THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART

No. 754 [New Series. Vol. IV. No. 17] THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1909. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES for England and Abroad:

Three months . . . . . 1s. 9d.
Six months . . . . . 3s. 3d.
Twelve months . . . . . 6s. 6d.

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

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CECIL CHESTERTON has made a gallant and brilliant attempt to draw the King of England over to the people, and to lead it against the oligarchy that now governs—an oligarchy of which, however, the King is himself a typical representative. Vain faith and courage vain we fear we must write of our much valued contributor. The King has, indeed, shown the usual plutocratic sympathy with the people who suffer, but of real understanding never a hint. But suppose he were to follow the lead given by Cecil Chesterton? Where is there any guarantee of permanence? A betterment that should rest primarily on the goodwill of one of the House of Guelph would mean less than nothing.

* * *

Contemporary events must surely make us look askance at these proposals; we need but look to Germany for an example of a would-be benevolent autocracy and to Russia for an instance of the ills of a malevolent one. Which but serves to remind us that our King is the close ally of a Tsar whose hands reek with the blood of foe and friend. Far from strengthening the influence of the King, we blame the present Government for having permitted the extension of his powers. We must remember that there grow up amid the Court all the parasitic and profligate in our world; all that is mean, contemptible, vacuous in our life sets itself to lickspittle the hands of royalty, to bow to it as the arbiter of fame and fortune. We cannot have, if we would, the old simple faith in the Divinity of Royalty that perhaps the Cavaliers never held; it is to-day simply a question of good form to hope that the bread will come back and buttered too for sartin.

* * *

We are no stern and dour republicans. We count the use of royalty not at all. We have no objection to paying a King Log, who will make a nice show figure, half a million a year to save us from all the corruption, trouble, and expense incidental to presidential elections. The country is wealthy enough to afford it; we do not grumble at the King spending his salary in any way he listeth; personally we should prefer a little more colour in the streets. We think that no King should ride out without a military escort and brass band; that he should drive no less than 14 cream coloured horses with flowing manes and tails, or that seven zebras should draw his car, or 12 tigers. The car should be a gaudy equipage of teak and mahogany with inlaid mother of pearl and strappings of silver. We personally dislike the idea of a King in a motor-car or travelling by an ordinary train. These, however, are purely æsthetic grumbles. We do not really mind the bridge and the Havannah and the spicy anecdotes at gay little supper parties—so long as the King is not allowed to take any serious share in politics.

* * *

The "Daily News" declares that "King Edward has gone home having accomplished the most remarkable personal achievement of his career." Germany and England "will be no longer poisoned by mistrust," etc., etc. What does all this blarney amount to? We can suppose none taken in by it. The "Daily News" is simply playing a policy of lessened expenditure on armaments. This may be in itself good or bad, but it is a dangerous game this buttering of royalty. We do not suppose that any German statesman is taken in by the amiable puerilities of the King and Queen. They understand well enough that England does not want to fight Germany for the simple reason that it has not got the pluck. Shelling Mad Mullahs, punitive expeditions against Zakka Khel, with the aid of native troops and at India's cost, these are things quite in the line of Brewers and Money-lenders. Everyone knows there would have been no Boer war had it not been thought a cheap and easy means of winning territory and military fame. On the other hand, should some financial house see a big fortune out of a war with Germany, or with France, we all know it would be forced upon the country.

* * *

The parsons had a big audience of unemployed and employed to listen to their sterling and stirring speeches in Trafalgar Square on Saturday. Edward Porter at first struck the Socialist note, and was hailed with resounding applause. Lewis Donaldson, of Leicester fame, boldly proclaimed that all the tinkering in the world could not solve the question of the unemployed; so long as the present industrial system lasted so long would there be an unemployed question. Vainly did Dr. Clifford argue that Licensing Bills would avail against unemployment; the people knew better. "He went on to speak of the evils of drink, and was booed," says the "Star" man. But for once in a way the "Star" man is wrong. They did not boo at Dr. Clifford's pictures of the evils of drink, but at his suggestion that therein lies the cause of unemployment. The people knew better. There were plenty of Socialist parsons on the platform who corrected Dr. Clifford. Besides those we have named there was Dr. Thornton,

who said that if the Government failed us now there was nothing left for us but force; that a social revolution would be the only way out. The parsons have given the lead, and we hope the Labour members will take up the running.

* * *

Of late all the honours are with the gentlemen of the cloth; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who sent a telegram to Saturday's demonstration insisting that the unemployed question must take precedence of everything, was on Thursday speaking for the Women's Freedom League on some economic aspects of woman suffrage. There is no beating about the bush with Mr. Campbell; he declared that the militant suffragettes had forced the question to the front. Mr. Campbell stuck to his guns on the position he has taken up about the shop assistants. He regretted that many of the shop assistants were paid such low wages that they were practically compelled to resort to prostitution, and "the practice was connived at by those who profited indirectly by it." Everyone knows that the whole living-in system is bound up with semi-prostitution; and it is only the consummate hypocrisy of English traders that has induced them to deny Mr. Campbell's statements. The "Times" was the only paper that reported Mr. Campbell; there seems to be a boycott of the suffrage meetings on the part of all the other "organs of liberty." But is it not time that Socialists were stirring themselves into getting some of these valiant clergymen into Parliament? Men like the Rev. Lewis Donaldson and the Rev. R. J. Cambpbell would thrall that assembly and shock it into realities.

* * *

The retiring President of the Divorce Court has just told us that the law of divorce and separation is full of inconsistencies and "inequalities amounting to absurdities." The present position is that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and his own suggestion was that the local courts should be empowered to grant divorce. This week the case of Harriman v. Harriman has shown us a glaring instance of these absurdities. Here the wife obtained a separation order from her husband, who had deserted her in 1905. He paid nothing towards her support, as he had been ordered to do by the Court. Later on she obtained evidence of adultery, and she petitioned for a decree of divorce. After due litigation, the Court of Appeal has rejected her petition by reason of the separation order obtained for desertion. Newspapers so widely divergent in their views as the "Times" and the "Daily News" admit that the effect of the law, as declared by the Court of Appeal, is most unsatisfactory. An amendment of the present law making desertion for one or two years sufficient ground for divorce is a much needed reform. Among the working classes it is not at all uncommon for the husband to leave wife and children and go off to some other town, leaving the wife tied to a man whom she may never see again. Divorce proceedings are out of the question, and a separation order is useless, since its terms will not, or cannot, be generally complied with.

* * *

The best thing the National Convention did was to pass Mr. Boland's resolution for making Irish a compulsory subject in the matriculation of the Nationalist University of Ireland, and the worst thing was its rejection of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington's woman's suffrage resolution. Dr. Douglas Hyde's speech in favour of the Irish language carried the day. "Irish," he said, "was the common, vulgar tongue. Its encouragement has put grit into the people and self-reliance into their hearts." We regard this retention of national languages of the most fundamental importance; it is the one restriction on that ugly side of cosmopolitanism for which the nations are suffering. The whole world is now feverishly catering for the capricious wants of its wealthy patrons. Everything that is local tends to disappear; dialects, industries, dishes, clothing; and, of more importance, national characteristics, peculiarities of temperament, language go into the common melting-pot. The Sinn Fein movement is going to stay this process of degradation in Ireland, and its most effective weapon is the cultivation of the Irish language. We want a world with a harmonious mingling of all races, all creeds, all peoples—that is, the entire preservation of all that is racy of soil, climate, and people. The Sinn Fein movement, we are convinced, will be more concerned with the human beings in Ireland than with its exports and imports. Sinn Fein starts life with the horrible experiences of England, Germany, and America before it. It cannot be gulled into the belief that a great nation means hordes of underfed, ill-clad workers scrambling for a few bones whilst a few overfed, over-dressed speculators batten on marrow. Sinn Fein, as the "Irish Nation" says, "aims at the building up of a happy and prosperous nation great in intellect and culture." That way greatness lies.

* * *

South Africa contains a white population of 1½ millions and 5 million negroes. The South African Union means, not a complete annihilation of the five million negroes—that we should regret, but it would be a supportable policy—but it means the continued and complete degradation of the black population: that we resent. To kill a race is one thing, to remove the safeguards that race has evolved for its own protection, and thus compel it to debase itself, and then to turn round and abuse it for having done so—it is that we can never forgive the white people of South Africa. In Cape Colony, it is true, the coloured people retain their electoral privileges; in return, the Colony is allowed only 51 instead of the 58 seats in which she would be numerically entitled by counting the European population alone. There is no provision for the extension of the coloured suffrage to the other colonies, which in the Cape and elsewhere will be based exclusively upon the European male population. Zululand, which is officially a part of Natal, comes, of course, into the Union. That will mean the more or less rapid filching of what land there is left for the natives, it will mean the final break up of their communal system, it will mean a landless black proletariat, forced by hunger to work in the mines, which will remain the death-traps they ever are, it will mean cheap black labour for the farmer, and, for a later day, the negro problem of the United States for South Africa. What is even more regrettable than the case of Zululand is the power given to the Union to take over Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland. Under the wise administration of Sir Godfrey Lagden, the Basutos have retained their distinctive characteristics and virtues. Deprived of the safeguard of English protection, the Basutos will be treated like the rest of the native population.

* * *

According to the proposals,

> The King, with the advice of the Privy Council, may, on addresses from the Houses of Parliament of the Union, transfer to the Union the government of any territories other than the territories administered by the British South Africa Company of or under the protectorate of his Majesty inhabited wholly or in part by natives, and upon such transfer the Governor-General in Council may undertake the government of such territory upon the terms and conditions embodied in the schedule to this Act.

The only safeguard is the King and Privy Council. We know well enough what this will amount to in practice. At the slightest suggestion of opposition from the Privy Council the cry of South Africa in danger will be raised; some petty theft by a negro will be cabled over as a rebellion; troops will be brought up, and the Privy Council will surrender. Why, Parliament could not stay the execution of some Zulus by Natal after one of her pilfering expeditions, for more than twenty-four hours. For the present the schedule runs:—

> 14. It shall not be lawful to alienate any land in Basutoland or any land forming part of the native reserves in Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland from the native tribes inhabiting the territories.

But the Union has the power of making any alteration in the provisions by a final two-thirds majority; Basutoland need only be transferred to some other province, and its land will be grabbed like that of the other native States. The only provision that would satisfy us would be one that would never allow the native States to be trans-

ferred to the Union, but should for ever be administered by officials chosen by the British Government. It is no use beating about the bush; no South African is to be trusted in his dealings with the black races. For a detailed and generous judgment of the black one must read Sir Sidney Olivier's "White Capital and Coloured Labour" or Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Future in America." There is no slavery in the British Empire, but then we pass laws for black people.

There shall be free intercourse for the black and white inhabitants of the territories with the rest of South Africa subject to the laws, including the Pass Laws, of the Union. Free intercourse, that is, so long as you black men go where we allow you.

* * *

The last few years have seen a considerable change in the estimation of Darwin's work. So late as 1904, "Nature," in reviewing T. H. Morgan's "Adaptation and Evolution," suggested that the author was inspired by a petty jealousy of the English naturalist. Nowadays the frank critics of the Darwinian theory of natural selection have come forward in defence of much of Darwin's biological work. After all, Charles Darwin led a strenuous life with a simple-hearted devotion to those pursuits in which he had early become interested. In the fanatic religious and perfervid scientific controversies that have raged around the survival of the fittest, it has been quite forgotten that Darwin is the author of a most fascinating work on physio-psychology. His "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" is packed with interesting and original observations. His "Beagle" voyage book is a most engaging work of travel; of quite unusual interest, again, are his works on orchids and climbing plants. He garnered facts and fictions from every corner of the globe, from all sorts of obscure papers, so that his works will always contain a large amount of material which every naturalist and philosopher enquirer will be able to use for the building up of his own theories. If in some of his controversies, notably when Samuel Butler heckled him so severely about his grandfather's work, Darwin did not shine as a very frank and straight-forward man, it is only to say that he was somewhat impatient and querulous. Perhaps he had himself come to realise that accident had given to his central views a more prominent position than was warranted by their merits.

* * *

We confess we think the German and American biologists go too far when they declare that the theory of Natural Selection is dead, and that all that remains is to preach on the text "De mortuis." Owing to the misleading statements of English biologists, even of men like Huxley, an impression prevailed that Darwin discovered the theory of evolution. When further knowledge showed that evolution as a doctrine was as old as man and a perfectly philosophic interpretation had been given by Lamarck, many were inclined to belittle Darwin's share. More recent discoveries, which none can blame Darwin for not anticipating, such as the Mutation theory of De Vries, the Mendelian hypothesis, recent advances in cytology, have relegated the theory of Natural Selection to a minor, but still a quite useful, position among the forces that make for changes in species. It is the mean by which nature, so to say, rids herself of her quite useless progeny and serves to maintain a certain standard for the race. Whilst Lamarck showed us that all change—evolution—is a process of willing, Darwin described one of the means by which will is carried into effect.

* * *

The Brewers are very angry with Mr. Belloc; and indeed we do think he has treated them most unkindly. Mr. Belloc opposed the Government's Licensing Bill, but for quite the wrong motives. He does not seem to have been at all concerned about the brewers' interests, but only bothered himself about the freedom of the English folk. And now in that perverse way of his he would get rid of the tied-house system. "It must be admitted, in spite of the depreciation due to financial chicanery, that an inflated value attaches to any form of property thus artificially monopolised." Whereat naturally Mr. Lovibond, of the Brewers' Society, is indignant, and

"challenges Mr. Belloc to produce proof of this most seriously malevolent charge, and in default looks to him as a responsible legislator and a gentleman, and a man who knows the grave nature of the offence of a serious detraction, to withdraw his accusation as publicly as he has made it."

We do think it mean. Here are these unhappy brewers painfully receiving the monies that accrue from tied houses and financial chicanery, thereby creating enormous difficulties for themselves to enter the kingdom of heaven, and they are not allowed to pose as the noble, altruistic citizens they are. By depriving the publicans, the barmen and the barmaids of any possibility of laying up riches on earth are they not ensuring them a blissful hereafter? As Mr. Ponderovo says in "Tono-Bungay," "We mint Faith. That's what we do. And, by Jove, we've got to keep minting." Unhappy brewers!

A Grave and Urgent Matter.

ANOTHER Parliamentary Session is coming. By the time this issue is in the hands of readers it will have come. The game of political diabolo will have been resumed with the old zest and cynicism. The King, returned jaded from his favourite diversion of cementing ententes, will open Parliament with the usual dazzling tomfoolery. What a picture for the artistic mind. The human wreckage of the East End, ragged, hungry and workless, are to evacuate their mean hovels to witness the spectacle. They will behold his Majesty in his gilded State coach drawn by the famous eight cream horses, with the message of social salvation in his pocket. To divert the unemployed's attention from the missing meal they will be permitted to feast their eyes on dear old Bluemantle Pursuivant, Rouge Croix Pursuivant, Portcullis Pursuivant, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, Black Rod, Gold Stick, Silver Stick, Garter Principal King of Arms, and all the other parasitic flunkeys who will flank their Gracious Majesties.

Within the gilded Chamber the Throne will be surrounded by antiquated Lords and fat, slimy bishops. The Commons will crowd eagerly to the Bar to hear fall from the gracious lips the legislative promise of the Session. Doubtless mention will be made of the unemployed problem. But we have already had foreshadowed a Session crowded with other matters. On Tuesday at the Horticultural Hall the unemployed will meet to demand that all public business be obstructed until the unemployed question receives attention from the Government. This is a fair and reasonable demand. If the Government really mean business; if Mr. Asquith's promises are more than windy insincerity, then there is absolutely no reason under heaven why unemployment should not take precedence of every other question. I ask again, "What will the Labour Party do?" I repeat from my article in THE NEW AGE, nearly four months ago:—

"An impatient public opinion is loudly clamouring for immediate attention to the question of unemployment. Are there forty men of sufficient passion, courage, and sincerity in the House of Commons to demand an immediate adjournment to consider the unemployed problem and stake their seats on the issue? If not, the whole assembly, with every organised section in it, stands convicted of mental obtuseness or gross moral cowardice. It will be futile to call this statement abuse. I state plainly and dogmatically that the problem of unemployment and poverty is the most urgent and pressing of all problems. If there is not at present a party or group in Parliament determined to give that problem first place, and to stake its future on the solution, then one must be created, whatever may be involved in its inception."

The intervening months since the above was written have left the situation practically unchanged. It is not too late for the Labour members to demonstrate that they are made of finer stuff than mere politicians. By the time this article is published the Labour Party will doubtless have been afforded their opportunity. The country is waiting—and watching. We shall see what we shall see.

VICTOR GRAYSON.

The Government's Record, 1906–1908.

It is recorded in a certain book that when Sir Andrew Aguecheek revealed in confidence some of his deeds of skill, his friend Sir Toby put to him the sympathetic question: "Wherefore are these things hid? Is it a world to hide virtues in?" Presumably some enthusiastic admirer has passed on the hint to his Majesty's Government. Be that as it may, there has been published a book of nearly 150 pages, in which appear long lists of the many virtuous deeds that have been done by a Liberal Ministry during the last three years. It seems that while we slept in ignorance that anything unusual was happening, the Houses of Parliament and the great Departments of State were pouring forth Statutes and Orders and Regulations and Commissions at a terrific rate. When we saw it down on paper before our eyes, it appeared at the first glance to have been so easy to get to Utopia, after all. One meditated, for a moment, that it was really too modest to announce the beginning of a new earth under such a quiet, unassuming title as "The Government's Record." It was worthy of something more assertive than that.

That was the thought suggested by the printed pages. Then, one looked out of the window, and found that everything looked much the same as before: it was not Utopia, in fact; but only the stolid, slumbering England which existed before Mr. Asquith and his friends took office, which rumbled along before all these great Acts and Orders were thought of. The sudden disappointment aroused suspicions, which led to a more critical examination of this record of Utopia-building. One is encouraged to do so, for in the introductory note is a sentence: "Suggestions as to improvements and additions will be welcomed."

If that is a real invitation for criticism, then let his Majesty's Ministers and Officers of State sit themselves down to listen; for, by the god of candour, there is plenty to be said.

If Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are under delusions on that point, let it be put to them in confidence and with perfect frankness, that this mighty record of their three years' work is barely worth the paper it is printed upon. Allowing for dozens of little patchings and tinkerings which a cave-dweller or a member of the Charity Organisation Society might consider important reform, there is no indication in all their work that these statesmen have more than a rudimentary idea of their business. If there is a momentary notion in their heads that they have in any way accomplished their mission of Reform, then let it be said at once that the sooner they throw all they have done, so far, into the wastepaper-basket the better. These printed pages of laws and orders may lull them to an undeserved repose. It will be nearer the truth to start with a clean sheet. So far, they have done nothing worth mentioning.

It will not help them to refer the reader to page 106 of this record, where there is a summary of the legislative output. It appears that in the three years 1906-8 183 public general Acts were passed into law, besides the same number of local Acts only applying to certain districts. Now, a total of 366 Acts of Parliament in three years sounds quite imposing. But, after all, one doesn't judge legislation as one would judge the output of a rope factory. It is perfectly legitimate to value rope by the length produced; it is not by any means a good test for the statute-book. There is a necessary standard of quality as well as of length. Even the largest piece of rope becomes rather worthless if there is a flaw. Ropes are meant to bear a strain; the length is no consolation if they break one inch from the end. The statute-book is devised for the specific purpose of reforming something. If it doesn't do it, then there is no abiding comfort in the fact that it has many chapters or glowing titles to them.

Let us take the very first Act on which this record congratulates the Government and the country. It is the Naval Lands (Volunteers) Act (the record is arranged under departments, and "Admiralty" comes first alphabetically), which, we are here informed, "empowers Divisions of Naval Volunteers to acquire and hold land, and to borrow money at low rates from the Public Works Loan Commissioners for that purpose. Local authorities may also acquire land and lease it to Volunteer Divisions for the purpose of their training." The second gift to the nation is the Naval Marriages Act, which "permits officers and men in the Royal Navy to have their banns published on board their ships, thus avoiding the inconvenience arising from the fact that they have no parish of residence." Now, no one will deny the necessity for this legislation. Naval Volunteers must occasionally step on shore; and it is even quite sound Socialism to allow the Public Works Loan Commissioners and the local authorities to provide the land for that purpose. Further, the absence of a "parish of residence" obviously must not stand between the sailor and his lass.

But, quite clearly, the pivot of the problem of government does not turn on land for the Naval Volunteers or on the publication of banns in the Regular Navy. So, with every desire to be fair to our opponents, Socialists are entitled to point out that legislation on the scale we have just quoted does not do more than finger the fringe of matters. The reply will be that no one ever maintained it would do more. So we will pass on to those recorded acts which the Liberals claim as their chief works.

Continuing alphabetically, we arrive at the Small Holdings and Allotments Act as the first of the monumental measures which will save England from social disorder. The Act came into force at the beginning of 1908, so that its effect is not entirely a matter for conjecture. Nearly 20,000 persons promptly applied for a total of 300,000 acres. If the whole of these people had obtained all their demanded land, after all, it would have been a small drop in the total of English agriculture. But, as a matter of fact, only about 14,000 acres have reached their applicants; and the case looks even worse when it appears that half these cases have been supplied by four County Councils. In other words, except in one small area of the country, this great Act shows no sign of having the slightest effect.

However, there is a wider question which should first be considered before the success or failure of the Small Holdings Act is criticised. The question which responsible statesmen have failed to answer is, whether small holdings are desirable things, whether they are in accordance with the latest theories of agricultural economy. Evidence is accumulating that there is no better case for the small holder than there is for the small shopkeeper, or the small railway company, or, in short, the individual as against the co-operative system of the company or community. Everything points to the municipal and county council farms to supplant the struggling, competitive farmers. Small holdings are not in the line of progress; they are, indeed, a mere temporary and wasteful side issue. Whether that be so or not, the present Act does not even promise to give us many small holdings.

Now, take the case of a Reform which we Socialists admit to be on the right lines, the feeding of school children. A Labour Party Bill to that end was introduced and passed into law "with Government facilities." Unfortunately, the facilities mainly took the form of allowing the Bill to be restricted by the usual "safeguards" against any radical change; and now, after it has become an Act, it is impossible for anyone to maintain that a fair proportion of the underfed children are being relieved by its aid. This record points out that 70 local authorities had obtained the sanction of the central department to levy rates for the provision of food. But it is matter of common knowledge that very few of these authorities are using the power they have obtained. Children are still starving in scarcely smaller number than before. Here we have an example of the hollowness of the virtue which this Liberal Government professes. The statesmen in the Cabinet knew perfectly well that a permissive Act would not be energetically worked by the authorities it empowered; so they deliberately relieved their conscience by giving the

permission, and refused to take the responsibility of compulsion. The reformer who really means serious business does not allow himself to be thwarted by a set of borough or county councillors who are too inhumane and ignorant of the principles of good government to feed starving children.

Take the case of a similar Act, the one allowing an education authority to take steps for the medical treatment of unhealthy children. Now, the drafting of the clauses on this subject is certainly very wide in its scope, and an energetic local council could do a great deal if it cared to perform its responsibilities. But a wise Government would not have left the local council any option. The Act in question goes no further than compelling the medical inspection of the child. The subsequent attempt at cure is left to the sweet will of the councillors. That is not the method of earnest reformers; it is after the manner of men who are trying to shuffle out of their responsibilities.

So, if we take this record of the first three years of this Liberal Government's work, and then weigh it against what it has, in hard fact, done towards reforming the grosser evils which are on every hand, the impartial witness must admit that it all comes to very little indeed. One does not value legislation by anything but its results. Is anyone prepared to say he is satisfied with the results of the law-making we have before us? It has not changed the face of England; it has left it practically what it was before. Nobody will say that all these laws and regulations are unnecessary; many of them may be useful little items in a scheme of government. They are the kind of things that would occur to any legislatior, be he Whig or Tory. Our case against them is that in all this mighty record there is not one real attempt to reform any fundamental evil of our social disorder; or, if they are attempts, then they prove that the statesmen who devised them were very inefficient persons.

The troubles of society are not going to be put away by any number of Compensation Acts, Patent Acts, Deceased Wife's Sister Acts, or even by Small Holdings Acts, Licensing Acts, or the fateful measures which his Majesty's Government is pleased to term Education Acts. That is why we Socialists, in spite of a meagre Old Age Pensions Act, remain ungratefully discontented. That is why we want a new party in the Houses of Parliament. We want essential Reform, and not the most successful of tinkerings.

G. R. S. TAYLOR.

A Retort.

By J. R. Clynes, M.P.

THE criticism in the first issue of THE NEW AGE after the Labour Conference would have stood very much better were it not followed up by the exhibition of vexation in your last issue. No one who has any respect for THE NEW AGE can be elated at such absolute contradiction as is displayed in your two issues. The weakest line of criticism may be respected if consistent, but you ought not to so undervalue the memory and intelligence of your readers as to take up two opposite lines in so short a period. We were first assured that those who were to form the attacking party at Portsmouth failed in their purpose because they were not united, and common action was not taken. You said 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 dovetailed into his words on another subject."

In place of this, we are now told that Mr. Macdonald's astuteness sheltered the members of the Executive and that "these gentlemen, of course, knew very well what was in the minds of the delegates, and they take very good care that discussion shall be burked." The Executive gave every opportunity, but opportunities were not used. The alleged want of unity on the part of the criticism is suddenly transformed into the craftiness of an Executve, because it is remembered that the Conference has absolutely failed to fulfil any of the prophecies to which you have been foolishly committed.

Months ago we were assured that the rank and file were up in arms against the officials, who would be swept away if they would only face those who had power to appoint them. We were told how "an impatient public opinion was loudly clamouring for immediate action," and that the "country was shouting for unpolitical persons who have a healthy contempt for decorous rules." It was said that Mr. Macdonald did not represent the workmen of Leicester, and assurances were given out that the day of a Conference would see an end to the reign of the incompetent though cunning persons who had too long been kept in office. The Conference took place, and doomed you to disappointment; and having one week denounced it for so doing, you assail the victorious officials the following week because they retained the confidence of those who reject your view on the best method to secure their claims. Months ago you asked for definite decisions about future policy before delegates assembled at Portsmouth, and concluded that your own ideas of policy must necessarily be adopted. The Conference confirms other methods entirely, and repudiates what it was forecast was sure to happen.

It is simply absurd to allege that discussion was burked. The Executive both invited and provoked discussion, and when those who were to lead the attack intimated their inability to attend at the time when it had been announced that the "policy" resolution was to be discussed, good care was taken that such absence should not be the cause of lightly passing the question over. The convenience of the critics was consulted, and the resolution only put to the Conference at the time they chose themselves. It is sheer impudence to allege now that "Mr. Grayson had determined to take no part in the Conference," because he "knew how cleverly the whole organisation is manipulated by Mr. MacDonald and his Executive."

You must surely have heard Mr. Grayson's own explanations, in the course of which we have all been assured that he was prevented from making a "great speech" through the pressing attentions of friends and admirers and the breakdown of a motor-car. What is the good of telling us that Mr. Grayson chose to be muzzled before we have forgotten that he was in the country picking primroses when the great speech should have been made? Nor does it avail anyone to say that a time-limit was fixed for speeches towards the close of the Congress. There was no time-limit during the two previous days, when full opportunity was afforded by a virtual challenge in the report of the Executive raising the issues in which you are interested.

The comments of Mr. Bernard Shaw are readable enough, but why you quote them is not clear. Your appeal is to the rank and file as against designing leaders. The rank and file have answered. They had months of time in which to formulate their views and demands, and you now think it sufficient to approve Mr. Shaw's reproach that they produced only a mass of slovenly, silly, and spiteful resolutions. Mr. Shaw was not, as he says, obliged to speak to these resolutions or be silent; he had opportunities, and availed himself of them to speak before resolutions were submitted at all. The rank and file are called upon to make known their views in this form for the usual sound reasons. One can imagine the entertainment a Conference would present if, instead of discussing proposals of societies, each delegate formulated his personal disposition in the scores of amendments which such a course would surely provide. Mr. Shaw must have wasted hours of his time by sitting at the Conference without learning that sweeping alterations were made in resolutions and amendments by committees of men meeting together drawn from the societies which had sent forward the original proposals. Only one resolution touching the question of Socialism was declared to be technically out of order, for the reason that the Society sending it had sent no delegate. But the question it raised was later discussed as long as anyone wished to speak, and a

vote on the resolution showed a majority on the side of Socialism. Such a Conference, I submit, is at least entitled to fair treatment, and its main position should not be misrepresented.

[Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, who wrote our first report of the Portsmouth Conference, was entitled to express his opinions over his own name; and we ourselves, in the following issue, were equally entitled, after full consideration, to express our own. We do not propose to re-open the points of discussion to which Mr. Clynes refers. No amount of discussion can alter the impression which the Conference produced on minds so dissimilar as those of Mr. Grayson, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, and Mr. D. Irving. We invite Mr. Clynes to examine the causes of that impression, when we venture to prophesy that even his complacency may be ruffled.—ED. NEW AGE.]

Feeding the Children.

By Alderman Edward Hartley.

IT is many years since Socialists began to advocate the feeding of school children. Some advocated meals for those who were neglected and underfed, but the bolder asked for complete State-maintenance. The Act of 1870 compelling all children to go to school was a great interference with parental responsibility, and seemed naturally to carry with it the duty of seeing that the children who were to be taught should at least be fit to receive the teaching. But no! While John Bull found that he could no longer leave the responsibility of seeing that their children were taught to the parents of the nation, he still thought that the feeding, clothing, and housing of these same children might be left to those who either did not care or were too poor to see the country's future citizens were properly educated. It is now self-evident that before children can be properly taught, they must be properly fed; empty stomachs in children must mean empty heads, for it is foolish to expect the sound mind without the sound body.

The same logic of events will bring in its train the provision of clothing. Visitors to any feeding centre see at once you cannot expect to make children feel a sense of decency while clothed in the filthy rags most of them wear. A wet day ruins the tablecloths at the edges of the tables, owing to the dirt rubbing off the wet clothes of the children; their hands and faces are clean, but the clothing is not. In the same way it will be useless for the school doctors to try and fight colds, bronchitis, and consumption when half the children are ill-shod and are crowded into little bedrooms. It would be well if all those who are interested in the feeding of school children knew something of what has been done; for while 70 authorities have adopted the "Provision of Meals Act," it is probable that the Education Committee of the city of Bradford have done it most thoroughly.

One reason for this is that in Bradford the vigorous work of the Cinderella Club prepared the way. For many years they fed numerous children and provided some of them with clothing and clogs, but in 1904 their work grew so big they had a special report drawn up, and found their funds and organisation were quite unable to cope with the widespread distress. Their report was brought before the Education Committee, who found it so serious that it was decided to empower the Club to feed the necessitous children, and the bills should be paid by the Education Committee. Drastic as this resolution was, it passed the Council meeting without opposition, but later someone found out what it meant, and a special meeting was called in the Central Liberal Club, with the result that the Liberal leader was instructed to move the rescision at the next Council meeting. As there was a Liberal majority, this was easily done, but not without a pledge being given that a public subscription should be opened by the Mayor which should provide sufficient funds to feed all the hungry children in the city.

The Liberals having a majority on the Board of Guardians, the work of feeding and enquiry was handed over to them, the results being one of the chapters of local history Liberalism will always wish to keep closed or pass over. When the work had been established under the care of the Guardians, a number of Socialists visited the feeding centres, finding unwashed tables, with no tablecloths, little or no order or arrangement. The meal on one occasion was a stale bun, not too large, a small banana, and a liquid which now bears the name of "beverage." A quantity of milk was sent, and was eked out by water. On being analysed, the "beverage" was found to be nearly one-half added water, while if more children turned up, the quantity was increased by adding more water. This was not the only kind of meal provided, for another visit found pies which needed a hatchet to break the crust. For luxuries such as these the Guardians made a charge to some of the parents of 3d. per meal.

When the Act of 1906 was passed, a special sub-committee of the Education Committee was formed in January, 1907, to draw up a scheme for working it. A scheme was prepared and recommended, but the Board of Education pointed out that it must first be shown that "there are no funds other than public funds available." The committee decided to ignore this, but at the full Council meeting a prominent Liberal got the matter referred back until an attempt had been made to find the money by charity. The only subscription forthcoming was one of five guineas given by the objector himself. The committee then set to work, deciding to establish one central cooking depôt, where all the food should be cooked, and from there distributed to various dining-rooms.

Four school-rooms were chosen for a start, but these soon grew to a dozen, and additions are being made, while in the outlying districts, where, at the smaller schools, only a few require feeding, these are sent to some local caterer.

As Bradford was first in the field, there was no previous experience to guide them, though thousands of visitors have since approved what we have done. Some previous experiments by our doctor, made with the co-operation of the superintendent of the housewifery classes, had shown how to provide a variety of good nourishing dinners specially arranged and prepared for their frame-building and health-giving character. To prepare these meals, part of a school gymnasium was taken and fitted up as a kitchen, an abundance of steam being provided without any further cost beyond the connection from the boilers connected with the adjoining school baths. Five enormous steam jacketted cookers, some of them holding 100 gallons, were installed, with a potato-peeler capable of dealing with a bag of potatoes at once, mincing machines, mixers, with two big gas ovens and hot and cold service, with sinks and cisterns for all purposes. Thousands of plates, spoons, forks, mugs, etc., were needed. These, with the necessary boxes and the pans specially provided to keep the food warm on and during its delivery, compelling the building of store room. The boxes for the puddings, etc., and the pans for soups and similar dishes will keep the food hot for several hours in the coldest weather, and the meals are served "steaming hot."

We started with a staff of five—a chef, three women, and a porter—but members of the committee and some of the officials gave a helping hand in the early days, and the staff has since been augmented by a second man cook and another porter. These prepare and cook everything, and, in addition, when, after careful consideration, it was decided that all the plates and other utensils should be brought back to the cooking centre for cleaning, they do all the washing up. Most ingenious methods are adopted for this, and racks over steam pipes save time and effort by drying the plates without wiping with a cloth.

The delivery of the food, in a city of over 22,000 acres, with the centre lying in a basin, and spreading itself up the adjoining hillsides, with awkward hills and gradients, was a serious matter, and the experiment

with a motor-van was so successful that the tramways department built two special motor-vans, which have proved eminently successful. At not later than 11.30 the vans start with the food from the central kitchen, calling at the various feeding centres. At the last of these the drivers have their dinners, then collect the boxes and pans on their return journey, delivering them at the central kitchen to be washed and made ready for the morrow.

At each feeding centre there is a master in charge, with teachers to assist in proportion to the number to be fed, and a number of the bigger girls are chosen as monitresses. These lay the tables and take the food, which the teachers serve from the pans, etc. The children may have a second serving of either the savoury or the sweet dish or both, and bread is served ad lib. When all the children have finished, they say their grace and file out, the teachers and helpers having their dinners, after which the plates, etc., are packed in their various boxes to be collected by the motor-van on the return journey.

The work has grown until it has become necessary to enlarge the kitchen, and, in addition, a baker's oven is being erected, when the bread will be baked on the premises, the oven being also useful for pastry, etc.

Some twenty menus are available, the recipes for which have been prepared by the cookery and housewifery superintendent, and which the committee have had printed in a pamphlet, which is sold at the Education Office. The usual arrangement is two meat dinners, two vegetarian dinners, with a fish dinner on the Friday of each week.

The cases are recommended for feeding by the head teachers generally, but any member of the Council or general public may write to the Education Offices recommending children for feeding. If the case is deemed urgent, the children are put on the feeding list at once, but careful enquiry is made into each case by the school attendance officers, who fill in a form giving the numbers and ages of the family, their occupations and income from every source. The Canteen Committee meet every week, going through each case in detail, and a fresh enquiry and report are made every month. One of the outstanding facts of the case is the readiness with which fathers and mothers alike tell of any improvement in their circumstances, such as full instead of short time, the starting to work of a boy or girl, with the message, "Can do without the meals now, and are thankful to the committee for the help given." This is so quickly done in many cases that the committee often refuse to throw the children off the list for another month to give the parents the chance to recover from the spell of unemployment and to make sure the children are fed. The actual cost of the dinners works out at 2d. per meal, but the committee feed free, or charge a halfpenny, a penny, three halfpence, or the full twopence, as they think the merits of the case demand. In some cases where the mother goes out to work, it is most convenient to be sure the children have a good, nourishing meal at a cost of twopence; in others the amount is varied to stimulate the parents to make the most of their opportunities. Some are cases of chronic poverty, while in others they come off in the summer months, to surely return with the coming of wintry weather.

On taking over the feeding from the Guardians in the middle of 1907 there was much to be done, and a year later a return was asked for as to the results, as many complaints and statements were made that unworthy cases were being helped. A full account of 966 families who have been helped has been printed, the facts contained being sufficient to silence almost every criticism. The details fill a volume so large that the price to others than members of the committee has been fixed at 1s. 6d.

This report divides the cases into classes; A where the meals are given free, B, those who pay part or the whole cost, and C, those cases which the committee think the parents ought to be made pay, and where we have tried to recover, as provided by the Act of Parliament. It is significant that only 11 of such cases occur in 966, and that in only five of these the magistrate gave judgment for the committee.

The total number of persons covered by the report—parents, guardians, and children—is 5,182. The average income per head of all these, after the rent is paid, is 1s. 9¾d. per week; in the case of those who are given meals free, 1s. 5d.

The gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease should consider these figures. At seven days a week and three meals a day, this would make 21 meals; in the case of the higher amount (1s. 9d.), exactly a penny a meal. Clothing, boots, soap, renewals of furniture, new blankets, and other bedclothes can only be got by cutting down the food supplies. When people preach thrift and temperance, it would be as well to remember that with incomes like these there is no room for thrift, and that these enquiries prove that drink is a comparatively small factor. Drink added to these factors makes a hellish condition of things, but drink is not a great cause.

A family of five with a weekly income of 1s. 5d. per head would only have 7s. 1d. for the lot, or the price of a moderate bottle of wine. In 260 cases the heads of the family are widows or deserted wives. Somewhere it is written: "Pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction." The present-day method is to make the widows charwomen and train the children for domestic servants. Not quite what the apostle meant, I think.

The average rent paid in all these cases is a farthing short of 4s. a week, proving, when the accommodation is considered, that slum dwellers are the heaviest rented section of the community. One of my cherished possessions is a printed invitation to a dinner to a mayor, tickets 25s. each. Twenty-five shillings for one crowded hour of glorious life—and stomach—while our brothers and sisters have 1s. 5d. for a full week's food, clothing, and all other necessaries, reminds me of the poet who described us as "All children of the same dear God!" A reflection which raises some bitter thoughts.

No nation can be really prosperous with such a large proportion of its citizens living under conditions which this report brings to light. The children of to-day will be the nation of to-morrow, and if to-morrow is to be built firm and sure, we have made one of the best steps as a nation by the passing of the Act to feed necessitous children. The next step will be to feed all the children, apart from any question of the condition or financial position of the parents. The future citizens of any nation have a right to the best possible treatment apart from their parentage.

The wonderful economy of the method we are using shows what may be done by co-operative effort. We are to-day feeding 5,400 children. The cooking, preparing, and cleaning for this number are done by eight persons. When tired women, who spend the bulk of their lives cooking and broiling themselves, and preparing and clearing away meals realise this, they will not oppose these things, but press for a further extension of the public powers for the public use and public good.

Unedited Opinions.

VII.—What is a Gentleman?

WHY did you repudiate with such emphasis the other day Mr. G. W. E. Russell's description of THE NEW AGE as a paper "written by scholars and gentlemen"?

Because it was not only wrong in fact, but derogatory in suggestion. Our writers are not typical scholars nor typical gentlemen: they would, I imagine, scorn to be named after their minor qualities, when by implication their major qualities are ignored.

And what are they?

Intellectual honesty, humour, and the sense of beauty.

You think Mr. Russell ignored these qualities?

Like everybody else. Yet far from being less rare than the qualities of scholarship or of a gentleman, they are infinitely more rare; and, as I think, more precious.

So I think. But are they incompatible with what is known as being a gentleman?

Sometimes certainly. I would even say, in a famous phrase, sometimes very often. Nine out of every ten boys brought up in a proper home become gentlemen as a matter of course. But the intellectually honest are born, not made. Only the tenth of the decade is born that, and he is probably a failure as a gentleman. The fact is that the qualities of a gentleman are easy to acquire, while the qualities of the other type are impossible to acquire. Only the grace of birth or, in later life, of God, can bestow these upon a man; and then for no discoverable reason. For you will find intellectual honesty, humour and beauty where no reason would lead you to look for them, and absent where you would most expect to find them. To be a gentleman is to be honourable in human eyes; to be the other is to be honourable in spiritual eyes.

Quite a homily, pardon me for saying.

Merely my mood. Forgive me.

But have you any really serious objection to being regarded as a gentleman?

Certainly. I hate the word; it is offensive. At best it means that a man is simply not a bounder or a cad: a purely negative merit, expressing half surprise at the discovery. At worst, it means a person too hypnotised by custom to eat jelly with a spoon or to do a thousand and one easy things in an easy way. Moreover, it is a cover for abysmal depths of ignorance and ignominy. An acknowledged gentleman is privileged to be both a fool and a knave with no shame and no blame. That is why the title is popular.

But surely there are gentlemen and gentlemen?

As there are professors and professors; but the best professors prefer to be regarded as men, and take the title of professor only under compulsion.

In what, then, does the super-excellence of the better sort of gentleman consist?

Precisely in the qualities I have named as characterising THE NEW AGE writers, intellectual honesty, humour and a sense of beauty.

So you claim, after all, to be gentlemen, only of the best sort?

Aroint thee! Have I not just referred to the case of professors?

You have, but the illustration is not quite clear.

Your fault, but never mind. But let me ask you: in undertaking a work requiring physical skill would you rather rather employ a gentleman or a person of trained physical skill? Obviously the latter. Or in a work requiring brains, a gentleman or a trained thinker? Again, obviously the latter. Similarly in all employments in which a particular skill is required, the choice would fall in favour of the skilled man and against the unskilled gentleman.

That is very true.

Now let me ask again: Do you conceive the task of the Socialist a task requiring skill of any sort?

Certainly, very great skill.

If you have realised what it is that the Socialist is seeking to effect you would reply the very greatest skill of all, the skill of the trained soul no less than of the trained brain. For you are not of those who believe that Socialism is no more than the feeding of the poor, but is rather an attempt like that of Lucifer's to make heaven of hell.

Very true, O most imaginative of fanatics.

Very well, then, you will now grant that the qualities demanded are pre-eminently spiritual and intellectual?

Yes.

And are not those I have named such qualities?

Intellectual honesty is clear.

So also should be humour. Without humour no imagination is safe from fanaticism. What is worse, without humour no mind is safe from idle despair.

And the sense of beauty?

Ah, without that, humour is corrosive and intellectual honesty mere cynicism.

We have forgotten the gentleman all this while.

Quite properly, since he has forgotten these things these many years. But we will return to him. Tell me: if you were endowed with these three qualities of philosopher, wit and artist, and men who despised or set no value on any of them named you after their own terms, gentleman, scholar, idiot, or what not, would you resent the description, as implying a grave slight on your better qualities or rush to thank the namers in gratitude for the honour done you?

I rather think I should smile indulgently.

But if you found that this name of gentleman was used not merely to conceal but to excuse, justify and positively adorn the lack of those noble qualities, would you then consent complacently to the name?

Perhaps not. But there is no reason to fear such a state of affairs.

No, for such a state now prevails, and is therefore to be changed, not feared. Conceive yourself an artist, a wit, a philosopher. Would you be no more than a gentleman? That, you would say, is the least of my accomplishments; and I would not be named after the least. Yet they would name us after the least; and not only that, but confine us to it. Worse, worse, worse, every promising sign of any of these gifts of God is exorcised in the name of gentleman. Is a man born with the divine faculty of truth, such that he can speak accurately both of himself and of the world about him? Hush, it is not gentlemanly to say what one is, still less to say what one sees. Or is a man gifted with humour, to see the world as it is, an inverted reflection in muddy water but of a true world in crystalline ether, that so he ever laughs even at the ugliest things here, being, as they are, mere distortions? Hush again, it is not gentlemanly to make fun of folly or to laugh at the absurdity of a world standing on its head. Finally, is a man born with the gift of beauty, whereby he sees the true world upright and in its own air, clear and splendid? Hush again, for it is not gentlemanly to consort, as artists will, with publicans and sinners, men, as every artist knows, in whom beauty is most clearly reflected. I tell you that the name of gentleman amuses the philosopher, angers the wit and degrades the artist. So much for your title!

That gives furiously to think. But you really should be more clear. I gather nothing definite from your remarks.

Let me end them then. We want a new title of nobility, which shall imply the qualities demanded if Lucifer is to prevail. Dionysian will not do: it did not grow out of our soil. Fabian once came near it. Why not Socialist?

A. R. ORAGE.

The King's Smile.

["A Conquering Smile.—Our special correspondent . . . . declares that there has been, under the charm of King Edward's smiling personality, a complete change from the attitude of hopeless pessimism formerly prevalent among Germans as regards their relations with Great Britain."—"Daily News."]

With the regret that devours one when one reaches the end of such a piece of work, I put down volume III. of that noble and learned book, "The Golden Bough," and sank back into my comfortable chair. It was late; but my fire was more enticing than bed, and I remained downstairs, nodding. Soon I slept . . . I dreamt that a still newer edition of the book I had been reading was placed in my hands, and that I turned the pages with the old delight and interest. I read one section with particular care, for the matter it treated was new to me; and so strong was the impression it made, that when I awoke I wrote it out, thinking that I had laid my hands on a remarkable instance of telepathy. However, after careful search through the newest edition of "The Golden Bough" I can find no such section. I print it in THE NEW AGE, *nevertheless, as a curious piece of folk-lore which is worthy of record. It follows just as I read it in my sleep last night.*

But if the King is a god (and we have already given good reasons for believing this to be so), then all attaching to him is divine, and is to be accepted as divine. His is the power, the glory and the majesty; and in his hands resides the power of life and death, of causing to spring forth the golden grain, of bringing the rain in its due season, of controlling all the opera-

tions of nature. An archaic inscription in the tomb of Kush (the king of the Herza tribe, worshipped as a god) runs thus: "We praise thee, O king, for in thy hands are power and might, and thou hast dominion over all: riches and honour proceed from thee."

To the King, then, are addressed prayers, and sacrifices are offered before him—even human sacrifices. He heals sickness: a belief which survived to a very late period in the practice of touching for King's Evil. His frown is to be feared more even than the ghastly earthquake stroke: while his smile brings in its train every good thing.

Of this last we have an instance which I have never yet found quoted; and as it is of interest, I will give it in full. It appears from various ancient records cited in Appendix II that the Alemanni and the Angli were two powerful tribes living contiguous, their territories separated only by a narrow arm of the sea. They were of common origin, as is attested by their languages, their customs, and their religious beliefs—at the time of which I speak they both worshipped Mammoun or Kom-êrz, god of human happiness, incarnate in the King. But although so closely united in many things, they were enemies—more or less openly. The oldest record we have states that the Angli built many war-canoes and laid up great store of arrows and spears, even in years when famines devastated their country: while the Alemanni in their turn strove to protect their land by building stone walls round their towns, by making every man carry spears and darts, and by levying tribute of corn and cattle from each family in order to support dozens of men who spent all their time constructing wooden and wicker canoes.

Enmity had subsisted between these tribes for many years; and though it had never broken out into open war, it smouldered in the hearts of the chiefs, some of whom never tired of preaching war against their neighbours, secretly and openly. But the people themselves were in both countries so much under the yoke of their daily toil (for every man gave largely of his harvest and the produce of the chase for the preservation of the king and his chiefs, and most of them were compelled to work from dawn to even) that they heard with indifference and unmoved these angry denunciations. It is stated by one chronicler that the Alemanni were more inimical than the Angli: this, however, lacks corroboration.

Now Khai-zûr, king of the Alemanni, sacrificing once a horse to himself, was suddenly struck by the idea that since he and the king of the Angli, whose name was Wettin, were both incarnations of the same god, it was the height of foolishness for them to be at enmity. "For," said he to his chiefs, "can a god fight himself?" And he spoke roundly of his desire to be friendly with Wettin and the Angli. Some of his chiefs were angry, but the people remained indifferent. Now the messenger of the tribes (his name is variously transcribed Rum-aûr and Dêh-li-Mêl) reported this to Wettin. Impressed by the reasoning, Wettin made overtures to Khai-zûr; and some time later went to visit him.

The Alemanni, who were mainly apathetic and, perhaps, hostile, were very fond of spectacles of all sorts; and when Wettin reached the gate of their principal city they crowded to see this other incarnation of the god Kom-êrz. They carried in their hands emblems of friendship; but these were, it is said, meaningless, for the people were sullen at heart. In the midst of the uncouth noises of the mob some cries of war were heard. But when Wettin reined in his horse and turned on the crowd, they were silent; and seeing this, Wettin smiled largely.

At that moment the sun came out, a gay breeze rustled the trees, and—moved by the power of that smile—the Alemanni fell on their knees and swore alliance with the Angli. And the sign of the king's smile so worked even on those who were absent, that the mere report of it moved them to tears; and the two great tribes became friends.

It is clear from this story that the king's smile had a supernatural meaning for the simple-hearted people of that day. All the reasoning of the few who had striven to ally the Alemanni and the Angli had failed: the knowledge of their common origin had failed: the knowledge of their common religion had failed: the close and lasting intercourse between the tribes had failed: the remembrance that the two peoples were alike men and women, of like flesh and blood, like fears and hopes and desires, could not banish the enmity. But the smile, the large, genial, momentary smile of King Wettin had accomplished, in its divine power, that which no merely human means could effect.

There were sceptics even in those days, however; and one old record has it that many of those who hungered were only infuriated by the smile of King Wettin. But adds the chronicler, "These were feeble folk, and of no standing and power; they were threatened with death by Khai-zûr, and hunted into their holes like the vermin they are by the swordsmen of the Alemanni."

Such was the puissance of the king's smile!

ERIC DEXTER.

Western Civilisation Through Eastern Spectacles.

By Duse Mohamed.

II.

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!

Were it not that thou already hadst my promise to write thee further concerning this people, great is my fear that I would abandon a task which is beset on every side with extreme difficulty. But thou hast my promise, and my trust is in Allah!

Thou knowest, O Father, how that womankind, from the very Threshold of Time, hath loomed largely in the affairs of man—whether for good or ill—and though the Western woman stands enshrined upon the Olympian heights of Modern Culture, from which eminence she gazes contemptuously upon her humbler sisters in valley untrodden by the Nazarene, the eminence on which she stands is honeycombed, for lo! beneath her feet the mountain burns with the unquenchable fires of greed, vanity, and desire!

The Western woman of much substance will laugh in derision at the nudity of the "heathen" of her sex, yet when she sallies forth to conquer she outvies the "heathen" woman in the brevity of her raiment and the abundant display of her feminine charms.

She affects a tender loving-kindness for bird and beast, yet will she deck herself with the feathers of one and the furs of the other.

Her wealth is frequently garnered in the manufacture of commonly wrought beads for the "heathen," and from the lands of the "heathen" she obtains the precious stones wherewithal to adorn her person.

Notwithstanding the wealth of this people, starvation and death stalk abroad in the land, and the wail of the poor is overwhelmed by the clatter of the dishes at the rich man's feast and the senseless chatter of those who surround the festive board.

The discordant cry of the children is engulfed by the clarion notes of gaiety in the palaces of the great.

A man is permitted but one wife by the laws of the land, but the concubines of the wealthy are numberless. For the man of substance stalks through the land like a beast of prey, leaving ruin and damnation on every side.

Their Court of Divorce is like unto a dunghill, by reason of the putrid vices that are exposed therein.

Their Sabbaths are devoted to churchgoing, but they worship not the God of their fathers. Their Gods are gold and the vanities of this world, for they visit their churches to display the excellence of their raiment and depart from thence to their fashionable Park to discuss the same, returning in the evening to their feasting and wine-bibbing.

The mornings of the wealthy are spent in bed, and their evenings in gambling, chambering, and wantonness; for lo! they have turned the night into day.

Their women of fashion gamble with the wealth of their fathers or husbands, even to the last farthing; then will they pawn or sell their jewels to satisfy their passion, and when all is lost they sell their honour to the highest bidder—thus do they pay their gambling debts—for a woman of fashion may sell her honour without disgrace, but for neglecting to pay a gambling debt she shall be cast forth from amongst the mighty of the land, and her name shall be forever blotted out from their visiting-books.

The women of the poor are enslaved in factories of the lords of the land, so that in the sweat of their faces they may grind out the wealth wherewith to supply the vices, vanities, and luxuries of their masters.

The taxgatherer goes forth from the Councils of the mighty to take the gold of the women of the middle classes wherewith to sustain their Government, yet have these women no voice in the councils of the mighty, and when they lift up their voices in protest they are shut up in the prison-house, even as thou wouldst send an unruly and disobedient child to the solitude of the upper chamber; yet are these women endowed with brains, my Father, yea, even beyond thy comprehension—for are they not now educated even as the men of their race, whether in Art, Science, or Letters, and do they not frequently outstrip the young men in learning?

But touching this matter of the women, I have news for thee. Canst thou believe that our sometime great Pro-Consul who could not stay the rising tide of patriotism in our land, hath set himself the task of suppressing the political aspirations of the women of his race?

Such is indeed the case, my Father. When thou shalt read these lines I can imagine the gleam of curious interest flashing from thine eyes. But be content, my Father, be content. For as Allah lives, thou shalt learn All!

Trusting that my last letter reached thee with speed and safety, I, Ismail Abbas Mohumad, commend thee and thy house to the care of the Prophet.

Maternity.

THE article by Helen George called "Maternitis" has interested me because it expresses in a new form a very old disgust of life. We all have that disgust sometimes, and feel like Hamlet, when the firmament seemed to him a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours, when man delighted him not nor woman neither. But there are some who suffer from it always, and lose all sense of values in life. The symptoms of this disease vary with different people and in different ages. Some are sceptics and find in life a mere mechanical process without any significance whatever. These are sometimes quite cheerful, crying: "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Others are Puritans, and to them life seems full of snares for their immortal souls; they fear and try to hate all the pleasures it offers; and sequester themselves from it as far as they can, only not committing suicide because they believe suicide to be a short cut to hell.

Helen George, no doubt, is suffering only slightly from the disease. Life is not altogether emptied of values for her. But she is suffering enough to take a particular disgust seriously and to express it in writing. She sees no value in maternity, and attacks it with a mixture of Puritanic and Sceptical arguments. Maternity is not noble or beautiful, she thinks, because it gives pleasure. Mothers get a season's enjoyment from suckling their babies, which is frequently expressed in a voluptuous smile. We call maternity pure, she says, when we know that it is sensual. Like the Puritans, she thinks that there is some taint in all the natural passions, because pleasure comes of them. Then, a mother cares far more for her own children than for the children of others. Therefore maternity is not unselfish, but the most selfish thing in the world. And then (here is the sceptical argument) what comes of all this child-bearing? What does it lead to? Nothing, so far as we can see, except an endless series of generations. In fact, it produces nothing but life; and what is life? Nothing at all if you empty it of all its values.

Helen George's use of the word selfish is curious and interesting. She would evidently call anyone selfish who did what he liked and was utterly absorbed in doing it. This is the Puritan view, and Puritans think as meanly of artists as she does of mothers. They will call nothing work that is not disagreeable. Therefore, since an artist takes a pleasure in his work, they regard him as a trifler and a mischievous one, for he tempts men to value life when they ought to despise it. So Helen George thinks the mother a trifler, because she takes a pleasure in maternity and produces only that trifling thing, a living creature.

Now you cannot argue anyone out of a general disgust of life. But you can show that some particular disgust is not consistent with a general faith in life, and that the arguments used to justify that disgust might be turned against whatever men have learned to value in life. Thus, if we are to think meanly of maternity because of its delights, we ought to think meanly of everything that gives delight; and if we do that we lose all sense of values in life and have no guide to the bettering of it. This is the Puritan's case. He rejects all delights which nature offers him, and by that rejection hopes to train himself for heaven. But by his present way of living he unfits himself for the heaven which he hopes to attain by that means; for he teaches himself to hate all that heaven has to give. And I fear that Helen George, when she goes to heaven, will think it a very selfish state of being; and that, as she now sees sensuous enjoyment in the beatific smile of maternity, so she will then see it in the beatific smiles of the saints.

It makes no difference whether you have faith in heaven or faith only in earth. In either case, your faith must be based upon existing joys and your aim and hope must be to heighten and increase the joys which seem to you to have most promise in them of a nobler state of being. To those who have faith in life, life promises a nobler state of itself. It both is and is becoming. Its present is full of prophecies of its future; and it is to be valued for what is most prophetic in it. To those who have faith the joy of maternity, coming after the pain of child-birth, is prophetic of the joy of a nobler state of being to be attained through all the pains of life; and this joy is all the more prophetic because it is natural and instinctive. For it belongs to the very process of life, like the joy in work which produces art. It is a gift from nature which instructs us how to make the most of nature.

The impulse which sets men trying to make the world better only comes from their sense of what is good in it; and those who have the strongest sense of natural delights are most troubled when the perversity of man mars those delights. If you see the beauty of maternity, you will see that its beauty and its joy should not be marred by the miseries of poverty. You will not be

ready to sacrifice the rights of a mother to the rights of property or any other cold abstraction. It was because William Morris himself knew so well the natural delights of work that he was angry when he saw the great mass of men robbed of them. And because he knew many natural delights so well, he had an imaginative understanding of those which he could not know. He wrote a poem called "Mother and Son," which, perhaps, Helen George has never read, and which I think she ought to read. It is more likely to cure her complaint than any arguments of mine; for it is a great work of art, and therefore communicates and expresses the artist's own sense of the values of life. I cannot hope that Helen George will think as I think; but she may be induced, by reading "Mother and Son," to feel as William Morris felt. A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

The Modern Athlete.

THE Olympic games which took place in England during the past year created a great deal of interest in athletic achievements. It was said in many of the papers that we of all modern nations approached most nearly to the ancient Greeks in our attitude towards games and physical culture. The enthusiasm that prevailed at the time of the games provoked a certain amount of criticism, and the old controversy as to whether we thought too much about games was raised again. My opinion on this is that there is hardly any analogy between our attitude towards our games and that of the ancient Greeks, but even so, our athletic enthusiasm is a thing of good. As a reason for this, I should say that all Englishmen are tainted with the sin of respectability, and it is only when they lose themselves in some kind of enthusiasm (and there is no other enthusiasm that equals their athletic enthusiasm) that they become more or less natural animal human beings. Moreover, the "return to nature philosophy," which has been one of the redeeming features of the last century, is encouraged rather than the reverse by an athletic cult. Athletes have found it necessary to adopt simpler habits of life, and sometimes their physical development is so successful that they become almost beautiful, though this is rare.

The theory that "one man is as good as another," which has done so much to ruin the more democratic nations of the world, is a difficult creed for those who indulge much in games and sports.

However, as I said, the influence of athletics is only "on the whole" for good, and if we ever hope to become a really great nation in the sense in which the ancient Greeks were great, our attitude must change very considerably.

Before going to ideals, I should like to criticise the Olympic games as they stand. The first thing that seems entirely undesirable is the extreme specialisation. There is one man for putting the weight, another for high jumping, another for swimming, etc. Just imagine the unutterable boredom of the man who devotes himself exclusively to weight-putting. These specialisations produce very unsymmetric development, and the toleration of ungainliness in our athletes is one of our greatest sins. We have absolutely no feeling for grace. In our horse-breeding in England we have followed the same principle. We have bred hunters, and polo ponies, and horses for driving, and racing horses, but we never dream of aiming at one type of horse that could be driven, hunted, raced, and used for polo. If we did so, we might produce a really beautiful type, even as are Arab horses which have never been bred for specialised purposes. So far in human beings the breeding has been left to chance, but in the matter of education and training this specialisation is disastrous. Our weight-putters are too fat, our long-distance runners are too skinny. Let us hope, therefore, that before there is another Olympic games meeting the all-round athlete will occupy a far higher position than any one specialist. This will naturally bring about much greater physical beauty. However, as long as athletes continue to wear running shorts they will never acquire a sense of beauty. I would suggest much less clothing than is at present the fashion. The Greeks competed without clothes. The attitude of their public was sufficiently reverent to preclude shame, and even we are not shocked at the sight of our greatest boxers and wrestlers competing practically naked. To encourage expressiveness of movement, dancing should occupy a much more important position in the life of the people than it does at present. The most advanced students of education are just beginning to realise the immense educational value of dancing, and there appear to be the beginnings of a gigantic folk-dance revival; this art should certainly not be ignored by athletes. The agility, accuracy, and control of movements that are the possession of all great athletes would be of immense value in expressive forms of motion. At these last games there were no exhibitions of dancing. The Olympic athletes, also, should be obliged to compete barefooted. Many ungainly movements would be quite impossible if it were not for shoes and cinder tracks. Another great advantage of the clotheless theory would be the beauty of weathered skins. No skin is either completely healthy or beautiful unless exposed constantly to the air and sun. I was at the Stadium on the prize-giving day last year, and I had the good fortune to see a young athlete in swimming costume (I think he was one of the American contingent). He cannot have been older than twenty. His shoulders and chest were bare, the sun and weather had burnt him to a beautiful golden brown, and the exercise of swimming had given him full, simple lines. He was a thing of quite pre-Pheidian beauty, and I thought for a moment that there really was something Greek about these Olympic games; undoubtedly there are certain sports, such as swimming, wrestling, boxing, etc., that produce, even under modern conditions, great physical beauty. Would that that grace were more part of the athletic life of the day.

Another most noticeable feature of these Olympic games was that not only were the competitors specialists in their several departments of athletics, but they were also specialists in athletics, as opposed to brainy or imaginative pursuits. Surely our Prime Minister or Poet Laureate or one of the Archbishops might at least have won the hop, skip, and jump competition. The dividing up of society into muscle-fiends and brain-worms is what militates against the realisation of a perfect society or a perfect individual. There is only one thing more odious than the "muddied oaf" or the "flannelled fool," and that is the specialised scholar. The great philosophers of the world, such as Lionardo da Vinci and Tolstoy, have been, and are, just as much men of muscle as men of brain. The same kind of seriousness as is applied to productions of the brain should be applied to the achievements of the body.* Our attitude towards both should be a religious one, and our aim should be the production of the finest edition of ourselves that is possible under given conditions. Above all, should we aim at being able to express by physical motion as well as by writing or painting. No one who has had the good fortune to witness the dancing of Miss Isadora Duncan and her pupils can remain impervious to the enormous achievement wherein muscular exertion is combined with the intellect and a sense of beauty and rhythm. There should, therefore, be no more talk as to whether we spend too much time on our games or not. As well criticise our using our sense of smell as much as our sense of hearing, on the ground that smelling is less noble than listening. If we aim at perfecting the individual through the intellect, the emotions, and the movements of the body, there is no fear that we shall decay, even though we are conquered by the Germans.

NEVILLE LYTTON.

*I have made no mention of those excellent agricultural exercises, such as ploughing and digging, for the reason that most athletes are drawn from the town-dwelling classes, who are obliged to do most of their physical development after or before office hours. These exercises are no doubt as good for the body and better for the soul than athletics, but their very excellence depends greatly on their slowness, and hence they are out of the reach of those whose professions compel them to live in the large towns.

An Interview with the Kaiser.

By Maxim Gorki.

Translated by David Weinstein.

A LACKEY, armed with a long sabre and his breast starred with a medley of decorations, conducted me to his Majesty's Cabinet, halting near the door at my side, without ceasing to glance furtively at my hands.

The Sovereign was not yet there; and I therefore gave myself up to a close examination of the Laboratory in which the Great Man carries on the operations which sets the world a-wondering. It consisted of a room extending to about two hundred feet in length and a hundred in width, to the right of which stood a large tank in which floated some miniature models of the German Fleet. To the left of the room were several regiments of lead soldiers in variegated uniforms, symmetrically arrayed, manœuvring ceaselessly; beyond a few easels bore some unfinished paintings, whilst beneath those some large pieces of ivory and ebony were skilfully incrusted in the parquetted floor, and laid out like the keyboard of a piano. The ceiling was of glass; and the rest of the things were equally sublime.

"Listen, my friend!" said I to the lackey.

He clashed his sabre on the floor and said superciliously:

"Sir, I am the Master of the Ceremonies!"

"Delighted! Will you kindly explain—"

"What will you answer when his Majesty enters and greets you?"

"Why, Good Morning, of course!"

"That would almost amount to lésè majesté," he informed me with a suggestive air. He then taught me the manner in which the Emperor was to be greeted.

Soon his Majesty entered with the heavy steps of a man conscious of the solidity of his palace. The dignity of his bearing was primarily due to the fact that he walked without bending his knees and without moving any other limb or muscle. His hands were set firmly in his pockets, and his eyes were as immobile as the eyes of a righteous being accustomed to look into the Future are like to be.

I bowed. My neighbour made the salut militaire which his Majesty condescendingly acknowledged.

"What favour can I grant you?" he asked solemnly.

"I came to drink of a few drops of that immortal liquid which flows so abundantly from the Ocean of your Wisdom, your Majesty!" I said after the manner I had been instructed.

"Is there not, then, the danger of you leaving me more stupid than you found me?" the Sovereign suggested cleverly.

"Your Majesty, that would be quite impossible!" I rejoined, respectfully adopting the fine tone of his pleasantry.

"Very well, then; let us talk! Custom demands that one should remain standing in the presence of the Emperor, but I give you leave to sit down—if you can do so without constraint."

As I adapt myself very easily to new situations, I sat down forthwith. His Majesty made a movement of the shoulders, murmuring something inaudible. When he addressed me I noticed that whilst his tongue moved, the rest of his features maintained a majestic immobility.

"Here, then, you have before you the Emperor and King, that is to say—MYSELF! It is not everyone who can boast of having spoken to the Sovereign, you know . . . ! What do you want to be informed of?"

"Your business—does it afford you any pleasure?"

"Monarchy is not a 'business,' Sir, it is a Vocation! God and the Sovereign are the only two Beings whose existence belong to the Realms of the Incomprehensible!" He lifted his arm above his head, thus elongating the height of his figure and raising his forefinger towards the ceiling, continued:—

"This was made of glass so that God Himself could see every move of the Emperor. He alone understands him, and He alone can account for his actions. There are only two great Creators in this Universe—I and God! One, two!—and God creates a World! One, two, three—and my kinsman created Germany!—which has since been perfected by me. I together with a faithful subject of my ancestors, one Herr Goethe, have done more for Germany than the rest of my subjects put together; only I did even more than Goethe! His Faust is, after all, only a man of doubtful morality; but I—I have given to the world another Faust, a less vulnerable Faust, a Faust accoutred in plate and in armour, whom each can understand for himself; which, by the way, is more than can be said of the second part of the book bearing that name."

"You dedicate much of your time to Art, your Majesty!"

"Yes, all my life, all my life! To reign over a people is in itself the most difficult of arts; but to do so to perfection, one must be omniscient. And that I truly am! Poetry is the natural element of Kings, just as Riches and Honour is their just reward and lawful birthright. To understand how much I am devoted to the Beautiful and the Well-disciplined you have only to see me on Parade. The true poetry of life is the poetry of discipline!—and a Regiment of soldiers is to me a veritable poem. That you can only perceive twice in a lifetime: on reading a great poem, and on seeing a Regiment drill. The word is to the line of verse what the soldier is to the row. A Sonnet consists of a number of lines having for its aim the storming of the feelings of the heart. Charge!—and your heart is instantly riddled with a series of beautiful consonances! Fire!—and your imagination is set aflame with a dozen rhythmic words! Poetry and Soldiery, I repeat, is identically the same thing; the King not only being the first soldier of the State, but the first poet as well. His voice is the voice from Heaven, and his words are inspired by that divine afflatus which comes to the aid of all great men! Now you know why I march so well and am able to manipulate verse with such facility. M-a-a-r-r-c-h!" He lifted his left leg slowly, and his right arm rose to the level of his shoulder simultaneously. "As you were!"—he commanded again, and both his limbs resumed their respective places. "This is called 'The free discipline of the limbs, which means that they are trained to act quite independently of the conscience. The movement of the leg carries in itself the movement of the arm, the brain playing no part there at all. Is not that miraculous? Now you will understand why the best soldier is he whose brain-power is of a negative quantity. A soldier must be put into action by the sound of the Word of Command, and not by the dictates of his conscience. When he is told to March, he must do so, be it to Heaven or to Hell. When he is told to Charge, he must pierce, if need be, the heart of his own father—if his father be a Socialist—or his mother, or his sister, or brother, quite indiscriminately—and he must go on doing that until he is told to stop. This manner of action exempts one from thinking, and is, besides, astonishingly majestic!"

The Emperor delivered himself of a deep sigh, then continued with a voice of sustained strength:—

"Eventually *I* shall perhaps create the Ideal State—I, or one of my descendants. But this will not come to pass until that day when every citizen will have learnt and felt the virtue and beauty of discipline. When mankind will have ceased to think, only then will the Sovereigns be great and the people happy! Money!—commands the King; and all his faithful subjects assemble to carry out his desires. One! Forty million hands instantly dive into their pockets. Two! forty million hands tender ten marks a-piece. Three! Forty million subjects kneel down before him in prostrate obeisance. Will not that be picturesque? As you see, people will have no need of brains to be assured of happiness. The King will think for them, as he is great enough and strong enough to embrace all of life!

"But meantime I stand alone in my conception of the rôle the Sovereign has to play, in its entire profundity. For there are Sovereigns, mark you, whose conduct is not worthy of the high rank they occupy. If we

Monarchs are all brothers in blood, it stands to reason that we cannot all be brothers in mind; and we must, therefore, unite to form one mighty solid phalanx. This will be easy to accomplish just now. And, above all, we ought to devote more of our time to weed out that accursed Socialism which threatens to take from us that which we by divine and lawful right possess. The Red Spectre threatens to devour the Soul of our cultured and civilised Society, as well as the Property belonging to it. There is a pressing need, therefore, for the Kings to ally themselves; they must put themselves ahead of their respective armies like the chiefs of old, and plant their heels firmly on the neck of this ugly monster. We must spread the *fear* of it more and more, and only when Society is rid of this pest will the Kings of the Earth be arrayed once again in their former glory. The time has long gone by when Kings granted Constitutions, they must now abrogate them!"

He paused for breath and continued. Gaspingly I listened with strained ear so as not to miss a single syllable, so enravished was I with the pearls of wisdom that fell from his lips.

"There you have a Programme for the present-day rulers! And as soon as my Fleet will be strong enough, I will submit it myself to the other European Sovereigns and I will make certain that they accept it. . . . . In the meantime I shall occupy myself with a work of a pacific and useful character: I will perfect my people; I shall teach them to keep sacred the memories of my ancestors and to hallow the Idea of the Divine Origin of Royal Power. I possess all the necessary force of persuasion with which to bring this desired change about. Have you seen my 'Marching to Victory'? The Muse of Sculpture indicates therein how many of the Hohenzollerns and of the Hapsburgs there have been on this earth, and a single sight of it is sufficient to demonstrate what great men my ancestors were. The knowledge of this not only instils a sentiment of pride for the King, but one unconsciously becomes an ardent partisan of Royal Power and of everything appertaining to it. Eventually I shall erect statues to their memories in each street of every one of my towns, so that the people can constantly see before them the great men who have governed them in the past, and will recognise how utterly impossible a thing it is to do without them in the future. Sculpture is of great use to Mankind, but I was the first to demonstrate its utility so strikingly."

"But why, your Majesty, were most of your ancestors bandy-legged?"

"I cannot tell you. They were all certainly fashioned by the same sculptor! At any rate, that ought to prevent no one from realising the sublimity of their minds. Have you yet heard my Music? No? I will show you how I composed it!" With a kingly gesture he gave his rectilineal-shaped figure the appearance of a bayonet, and sitting himself down in a gilded-stool, exclaimed to the lackey who had introduced me: "Count, remove my boots!—that's right. Now my socks—you have my thanks! Although the King is not supposed to thank any of his subjects for services rendered, I do so nevertheless. Politeness demands it!" Then, tucking up his breeches to the knees, he bent his head to an agle of forty-five degrees, and examined his legs attentively. "Yes, I will model them in clay, and have them moulded in bronze yet while I live, and then bequeath a few dozen pairs for the statues that future generations will erect to my memory. The legs of a King should be faultless, I know; otherwise they can give rise to the notion that the Sovereign was, in one form or another, imperfect."

He advanced towards the wall, took up a brush, and making a demi-tour to the left, said:—

"I occupy myself with Painting and with Music simultaneously! You will observe that the key-board of that piano swims, as it were, on the surface of the parquetry, the instrument itself being concealed beneath. A similar mechanism, equally concealed beneath that one, registers the notes. And so I can design and play at the same time. Like this!" He

drew the brush across a canvas adjusted to an easel, and at the same time pressed one of the notes with his naked foot. "This, you see, is very simple, and economises a good deal of the Emperor's time, of which, by the way, he has never too much. Surely God will lengthen the span of the Sovereign's earthly life! We are all so altruistically devoted to promoting the happiness of our subjects that we would not dream of exchanging our labours mundane for the felicities of the life eternal! But there, I am digressing, as I very frequently do. . . . The King's thoughts are as ever-flowing and as ceaseless as the waters of Niagara. For the King is compelled to think not only for himself, but for the well-being of all his subjects—a thing no other person is compelled to do save he! Now I will give you a piece of my music—it was composed only yesterday. . . . ."

He took up a music-sheet, and following the notes with his finger, explained: "This is written in the minor-key. Do you see in what strict order the notes are placed? Ta-ra-ta-ram-ta! Ta-ra-ram-ta-taa! In the following line they, as it were, ascend the hill for the attack. . . . How quickly they advance. . . . ! Ra-ta-ta-ram! This line produces a magnificent effect, and is said to give a colic impression—you will understand why presently! After this they fall into one straight line again at the sound of the command—Boom!—Something like a detonation, a signal, or a brusque spasm in the intestines. . . . Now they are divided into distinct groups, into detachments of twelves. How the bones rattle on. . . . ! This note keeps on recurring throughout, like the sadness of a bygone love. . . . . Lastly, the whole gamut of sound gives forth the final crash! R-r-aa-mm! r-r-ratat-tamm! Boom! Boom! Boom! Here chaos and discordance reign supreme. It is the *finalé*, a triumph of the *allégresse générale*."

"What do you call that piece?" said I, interested by his description.

"This," said the Sovereign, "is called the 'Birth of the King.' It is my first attempt in the teaching of Absolutism by the means of music. Not bad, don't you think?"

He was visibly pleased with himself and tugged at his moustache energetically.

"Before me," he continued, "there were among my subjects a few mediocre composers, but I am now occupying myself with that Art so that everyone should dance to my music." He caressed his moustache with the evident intention of smiling, and making a demi-tour to the right, said:

"Just glance here a moment—what think you of this representation?"

On a broad canvas was a headless monster with the form of a gorilla, painted in scarlet, possessing a thousand hands, with a sheaf of burning torches in each bearing the inscriptions in black lettering: "Anarchy," "Atheism," "Spoliation," "Abolition of Private Property." The monster was making his way from village to town scattering the flaming torches in various directions, after which each single light was transformed into a vast conflagration. In the background some terror-stricken figures were fleeing helter-skelter, whilst a triumphant body of men in red followed in the wake of the monster. They were all without eyes, and were covered from head to foot with a coat of fire. The artist had obviously not spared his vermilion, with the result that the picture was smothered in "grandeur."

"Horrible, is it not?"—said the Sovereign.

"Horrible!" I acquiesced.

"This is exactly the sort of thing that's wanted," he added.

"You have grasped the idea of course. . . . . ! No. . . . ? Just so. . . . . ! It's Socialism! You see that the monster is headless and is teeming with vices, propagating anarchism and transforming men into brutes. Yes, it's Socialism, unmistakably! How sublime is all this! Whilst the lower instincts of mankind affirm the Idea of Royal Power, the higher attributes are occupied in struggling against the principal enemy of that power. Never has art accomplished its aims so nobly and so assiduously as under my reign!"

"But, your Majesty, do your subjects appreciate the difficulties of your labours?" I asked.

"Do they appreciate my labours?" he repeated with a note of lassitude in his voice—"they certainly ought to! I have filled their streets with statues, I have written the most exquisite music, I have painted. . . ! But, at times, I confess, I am smitten by a guilty thought. . . . ! It seems to me that those of my subjects who still worship me are the imbeciles and the fools, and that the really intelligent section of my people are the Socialists. . . . ! There are, of course, the Liberals too; but, as usual, the Liberals want too much for themselves, give too little to their Sovereign, and nothing at all to the People! On the whole they are of no use to anybody. Only the absolute power of the Sovereign can save the people from Socialism! But, alas, very few of my subjects understand it!"

He sat down. His eyes rolled pensively in their orbits, and a profound melancholy spread itself over the whole of his royal person. Seeing that he was fatigued, I hastened to put my final question.

"Your Majesty! what think you of the Divine Origin of Royal Power?"

"Everything that can be expected!" he replied quickly. "Before all it is a principle ineradicable, and ordained by God! Seeing that millions of people during many thousands of years have recognised the illimitable power of one Being over all the rest, surely no one but an idiot would venture to deny at this time of the day the divinity of that Being! I am a Monarch, that is true; but I am also a Man!—and seeing that the people readily submit themselves to my Will I am obliged to recognise that it is a miracle, and that it is the will of God! Is not that so? I cannot suppose that all those millions are uniquely composed of idiots! To save them their *amour propre* I prefer to think that they are rational beings in possession of their full faculties. I should be an Ingrate were I to have any other opinion of them! And as God alone can perform miracles, it is evident that he has chosen me to prove His Strength and the wonder of His Works—what else *can* I think?"

A half flash of satisfaction lit up his eyes, but was soon extinguished. The Sovereign sighed. It was like the boiler of a warship letting off its superfluous steam.

"I dare not detain you longer, your Majesty," I said, rising from my chair.

"Just so," said the Head of a great people approvingly. "Adieu! I wish you—now, what can I wish you most agreeably?—Very well! I wish you the good fortune of meeting another Monarch once again in your life-time."

He lowered his nether-lip majestically, and haughtily twisted his moustache. I took that as a final greeting and straight away took my leave.

THE END.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I WANT to dig a little deeper through the strata of the public. Below the actual fiction-reading public which I have described, there is a much vaster potential public. It exists in London, and it exists also in the provinces. I will describe it as I have found it in the industrial midlands and north. Should the picture seem black, let me say that my picture of a similar public in London would be even blacker. In all essential qualities I consider the lower middle-class which regards, say, Manchester as its centre, to be superior to the lower middle-class which regards Charing Cross as its centre.

* * *

All around Manchester there are groups of municipalities which lie so close to one another that each group makes one town. Take a medium group comprising a quarter of a million inhabitants, with units ranging from sixty down to sixteen thousand. I am not going to darken my picture with a background of the manual workers, the immense majority of whom never read anything that costs more than a penny—unless it be Gale's Special Finals. I will deal only with the comparatively enlightened crust—employers, clerks, officials, and professional men and their families—which has formed on the top of that crust, with an average income of possibly two hundred per annum per family. This crust is the élite of the group. It represents its highest culture, and in bulk it is the "lower middle-class" of Tory journalism. In London some of the glitter of the class above it is rubbed on to it by contact. One is apt to think that because there are bookshops in the Strand and large circulating libraries in Oxford Street, and these thoroughfares are thronged with the lower middle-class, therefore the lower middle-class buys or hires books. In my industrial group the institutions and machinery perfected by the upper class for itself do not exist at all, and one may watch the lower without danger of being led to false conclusions by the accidental propinquity of phenomena that have really nothing whatever to do with it.

* * *

Now in my group of a quarter of a million souls there is not a single shop devoted wholly or principally to the sale of books. Not one. You might discover a shop specialising in elephants or radium; but a real bookshop does not exist. In a town of forty thousand inhabitants there will be a couple of stationers, whose chief pride is that they are "steam printers" or lithographers. Enter their shops, and you will see a few books. Tennyson in gilt. Volumes of the Temple Classics or Everyman. Hymn books. Bibles. The latest cheap Shakespeare. Of new books no example except the brothers Hocking. The stationer will tell you that there is no demand for books; but that he can procure anything you specially want by return of post. He will also tell you that on the whole he makes no profit out of books; what trifle he captures on his meagre sales he loses on books unsold. He may inform you that his rival has entirely ceased to stock books of any sort, and that he alone stands for letters in the midst of forty thousand people. In a town of sixty thousand there will be a largeish stationer's with a small separate book department. Contents similar to the other shop, with a fair selection of cheap reprints, and half a dozen of the most notorious new novels, such as novels by Marie Corelli, Max Pemberton, Mrs. Humphry Ward. That is all. Both the shops described will have two or three regular book-buying clients, not more than ten in a total of a hundred thousand. These ten are book-lovers. They follow the book lists. They buy to the limit of their purses. And in the cult of literature they keep themselves quite apart from the society of the town, despising it. The town is simply aware that they are "great readers."

* * *

Another agency for the radiation of light in the average town first mentioned is the Municipal Free Library. The yearly sum spent on it is entirely inadequate to keep it up-to-date. A fraction of its activity is beneficial, as much to the artisan as to members of the crust. But the chief result of the penny-in-the-pound rate is to supply women old and young with outmoded, viciously respectable, viciously sentimental fiction. A few new novels get into the Library every year. They must, however, be "innocuous," that is to say, devoid of original ideas. This is, of course, inevitable in an institution presided over by a committee which has infinitely less personal interest in books than in politics or the price of coal. No Municipal Library can hope to be nearer than twenty-five years to date. Go into the average good home of the crust, in the quietude of "after-tea," and you will see a youthful miss sitting over something by Charlotte M. Yonge or Charles Kingsley. And that something is repulsively foul, greasy, sticky, black. Remember that it reaches from thirty to a hundred such good homes every year. Can you wonder that it should carry deposits of jam, egg, butter, coffee, and personal dirt? You cannot. But you are entitled to wonder why the Municipal Sanitary Inspector does not inspect it and order it to be destroyed. . . . That youthful miss in torpidity over that palimpsest of filth is what the Free Library has to show as the justification of its existence. I know what I am talking about.

* * *

A third agency is the book-pedlar. There are firms of publishers who never advertise in any literary weekly or any daily, who never publish anything new, and who may possibly be unknown to Simpkins themselves. They issue badly-printed, badly-bound, showy editions of the eternal Scott and the eternal Dickens, in many glittering volumes with scores of bleared illustrations, and they will sell them up and down the provinces by means of respectably dressed "commission agents" at prices much in excess of their value, to an ingenuous, ignorant public that has never heard of Dent and Routledge. The books are found in houses where the sole function of literature is to flatter the eye. The ability of these subterranean firms to dispose of deplorable editions to persons who do not want them is in itself a sharp criticism of the commercial organisation of the trade.

Let it not be supposed that my group is utterly cut off from the newest developments in imaginative prose literature. No! What the bookseller, the book-pedlar, and the Free Library have failed to do, has been accomplished by Mr. Jesse Boot, incidentally benefactor of the British provinces, is the brain of a large firm of chemists and druggists, with branches in scores, hundreds, of towns. He has several branches in my group. Each group is a circulating library, patronised by the class which has only heard of Mudie, and has not heard of the Grosvenor. Mr. Jesse Boot has had the singular and beautiful idea of advertising his wares by lending books to customers and non-customers at a loss of ten thousand a year. His system is simplicity and it is cheapness. He is generous. If you desire a book which he has not got in stock he will buy it and lend it to you for twopence. Thus in the towns of my group the effulgent centre of culture is the chemist's shop. The sole point of contact with living literature is the chemist's shop. A wonderful world, this England! Two things have principally struck me about Mr. Jesse Boot's clients. One is that they are usually women, and the other is that they hire their books at haphazard, nearly in the dark, with no previous knowledge of what is good and what is bad.

* * *

It is to be added that the tremendous supply of sevenpenny bound volumes of modern fiction, and of shilling bound volumes of modern belles-lettres (issued by Nelsons and others) is producing a demand in my group, is, in fact, making book-buyers where previously there were no book-buyers. These tomes now rival the works of the brothers Hocking in the stationer's shop. Their standard is decidedly above the average, owing largely to the fact that the guide-in-chief of Messrs. Nelson's happens to be a genuine man of letters. I am told that Messrs. Nelsons alone sell twenty thousand volumes a week. Yet even they have but scratched the crust. The crust is still only the raw material of a new book public. If it is cultivated and manufactured with skill it will surpass immeasurably in quantity, and quite appreciably in quality, the actual book-public. One may say that the inception of the process has been passably good. One is inclined to prophesy that within a moderately short period—say a dozen years—the centre of gravity of the book market will be rudely shifted. But the event is not yet. JACOB TONSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does no 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.*

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Up to the time of the Labour Party Conference at Portsmouth I have consistently supported the proposal to affiliate the S. D. P. with the Labour party. This I can no longer do. Of course, I have all along recognised the limitations to Socialist activities involved in such a union; at the same time I held the opinion that the conjunction of Socialist forces with those of the trades unions would tend to bring the latter all the earlier to a recognition that in Socialism alone could they hope for final emancipation from capitalist domination. I was hopeful that the work Social Democrats had done for trades unionism would win for the Socialist ideal the recognition and consideration of the Labour element in the party. It seems impossible to hope for this any longer.

Whether or not the Labour party might not have stood more definitely for Socialism, or at least have been an alliance between Socialism and Labour of which a Socialist need not have been ashamed, had the Social Democratic party remained part and parcel of the Labour party from the first is not beyond the bounds of possibility; but for the Social Democrats now to join the ranks of the Labour party as it is, would be to extinguish the last remnant of Socialist organisation in this country.

I anxiously watched and listened to the discussion on the resolution of the Huddersfield Trades Council—which, if carried, would have allowed a candidate of the party who was a Socialist to call himself such. I felt humiliated at

the humble appeal made on behalf of the I.L.P. by Ben. Riley, of Huddersfield—an appeal from Socialists to trades unionists to be allowed to fly their own colours on the field of battle, and my mind fled back to the early days of our movement, when we were proud to call ourselves by our rightful name of Socialist Rebels, and no man could make us afraid.

The most astounding thing about this discussion was the speech of Pete Curran, by whose side I had stood in many a Socialist fight. Yet there was Curran appealing to the trades union delegates not to set him free from what ought to be a galling restriction, whereby he will be compelled to refrain from describing himself as a Socialist candidate; the main reason advanced, to my mind, being obviously a dishonest one, namely, that to allow a Socialist to call himself one would be to thrust Socialism down the throats of trades unionists who were not Socialists. Such a statement is not only not true, but is absolutely puerile.

Then we had the alteration in the constitution, whereby any Labour party member, or candidate for Parliament, is to be prohibited from speaking for any Socialist candidate whose organisation is not affiliated to the Labour party. This makes it impossible for, say, Will Thorne or Ben. Tillett to speak in support of the candidature of our veteran comrade, Hyndman, the father of the Socialist movement in this country. One would have expected a man like Curran—who, like the rest of us, owes much to our comrade Hyndman—to assert himself on this issue as a Socialist, and to decline to be thus bound. I am certain Curran must have felt his position keenly, but the Labour Alliance seems to have knocked all the fight out of him, and, to his shame be it said, he allowed this restriction to be put upon his actions and uttered never a word; and this at the moment when he was endorsing the right of his Liberal-Labour friends to stand side by side with Capitalistic members of Parliament on what are euphemistically called "neutral," but are actually Liberal platforms.

Surely our wire-pulling friends have scored too much this time. It seems to me that they will have scored pretty deeply the minds of the Socialists of the country with the knowledge that they have got to come out from this entangling alliance.

Before Socialism can come to its own, in this or any other country, we must have a properly organised Socialist party, hampered by no other idea in life than the transformation of society, as opportunity serves. Were that opportunity now, we stand impotent, because of the lack of such a party. But the time is ripe for its formation, the main body of Socialist opinion in this country, as in all others, is governed by ideas in common; what we want is the outward and visible expression thereof. The main body of the S.D.P. are, in my opinion, ready for such a move, and were we assured by our comrades of the I.L.P. and the "Clarion Scouts" that they would meet us on this common ground, I feel sure that the party could be formed, by the unification of all these scattered forces ready to our hand. Let the I.L.P. come out from the Labour Party, leaving it to pursue its own way; and thereafter treating it as a friendly ally so far as possible. If the Portsmouth Conference has done something to hasten the unification of Socialist forces in a really National party, as part and parcel of the great international movement, then we may yet thank the reactionary Labour element for the lesson they have taught.

DAN IRVING.

* * *

ART AND THE COMFORTABLE CLASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Jacob Tonson, in his note on the chroniclers of the "com-

THE RIGHT TO LIVE CAMPAIGN

AN INAUGURAL MEETING OF A NEW PARTY FORMED

TO ABOLISH LEGAL STARVATION

WILL BE HELD AT THE

HOLBORN TOWN HALL, on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, at 8 p.m.

Speakers: COUNTESS OF WARWICK and the FOUNDER OF THE MOVEMENT.

THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY

JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq., M.I.C.E. etc. *Author of "How It Can Be Done," "Work and Wealth for All," &c.*

The men and women organising the "RIGHT TO LIVE CAMPAIGN" are comparatively unknown, but are **DETERMINED TO DO SOMETHING** to dispel the present horrible destitution and poverty, and abolish enforced starvation for every citizen who is willing to work to maintain himself and his dependents. The Campaign will be a **Campaign of Conciliation and Consolidation,** as it will bring together those who, whilst representing every phase of social reform and political activity, are all agreed that the present nightmare of unemployment must come to an end.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30 P.M.

TICKETS . . . . . 1/- and 6d. each.

To be obtained at the NEW AGE Office, 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street; HENDERSONS, Booksellers, 66, Charing Cross Road, and at the Doors.

THIS MEETING WILL MAKE HISTORY. YOU MUST BE THERE. COME EARLY.

fortable class," omits one important name from the list of those novelists who have no artistic use for it. Arnold Bennett, like Wells, touches the comfortable ones ironically—in his fantasias—but I do not think you shall see them in his work on the highest planes.

My experience, which is large, since chance has thrown me into a typical fastness of the "snug" folk, amounts to this: They are kindly, but cowardly; amiable, but desolately dull. The reasons for this insensibility are many, and the first will be found in the fact that they support themselves entirely upon opinions, never by ideas. Ideas horrify and alarm them. Question a fetich and you are "bad form"; scorn a fetich, and you instantly become "a bounder."

The artist among these people is still only a man who paints pictures; the author, as such, is on a par with the thought-reader, fortune-teller, or other conjurers. They pay him, and are not prepared to over-look the gulf fixed between the man who works for his living and the higher social creature who has no need to do so.

They read us—uneasily. If you ask them what they think of so and so, they look round to see if anybody is listening before they give their opinion. Disarrange a fig-leaf and they may possibly refuse to know you. Their favourite authors are not artists, and could not be, because they are not educated to tolerate ideas.

The principles of the "upper middlers," while exquisitely adjusted to their own needs, take no account of larger and more universal requirements; and owing to this lack of adaptation to a shifting environment, evolution must presently pinch those who profess these principles at many points. When they begin to suffer it is possible that they may afford more obvious art material. Who can make any beautiful thing from a happy maggot in a pear? But pull it out and its emotions may be worthy of analysis.

For the present the "upper middlers" awaken such hearty antipathy that very few first-class artists feel equal to approaching them in an artist's spirit; i.e., without prejudice.

One may quote Nietzsche:

"Companions the creator seeketh; not corpses—and not herds or believers either."

But Nietzsche comes to the comfortable ones as the tiger to the cow; the coulter to the fat weed.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

* * *

BELATED ROMANTICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

When Mr. Flint compares the unclassed lyric assembly of the Poets' Club with that of Verlaine and his companions in obscure (sic) cafés—he laughs. I can hear that laugh: sardonic, superior, and rather young.

When, oh, when, shall we finish sentimentalising about French poets in cafés! One hoped that with Mr. George Moore's entry into middle-age the end of it was nigh. But now comes Mr. Flint, a belated romantic born out of due time, to carry on the mythical tradition of the poètes maudits. Nurtured on Mürger, he is obsessed by the illusion that poets must be addicted to Circean excess and discoloured linen.

With all the sentimentality of an orthodox suburban, he dwells with pathetic fondness on perfectly ordinary habits, and with great awe reminds us how Verlaine hung his hat on a peg. We, like Verlaine, are natural. It was natural for a Frenchman to frequent cafés. It would be dangerous as well as affected for us to recite verse in a saloon bar.

Mr. Flint speaks with fine scorn of evening dress. It is time to protest against this exclusiveness of the Bohemian, that exotic creature of rare and delicate growth. Why should we be treated as outcasts by the new aristocracy of one suit?

Historically, Mr. Flint is inaccurate. The founders of the modern "vers libres" movement were Kahn and Laforgue, the latter a court functionary "épris de ton londonien," Kahn entertained at a banquet where Mallarmé (alas for the granitic Flint) in evening dress formally proposed his health.

I hereby invite Mr. Flint to come to the next dinner, on the 23rd, in any costume that suits him best, when that "correct person"—Professor G. K. Chesterton—will lecture "portentously."

T. E. HULME, M.P.C.

Café Tour d'Eiffel.

* * *

THE KING AS SOCIALIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

That good democrat, Cecil Chesterton, I observe from this week's NEW AGE, has written that hardy annual, an appeal to the King to take over the government of the country on a non-party basis. Your contributor, with a touching innocence, invites the King to resume, on behalf of the nation, "the land of England." He says: "The use of the vast resources which such a policy would place at the disposal of the Crown to start great national industries, which would absorb the unemployed." May I humbly point out that the rents derived from the Crown lands at present are not put to any such use? Before we make the King the national landlord, we should scrutinise what he does with

his present rents and mesne profits. Mr. Cecil Chesterton should take a tour round some of the property owned by the King, and then consider whether the land could not be in worthier hands than his. The King is a certain fire; whether we are in the frying-pan at the moment is rather questionable. Moreover, the profits alleged to have been made by his gracious Majesty in "Siberian Props.", in the steel and iron market, in New York, in the Kaffir Circus, and one or two other similar enterprises, have not been devoted, during the winter distress, to the relief of "the unemployed." No; it really won't do, Mr. Chesterton; the King has some admirable qualities, which give him great popularity among City clerks, racing working men, financial circles, race-course touts, and "West End Jews," but he is not exactly the man whom we should entrust with the nationalisation of the land, or of any other of "the means of production, distribution, and exchange."

STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

* * *

ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The "Notes of the Week" in THE NEW AGE of February 4th raise an interesting point. Having administered a thoroughly deserved snub to certain newspapers for their panic-stricken comments on the Tottenham murders, the writer continues:— "Our own attitude is 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." It does not seem to me that such an attitude is clear. It is difficult to see how, when the Right to Work and the National Minimum are established facts, it will be possible to allow free immigration. The dilemma is one which has long troubled the minds of many Socialists, and if your leader writer has found a solution of the difficulty it is surely his bounden duty to communicate it to the world without delay.

Discussing this point in Fabian Essays twenty years ago, Mr. Graham Wallas wrote: "If all newcomers receive at once full economic rights, then any country in which Socialism, or anything approaching it, is established, will be at once overrun by proletarian immigrants. . . . [and] the whole body of the inhabitants . . . . might conceivably be finally brought down to the bare means of subsistence. . . . What is necessary is that we face the fact, every day becoming plainer, that any determined attempt to raise the condition of the proletariat in any single European country must be accompanied by a law of aliens . . . . stringent enough the unhappy 'diluvies gentium.'"

CLIFFORD D. SHARP.

* * *

RICH MEN AND PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I understand that Mr. Asquith is to receive a deputation shortly on the question of payment of members and of returning officers' expenses out of public funds; but unless this reform is accompanied by some very stringent restriction of the use of private money in direct and indirect connection with elections, the rich candidate will still continue to be returned to Parliament for no other reason than that he is rich.

You published a letter from me some short time ago, when I instanced the "ground baiting" subscriptions to various institutions which the North Cambridgeshire Division is now undergoing from the pocket of the Hon. Neil Primrose. Here is another case: There is trouble in the camp of the Conservative party in Deptford, and in consequence there are revelations. The candidate of the party for the next election has publicly stated that he was introduced to the constituency by the party Central Office; and that at an interview with the honorary secretary of the local Unionist Association he was asked to subscribe £300 per annum to the association funds, which he agreed to do, as he thought it was reasonable.

As long as this is thought "reasonable" by our law makers, so long will the purse, and not the long head, rule.

F. G. A.

* * *

A JESUIT MAXIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Allow me to point out what I believe to be a slight error in translation in Dr. Oscar Levy's article, "On the Tracks of Life."

That admirable maxim of the Jesuits which Dr. Levy quotes: "Plus valet exquisita prudentia cum mediocri sanctitate quam cum minori prudentia major sanctitas," should have been rendered thus:—"Better great intelligence with little holiness than great holiness with little intelligence."

Prudence in modern English certainly connotes "caution," and this Dr. Levy could not have meant, since he uses the word "wisdom" for "prudentia" towards the end of his article

PEDANTICUS.

Barjet, Wallington.
17, Ingate Place,
Battersea, London, S.W.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I appreciate that an apparent puff in THE NEW AGE would be unpardonable. Therefore, I am inserting this explanatory letter as an advertisement.

The Reform Tea Association, whose advertisements are appearing in THE NEW AGE, is the result of an endeavour to capture part of the distributing trade for the Socialists.

An arrangement was made with a wholesale house which allowed the Reform Tea Association the use of its stock at cost price and provided for the supply of all necessary labour, packages, packets, labels, warehouse room, etc., free of charge for 5 per cent. of the net profits. As the arranging house is wholesale only, it cannot deliver carriage paid small parcels for the Reform Tea Association. It is, therefore, from Branches, Clubs, Institutes, etc., that support should come—individual orders, unless for the requisite minimum quantity, are of little use.

The goods supplied by the Reform Tea Association are all of the best, and as cheap as possible. The gross profits on the selling prices average from 8 per cent. on the 1s. tea to 15 per cent. on the highest priced goods. The ordinary trader's profits average from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent., and on fine China teas, cocoa and coffee, even more.

If the comrades think the scheme may be of some use to the cause, let them co-operate before it is dropped.

E. G. WHITEHEAD.

[Advt.]

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