Most insistent upon increased anti-alien legislation was that blackguardly paper, the "Daily Telegraph"; for use the very blackguardly Press and coroner now shocked us by the avowal 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, poses as a True Blue British patriot, shrouded in decorum and an avalanche of respectable facts, AND his own race? Another of these Imperialistic all-British gentlemen who shriek anent alien immigration is Mr. Ralph D. Blumfield, 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 Englishmen. The latter, perhaps, will at least remember that under 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 direct result of our industrial system but about whom some other victims; men who suffer and die as the direct result of our industrial system but about whom some other victims. Me we do not forget them, and we especially recall them. As I have so often pointed out, one of the chief factors in all industrial legislation is the existence of sweatshops. 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 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.
vented; these people were simply poisoned by industrial fumes; Lead poisoning," says a 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 2,802 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 Mr. Brocklebank. The writer points out that the number of reported deaths is no indication of the actual number of deaths which result from accidents in the railway returns "have to be made within 24 hours of the accident." Of 6,018 railway servants given 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 so severely as to be 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, only about one-third of the deaths which resulted are reported.

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

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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 brought 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.

"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 labourers' wages. The applicant must be single, 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:

"Loudon County Council. Cleaner and caretaker must be persons in good health between 25 and 40 years of age, and if married, in poor health.

"Cautious and his wife must be without children and will not take public or medical pension."

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 children that they must get under 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., will forth constructive schemes to replace the actual living-in system, 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 Nursery Charity, was continued. The nursery was a philantropic institution for the reception and care of the young children 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 little baby stable institutions are not the outcome of the Socialist 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.

The February and first number of the "Englishwoman" is quiet and dignified in tone as befits a monthly magazine "intended to reach the cultured people, and bring before it, in a convincing and mode magazine "intended to reach the cultured people, and bring before it, in a convincing and mode magazine "intended to reach the cultured people, and bring before it, in a convincing and mode
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 mustched in the literary style of Henry James, and presented to Parliament with the finesse of a diplomatist and the tact of a Courtier. He evades a forelock and pulls his forelock to the creation of his generosity. He evades organisation with a silly 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 shaps his brauny 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-

The Portsmouth Conference was a valuable study in stodge. The delegates seemed awed by their own numbers. Clear alarmists had cried "Wolf!" and their backs were hunched in defiance. In a word, to change their tone, 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 messenric suggestion from the platform. The only thing that could be said about it was that it had a dainty tint to the drab monotony of slumberous "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 tainted the Socialists. Two Trade Union branches had told their delegates 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 evaded organisation with a silly elusiveness, and when captured, embraced it as an end in itself. He asked for bread and got a stone. But with the optimism of a Mark Tapley, he shaps his brauny 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-

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 Nests were curried 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 arena. That word should be withdrawn, because it 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 Nests were curried out of the first International Congress.

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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. hasrankled 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 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 independence that is the question. Are they going to independency 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 the vague generalities, that means that the leaders 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 there is anything 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 repeal of the Lords were a vital part of Reform, had the consummate audacity to object to Mr. Quelch also expressing his views on Socialism in the capitalist Press. One regret 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 savaging attack on the executive of the Labour Party for giving the seat away to the Liberals, was 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 now throw over the Labour movement, G. R. S.

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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. We do not want a minority who can command 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 we are duty in the other direction. 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, when it came to the point of submitting an idea that it stands for something entirely new in the system 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 there is anything 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 abolition of the Lords were a vital part of Reform, had the consummate audacity to object to Mr. Quelch also expressing his views on Socialism in the capitalist Press. One regret 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 savaging attack on the executive of the Labour Party for giving the seat away to the Liberals, was 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 now throw over the Labour movement, G. R. S.

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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 conscience. 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, whom the Opposition Unions are in no way hindered, 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 labours; and all who are willing to do so to divide 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 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 have now until the whole scheme can be put in force. 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 which they have so long pressed. The nature of the relief they receive, and the professions of the Guardians, is demanded, those who are willing to work should not be made to starve. The shortage of the employer is demanded, those who are willing to work should not be starved. The service of every willing worker should be efficiently used, and when employers of labour are made to starve should be made up by the country, and for the workers' benefit and those in their Trade Unions are in no way discredited 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 Pearson power to rule which we want in order 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 right of 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 allowed to live and work after paying large sums to the real land owners. A country cannot be truly free whose 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 Pearson family cannot be truly free, as their land and buildings have been given to them by 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 right of 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 allowed to live and work after paying large sums to the real land owners. A country cannot be truly free whose 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 Pearson family cannot be truly free, as their land and buildings have been given to them by the

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

Says Mr. Mallock, in his preface to "A Critical Examination of Socialism": "Most of my Socialist 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, in his top-hat and frock-coat, by his magnificent bearing and his 'Vasility accent; and to summon a policeman, with a lordly beck of his forefinger, the moment his 'Varsity accent is sullied by the mental and physical stature of impudent street-boys. He is not going to take off his coat at all. He has not the least intention of fighting. He is going to awe, in his top-hat and frock-coat, by his magnificent bearing and his 'Vasility accent; and to summon a policeman, with a lordly beck of his forefinger, the moment his 'Varsity accent is sullied by the mental and physical stature of impudent street-boys.

In conclusion, I claim for our Party that it has lifted politics to a higher level, and has compelled attention to those things which are 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 as "firstly," or "of its then," which Mr. Mallock is so largely in words and yet be so careless of their significance. Not to mention his invidious allusion to his opponents' "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 significance. For it is his distinguishing characteristic, as I hope to prove hereafter, that his work would be as remarkable for the cleverness of its reasoning as it is remarkable 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 labourer? He is a philosopher who talks glibly and casually and prefers to play the game to the end. 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.

The Words of Mallock.

Says Mr. Mallock, in his preface to "A Critical Examination of Socialism": "Most of my Socialist 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, in his top-hat and frock-coat, by his magnificent bearing and his 'Vasility accent; and to summon a policeman, with a lordly beck of his forefinger, the moment his 'Varsity accent is sullied by the mental and physical stature of impudent street-boys. He is not going to take off his coat at all. He has not the least intention of fighting. He is going to awe, in his top-hat and frock-coat, by his magnificent bearing and his 'Vasility accent; and to summon a policeman, with a lordly beck of his forefinger, the moment his 'Varsity accent is sullied by the mental and physical stature of impudent street-boys.

In conclusion, I claim for our Party that it has lifted politics to a higher level, and has compelled attention to those things which are 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 as "firstly," or "of its then," which Mr. Mallock is so largely in words and yet be so careless of their significance. Not to mention his invidious allusion to his opponents' "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 significance. For it is his distinguishing characteristic, as I hope to prove hereafter, that his work would be as remarkable for the cleverness of its reasoning as it is remarkable 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 labourer? He is a philosopher who talks glibly and casually and prefers to play the game to the end. 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.

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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 past 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 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, yes: Socrates drank Alcibiades out of the table proving Comedy was only Tragedy inside 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, and 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, Socialism, the digit finger, pointing like Banquo’s ghost at the banquet, 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 you would not have Socialism imperilled by association with dangerous doctrines?

Not willingly, but the peril in their absence is greater. All 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.

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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, and children, and criminals unite will the world be redeemed.

But the majority of men 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 obscurantist minority?

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 unsatisfied. 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 one hand. If a woman, 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 to 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-alién 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 bowed:—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, free marriage, free motherhood, free love. That part of Owen has been hushed up: drowned in the whirl of the New Lanark mills of industrial reorganisation—for men only. Then there was Shaw . . . but Shaw is a problem. And Wells . . . Wells recanted.

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Western Civilization through Eastern Spectacles.

By Duse Mohamed.

ALLAH ARBA!

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 Pianchi, 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 my breath of life is in the fires of Paradise with outstretched arms to welcome me to the delights of the faithful, faith 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 wilt 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—art thou not thus also—shouldst thou take a wise 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.

Great and wondrous are their promises and their penalties. They have forsworn the gods of the ancients, and have for the purpose of their race consecrated the land, and proceedeth to devastate the country and kill the inhabitants thereof. Thus do they teach Western Civilization.

Ahmad A. Ismail

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 Scripture, which inhabith the heart of man, thou art the one man 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 me, so that ye 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 spurious making; for they babble like unto a water-brook—which is submerged by the mighty ocean, 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 fulfillment 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 whisper with which 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 set the run that burned the throats of all until the eye of 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 in the devastation of an army and kill the inhabitants thereof. Thus do they teach Western Civilization.

This and more didst thou see when thy journey took thee to the southern corner of Africa. Much more didst thou tell me 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, containing the Legend of Sir Veritas, or of Truth."]

I.

By this the Faery knight hath left behinde
The city in the Lying Plains which hight
The Purchased Press, and straight his course inclined
Towards a little castle newly pight:
That fore-red a coming goddes might
To see the paynim with the Christian fight;
And free St. Miracle, the Christian fay,
And for the case which wrought this fearsome fray
Should spill both time and blood whiles sorely fared
Sir Veritas, when all had been declared,
Erat angry woke that doughty gentles four
Such strange, such wonderous, such blazoned four.

II.

And as he neared the shining battellings
He gan aware of folk which sate the thereon,
And on the plaine beneath he marked four tents
And four knights fighting spied he anon.
This joust it was the crowds did look upon:
The which he list restore. He weare black gowne
Tway bore a red cross blazoned on their shield.
These Red Cross knights, the prowest in the land,
With motley blent, for that he been half monk half
And eke ysprong from famous Chester towne,
A brother's love did each to other lend.
Ne arms he bore, but magic charmes he had
All somewhat rusted was his fighting geare.

III.

Tway bore a red cross blazoned on their shield.
The other paynim knights might be discerned
From silver crescents which their curats 'vealed.
Thys paynim knight oft 'gainst paynim spurned
Him feared the rout of Amazons that chase.
For when he may, he ever them attacks.

IV.

These Red Cross knights, the prowest in the land,
Were clept Sir Gilbert and Sir Hilary;
The first as jolly knight as ever scanned
In sleep they lig and therewith ever gains,
And eke ysprong from famous Chester towne,
That whylome had a stately "mystery"
The which he list restore. He weare black gowne
With motley bent, for that he been half monk half
And ever side by side in amity did wend.

V.

The second, Hilary, in Gaul ybore;
Had jousted oft at royal Westminster.
There di he gallant service for the poor,
And put fat burgesses in mortal fear;
Men bight him Belle-Defences for his beauituous heare.
Satyre his sword was very bright and keen
And eke Ionia 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 strange to tell, a paynim knight
The usage of that self-same lance did share.
And still more wondrous was the dreerie 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'm 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 nimblese hath no living peer I trow,
Save haply Gilbert, 'spite his mighty birth.
With prancekes provoked he his fone to mirth,
And thus enforded them give o'er the fight.
His shield the legend bare "I WAIT HIS BIRTH."
The which fore-red a coming goddes might
To whom all paynim stout and cleepe the Superwight.

IX.

A squyre, Sir Fabyan, behind him rad
His liege's paragon in daedaeal guylc.
Ne arms he bore, but magic charmes he had
All somewhat rusted was his fighting geare.
Ne blood might ever pass his 'voted lips,
Save haply Gilbert, 'spite his mighty birth.
With prancekes provoked he his fone to mirth,
And thus enforded them give o'er the fight.
His shield the legend bare "I WAIT HIS BIRTH."
The which fore-red a coming goddes might
To whom all paynim stout and cleepe the Superwight.

X.

Right hand of mien was that fourth knight in place
All somewhat rusted was his fighting geare.
He lived mighty quaint and wondrous clene:
Of Progress Mountain, rearing out of sight
And many haughty lordlings hated him I ween.
And eke Ironia his mighty spear
And put fat burgesses in mortal fear.
In parlous Franchise-weald by Westminster;
For when he may, he ever them attacks.

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 faiteur dubbed he Malebax indeed,
Yet deemed the Christians' plea an idle crake.
Perchance it was for simple lust to shake
Or perchance (as some surmise) he hoped to take
The wondrous Superwight whose advent was his creed.

XIII.

Sir Veritas, when all had been declared,
Erst angry woke that doughty gentles four
Should spill both time and blood whiles sorely fared
Thier queen Republica, 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,
Yet now the one will bryghtest seem and now
None hath a greater or a less degree,
The last to whom Sir Malebax doth bow;
And as the one who yields to her, the fay,
To dwell with Red Cross knights for ever and a day.

"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.J]

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 depends on 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 simply too human: 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 Christian, the Socialist, the Scholar, the Philosopher, and the Gentleman, are all in a rule very cold people, and when they have praised this 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 ever dearly 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 stampeders from reality, there is gradually but surely forming itself in all countries a superior class of self-sufficient souls, of the kind Isabella and their fellow-men, very soon give up the idea of en-

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

* "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.)
followers of Ignatius: "Si cum Jesuistis, 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 them, 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 preach that they 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, 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 have said is 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 Mulic'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 the existence of perhaps a million souls, and this million is completely free from the cares which beset at least five-sixths of the English race. They have worries; they pay income-tax nor live on terms of dependent equality with those who pay it. I see at the counters people on whose forehead is written that they know themselves to be the salt of the earth. They are assured, curt voices, their proud carriage, their clothes, the similarity of their manners, all show that they belong to a caste and to 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 omni-buses because they rout must economise. But they never look twice at twopence. They curse the injustice which inflicts so much unnecessary misery on the poor. I wish the rich would read what you describe tried our hand as illustrator them on paper, but I must confess that up to now none has reached the heights of vivid and powerful description in which you have ascended in 'Slavery.'

PETE CURRAN, M.P.

"You have given a faithful picture of that unlively world which inflicts so much unnecessary misery on the poor. I wish the rich would read it and understand."

WILL: THORNE, M.P.

"It is a book which should be read by all those who are interested in the Trade Union and Socialistic movement (because there are a great many people who do not believe that such conditions as are pictured by you in the book exist in this country)."

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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 prejudice against this class, for I have found 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 upon the street in a different manner, until that low absurd legend shall be swept from 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 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 breaks the promenade deck off from the rest of the ship. 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 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 straw to be a steamer in which it is travelling saloon. Occasionally it goes to look over from the promenade deck off the steerage.

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

CHILD LABOUR. By Dr. Julius Deutsch.

THE INSURANCE OF MOTHERHOOD. By Henriette Fuerth.

A NEW ERA OF TAXATION. By John A. Hobson.

THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES AND THE NEXT BUDGET. By A. MacCallum Scott.

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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 men of the bloc, do not blame them. 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 divest its leisure, the humour of the situation seems to me enormous. Jacob Tonson.

REVIEW.

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 which 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 providential government it were possible for it to escape a crisis so full of hopelessness 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 prosperity, the great tide of immigration ceasing 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 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?

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-bush bloom. The illustrator has also been unfortunate in not blending the best which Browning's work done in this way; the good we must cherish, and the bad put on one side. The publication of Mr. Bary's book is opportune. For it is a view of the psychic conditions of 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 providential government it were possible for it to escape a crisis so full of hopelessness 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 prosperity, the great tide of immigration ceasing and the nervous atmosphere takes effect? Or sink into deathlike apathy as its people put on the disposition of the Indian stock?

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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 ofainties, who takes the evil with the good with a merry heart. He says to 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 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 a vague yearning for some truth being, by the way, that he had to fit his health to the evil with the good with a merry heart. He says:

"the world is nothing but a great machine to d&s 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 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 a vague yearning for some truth being, by the way, that he had to fit his health to the evil with the good with a merry heart. He says:

"the world is nothing but a great machine..."
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 appeared before her with real regret. With regard to her 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 foolish a fool as to want 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 a sun than to jog on day after day to the equable, regulated pace of the camel; he calms the most restive into an acquiescence with the human 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. $5.)

Mr. London continues, indomitably, to develop in his serial, "Iron Heel," the sociological drama and give us a semi-scientific, vividly imaginative, and vigorous picture of the World Labour Party. The technical drama is in three acts. The principal character in the drama is a self-educated democratic worker 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 capitalist system; he has seen society dripping blood; men, women, and children crushed down, crippled, brutalised, murdered. Iron Heel is less Socialism, than 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 falls 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 culmination of 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 falls 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.

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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 his tea, I suppose). But 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 state of 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 old place and remains there. In a very literary way she emerges from her new surroundings, and loses nothing in her fall. We much need a literary Vacuum Company to refresh these muddily doing and persons in the way they renew to-day the carpets and the stuffs of old. Mr. Benson's novel is something more than a denunciation of her guilt while it really contains a grace of style, by wit, by brilliancy of dialogue, or indeed of 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 independent income, and there are no babies. Remove the conditions of the really advanced drama of ideas and the really serious 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 too busy 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 hiss at the end, 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 generosiy 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 himself. The question 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 indescribable than her treatment of the late Harry Latimer. The play remains 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 the younger generation an understanding. Miss Marie Löhr, despite her 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 Pas- ton'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. With his temperament, too, admirably acted by Mr. Norman Page, is a vivid and salutary study of that moral evil which Dickens savagely gibbetted in Charlie Hexham. The play came close to the real things, so that 'Tilda's poor little tragedy, 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 speak 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? 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,

The acting was for the most part strong. Mr. Lyn Harding's rendering of the lover was powerful and often moving. 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 grave, rather than a beery 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 Ills Majesty's under Mr. Whelan's management.

When all has been said that can be said in criticism of Mr. Bernard Shaw, this remains to be said in his honor. He has made us spell one's taste for play 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 Adorable Bashville" is a piece of glorious and exuberant folly: but the folly of Mr. Shaw is wisdom when compared with the wisdom of Mr. Besler. "Bashville" at Ills 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 character. Miss Marie Löhr, despite her 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 Pas- ton'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. With his temperament, too, admirably acted by Mr. Norman Page, is a vivid and salutary study of that moral evil which Dickens savagely gibbetted in Charlie Hexham. The play came close to the real things, so that 'Tilda's poor little tragedy, 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 speak 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? 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.

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"Some weeks ago I read in The New Age that "poor,
ignorant countries like Servia and the Argentine regard children as a national asset, and establish clinics and special schools for the anemic and the tuberculous." As regards the very able and most earnest investigator of the problems of social economy, 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 the "New Age." In the woods of Koshtanjak, some three or four miles outside Belgrade, there is a well organised sanatorium for children suffering from anaemia, scrofula, or tuberculosis. The sanatorium is in a private estate, 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 not many more than 150 of them at any time of the year. 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 Koshtanjak sanatorium, there are several others in the interior of the country, near the large towns.

**The Economic Independence of Women.**

To the Editor of "The New Age." I am glad that Miss Florence Farr, a woman gifted with a delightfully vagrant temperament, should have one blow the Socialist bomb of Labour. Mental Labour, and no new discovery—merely an old dish served up with a new flavouring. No strict line of demarcation between labour and not labour. The symptoms of the complaint. No prescription, merely an old dish served up with a new flavouring. No strict line of demarcation between labour and not labour. No new discovery, merely an old dish served up with a new flavouring. No strict line of demarcation between labour and not labour.

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