Marriage, Anti-Children Conspiracy," reprinted from the December issue of the "Mysore Times," has collected a very telling series of advertisements by public bodies. For foreign service no appointments are given to married persons as a rule:—

"India Office, Whitehall. Required for service in the Locomotive Department, Indian State Railways, three boiler makers, three engine erectors . . . age not less than 27 or more than 35 years. *Single men* of about 30 preferred."

This is the usual type of advertisement. We have already called attention to the penalty on marriage and children enacted by the present L.C.C. These are typical examples:—

"London County Council. Cleaner and caretaker . . . must be persons in good health between 25 and 40 years of age, and *if married*, without children."

Another, from the same authority:—

"Candidate and his wife *must be without children* and will be required to pass a medical examination."

In many cases the L.C.C. goes further than Samuel Butler. "Persons must be without any encumbrances" is the word applied to children. When the labour master of the Alton Board of Guardians applied for permission to marry, he was told (the Rev. Canon Theobald in the chair) that "he could get married if he liked, but he could not retain his post if he did."

* * *

The anti-marriage anti-children attitude is, of course, not confined to clergymen and public bodies; every trader and every business man does his utmost to prevent family life. The drapers, with the living-in system, the bankers, the insurance companies, etc., with their regulations as to marriageable age of their clerks, all do their best to encourage prostitution; it is the respectable city merchant or draper who is the true souteneur in modern society. Philanthropists also aid and abet this destruction of family life, as was exemplified in the Fulham Nursery Charity case. According to the "Times" report:—

The hearing of this action, which was brought by Joseph William Moy for damages and an injunction against Charles Frank Stoop, as treasurer of a charity known as the Fulham Day Nursing Charity, was continued. The nursery was a philanthropic institution for the reception and care of the young children under five years of age of working women during the absence of the mothers at work. The complaint made was that the children were brought to the place about seven in the morning, and that during the whole of the day the crying and screaming of these babies, which were practically continuous, constituted an intolerable nuisance.

The judge here decided that it was not much of a nuisance, because the children did not cry all day, because they were not habitually neglected, and because the children would be indoors nearly all the year. These vile baby stable institutions are not the outcome of the Socialistic teaching, but of capitalism. Socialists have put forth constructive schemes to replace the actual break-up of family life, and nowhere do these crèches or nursery schools of the day figure as alternatives to the loving care of the men and women most directly interested in the welfare of the children.

* * *

Tariff Reform will, of course, no more help us than will Free Trade; working men who are led to believe that Tariff Reform, as says the "Daily Express," will remove fogs and the unemployed, should read the article in the January "International Review" on "The German Tariff from the Woman Point of View." Prices of food and other necessities "went up with a bound on the day that brought the new tariff rates," and there has been no corresponding rise in wages. Bread, meat, fuel only cost the workman more. One of the results is that in Berlin 11,900 children have been discovered who have no dinners, and many no breakfast either.

Hungry children: that is the reply to tariff policy which, for the sake of a handful of agrarians, raises the prices of

living for the people, and owing to underfeeding, makes the German people unfit for work, while it renders them unfit for competition owing to the duties on imported raw materials and half-finished goods.

Fisher Unwin will send a free copy of the "International" to any reader of THE NEW AGE on receipt of a postcard to 1, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

* * *

We are glad that someone has had the courage to denounce the horrible self-indulgence and vicious extravagances of our labourers. We have long known that it was entirely owing to their expensive and prodigal appetites that our country is going under in the international race. The Earl of Pembroke spoke in no uncertain terms about the effect of the Old Age Pensions Act as "having a demoralising effect throughout the length and breadth of the land . . . the thriftless and drunkards and people who had squandered their money in riotous living were allowed their 5s. a week." The Earl of Pembroke knows what he is talking about; on his estates in Wiltshire these pampered labourers are paid 11s. or even 12s. a week, but of this they have only to pay a couple of shillings a week rent for a cottage, which leaves them almost 10s. a week for the wife and children and themselves. Like ourselves, the Earl has been into their cottages and seen their tables groaning beneath the barons of beef, the pheasants, and the ale and cakes—how dare they squander this weekly 10s. on riotous living when other people could do so much better with it? There is the Earl himself—described as Earl of Pembroke, Earl of Montgomery, and Baron Herbert of Shirlaw, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Baron Herbert of Lea, Privy Councillor, G.C.V.O. He is the miserable possessor of nearly 60,000 acres and two dwellings—Wilton House in England and Mount Merrin in Ireland; he only belongs to three clubs: some earls belong to a dozen. Naturally, with his peasants rioting on their weekly wage of 10s., the wretched earl can only find money for such simple recreations as "shooting, hunting, and fishing." Not even golf or croquet. O vile, selfish, self-indulgent labourers; if you each gave up smoking, say, only one Havana cigar a day you would save 5s. weekly—the cost of your Old Age Pension; if one of you but for one year would forgo his wages the Earl would have almost enough to pay his subscription to another club, and thus help give employment to waiters, cooks, and hall-porters.

* * *

The February and first number of the "English-woman" is quiet and dignified in tone as befits a monthly magazine "intended to reach the cultured public, and bring before it, in a convincing and moderate form, the case for the Enfranchisement of Women." Mrs. Henry Fawcett in "Men on Men and Women on Women" deals trenchantly with every sloppy, sentimental prejudice and the few arguments that anti-Suffragists have ever advanced. She has no difficulty indeed of disposing of the argument that since women do not bear arms, they might be responsible for causing a war that would entail no personal suffering on them. "The British soldier has no share in the entanglements and intrigues which precede and lead up to war." Mrs. Fawcett might also have reminded her readers that the Registrar-General notifies yearly some 5,000 deaths of women in England and Wales "as either caused by or connected with pregnancy and child-bearing." Surely a sufficient contribution in loss of life to placate any conscriptionist. "M.P." gives a useful summary of Bills affecting women which have been introduced during the past. Mr. Harold Cox has found something to which he is not altogether opposed—somewhat a grave dereliction of duty on his part; but he partly atones by pointing out that the reasons advanced by women for the suffrage are all wrong, and puts women right by giving the proper reasons for making that demand. We regret to notice that "No support will be given to any particular party in politics." There is only one party that has consistently supported the women's cause in this country, the Socialist Party, and Mr. Grayson is quite undivided on the question.

The Deliberations of Demos. A Study in Complacency.

DEMOS is a curious chap: a big, unconscious paradox. You first have to agitate him in order to organise him. And when he is organised, it would need an earthquake to agitate him. His food is adulterated, his clothes shoddy, the rain comes in at his ceiling. Yet he waves aside with a Podsnapian sweep of his powerful right arm any suggestion of a programme. His demands for bread must be couched in the literary style of Henry James, and presented to Parliament with the finesse of a diplomat at Court. He exalts and sustains a Parliamentary representative, and pulls his forelock to the creation of his generosity. He evades organisation with eely elusiveness, and when captured, embraces it as an end in itself. He asks for bread and gets a stone. But with the optimism of a Mark Tapley, he slaps his brawny breast and knowingly chuckles, "It's summat, anyhow!" In fact, as I have said, he's a *curious* chap, or what Robert Blatchford would call a "non-plussee."

The Portsmouth Conference was a valuable study in stodge. The delegates seemed awed by their own numbers. Clever alarmists had cried "Wolf!" and their backs were hunched in defence. In a word, to change the simile, they snored sonorously as who should say, "Wake me if you can!!"

One delegate gave us nervous palpitation by the suggestion that in a few years one-third of the delegates would be in Parliament. God forfend! Even as a joke it made us shiver.

The discussion of the lengthy agenda was a dreary farce. The Executive was acclaimed as perfect in all its ways. Its every recommendation and advice was carried tumultuously by a kind of mesmeric suggestion from the platform. The only thing that could have lent a diverse tint to the drab monotony of slumb'rous "loyalty" was Socialism. And the ardent Socialists present manifested an unceasing suspicion that they had wandered by accident into a Liberal Congress.

Some of us were forced to smile sadly when we recalled the oft-repeated venomous charge that the Socialists were trying to capture the Trade Union movement. It was so pathetically obvious that the Trade Union movement had captured and tamed the Socialists. Two Trade Union branches had the temerity to propose that on a basis of quid pro quo a Socialist candidate should be permitted to describe himself as a "Labour and Socialist candidate." The spokesman of the National I.L.P. made a humble, aye, almost tear-compelling speech. He timorously pleaded that the rank and file of the I.L.P. would be ever so grateful, an' it please the Conference, to receive this gracious concession. That plea was on his own account. Speaking for the Socialist delegates, however, they didn't care a rap; they were neutral.

Here the pathetic was gracefully tinged with the ludicrous. Mr. Pete Curran—Fighting Pete—rose on the platform and rendered his familiar "fair and honourable" speech. He warned the Conference not to let in the thin end of the wedge. He was a Socialist himself. But why obtrude the odious fact? If his own secret soul was buoyed up with the glorious consciousness, why drag it into the garish light of day? The very last thing that real Socialists wanted to do was to distinguish themselves from non-Socialists. Mr. Shackleton was a friend of Mr. Asquith's. Mr. Curran was a friend of Mr. Shackleton's. Hic jacet!

The Socialist Resolution was passed with good-natured insouciance, and treated as seriously as a proposal for the elimination of crinkles from tripe.

Our own "abduction," looked at in proper perspective, must have been inspired by a Socialist Providence. The legend obtrusively inscribed over the portals of Portsmouth Town Hall was clearly and unmistakably: "*No Socialist need apply.*"

The conversation of delegates in my vicinity was bitterly anti-Socialist. The sum of the decisions of the Conference fulfils the prophecies of THE NEW AGE. We

have persistently told the people that if they wanted reform they must get it for themselves. We are more convinced than ever that if we Socialists want Socialism we must get it ourselves. The advanced wing of the Trade Unionists in the Labour Party has already been exhausted. Every fresh accession will be a force for reaction. We are no impossibilists. But we prophesy that if active Socialists allow themselves to drill from the mere motive of big battalions, the verdict will undoubtedly be: "Death from overlaying."

VICTOR GRAYSON.

Impressions of the Conference.

I HAD editorial instructions to journey to Portsmouth to record my impressions of the Labour Party Conference. Now that it is all over, one is placed in a difficult position. Impressions? Somehow, the word has no connection with the case. It doesn't convey any idea of the effect the Conference had on my mind. One is not "impressed" by a Scotch mist, or damp sheets. One may feel depressed or get rheumatism; but "impression" is not the word. Sitting in the gallery of the Portsmouth Town Hall as an onlooker, I envied at least two men near me who were quietly sleeping. Of course, I do not say that those slumberers did not miss events in the arena below. Things happened. They passed a vote of thanks to the President; they sang "Auld Lang Syne." There was nothing else of importance; except a few resolutions which have been passed dozens of times since Noah came out of the first International Congress.

That reference to the Ark is a thought which may be developed. The Labour Party Conference, once a place for rebellious persons, has come to be an Ark of Refuge for certain people who are flying to escape a rising flood. There was a day when they hatched plots of revolt at Labour Party Conferences. Now they are places where timid men hide themselves from all such risky adventures as political revolt. The central object of this year's meeting was that the gentle-hearts who have got their hands on the machinery of the Party should find a way of maintaining their position against men who have sufficient knowledge of statesmanship to know that the present policy of the Labour Party is leading the workers along a blind alley where they will find no real reform. The object of the leaders who have got control of the machinery of the political Labour Movement was to get the delegates to shelter them from their critics.

No one will deny that they succeeded. To the onlooker from the gallery the spectacle was an interesting study in the psychology of the crowd. It is so easy for a few men sitting together on a platform to carry through a scheme which they have carefully worked out behind the scenes. They could not have done it without skill; but no one denies that the present leaders of the Labour Party have skill in superabundance. To tell the truth, it did not require much skill to manage the men who sat on the floor of the Portsmouth Town Hall. I find I have called it, in the first paragraph, an arena. That word should be withdrawn, for an arena is a place where people fight. There is a time when it is kindest to tell the candid truth; and truth compels the statement that the scene below me was terribly suggestive of the sheep-pens on a market day. The buyers on the platform got the whole lot for a mere song.

And the irony of the situation was that there were good and true men on the floor at Portsmouth. But there was a childish lack of organisation in their attack. There was only one man who followed a consistent plan throughout the Conference, Mr. Quelch. He spoke frequently, and each thing he said dove-tailed into his words on another subject. He kept to Socialism, and flatly refused to be led away by the evasions of such as Mr. Keir Hardie and Mrs. Bruce Glasier when they tried to whittle down the maintenance of children to the lowest possible meaning. As a

member of the I.L.P. it was nothing but torture for me to see the founder of my Society sitting silent while his fellow members of the Labour Party were maintaining that the Licensing Bill was a vital part of Reform; and that the question of the House of Lords was not a red-herring across our path.

But what could such as Mr. Quelch and a few others do against the class of men who formed the majority at the Conference? The aggressive courage of the S.D.P. has rankled too long to be acceptable to Mr. Shackleton, who had the calm assurance to tell the assembly that he was going to oppose the half-time system, against his own judgment, because the members of his Union insisted on their right to sweat their children for the good of the capitalist. We do not want in the Labour Party men who are afraid of their convictions: they will be more comfortable elsewhere in the political field.

One thing stands out clearly; there is no room in the Labour Party for the free assertion of Socialism. Take the case of Mr. Will Thorne, who spoke out his faith with infinitely more courage than any other Socialist member of Parliament. When it came to the point of censuring his party for an election policy which is in actual results an alliance with the Liberals, then Mr. Thorne was apparently coerced into silence. And there are a few other good men in the Labour Party who are also being coerced. I do not say that the coercers are acting from treacherous motives; but their motives do not matter in the very least. It is their want of intelligence one objects to. Are they ruining the independence of the Labour Party, that is the question. For if they are ruining its independence, then they will take away its only striking force against the Tories and Radicals.

The Portsmouth Conference has made it perfectly clear that the independence of the Labour Party is rapidly going. By 788,000 votes to 113,000 it was resolved that Labour members may appear on the same platform as members of the capitalist parties. Now, putting on one side all vague generalities, that means that the men of the Labour Party are to be free to go about supporting the Liberals in their attempt to persuade the people that a Licensing Bill, Free Trade, and the abolition of the House of Lords are the kind of politics which will save them from poverty. Some of the Labour members have already deliberately preached this doctrine. One resolution at the Conference was a vote of censure on them for so doing. It was rejected. In other words, the Labour Party has repudiated the idea that it stands for something entirely new in the English House of Commons. It has declared for the old system of "reforms" which are not reforms at all.

Of course, the Labour members who tried to prove to the delegates that Free Trade, a Licensing Bill, and reform of the Lords were not red-herrings, had no case against Mr. Tillet, Mr. Quelch, Mr. Knee and the rest. So they fell back on the usual line of defence for men without an arguable case, they talked of something that had nothing to do with the matter. Thus, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, whose articles appear in every form of literature, from the "Daily Mail" to the "Fortnightly Review," had the consummate audacity to object to Mr. Quelch also expressing his views on Socialism in the capitalist Press. One regrets to find that the delegates could not distinguish between such evasions and real argument. It was typical of the debating capacity which found favour at the Portsmouth Conference.

But there were symptoms of unrest beneath the surface victory. Mr. Stuart, the late candidate at Dundee, after a speech of scathing attack on the executive of the Labour Party for giving the seat away to the Liberals, was himself elected as a member of that body. One knows, behind the scenes, how many of the Labour members are dissatisfied with their own conduct. Mr. Keir Hardie has failed to keep his promise to maintain the fighting spirit of his Party; but there are some of the younger men who may perhaps soon throw over the coercion of the few timid men who happen for the moment to have control of the political organisation of the Labour movement.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

The Presidential Address.

[Verbatim report of the address delivered by Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., as President of the Portsmouth Labour Party Conference, on Thursday, January 28th, 1909.]

The delegates to the Conference are familiar with the growth of the Party, and need not be troubled with a repetition of the figures given in the Report of the Executive. I may, however, state that from a membership of less than four hundred thousand at our first Conference, our number will exceed a million and a half when we include the miners who have decided to join. These are subscribing members whose decision to financially support the Party was arrived at after due consideration and elaborate processes of ballots and meetings.

As the industrial activities of the Labour movement were threatened a few years ago by Law Court decisions, which later legislation had to remedy, so now are our political activities menaced by judgments which, if upheld, would take from Trade Unions the right which every other body possesses, namely, that of deciding its internal business and by a majority of its members resolving whatever the whole of its members should do. The law itself rests upon the principle that the majority shall rule, and as Trade Unionists cannot withhold from any member benefits resulting from their legislative and industrial endeavours, all the members of Trade Unions may be justly invited by a democratic decision to give their share of assistance in exchange for their share of gain. Advantages are now so much on the side of the wealthier classes that the wage-earners of the nation cannot afford to forfeit any opportunity they have possessed for the improvement of their own position and the consequent benefit of the country.

So far as we have suffered reverses they have not been because we did not go far enough, but because bodies of electors wrongly think that we go too far. We require more than strength of language for our cause when our opponents are numerically stronger than we. They can reply to our denunciation by defeating us. In political warfare a claim for justice has most chance when the method of submitting it is prudently chosen. Heroic deeds might attract the admiration of friends, but repel the larger body of voters whose friendship we must win if we are to win. To advise our branches to avoid electoral defeats which are certain, and to recommend patient preparation and educational effort for a more even battle may incur criticism or even suspicion. But you have heard of the man who would sooner be called a coward than a corpse. That man survives to serve and guide his party to success. Labour must often fight and lose, but Labour should never be advised to fight when there is no prospect of any kind of gain, and without being well prepared. To fully prepare we must do more than denounce our opponents, and to defeat them at the polls we must convert a larger body of the electors. A majority may be persuaded by the pressure of events and the weight of our arguments, but reason and experience teach us that a majority will not be coerced by other means. Some of our number want a revolution, but however much we may share a desire for complete change we see that well-directed demands for lesser things are defeated or delayed, and therefore we recognise that simultaneously with the hopes we raise we must raise the electoral capacity to fulfil them. The Labour Party is the only proof we need offer to prove that this is being done. Others assert with charming self-satisfaction that we have no imagination. We mix what we imagine with what we know, and we find the wisdom of our methods confirmed by the results already attained and the greater prospects of working-class unity and purpose which are now before us.

The absolutely independent position of the Party is an essential condition accepted by all its friends despite the distrust of a few who suspect some arrangement or bargain where there is no ground for the slightest suspicion. The only alliance we need is the one which the Party itself possesses, and which consists of the mutual association for immediate legislative gains of the Trade Unions and organised Socialists in the coun-

try. No compact or understanding with other parties can be thought of. No restraint on any point of principle is placed upon those who form our Alliance. The Socialist is left entirely free to pursue his business in the politics of the country, and is able to do his work to greater advantage by his contact with the organised workers, who in their Trade Unions are in no way hampered, but helped, by the alliance in the industrial duties which called them into being. The Trade Unionist asks for but a share of the wealth he creates, the Socialist tells him to claim the full product of his labour and call upon all who are able to do so to give their share of service for their share of wealth. They are not the friends, but the enemies, of the workers who would seek to divide these two bodies now united in the one party.

In the first two sessions of this Parliament the work of the party procured substantial results, and our labour in the third session has not been fruitless. At a time when revenue and trade conditions could have been used to further delay any pension to the poor the Government had to yield to ceaseless agitation, and at last make a start in this long-promised reform. Old people who are disqualified through receipt of poor-law relief should not be made to wait for the pension they should now have until the whole scheme can be perfected. The very condition which disqualifies them should be made the first qualification; for they who were so impoverished as to be driven to the Guardians for relief have surely the strongest claim for a pension given to others on the ground of the poverty endured. The measure secured for the miners is so incomplete that it cannot be said to conclude the reasonable claim which they have so long pressed. The nature of the resistance to the Miners Bill in the country, the Commons, and the Lords, indicates how great an effort must be made to secure even a little result, and proves the necessity for more determined working class combination. At every opportunity, and by every means likely to be effective, the Party has pressed for immediate relief or for legislative measures to effectively deal with the unemployed. The Bill submitted by the Party has been subjected even by Ministers to gross misrepresentation, but where our arguments failed the tide of unemployment succeeded and rose so high as to compel Ministers to offer further assistance. We condemned their offer as inadequate, and outlined additional means capable of immediate application in order to meet pressing necessities. Our offers were rejected as extravagant, but our case has been proven by experience. For since the Government's proposals were put in operation the unemployed have unfortunately continued to starve and to tramp the country in search of labour. The latest official figures demonstrate the defects of the temporary proposals of the Government and the need for further immediate action. If State Departments with Ministers and Boards of Management are required to deal with crime, public health, pauperism, and national order, the conditions of work, the whole organisation and directorship of labour should not be neglected by the State: The greatest source of the nation's wealth should no longer be left to chance, and national regulation and responsibility should be fully accepted. Our nation is burdened by an idle class which is rich, and by men and women who are poor, because they are forced to be idle. The service of every willing worker should be efficiently used, and when employers of labour cannot for profit reasons find place for the work which is demanded, those who are willing to work should not be made to starve. The shortage of the employer should be made up by the country, and for the workers' benefit and the common good, labour power should be used for the wealth it can make, and should not be allowed to run to waste to the degradation of the worker and the shame of society. The tests which have been so unfairly applied to all who have sought even the task-labour which has been offered should be removed. Willingness to work is the only test which the State need apply to those who are able to labour. The shirker is the greatest argument, not against us, but against those who defend the conditions which are certain to produce him.

An issue of the next election is to be the veto of the Lords, but effective treatment of their powers requires an enlargement of the issue. To remove the veto is only declaring that when the Lords approve they are right, and when they disapprove they are wrong. If the votes of men and women are to govern through our elected representatives, and if democracy is to be practised as well as preached, the hereditary privileges and legislative powers of non-elected persons must be destroyed. Democratic selection and fitness alone should ensure a right to make the country's laws, and the personal power to rule which we long ago claimed to take from monarchs should no longer be retained by men who, in spite of their immense educational and financial advantages, show no exceptional capacity for legislative service. In the last two Sessions we have had evidence of the Lords seeking to discreetly select the ground of battle for themselves. A good ground of battle which the Government could choose would be the land of the nation and the proper feeding and care of the nation's children. The people are now a nation of lodgers permitted to call a land their own which but a few possess, and on which the people are only allowed to live and work after paying large sums to the real land owners. A country cannot be truly free when its land and dwellings and its main sources of national wealth are owned by a small and privileged class. The inventor, the author, and others, have a legal limit fixed to whatever gains may accrue from their products, but the land owner has a perpetual privilege and an increasing value without having produced one atom of the property he enjoys. We do not support measures because of the quarter they come from, but for the direction in which they are going, and for what they contain. We try to promote good Bills and resist bad ones, and until our number can settle the Parliamentary agenda, we must choose the lobby which leads to our own goal. We therefore support and try to improve a Licensing Bill of the Government because it harmonises with our own decisions, and we resist the Education Bill because it is against them.

Much money and labour are now being expended by the Tory Party in their unscrupulous efforts to capture the favour of the working classes by what is speciously called Fiscal Reform. These changes would not tend to progress, but would be a step backwards to the methods which this country discarded because of the injury they wrought in former years, and to methods which have not given the working classes of other countries the advantage claimed for them. The patrons of Tariff Reform include the most pronounced enemies of social progress and working class claims in this country. The whole plan of the campaign is rooted in the narrowest party motives, and is clothed in a garment of patriotic sentiment and financial interest, merely designed to make the plan successful. Artificial trade conditions will do nothing to strengthen, but might do something to weaken, the kinship between the Colonies and ourselves, and as foreign countries are our greatest customers, the greater their prosperity the greater their demand for our manufactures. They are too wide awake to be tricked into paying for our social reforms, and we should not be so degraded as to suggest that they should pay. Foreign countries have improved their chances of competition with ourselves by better systems of land ownership and taxation, and by railway and transit facilities owned and controlled for the people's advantage, and not for private gain. We are rich enough to meet the cost of the social reforms we require, and national revenue can be plentifully provided by the use of all those forms of our wealth which are not an individual but a collective product. Tariff Reform to the workman is a danger and a snare, but Free Trade cannot have a literal meaning to the workman until he is really enabled to trade with the only product he has to sell—his labour. That is his only export, and the State should ensure him freedom to trade with his work instead of preserving conditions which prevent him from doing so.

Social Reform is differently understood by different persons. The Prime Minister and many of his fol-

lowers have declared that "this Parliament was elected more clearly and definitely than any other in the belief that it would find the road and provide the means for social reform." Any social reform worth having must tend to a more equitable use and enjoyment of the wealth of the country. It should ensure security and dignity in old age, care and guidance in infancy and youth, and a certainty—not a chance—of being able not merely to work, but to live, and to live not as drudges, but as human beings during the years of maturity and strength. All those who are real social reformers will find the Labour Party a help to their wishes. For, whilst we are seeking to raise the mass of the people to a higher level of social existence, we are amongst the first who are ready to assist any effort which will right a wrong, or lessen the burden which now weighs so heavily on the backs of the poor.

The cause of Peace finds a consistent advocate in the Labour Party. Costly and growing armaments have not increased our security, but have increased the horror of the sights to be witnessed should those weapons be used. The amity of nations is not to be found in universally increased implements for destruction, but in the increased determination of Kings and Ministers to translate the wishes of the people into guarantees against war such as international friendship and genuine and binding facilities for arbitration would tend to provide. Those who must fight can find an outlet for their energy in the battle against injustice and poverty, and should join the growing army which makes war against the ill-treatment and enslavement of the wealth makers of the nation.

In conclusion, I claim for our Party that it has lifted politics to a higher level, and has compelled attention to those things which most matter for the welfare of the people. Some of the rich and favoured may sneer at our purpose, but we are serious enough to continue and hopeful enough to feel that we cannot fail. It is not good for a nation to contain a large number of lowly paid and degraded people. Labour is not an inanimate commodity. It should not be bought at a competition price like stone or timber, and should not be treated with less care than cattle! Labour is life. The collier in the mine, the sailor at sea, the operative in the mill, the builder and the mechanic, the woman in the garret, the man at the furnace, and the children whom we cast out to work, they represent labour, and their wages should be the wages of humanity—not the least that we can compel them to take, but the most that a civilised and self-respecting community can give.

The Words of Mallock.

SAYS Mr. Mallock, in his preface to "A Critical Examination of Socialism": "Most of my Socialistic opponents (though to this rule there were amusing exceptions) wrote, according to their varying degrees of intelligence and education, with remarkable candour, and also with great courtesy." He entitles his first chapter: "The Historical Beginning of Socialism as an Ostensibly Scientific Theory." And in these two easy instances he presents us with the clue to his humour.

He is not going to take off his coat at all. He has not the least intention of fighting. He is going to awe us, in his top-hat and frock-coat, by his majestic bearing and his 'Varsity accent; and to summon a policeman, with a lordly beck of his forefinger, the moment we become obstreperous. He is going to reduce us to the mental and physical stature of impudent street-boys. Note the sardonic inflexion upon that word "amusing," and the academic distinction of that phrase "according to their varying degrees of intelligence and education," not to mention his invidious allusion to his opponents' courtesy. "Ostensibly," also, is a word that we never use when we are at our favourite occupation of cheating at cards. But, then, neither do we use such vulgarisms as "firstly," or "of its then," which Mr. Mallock is so fond of. Nor do we confuse the meaning of the word "apt" with that of the word "likely."

Indeed, I am amazed that Mr. Mallock should deal so largely in words and yet be so careless of their signi-

ficance. For it is his distinguishing characteristic, as I hope to prove hereafter, that his work would be as remarkable for the closeness of its reasoning as it is for the looseness of its thinking, if only he had taken the trouble to consult a dictionary whenever he dipped his pen in the ink. For, granted his absurd premises, he has something of a case, but . . . what of the mind of the would-be philosopher who talks glibly and casually and perfunctorily of "success" without seeming to realise that a man may succeed in making history whilst failing to make a living? Mr. Mallock himself succeeded in winning the Newdigate prize, by failing to write a poem.

And he won the approbation and respect of the quidnuncs then, as he seems to be winning them now; though the very few and feeble objections that he has to offer to Socialism have long since been riddled into unrecognisable fragments by Mr. R. B. Suthers in a penny pamphlet, and were, in fact, confuted long before they were propounded in this present pompous guise, by Mr. Robert Blatchford in his "Merrie England." But here one is up against another ugly facet of Mr. Mallock's personality. He is an intellectual snob. He is that worst kind of snob, the snob who thinks that because a thing is as cheap as sunshine it is of no importance. Thus we have his careful and discreet references to many expensive books and acroamatic productions, such as Dr. Beattie Crozier's "Wheel of Wealth," Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," and a publication that I do not know, called "The Christian Socialist." We have these, but never a word of reply to any straightforward piece of Socialistic propaganda: presumably because the cream of these may be fleeted at a penny a line. The only books directly concerned with Socialism that he tackles are a volume of "Fabian Essays" and Karl Marx's "Das Kapital." The paragraph from the preface to the "Fabian Essays," which is all that he finds fault with in that particular publication, can wait for future consideration. I am concerned here with his epitome of the Marxian theory.

I have not read "Das Kapital." I have not read it, for the simple reason that has prevented anybody else from reading it. It was never completed. Karl Marx died before he had time to edit the last two of the three volumes of which his great work was to have been composed; and so what passes for the finished result of his labours is really only a clever compilation from his old notes which (as Dr. Edward Aveling, his son-in-law, told me personally) he had never properly collated and certainly never had an opportunity of revising.

That Mr. Mallock is entirely ignorant of this fact, as he would appear to be ignorant of any of Karl Marx's more constructive works, such as "Zur Kritik der Politischen Oekonomie," published fifty years ago, or even of Dawson's exposition of Marx in "German Socialism," is plain from his saying that "the practical outcome of the scientific reasoning of Marx is summed up in the formula which has figured as the premise and conclusion of every congress of his followers, of every book or manifesto published by them, and of every propagandist oration uttered by them at street-corners, namely, 'all wealth is produced by labour, therefore to the labourers all wealth is due'—a doctrine in itself not novel if taken as a pious generality, but presented by Marx as the outcome of an elaborate system of economics." Now, putting aside that no responsible Socialist has ever used these quoted words in the restricted sense that Mr. Mallock applies to them, I declare that so far from any edition of "Das Kapital" being in any sense any one man's final formulation of an elaborate system of economics, it is largely a thing of shreds and patches, put together by divers hands and inevitably bearing evidences of its makeshift structure. It does, of course, contain some valuable and irrefutable dicta; but these Mr. Mallock is wise enough not to touch except to misrepresent, as in his hereinbefore-mentioned misinterpretation of the Latin-divided word "labour," which has no literal synonym in German.

EDWIN PUGH.

Unedited Opinions.

V.—Votes for Women.

YOU have been taking a strong line lately in THE NEW AGE on Women's Suffrage. Have you altered your view?

Oh, no; only had my old views confirmed.

Your experience is not that of many Socialists.

Perhaps not; why should it be? Most Socialists, like other people, shirk experience when it offers itself.

Then your reasons for advocating Woman's Suffrage are purely personal?

Certainly; what other reasons would you have? At bottom the most impartial opinions are partial, and the most impersonal personal.

How feminine!

Yes, but how true! That is indeed the first contribution made by woman to modern thought: her discovery that personality underlies even mathematics.

Nietzsche said that.

I always thought Nietzsche was a woman. Otherwise he would not have pretended to despise them so.

But if your reasons are personal, they carry no weight.

On the contrary, only personal opinions have any weight at all. Only for personal reasons will men act, and action, after all, is next to everything.

But, seriously, do you think women will obtain the vote?

If not the vote then everything else. No matter in one sense if women never have a vote; it will be characteristic of our public life to deny them the symbol of their conquest. In striving for the vote they are even now obtaining all that the vote could possibly mean. I expect by the time they win the vote (if ever they do), they will be able to do without it.

And what do you imagine they are obtaining?

Why, freedom, of course: the only spiritual gift worth having. The whole atmosphere regarding women has already begun to change. The age-long imperceptible bars of myriads of canary-cages are fast disappearing; and the birds are only waiting for a fine day to fly out. Down in every suburb, tens of domestic daughters, so tame apparently that they will hop on the fingers of their fathers and brothers and men friends generally, are following in secret the doings of the Suffragettes. Wait until the wings grow stronger. Oh, the coming comedy of Suburbia!

You don't think it will be a tragedy?

Oh, very likely. Socrates drank Alcibiades under the table proving Comedy was only Tragedy inside out. The men of Suburbia will see one side: the women another.

But do you really think women care about the vote at all?

Did the majority of men care about the vote? No matter about the majority. It is the minority that counts. We want to make conditions to suit a noble minority, and then to let the majority who cannot survive perish. Why not? Didn't brains enable the first men to survive when the mammoth and mastodon died? And it is the same in spiritual affairs. Men of imagination produce secular changes in the climate of the soul. The incapable have every right to protest, and to die protesting. I deny nobody his right to protest.

But you would ignore the protests of the obsolescent majority?

Without a qualm, if I could: with qualms, if I couldn't; but I should ignore them all the same. Women who do not want the vote want nothing. They are hopelessly satisfied, and therefore hopelessly unsatisfactory. The past belongs to them, but the future never. They must be frozen out of existence: or, as is more likely, scorched out.

You're pretty brutal, I must say.

Not at all. I'm more concerned about the feelings of the spiritual few than about the feelings of the

material many. You don't hesitate to feed a dog on a bone; why should we hesitate to sacrifice dead souls to living souls? Besides, you don't realise what these last centuries have meant to the souls of women and artists. They have been in hell.

Yes, I can believe that, along with children, criminals, and the poor.

Precisely; that is my whole contention. Now, I say that in one sense it doesn't matter which of these you deliver first. Each of them will surely bring out all the rest, since they are inseparable as the fingers of the hand. If we Socialists, for instance, can abolish poverty, we shall abolish at the same time all other evils. If the educationists can really make children happy, the happiness of all the rest will be added unto them, and so on. It is, therefore, merely a question of expediency which shall be redeemed first.

But was not Socialism first in the field?

As a movement, yes; but remember it is the last in the field that is the lord of it. I imagine that if Socialists had been more wide-awake there would have been no need for an independent movement of women. I am sorry that the need ever arose. All our fighting women are in half-alien ranks.

You think that Socialism has neglected women?

Horribly. If I were a woman . . . The cursed fate of everything vigorous in England is to become bowdlerized—that is, to have its references to women deleted. What happened in the early days? Think of Owen, with his ideas of consciously free women with free marriage, free motherhood, free love. That part of Owen has been hushed up: drowned in the whirr of the New Lanark mills of industrial reorganisation—for men only. Then there was Shaw . . . but Shaw is a problem. And Wells . . . Wells recanted.

But you would not have Socialism imperilled by association with dangerous doctrines?

Not willingly, but the peril in their absence is greater. As I have said, the strength of the Socialist movement is drawn from five sources. Cut off one because its stream is violent or what not, and you infallibly diminish the conjoint current. Well, Socialism has very nearly cut off four. We hear in the movement very little about women, very little about children, very little about artists, and very little about criminals. There remains a single active finger on the whole hand of Socialism, the digit finger, pointing like Banquo's ghost at the banquet!

But the other fingers are active on their own?

Yes, thank goodness, one of them is. The women's movement is alive: but note how that suffers in the absence of the whole hand. Only when women, the poor, artists, children, and criminals unite will the world be redeemed.

And yet you are in favour of Votes for Women?

Exactly because I am in favour of freedom for everybody. I defy you to diminish my love for liberty by satisfying it. The love of liberty grows by its satisfaction. To give liberty to women is not to reduce their desire for liberty, but to increase it. Only slaves demand slavery. Suppose the Socialist movement boldly declared war on behalf of the five outcasts of civilisation, and refused to put one before the other, don't you think we should gather strength?

Possibly; but as you suggested before, may not one aspect be more expedient than another?

I suggested it, but I do not agree with myself. An individual may specialise, but not a movement. A movement becomes no more than an individual if it specialises. That is why, in the Socialist movement, personalities are coming to mean so much more and the rank and file so much less. I despise a movement that depends on a dozen or so people. Every leader ought to be exiled after three years' work.

That is Blatchford's notion.

Oh, Blatchford is all right. He is pining to be exiled. I would send him to Persia to the tomb of Omar Khayyam.

Then I conclude you will go on supporting the Women's Movement?

Certainly.

What about Bax and the rest?

Oh, they are entitled to their say. Bax has won his spurs long ago: spurs not of gold, however, since no lady's favour ever fluttered in his helmet; but spurs of fine steel. Hyndman called him the "only classical Greek mind in modern times." The phrase is splendid . . . the modern Simonides.

Will the women welcome your advocacy?

Probably not, for I shall bring the rabb's rout of criminals, artists, the poor, and the children into their discussions. But what can they do against an advocate? Besides, there are plenty of them who will be secretly pleased.

You will alienate a good many Socialists.

Very well, let them join that gathering of all the reactionaries, the Anti-Suffrage League. Look at the names of the great monsters of other days: Cromer, Strachey, Milner . . . not a fossil missing! And Ray Lankester, having left South Kensington, resumes his office as curator among them.

Yes, but add the names of Chesterton, Belloc, Bax, and your other contributor, Norman.

Bax I have explained. Chesterton is a poet suffering from Gallic Anglomania: he sees England through French spectacles as the land of "home" in excelsis. Belloc is a Roman and foresworn. Norman is enamoured by Imperial names.

But epigrams don't kill.

No, but they often make alive. Let me add one. The Suffragist looks in the future for free women, the anti-Suffragist desires to see continued a race of wives, prostitutes, and old maids.

A. R. ORAGE.

Western Civilization through Eastern Spectacles.

By Duse Mohamed.

ALLAH AKBAR!

From Abdul Osman Ali, Sheik of the Bashi-Bazouks, Upper Egypt,

To his well-beloved kinsman, Ismail Abbas Mohumad, Prince of the ancient house of Piankhi, dwelling within the cities of the English:

Greeting!

My well-beloved Prince, Kinsman, Son!

These many months have I watched for thy coming, until mine eyes have grown dim. Long is it since thy welcome shadow hath darkened the entrance to my humble dwelling; and now that my days are numbered, and that Allah stands in Paradise with outstretched arms to welcome me to the delights of the faithful, fain would I learn of thy going out and thy coming in. For, art thou not a dweller in the cities of the English, who have seized upon our country and parcelled out the lands thereof amongst their brethren? And art thou not learned in the lore and customs of this people? Wherefore I pray thee, my son, that thou will convey to me in writing all that thou dost know of this race, their religion, law, and customs, so that I may tell all these things to my tribe, and to their sons, that they may know what manner of people doth hold dominion over us. So shall I feel that my work is done and that the great Prophet, whom Allah protect, may gaze upon me from afar with eyes sweetened with the honey of approval, and lips wreathed in garlanded smiles, whose essence shall excel the Attar and the Spices in their surpassing odour.

I fain would have held thee to my breast, my well-beloved, and laid my hands upon thy head—thou last of the ancient house of Piankhi—but Allah wills otherwise, and Kismet divides our paths. Therefore, as I may not gaze upon thy face nor glad thine ears with a blessing from my lips, I herein call down the peace of Allah on thy head and—shouldst thou take a wife amongst the unbelievers—on the heads of thy children, and thy children's children, until thee and they shall join the great Prophet in Paradise, and be folded to the breast of Allah.

Trusting that the Prophet will swiftly guide the feet of my messenger so that this letter shall reach thee in safety, and thy reply be more speedy, once more I,

ABDUL OSMAN ALI,

bless thee and thy house in the name of Allah and the Prophet.

From Ismail Abbas Mohumad, dweller in the cities of the English,

To Abdul Osman Ali, Sheik of the Bashi-Bazouks, Upper Egypt.

Greeting! Most worthy and esteemed Father!

Speed hath indeed attended the feet of thy messenger, and in the name of Allah I thank thee for thy welcome letter and thy most welcome blessing contained therein.

The hope of once more beholding thy face was long since banished from my breast, for I feared that thou hadst been gathered to thy fathers. Great, therefore, and joyful was my surprise to receive thy letter.

Thou hast made a request to me, O Father, that I shall faithfully execute, although my heart grows weak, even as the limpid stream, when I consider the magnitude of thy bidding; and in the language of the Scribes who inhabit the "street of letters"—the name whereof is Fleet Street—"I shall spoil many sheets of paper" ere I have furnished thee with the needful tidings. But my trust is in Allah, who will surely strengthen mine arm and guide my pen so that thou may'st behold this, people, eye to eye, even as I see it.

Verily, this is a peculiar Race, and their customs beyond comprehension.

Their law-makers, who sit in the seats of the mighty, do take counsel together at a palace, the name whereof is Westminster, and the good old laws of the ancients are set aside by the bad new laws made by the young men.

Much time is spent in the making and unmaking of "leaders," and great is the sum of their speech-making; for they babble like unto a water-brook—which is submerged by the mighty ocean, and whose voice is stilled by the roaring billows—the end whereof is nought.

These law-makers, who are rich, are elected by the people, who are the poor of the land, but the laws that they make are for the protection of the wealthy, who obtain the honey thereof; and to the poor is left only the husks. Great and wondrous are their promises when the period of their election is at hand, but never do they arrive at the fulfilment of the same. Yet will the poor not hearken to the voice of experience, for rarely will they elect any of their order to the seats of the mighty because of their many jealousies, which jealousy is the strength of the rich, and the whip wherewith the poor are scourged.

The widows and orphans cry aloud for bread in their streets, but the ears of the wealthy are deafened to the sound by reason of the honeyed voice of the speculator, who cries from the mart for their gold, and the pleasures and vanities by which they are surrounded, which bereave them of compassion.

The appeal of the beggar is accounted a crime, and for soliciting alms he is shut up in the prison-house. Yet will this people expend much treasure upon the inhabitants of far-off lands—the Hottentot, the Chinese, the Indians, and the Jew—so that these men may forsake the faith of their fathers and become Christians, lovers of wine, dishonest, and hypocritical; and their young women to supply the markets of vice and sensuality. Thou knowest the truth of this, O Father, for thou hast seen the missionary come.

Close upon his heel was the trader, who selleth the rum that burneth the throat like unto the fire from the furnace that is hot. And when the missionary has tortured the soul with doubts, the trader tormenteth the body with strong waters, then is the land made desolate; for the fighting man followeth the trader, and proceedeth to devastate the country and kill the inhabitants thereof. Thus do they teach Western Civilisation.

This and more didst thou see when thy journey took thee to the southern corner of Africa.

Much more have I to tell thee of this people, but thou must rest content with this letter for a space.

Hoping that Allah in his goodness will prolong thy days, I, ISMAIL ABBAS MOHUMAD, commend thee to the care of the Prophet,

The Legend of Sir Veritas.

[Recently recovered fragment of a canto from the "Ninth Book of The Faerie Queene, containyng the Legend of Sir Veritas, or of Truthe."]

I.

By this the Faery knight hath left behynde
The city in the Lying Plains which hight
The Purchased Press, and straight his course inclined
Towards a little castle newly pight
(To great content of all who love the right)
Upon a crag with lyeth nigh the base
Of Progress Mountain, rearing out of sight
His glorious head. Men call it Hope of Grace
And on its flutt'ring pennon "NEW AGE" eye could
trace.

II.

And as he neared the shining battlements
He gan aware of folk which sate thereon,
And on the plain beneath he marked four tents
And four knights fighting spied he anon.
This joust it was the crowds did look upon:
The straungest joust that ever man might see,
For now three knights would fiercely set on one,
Now two on two, now one would coward flee
And two gave chace and madly shouted victoree.

III.

Tway bore a red cross blazoned on their shield.
The other paynim knights might be discerned
From silver crescents which their curats 'vealed.
Natheless a paynim oft 'gainst paynim spurned,
Eke Christian oft to paynim's succour turned,
Yet never raised he hand against his frend:
They two, as Christian doctrine hath us learned,
A brother's love did each to other lend
And ever side by side in amity did wend.

IV.

These Red Cross knights, the prowtest in the land,
Were clept Sir Gilbert and Sir Hilary;
The first as jolly knight as ever scanned
An earst-full cup of sack with dismall e'e.
Right ruddy-hued and large of limb was he
And eke ysprong from famous Chester towne,
That whylome had a stately "mystery"
The which he list restore. He weare black gowne
With motley blent, for that he been half monk half
clowne.

V.

The second, Hilary, in Gaul ybore,
Had jousted oft at royal Westminster.
There did he gallant service for the poor,
And put fat burgesses in mortal fear;
Men hight him Belle-lockes for his beauteous heare.
Satyre his sword was very bright and keen
And eke Ironia his mighty spear
No man could 'scape it that unrighteous been:
And many haughty lordlings hated him I ween.

VI.

Quite other was the lance Sir Gilbert bare;
And wondrous straunge to tell, a paynim knight
The usage of that self-same lance did share.
And still more wondrous was the drierie sight
To see the paynim with the Christian fight;
Each hept on each astounding greivous knocks
But passed the spear from hand to hand by sleight.
Ne wounds it gives but only levin shocks
Which rather please than pain. Its name is Paradox.

VII.

The paynim knight who used this manner fray
Bore plumes of red upon a helmet green.
Mephisto gat him on an Irish fay
As by his tufted eyebrow'n may be seen.
He lived mighty quaint and wondrous clene:
Ne blood might ever pass his 'voted lips,
Ne wine, ne sack. He sometimes gnawed a beane,

And fruit he ate but ever spared the pippes
Since they are Life and forthy holy them he clippes.

VIII.

All was his fare so mean, Sir Bernardo
The Sure, O name renowned throughout the earth!
In nimblesse hath no living peer I trow,
Save haply Gilbert, 'spite his mighty girth.
With pranckes provoked he his fone to mirth,
And thus enforced them give o'er the fight.
His shield the legend bare "I WAIT HIS BIRTH,"
The which fore-red a coming goddès might
To whom all paynims lout, and cleppe the Superwight.

IX.

A squyre, Sir Fabyan, behind him rad
His liege's paragon in daedale guyles.
Ne arms he bore, but magic charmes he had
Clept Permeation, pight in little phials,
The which he scatters on his foeman, whiles
In sleep they lig and therewith ever gains,
In lieu of fell despight, fair looks and smiles.
Yet might his leachcraft little ease the pains
And griefs whereof his queen Respublica complains.

X.

Right haught of mien was that fourth knight in place
All somewhat rusted was his fighting geare.
Him feared the rout of Amazons that chace
From dewy dawn to eve the votive deer
In parlous Franchise-weald by Westminster;
For when he may, he ever them attacks.
Sour metaphysic quaffed he to clear
His wits and nerve him swing aloft his axe,
Keen Logique. This ye weet is stout sir Malebax.

XI.

All four at sight of Veritas the Good
Louted full low, and prayed him arbitrate
Upon the case that garre them wax so wood.
A maiden was the cause of their debate,
To wit, St. Miracle, who by the hate
Of Malebax was new imprisoned
In Superstitio, a dungeon streight.
The Christian knights a goddesse her ared,
And sought to rescue her thus evilly bested.

XII.

It were in sooth a thankless task to rede
For why Bernardo meddled in that sake.
A faitour dubbed he Malebax indeed,
Yet deemed the Christians' plea an idle crake.
Perchance it was for simple lust to shake
His glitt'ring spear and curb his prancing steed.
Perchance (as some surmise) he hoped to take
The maid himself and from her womb to breed
The wondrous Superwight whose advent was his creed.

XIII.

Sir Veritas, when all had been declared,
Erst angry woxe that doughty gentles four
Should spill both time and blood whiles sorely fared
Thier queen Respublica, to whom they swore
With solemn vows to serve for evermore.
And for the case which wrought this fearsome fray
Sir Malebax must ope his prison door,
And free St. Miracle, the Christian fay,
To dwell with Red Cross knights for ever and a day.

XIV.

"For she is child of mine," the good knight said,
"The middle sister of a wondrous three
"Born at a birth in Wisdom's mystic bed
"And ever young throughout eternitee.
"Magic and Law her equal sisters be,
"The last to whom Sir Malebax doth bow;
"None hath a greater or a less degree,
"Yet now the one will bryghtest seem and now
"Rude men the same her rights will algates disallow."

JOHN DOVE WILSON.

On the Tracks of Life.*

[By kind permission of the Publisher, we reproduce the Introduction which Dr. Levy has contributed to this work.—ED., N.A.]

CONTEMPORARY Europe, with its religious and moral anarchy, its growing and alarming pessimism and nihilism, its aimless occupations with politics, business, and pleasure, does not present, so people say, a particularly exhilarating aspect. Some finer-nerved individuals, therefore, turn away from it altogether: the Romanticist saves himself from its sight in his clouds; the Christian consoles himself with the expectation of another and better world; the Philosopher denies the reality of the present one; the Buddhist tries to get rid of his sufferings by means of his self-absorbing "Nirvana"; the Scholar finds a welcome refuge in the labyrinth of historical and scientific research; the Socialist feeds upon his Utopia; and the Gentleman gets married in his despair, or prefers, like the Emperor Diocletian, to retire to the country and grow his cabbages in solitude and calmness.

Amid this universal stampede from reality, it is the business of the Artist to stand out and "face the music." And this the Artist loves to do, for he, at least, is a faithful admirer of this world, with which he is just as much in love as with a beautiful woman. He is her troubadour: he even beautifies her external appearance, and holds her charms up to praise to all his friends. But these friends of his, the Romanticist, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Socialist, the Scholar, the Philosopher, and the Gentleman, are as a rule very cold people inwardly, and, when they hear him praise his lady-love, they look at each other and shrug their shoulders, and say, "What can the poor fellow see in her? We see only an ugly woman!"

"An ugly woman!"—you cold-hearted fellows! An ugly woman! Was a woman ever ugly in the eyes of her lover? And is not an ugly woman, if once loved, more ardently loved than the greatest beauty? And is there not, must there not, be beauty in every ugliness, and consequently also in the present age?

Well then, I have succeeded in discovering in contemporary Europe a great beauty, and it is this: over the heads of the Romanticists, the Buddhists, and all the other stampedeers from reality, there is gradually but surely forming itself in all countries a superior class of men, who, observing the gulf between them and their fellow-men, very soon give up the idea of enlightening the unenlightenables, and over the frontiers of their countries heartily shake hands with each other. Brought together by similar views, passions, and experiences; kept together by mutual esteem and the common desire for power; hardened together on many a battlefield, where defeats were more frequent than victories, they must not be mistaken for ordinary cosmopolitans, for hare-brained and soft-hearted peace-makers—I would rather compare them to a new Jesuitical order, an order of which the loose connections may soon become firmer, and which has even now adopted some of the principles of the great Loyola, and this as the first one: "Plus valet exquisita prudentia cum mediocri sanctitate quam cum minori prudentia maior sanctitas."†

Signor Leo Gioacchino Sera, of Firenze, the author whom I introduce herewith, not to the British public, but to that probably smaller part of it which has some admiration for, and comprehension of, the old order of the Jesuits, is a most worthy member of our fraternity. Of course he is—as I have warned the reader—a gentleman of only "mediocris sanctitas." He belongs to a new school of writers, who, perhaps in order to frighten the Philistines, and therefore wrongly, have adopted the unfortunate name of Immoralists. Throughout his book we consequently find a certain

contempt for the morality of ordinary mortals; a good-natured contempt, I call it; for its possessor highly values the teachings of the Church, the training of Puritanism, the fulfilment of duty—in others—but he wishes to be dispensed from it himself. For Signor Sera has something more and better to do than to be moral: he has something to teach. His teaching, it must be confessed, has also at first sight an odour of "mediocris sanctitas," for he freely discusses in the following pages the great and delicate subject of sexuality, and its connection with character, art, philosophy, and civilisation. It is really too bad! But I would beg the reader to consider that behind this "mediocris sanctitas" there may be a greater strength of character, a greater morality, than behind ordinary morality. Ordinary moral people, it is true, never touch this subject; but what a weakness is shown in the avoidance of such an important question, upon the solution of which depends the future of our race—a weakness which I can compare only to that of the total abstainer who takes the pledge because he is afraid of the drunkard in him. Signor Sera's immorality, I may be allowed to remark, is no drunkard's immorality: it is the outcome of his moral strength!

Deeply, however, as I have had to paint the shadows in the portrait of our Italian—for I have to protect the total abstainers amongst English readers, for whose character and efforts towards self-improvement I have a deep respect—I can now indulge in the greater pleasure of putting in light and colour also: after the "mediocris sanctitas" the "exquisita prudentia." Nobody, I think, will deny the "exquisita prudentia" of our Florentine friend, a prudence which makes me suspect that the great Machiavelli does not lie quite dead and buried in Santa Croce, but still occasionally rises from beneath his marble slab, hovers about his town, and, like the fairy in the tale, makes a present of his spirit to a specially favoured one of his latter-day countrymen.

A deep insight into human nature; a good knowledge of the manners and customs of different peoples, partly acquired by personal observation; an excellent acquaintance with European literature, modern as well as ancient; a powerful gift for combination and generalisation, neither fantastic nor utilitarian; a lucid style, worthy of his old and cultured country; and that courage which springs neither from impudence nor from fanaticism, but from the consciousness of a just cause—these, I think, are some of the qualities of the author shown in the book, which, I hope, will shine even through that necessary and abominable veil of even a good translation. It is perhaps to the disadvantage, but perhaps also to the advantage of the book that the problems discussed, and partly explained in it, are not yet considered as problems at all outside the small community of our Order. To prove this, I might draw the reader's attention to the few words with which the teaching of the Darwinian school is dismissed, to the excellent remarks on modesty and shyness, and the whole of chapter 10, "The Creation of Genius," which proves that our author is also a poet, and had himself to suffer, at least partially, from those ills which Nature, with cruel justice, seems to inflict upon her most beloved children.

What, now, of his "mediocris sanctitas" and his contempt for democracy, his benign toleration of the social virtues, his scant respect for Christian morality? Sociality, Democracy, Christianity, and that fine intellect which aims at power, at wisdom, at dominion, at amorous conquest, mutually exclude each other, and whoever disbelieves this statement of Signor Sera's may be referred from him to both the founder of Christianity and the founder of the Jesuits who, from their opposite points of view, came to the same conclusion about the antagonism between wisdom and morality. Is not, according to the apostle, "the wisdom of this world foolishness before God"? and have we not just seen that the wisdom of this world was one of the requirements of the true Jesuit, which atoned even for a want of godliness and of morality? Rightly, therefore, was it pronounced by the true Christian against the

* "On the Tracks of Life: The Immorality of Morality." Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy. With an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. (London: John Lane, 7s. 6d. net.)

† "Better great prudence with little holiness than great holiness with little prudence."

followers of Ignatius: "Si cum Jesuitis, non cum Jesu itis!"†

By the introduction of this kind of foreign literature into England I wish to encourage no one to join our little brotherhood. For our own safety, and also for the safety of the Order, which needs men, and not the Aristotelian social animals, I would beg everybody to stay at home. Let him join the little reformers and revolutionaries who abound in every country nowadays, and who—poor fellows!—are sometimes incarcerated, persecuted, or shot by over-sensitive governments. This kind of thing always happens to little thieves and little revolutionaries, who are always caught, while the big ones break through the net and prosper and thrive, and even secretly grow more powerful than kings or statesmen.

This, I am sure, will be the bright future of our international Order, which is now only in its infancy, but which will one day be powerful, and will, like everything powerful—and only the powerful—give additional beauty to this great world of ours. For strength is not dynamite, nor dagger, nor sword; but the thought of man, which is divine.

OSCAR LEVY.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

As a novelist, a creative artist working in the only literary "form" which widely appeals to the public, I sometimes wonder curiously what the public is. Not often, because it is bad for the artist to think often about the public. I have never by enquiry from those experts my publishers learnt anything useful or precise about the public. I hear the word "the public," "the public," uttered in awe or in disdain, and this is all. The only conclusion which can be drawn from what I am told is that the public is the public. Still, it appears that my chief purchasers are the circulating libraries. It appears that without the patronage of the circulating libraries I should either have to live on sixpence a day or starve. Hence, when my morbid curiosity is upon me, I stroll into Mudie's or the Times Book Club, or I hover round Smith's bookstall at Charing Cross.

* * *

The crowd at these places is the prosperous crowd, the crowd which grumbles at income-tax and pays it. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand persons paid income-tax last year, under protest: they stand for the existence of perhaps a million souls, and this million is a handful floating more or less easily on the surface of the forty millions of the population. The great majority of my readers must be somewhere in this million. There can be few hirers of books who neither pay income-tax nor live on terms of dependent equality with those who pay it. I see at the counters people on whose foreheads it is written that they know themselves to be the salt of the earth. Their assured, curt voices, their proud carriage, their clothes, the similarity of their manners, all show that they belong to a caste and that the caste has been successful in the struggle for life. It is called the middle-class, but it ought to be called the upper-class, for nearly everything is below it. I go to the Stores, to Harrod's Stores, to Barker's, to Rumpelmeyer's, to the Royal Academy, and to a dozen clubs in Albemarle Street and Dover Street, and I see again just the same crowd, well-fed, well-dressed, completely free from the cares which beset at least five-sixths of the English race. They have worries; they take taxis because they must not indulge in motor-cars, hansoms because taxis are an extravagance, and omnibuses because they really must economise. But they never look twice at twopence. They curse the injustice of fate, but secretly they are aware of their luck. When they have nothing to do, they say, in effect: "Let's go out and spend something." And they go out. They spend their lives in spending. They deliberately gaze into shop windows in order to discover an outlet for their money. You can catch them at it any day.

† "If with the Jesuits, not with Jesus."

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I do not belong to this class by birth. Artists very seldom do. I was born slightly beneath it. But by the help of God and strict attention to business I have gained the right of entrance into it. I admit that I have imitated its deportment, with certain modifications of my own; I think its deportment is in many respects worthy of imitation. I am acquainted with members of it; some are artists like myself; a few others win my sympathy by honestly admiring my work; and the rest I like because I like them. But the philosopher in me cannot, though he has tried, melt away my profound and instinctive hostility to this class. Instead of decreasing, my hostility grows. I say to myself: "I can never be content until this class walks along the street in a different manner, until that now absurd legend has been worn clean off its forehead." Henry Harland was not a great writer, but he said: *Il faut souffrir pour être sel*. I ask myself impatiently: "When is this salt going to begin to suffer?" That is my attitude towards the class. I frequent it but little. Nevertheless I know it intimately, nearly all the intimacy being on my side. For I have watched it during long, agreeable sardonic months and years in foreign hotels. In foreign hotels you get the essence of it, if not the cream.

* * *

Chief among its characteristics—after its sincere religious worship of money and financial success—I should put its intense self-consciousness as a class. The world is a steamer in which it is travelling saloon. Occasionally it goes to look over from the promenade deck at the steerage. Its feelings towards the steerage are kindly. But the tone in which it says "the steerage" cuts the steerage off from it more effectually than many bulkheads. You perceive also from that tone that it could never be surprised by anything that the steerage might do. Curious social phenomenon, the steerage! In the saloon there runs a code, the only possible code, the final code; and it is observed. If it is not observed, the infraction causes pain, distress. Another marked characteristic is its gigantic temperamental dullness, unresponsiveness to external suggestion, a lack of humour—in short, a heavy and half-honest stupidity: ultimate product of gross prosperity, too much exercise, too much sleep. Then I notice a grim passion for the status quo. This is natural. Let these people exclaim as they will against the structure of society, the last thing they desire is to alter it. This passion shows itself in a naive admiration for everything that has survived its original usefulness, such as sail-drill, uniforms, physical courage. Its mirror of true manhood remains that excellent and appalling figure, the Brushwood Boy. The passion for the status quo also shows itself in a general defensive sullen hatred of all ideas whatever.

* * *

You cannot argue with these people. "Do you really think so?" they will politely murmur, when you have asserted your belief that the earth is round, or something like that. And their tone says: "Would you mind very much if we leave this painful subject? My feelings on it are too deep for utterance." Lastly, I am impressed by their attitude towards the artist, which is mediæval, or perhaps Roman. Blind to nearly every form of beauty, they scorn art, and scorning art they scorn artists. It was this class which, at inaugurations of public edifices, invented the terrible toast-formula, "The architect and contractor." And if epics were inaugurated by banquet, this class would certainly propose the health of the poet and printer, after the King and the publishers. Only sheer ennui sometimes drives it to seek distraction in the artist's work. It prefers the novelist among artists because the novel gives the longest surcease from ennui at the least expenditure of money and effort.

* * *

It is inevitable that I shall be accused of exaggeration, cynicism, or prejudice: probably all three. Whenever one tells the truth in this island of compromise, one is sure to be charged on these counts, and to be found guilty. But I too am of the sporting race, and forty years have taught me that telling the truth is

The following articles in the February **INTERNATIONAL** should be of special interest to readers of *The New Age*.

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the most dangerous and most glorious of all forms of sport. Alpine climbing in winter is nothing to it. I like it. I will only add that I have been speaking of the solid *bloc* of the caste; I admit the existence of a broad fringe of exceptions. And I truly sympathise with the *bloc*. I do not blame the *bloc*. I know that the members of the *bloc* are, like me, the result of evolutionary forces now spent. My hostility to the *bloc* is beyond my control, an evolutionary force gathering way. Upon my soul, I love the *bloc*. But when I sit among it, clothed in correctness, and reflect that the *bloc* maintains me and mine in a sort of comfort, because I divert its leisure, the humour of the situation seems to me enormous.

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

The Land of Promise. By R. de Bary. (Longmans and Co. 6s.)

The publication of Mr. Bary's book is opportune. For it is a view of the psychic conditions of America and suggests a vision of a new and spiritual America which may rise on the ruins of the old economic one. We are all anxious to have such a view even though it be a doubtful one. We feel that the nation raised in a night on shekels is on the verge of a sudden and horrible fall; that the culminating point in a long series of financial conspiracies has been reached; that money power has attained its height; and we ask, between starvation and bankruptcy what is the nation going to do? If by the interposition of a benevolent government it were possible for it to escape a crisis so full of hopeless horror and despair; if by a providential bankruptcy the balance of human interests could be restored; is there not still a danger of the nation dying an untimely death? Might it not either be killed off by sterility as the great tide of immigration ceases and the nervous atmosphere takes effect? Or sink into deathlike apathy as its people put on the disposition of the Indian stock?

Mr. Bary takes an optimistic view. The American, he tells us, has a strong belief in the dogma of perfectibility of type. He has conceived a spiritual ideal, which he advances as a legitimate ideal of the future. It belongs to this ideal to rescue the perfect man from the confusion of types which compose the American nation to-day. Thus it tends to weld the white races, to the exclusion of the coloured, into a separate race with a separate language, and this not by a union of racial potencies, but by a union of spiritual forces, which the author calls "the civic religion of America." The name is unfortunate, since it suggests a religion-based on ideals of city betterment and embellishment, whereas its real object is shown to be the glorification of the individual. In short, the American ideal is based on individuality, and absolute liberty of self-direction is its dominating trait. The objection to such an ideal is that it is not a scientific and verifiable ideal like, for instance, Eugenics, but an illusory one. It does not postulate a future type towards which the nation can definitely steer, and certainly move with assured hope of reaching it. For the spiritual ideal itself undergoes

evolution, and is constantly swaying between traditional doctrines of idealism and realism. We ought not, therefore, to accept mere spiritual aspirations as a warrant of higher realisations. Till we get a more verifiable ideal, the Land of Promise must remain the Land of Paradox.

The book has many points of interest. It is freshly written, and is commended to all who are eagerly watching the extension of the individuality of a young and remarkable nation.

Pippa Passes and Men and Women. By Robert Browning. With Ten Illustrations in Colour, after Eleanor F. Brickdale. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

We are grateful to anyone who makes a beautiful book, yet in these days of cheap printing and cheap reproductions, beauty has a poor chance. Once, when they were slowly wrought with skilful pen and cunning pencil, books were treasures highly prized, and, we fear, little understood by their owners, but at least a joy to their makers in the making and a despair that they had passed from their hands into the hands of the hawking rich. Now, an artist is "commissioned" by a master-huckster to "produce" so many pictures as an adornment to a "special edition" of a work; there are a printer and a binder, who do their part, and the result of these separated efforts is the modern "artistic" book. Of course, there is good and bad work done in this way; the good we must cherish, and the bad put on one side.

On the whole, and within these limitations, we think Miss Brickdale's work, purely as pictures and without reference to Browning, is good. It has at least the merit of being pleasing. She has a delicate and pretty fancy, delighting in blue, loose-flowing drapery, the blue feathers of angels' wings, chestnut leaves and chestnut blossom, rich jewel and deep-dyed robe, roses and lace, pink baby flesh and chapleted golden hair; but her pictures are fancies, suggested by Browning, rather than interpretations of his work. We may be obtuse, but we do not see what relation Browning's "Last Ride Together" has to its illustration: a young girl in blue robes, with sunburnt face, a chaplet of daisies in her golden hair; she is dancing a chubby baby; chestnut leaves and blossom behind. Pippa sings—

"But what are the voices of birds, but words, but words."

The illustration to this is an *English* country garden, with a little girl in a typical English wooden arm-chair; a robin is perched on her hand; rose bush and holly-hock bloom. The illustrator has also been unfortunate in her choice of subject; "Pippa Passes" and "Men and Women" are rich in suggestions that have been ignored. "The Firefly," "But who can take a Dream for a Truth?" and "Another Way of Love" seem to us to be time wasted when there was so much, else to choose from. However, leaving the best to the last, we like "Kate the Queen." "Evelyn Hope" is quite finely realised; Miss Brickdale was at home here. "The World, and What it Fears" is delightfully fanciful, but "A Light Woman" seems to us to miss the mark. "Old Pictures in Florence" is really an

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interpretation of Browning. We do not care for the matter-of-fact type with which this book is printed.

Think of the clear colours, determinate outlines, and quaint fancies of those old illuminated missals and Books of Hours, and then of the blurred effects and mixed colours of the three-colour process: O Tempora, O Progress!

The Bridle Roads of Spain and Las Alforjas. By George John Cayley. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

When we have read through the three introductions to this book, one by Mr. Martin Hume, one by Lady Ritchie, and one by Mr. Cobden Sickert, we are quite prepared to find this George John Cayley sweet company. And so, indeed, he is; he gives the rich companionship that can be offered by the man who finds the world a sumptuous banquet of dainties, who takes the evil with the good with a merry heart. He says himself: "the world is nothing but a great machine for milling the souls of men. It was just as fit for the purpose in Adam's time as now. . . . What difference does it make to my soul whether I dig or plough, or whether I travel by mule, or locomotive engine? I believe that in different ways, varying by progression, the same passions and temptations come with the same force to generation after generation, from the apple and twig of Adam to the sceptre and ball of Napoleon, Man, with all his boasted advancement, gets no further. He is working in a spacious house of correction, with science for his treadmill-wheel. Or he is picking the arts, instead of oakum, with a vague yearning for some dimly-conceived ideal of beauty. Alas, if we come out of our house of correction worse than we went in." Such is the talk you will hear from Cayley as he sits on a mule's back if you go with him on his travels in Spain. There is a gentle grace about this traveller of a past generation—it was in 1852 that he went through Spain. He chose that land because, it would seem, it suited itself to the peculiar turn of his mind: the truth being, by the way, that he had to fit his health to a southern climate. But, in fact, Cayley was travelling in a much bigger country than Spain, or anywhere else that is named in the geography books. He was out for a journey through the Land of Life; and his tale is infinitely worth reading. Like his illustrious successor, Robert Louis Stevenson, he travelled as another artist would write poems or music: he made travellers' tales a new material to be moulded into the forms of beauty and thought, which are the expression of life.

By Desert Ways to Baghdad. By Louisa Jebb. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

We have thoroughly enjoyed this pleasant conversation with Mrs. Jebb. If you follow her map you would not discover that she had departed far from the tourists' track; it was her mode of travelling that was unusual, and which gains for her the affection of those who must periodically escape, if they will not utterly perish, from our railways, our x-course dinners, and our rigorous time-scheduled days and ways. To travel in primitive lands is ever a beautiful and romantic undertaking. For Mrs. Jebb "your wish is passed on, and a mule or an Arab appears at your door; and whether it be punctual, or whether, as is more usual in the East, it be late, it is of no consequence, for Time is waiting for you and will wait for ever." Our memory goes back longingly to the days when your mule arrived and you discovered him without shoes; possibly shoes you had, but for nails you must send some 30 miles to the nearest township. In process of time, did it matter a few days here or there, everything would be ready for you to start, and then—but we must follow Mrs. Jebb. She describes with great good humour the annoyance of an escort, for the paternal Turkish Government will not allow you to travel without one. Turkish soldiers and zaptiehs are admirable, self-sacrificing, patient, indefatigable, reticent, but with one great fault—they are over zealous. The Government has committed their lives to you, and there is no shaking them off. When you attempt to wander a little way off by yourself you will find a protector

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lurking a little in your rear, and you feel like a little child running away from nurse.

Mrs. Jebb continues to give you much solid information in her own chatty way—she makes you feel as if she were gossiping to you across the tea-table, but the especial charm of her work consists in the vivid realisation of the human beings whom she met and who accompanied her. With real regret we part with Hassan, the stately, generous Albanian Turk, whose last remark is: "I should take care not to go with two ladies again, and I shall not go with a man, for no man would be so much of a fool as to wish to go such a mad journey." Still, Hassan did not know everything, and there are some foolish men. When Mrs. Jebb and her friend X meander again in the East they must not forsake the camel, most aristocratic of beasts; there is nothing more delightful beneath the sun than to jog on day after day to the equable, regulated pace of the camel; he calms the most restive into an acquaintance with the musing mood moral when you recognise that as the last word of all philosophies "It is the will of Allah." A book to read.

The Iron Heel. By Jack London. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

Mr. London continues, indefatigably, to develop in his new "evolutionary" line. In "Before Adam" he carried us back to the Pleistocene period and gave a picture of the Pleistocene man. In the "Iron Heel" he carries us forward and gives us a semi-scientific, vividly imaginative, and vigorous picture of the World Labour-Drama of 1912-1932. The theme of this drama, simply stated, is Socialism-Oligarchy, B.O.M. The principal character in the drama is a self-educated demagogic workman who apparently embodies the author's conception of 1912 Socialism, in a compound of philosophical anarchy and physical force. He has made a close study of the social maladies of his time; he has seen the many bitter evils springing from the capitalistic system; has seen society dripping blood; men, women, and children crushed down, crippled, brutalised, murdered, by the ruthless Iron Heel, in the inhuman struggle for bread, and he seems to see in the realisation of the Socialist ideal of 1912—the unity of men by ideals, using force if necessary—an outlet for his superabundant natural energies. Accordingly he and the forces on his side, engage in a bloody struggle with the Oligarchy, in which they are worsted by circumstances. The technical drama is in three acts. The First, or Premature Revolt, fails because premature. The Second, or Peasant, Revolt fails because unorganised. The Third, or Organised, Revolt is crushed out by masses of trained mercenaries. The climax of the third is reached in unparalleled "French Revolution" scenes in which the author's Kipling-like descriptive power reaches a great height.

The prediction of the ethical drama that in the future Oligarchy will prevail over Socialism through the weakness of the proletariat is doubtful. For signs are not wanting that American Money-power will fall with the approaching financial crisis, and will end with the culminating bankruptcy; and that Labour will rise on the succeeding wave of equalisation. And if America does collapse it will be due not to the weakness of the proletariat and the strength of the money-lords, but, as in Rome, to the weakness of the money-lords and the strength of the proletariat. Again, the rise of woman-power, and consequent growth of ameliorative influences, has to be considered, and a world-drama of the future, which, like the "Iron Heel," does not show the spiritual influences of women at work, is incomplete and unconvincing. Perhaps in his next novel Mr. London will sketch in this essential side of the Utopian picture.

However, the interest of the "Iron Heel," which is apparently inspired by the decaying militarism of the age, does not lie so much in its weak psychology of Socialism, its ethical and economic ideas, of which it is so full as to require an index, but in its real dramatic power. It has, indeed, all the materials for a great sociological drama, and if the author had properly arranged its clash of ideas and ideals, its stinging con-

trasts of wealth and poverty, its motives of passion and instinct, its glow of life, and its imaginative pictures, challenging those of Mr. Wells, and eclipsing them, of institutions crashing, of humanity paralysed socially and morally; and kept its characters and action clear of books, authors, and endless footnotes, it would have been one of the most amazing pieces of recent fiction. As it is, it is as great as anything the author has written.

Her Infinite Variety. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s.)

Once upon a time, Mr. Lucas was inspired to an anthology, but to no mortal has it ever been given to repeat a work of genius. Almost do we wish "The Open Road" had never been made when we discover anthologies from the same editor which are mere scientific compilations—selection is no longer an art, but a mere trader's trick. You take the subject, sub-divide it, find pleasant quotations, add a few generalities—such is the general formula. Mr. Lucas may produce such a collection once a week if he will, and the public is ready to buy it; there is an ample store for him to draw upon; we think he is now issuing volumes but half yearly. The present book is but indifferently made. From the sub-division Mothers, we miss Henley's "In the Waste Hour," which strikes the most personal and yet universal note in devotional poetry; it is more appealing than any Mr. Lucas prints. A place might have been found for Sidney Lanier's "Verses to My Wife." Crashaw's magnificent "Ode to Saint Teresa" should have replaced Reginald Balfour's "Saint Zita," utterly out of place in this collection; with sections devoted to all ranks and conditions of women, mothers, aunts, adventurers.

"There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow."

Or room might have been found to tell of "the mony brow things the widow can do."

Authors conspicuously absent are Spenser and Suckling, Shelley, Byron, Richardson. The truth is we do not like this anthology over much; the omissions are making us somewhat ill-tempered.

The Buddhist Review. No. 1 January. (Probsthain. 1s. net.)

The appearance of a monthly shilling magazine devoted to the propaganda and exposition of Buddhism is surely as significant as the lightning conductor on a church tower. The first number promises well, and contains articles by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids, Ananda Metteyya, the Scotsman turned Buddhist monk, Prof. E. J. Mills, L. Cranmer Byng, and other writers. The most interesting and, certainly the most virile article, however, is by Mr. Howell Smith on "Buddhism and Free Thought." To our relief Mr. Smith accepts the doctrine of the Non-ego as authentic Buddhism. We would almost make that the test of comprehension. We welcome the magazine and wish it well.

The Children of the Gutter. By Arthur Applin. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

If you are a doubtful Socialist with a timid mind you cast your indictment of Society in the form of a novel, introduce the well-known "features" of the popular serial, colour it with Marie Corellisms, add some purple patches of Hall Caine social philosophy, and label it with a bathetic dedication to everyone who has money and no Christian way of spending it. Then you write a foolish story about a penniless painter who befriends two gutter urchins, and gets twelve months for doing so, and is in the end the cause of one of the urchins becoming an extravagantly-paid dancer and a "light thing." You open your story with the illuminating

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remark, "The fog began to fall," and close it with the beautiful thought, "The Garden of Souls must be manured." During its course you refer to Gilbert's Piccadilly Fountain as Thorneycroft's; you forge a comparison or two between women and Lipton's (meaning Harris's) sausage-machine; you speak vaguely about "the Thing"; you work in a picture-destroying scene from "The Light that Failed"; you do all these things, and having called your work the "Children of the Gutter," and thanked God for permitting you to achieve a tremendous work of "art," you take your place on that high pedestal of fame to which it entitles you.

The Climber. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

We suppose there are people who read and enjoy this stale kind of novel; our interest centres itself on wondering who these folk may be and where they live. This book is obviously written to meet a certain demand; a trader's book for a trading people. "The Climber" belongs to the most threadbare characters in fiction; the dust of ages lies upon the woman who, untrammelled by genuine feelings, uses her beauty and intelligence to rise from poverty and servitude to affluence and position, and by an accident sinks to her olden place. In "The Climber" Lucia gains not in breadth from her new surroundings, and loses nothing in her fall. We much need a literary Vacuum Company to refashion these mouldy doings and persons in the way they renew to-day the carpets and the stuffs. Mr. Benson's novel is undistinguished by grace of style, by wit, by brilliancy of dialogue, or indeed by any of the stock attributes that reviewers are wont to bestow upon this class of fiction.

The Truths of Christianity. By W. H. Turton. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. (2s. 6d.)

We have no quarrel with this book, which has attained many editions and received the good wishes alike of the religious and secular Press. It deals with a great and burning subject, yet presents both sides of the case in a calm and fairly judicial manner. The scientific and theological facts of religion are not always seen clearly by the layman, and anyone who will marshal and focus them without prejudice is rendering good service. It may help the man with scientific tendencies to see the fallacies of orthodox religion, and then, on the other hand, it may help him to check his own scientific beliefs. In any case, it will help him to distinguish between the old theology and the new.

DRAMA.

Problems and Pseudo-Problems.

It was Becky Sharp, if I remember right, who said that it was comparatively easy to be moral on ten thousand a year. My experience of what are called problem plays leads me to the supposition that it is impossible to be interestingly and dramatically immoral on less.

In "Olive Latimer's Husband" at the Vaudeville all the conditions of the really advanced drama of ideas are observed; everybody appears to have an adequate independent income, and there are no babies. Remove the most pressing problems that arise in the lives of most ordinary Britons and you leave the stage clear for a problem play.

"Olive Latimer's Husband" has no more to do with the real problems than "Mrs. Tanqueray" had. And, unlike "Mrs. Tanqueray," it is not even a good play. The one situation capable of dramatic treatment—the episode of the letter which the wife supposes to contain a denunciation of her guilt while it really contains a message of forgiveness and good-will—is clumsily handled. Sir Charles Weyburn, Olive's lover, to whom it is addressed, is made to play about with it, examine the address after the manner of Mr. Weller Senior, and make guesses as to its contents, solely in order to work up the entrance of the heroine and her attempt to snatch it from him. The situation, however, fails, because no

one can believe that Sir Charles would not have torn open the letter the moment it was put into his hands.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell exhausts all her art in the attempt to make Olive live. The contest between her and the author was exciting, but, despite a splendid histrionic effort, it must be admitted, I think, that Mr. Besier won. Not all the grace, the genius, the personal force and fascination of Mrs. Campbell could turn Olive Latimer into a credible human being. She is represented as a woman of much force and some nobility of character. Yet she has married a man whom she not only did not love, but did not want to marry, solely because he refused to release her from her engagement. Subsequently she has had a passionate love affair with her husband's dearest friend, and has stopped short at the point of leaving her husband (by her account) for fear of spoiling her lover's career. She then deliberately permits the death of the inconvenient husband, but, when what she has been seeking is within her grasp, she sends her lover away a second time—this time out of regard for her husband's memory. And all this time she has been explaining that the tragedy is entirely due to her moral superiority to her surroundings!

The conclusion seemed to me altogether false and immoral. Granted that the generosity and self-sacrifice of the dead husband shamed the two lovers, their common shame and guilt should surely rather have linked them together than have parted them. If it be true that the husband practically committed suicide in order to bring them together, it was doing a wrong to him as well as to themselves to refuse a gift for which he had paid with his life. When Sir Charles told his

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mistress that they must not expect happiness together, he said what has just and human, but when she bids him go and never see her again, I can only say that I think her treatment of him scarcely less indefensible than her treatment of the late Harry Latimer.

The play also contains an attempt to dramatise what may be called "the generation war"—an attempt which seemed to me equally crude and unskilful. It is quite true that the younger generation is always more or less in revolt against the elder, and that the tenderness and affection which often co-exist with this revolt, while they make it tragic, do not suppress it. But, if the revolt is to be treated dramatically, there should be a fair distribution of sympathy and understanding. In this case no attempt is made to give the mother a case and a point of view. Retorts leap to one's lips as one listens to Olive's moral harangues, but Mrs. Mapleson-Finch is never allowed the benefit of them. Nor is any suggestion given of the pathos of the baffled worldling, often so much deeper than that of the baffled idealist. One remembers Major Pendennis: "Shakespeare was right; Cardinal Wolsey, begad! 'If I had served my God—!'"

The acting was for the most part strong. Mr. Lyn Harding's rendering of the lover was powerful and often moving. Mr. Charles Troode was amusing as the wealthy M.P. whom Olive's sister is being forced to marry, though why he is got up to look like a Parisian financier is more than I can tell. Mr. Leslie Faber, as the doctor, affects a graveside rather than a bedside manner, and I could not help feeling that his unrelieved gloom was perhaps as much responsible as the culpable negligence of his wife for Mr. Latimer's untimely end.

It is refreshing to turn from "Olive Latimer's Husband" to the excellent performances given this week in connection with the new Afternoon Theatre at His Majesty's under Mr. Whelen's management.

When all has been said that can be said in criticism of Mr. Bernard Shaw, this remains to be said in his honour—that his plays spoil one's taste for plays of the "Olive Latimer" type. They do not interfere with our pleasure in pure melodrama or in musical comedy, but they do prevent us from enjoying "the drama of ideas"—without ideas. True, the play performed at the Afternoon Theatre was not one of his most strenuous efforts. "The Admirable Bashville" is a piece of glorious and exuberant folly: but the folly of Mr. Shaw is wisdom when compared with the wisdom of Mr. Besier. "Bashville" at His Majesty's went magnificently from first to last, and all the most delightful passages, especially the immortal description of the prize-fight, had their full value. I was sorry, however, that it was thought necessary to omit the beautiful lines:

We trust this sample of Colonial smartness
Will not find imitators on this side.

If I might venture any criticism on the performers it would be that their recitation was not sufficiently rhythmic and declamatory. The humour of the play

does not get its full effect unless the blank verse is uttered in the grand manner. I must except Mr. Lennox Pawle, who acted Mellish, from this criticism, and I must find space to mention Mr. Creighton, who contrived to make one of the beef-eaters a real dramatic creation. Miss Marie Löhr, despite a tendency to hurry through her lines too rapidly, was a charming Lydia.

The other piece performed at the Afternoon Theatre was "Tilda's New Hat." This, of course, has no claim to be regarded as a problem play, since the characters have to earn their own livings. Poor Tilda could just afford a new hat, but I fear she could not have afforded a New Morality. Nevertheless, George Paston's playlet has the stuff of real drama, and is a true and fine study of the factory girl, half-barbaric, instinctive, generous, and very brave. Walter Emerson, too, admirably acted by Mr. Norman Page, is a vivid and salutary study of that moral evil which Dickens savagely gibbeted in Charlie Hexham. The play came close to the real things, so that Tilda's poor little tragedy moved me where Olive Latimer's left me cold. When the curtain fell on Tilda laughing bravely in despite of her hurt, I thought of Mrs. Latimer and her morbid, self-made "problems." And I remembered what Dr. Johnson had said: "Sir, a washer-woman with five children to keep would not have done so."

CECIL CHESTERTON.

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.*

MIRACLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Unlike H. B., I cannot speak for every man, woman, and child that was ever born, but I have met a number of persons whose beliefs and disbeliefs were determined by what they did and did not like to believe, and not by evidence. This appears to me to be the more primitive attitude, and one of which even the most scientific of men are not entirely devoid. The scientific ideal is not easily attained in practice, but I am astonished at H. B.'s assertion that it is universal, even as an ideal.

The "fundamental belief" of which I wrote is certainly a religion—in one of the many senses of that dangerous word—but it has no church, no priests, no Founder (why a big F to Founder, O critical H. B.?) It is a good working hypothesis, which is justified constantly by its results—scientific discoveries. As to the reconciliation of it with the equally useful working hypothesis of free will, that is a fairly simple matter, but not quite simple enough to squeeze into the tail end of a short letter.

A. MORLEY DAVIES.

* * *

SCHOOL CLINICS IN SERVIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"Some weeks ago I read in THE NEW AGE that "poor,

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ignorant countries like Servia and the Argentine regard children as a national asset, and establish clinics and special schools for the anæmic and the tuberculous." As regards Servia, this is not absolutely correct. I have just left Belgrade, and while there I made enquiries about the special clinics for children, and the following facts may be of interest to readers of THE NEW AGE:—

In the woods of Koshutnjak, some three or four miles outside Belgrade, there is a well organised sanatorium for children suffering from anæmia, scrofula, or tuberculosis.

The sanatorium is a private enterprise, but the town of Belgrade helps it financially; it has only been in existence for the last four years, and has done splendid work in saving many young lives.

The sanatorium can accommodate about 200 children, all coming from Belgrade or the neighbourhood; there are no children under four years of age.

Most of the children sleep in the sanatorium, but some return to Belgrade for the night, making the journey to and fro in special tram cars.

There is always a doctor in attendance, and ladies from Belgrade voluntarily give their services to educate and play with the children.

The children live as much as possible in the open air, they drink plenty of milk, and every day they are bathed.

The ladies endeavour to interest the children in outdoor life and natural history.

During the winter months the sanatorium is closed.

Besides the Koshutnjak sanatorium, there are several others in the interior of the country, near the large towns.

LOUIS CAHEN.

* * *

THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am aghast that Miss Florence Farr, a woman gifted with a delightfully vagrant temperament, should have utterly condemned a most delicate art; perhaps the only one in which our sex excels. I refer to "sweedling." The old time-honoured tactics, now contemptuously classified as "sweedling," are to become obsolete; with them goes the little that is left us of the charm of life.

Think of the elegant pattern dances, the minuet, gavotte, pavanne; how based on "sweedling" their every movement is; then realise how bald of psychological interest are our dances of to-day. Think of the delicate innuendo of the fan; its art by us debased and relegated to the flirt; of the charm of "crocodile" tears, that do not swell the nose; think of every affectation that has crystallised into a classic shape, and then recognise that all has been achieved by, or for the purpose of, "getting round" some one or thing. I know artists who can sweedle an "effect" in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. Women have, and will, sweedle for sweedling's sake, far more than for bread and butter; and "weak woman" has she been rightly called, for, for the latest fad she will desert her ancient methods. A sturdy league-forming fashion will discount her older pastime for a while; but only for a while!

One hardly sees the need of prizes offered to the proud mammas of healthy and beautiful babies. What better reward than the baby itself to the normal woman? One lives in hopes that the new League-Mothers will deliberately cheat themselves and others by secretly administering consolation lollipops to the sweedliest babies.

GWENDOLEN BISHOP.

* * *

MR. MALLOCK'S CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Being somewhat of a neophyte in the lore of Socialism, and anxious to learn the very worst against its wicked doctrines, on enquiry I was informed that the opponent most feared was a Mr. Mallock, and that a perusal of his "A Critical Examination of Socialism," wherein its fallacies were ruthlessly exposed, would speedily effect a radical cure of the Socialistic malady. On swallowing the prescribed draught I found, to my astonishment, that instead of acting as an antidote, the prescription merely aggravated the symptoms of the complaint.

The pith of his attack may be summed up in one word, "Ability." The rest of his book is mostly verbiage. With his sledge-hammer of Ability he attempts to explode with one blow the Socialist bomb of Labour.

Now, surely, what he terms Ability is nothing else than Mental Labour, and no new discovery—merely an old dish served up with a new flavouring. No strict line of demarcation can be drawn between mental and manual labour. The word Labour (in the political economy sense) covers the two. The one factor or the other may predominate, but naturally the better the labourer, the more mental, combined with a minimum of manual, does he put into his task.

Mental labour may be directive, inventive, or creative, and undeniably is more prolific than mere physical; in

some instances to an enormous extent, e.g., new inventions, scientific discoveries, etc. Mr. Mallock says, "The augmented wealth distinctive of the modern world is produced and sustained by the 'Ability' of the few, not by the labour of the many." His contention is vitiated, inasmuch as he ignores the fact that it is mainly due to the Ability of the vast masses of the cultured thinkers and inventors of the past, and their cumulative experience, not, as he infers, only to the Ability of the living few. This legacy of the past should be the natural heritage of the race.

W. HUDSON HAND (Colonel).

* * *

THE PENAL REFORM LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have only just seen the paragraph in your issue of January 7th referring to the alteration in the statement of objects of the Penal Reform League.

I wish to thank you for your advocacy of our cause, but I write also to say that Dr. Slaughter—who is by no means the unpractical pseudo-scientist the writer of the paragraph seems to have in his mind, but one of our keenest fighting members—is no more responsible for the alteration in question than any other member of the committee.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

Hon. Sec. P. R. L.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"An Indian Nationalist" says, in his notes of Jan. 21st, that I was compelled to leave the "Statesman" on account of my "unfortunate pro-Indian views." This is quite wrong. I was compelled to leave Calcutta on account of the unfortunate pro-British proclivities of the malaria bacillus.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

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