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. This 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 astounded at the Court all the parasitic and profligate in our world ; 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; that perhaps the Cavaliers never held; it is to-day the arbiter of fame and fortune. We cannot have, if we will come back and buttered too for sartin. * * *

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 been thought a cheap and easy means of getting a few miles, 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 strings of silver. We cannot have, if we will come back and buttered too for sartin.

The parsons had a big audience of unemployed and employed to listen to their sterling and stirring speeches on Saturday. Edward Porten 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 plente 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; but a social revolution would be the only way out. The persons 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 it is only "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 in-bell; 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. Campbell would thrall that assembly and shock it into realities.

The retiring President of the Divorce Court has just told us that the practice of divorce 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 make a decision. This was 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 deprived of the income of her husband. The wife obtained evidence of adultery, and she petitioned for a decree of divorce. After due litigation, the Court of Appeals 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 was a daily. "Irish," he said, "was the common, vulgar tongue. Its encouragement has been one law that race has evolved for itself. It cannot be gulled into the belief that a great nation means hordes of underfed, ill-clad, ill-protected Irish, that we should regret, but it would mean the more or less rapid filling of what land there is left for all the negroes; 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. The South African Union 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 will amount to 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 cooled down 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:

1. It shall be lawful to alienate land in Basutoland or any land forming part of the native reserves in Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland from the native tribes inhabiting the territories.

2. The Union has the power of making any alteration in the provisions by a final two-thirds majority; Basutoland need not 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 transferred to any foreign power.
fearred 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 dealing 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 Anything." 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. For 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 criticisms 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 simple-hearted devotion to those pursuits in which he had early become interested. In the fanatical religious and perverted scientific controversies that have raged around the survival of the fittest, it has been quite forgotten that Darwin is the author of a fascinating work on physiology. 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, full of travel, and now here 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 work 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 straightforward man, we shall only say that he was somewhat impatient and querulous. Perhaps he had himself come to realise that accident had given to his work, Darwin did not shine as a very frank and straightforward man, the humblest of the thinkers in the world.

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 mild cerebration of English biologists, even one 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 mankind, that every 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, species. It is the mean by which nature, so to say, rid her crests of 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 Blumenstein, Pursuivant, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, Portcullis Pursuivant, Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, Black Rod, Gold Stick, Silver Stick, Garter Principal King of Arms, and all the other parasitic Hunkeys who will flank their Grand Master.

Within the gilded Chamber the Throne will be surrounded by antiquated Lords and fat, thin 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 fore-shadowed 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, there is absolutely no reason why the unemployed 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 obtnessness 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 take 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 in 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.

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: "Are these things hid? Is any one willing to hide virtues in?" Presumably some enthusiastic admirer has passed on the hint to his Majesty's Government, and has published a book of nearly 150 pages, in which appear long lists of unimportant 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 upon 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 world under such a quiet, unassuming title as "The Government's Record." It was worthy of something more assertive than that.

It was the thought suggested by the printed pages. Then, one looked out of the window, and found that everything looked the same as before: it was all the same in 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 Acts and orders had been thought of. The sudden pointment 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 sound of coudar, there is a sky 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 tinkering which a cave-dweller or a member of the Charity Organisation Society might consider important additions will be welcomed.

But, quite clearly, the pivot of the problem of government does not turn on land for the Naval Volunteers or on the publication of 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 a 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 unemployed 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 school meals. 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 has so ostentatiously praised. The statesmen in this case have, it appears, known so 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 look out of his window to see if 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 been discussing? It is the unenlightened being left 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 legislator, 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 tinkering.

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. That is the one great point of difference between two issues. Your 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 being talked down by Mr. Macdonald 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 no show 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 attack." We can imagine the entertainment that was prepared in case 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 shovely, silly, and spiteful resolutions. Mr. Shaw was not, as he said, obliged to speak to these resolutions because they retained the confidence of those who have been foolishly committed.

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 rejected 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 because they retained the confidence of those who were rejected by your view on the best method to secure their claims.

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.

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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 fair treatment, and its main position should not be misrepresented.]

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. G. R. S. Taylor, Mr. G. B. Blatchford, Mr. D. R. O'Connor, Mr. G. R. S. Taylor, and Mr. Irving. We invite Mr. Clynes to examine the causes of that impression, when we venture to prophecy that even his complacency may be ruffled. —Ed. New Age.]

Feeding the Children.
By Alderman Edward Harley.

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 compelled all children to go to school was a great step forward. The Act of 1870 made the feeding of school children a public duty.

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 eke 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 from crust. For luxury 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 Mr. G. R. S. Taylor 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 depot, where the small 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 cooperation of the superintendent of the housewifery classes, had shown how to provide a variety of good nourishing dinners specially arranged and prepared for children. 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 the local dietitians thought that vitamins were needed, they formulated a diet which was found satisfactory. The meals are always cooked and served in a central depot, where 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."

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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 return to the depot 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 monitors. 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 house-wifery students, 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 these successful applications are made by the social workers, and are often refused even when the numbers and ages of the family, their occupations and income from every source. The Canteen Committee meet every two or three weeks, and each case is considered 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, or 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 reason apart from their parentage.

The wonderful economy of the method we are using is considerable. 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 960 families who have been helped has been printed, the facts are sufficient to show the success of the scheme. No objection has been made with any criticism. The details fill a volume so large that the 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. 9d. per week; in the case of those who are given meals free, 1s. 6d. per week.

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, renovations 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 such items and that a heavier bottle of 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 15s. per head would only have 92½d. 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 these are cases of chronic poverty in the slums of the capital. The total number of persons covered by the 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 necessary 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. Widowed 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?

Win 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 are typical gentlemen, almost every one can 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, the grace 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 train the soul, whereas, yes; 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 convention to be even 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 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 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 Aged 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 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 rather an attempt like that of Lucifer to make all, the skill of the trained soul no less than of the trained brain. For you are not of those who believe seeking to effect you would reply the very greatest skill of professors?

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ions 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; rich food has proceeded from thee."

To the King, therefore, 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 Mammon or Kom-erz, 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 daily toil (for every man gave largely of his harvest and the produce of the chase for the preservation of the 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.

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 alli

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-erz. They carried in their hands emblems of friendship; but these were, it is said, meaningless, for the people were suffused 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.

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 fickle 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.

Western Civilisation Through Eastern Spectacles.

II.

From Ismail Abbas Mohumad, dweller in the Cities of the English.

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

Greetings! Most worthy and esteemed Father!

Were it not that thou already hast 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 untrod 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 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 departed to their fashionable Park to discuss clarion notes of gaiety in the palaces of the great.

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

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

At the rich man's feast and the senseless chatter of churches to display the excellence of their raiment and land, but the concubines of the wealthy are numbered.

Thus do they pay their gambling debts...
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 are beginning to realize what our ancestors of nearly two thousand years ago realized. 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 of games in the way of athletics was reawakened. Our opinion on this is that there is hardly any analogy between our attitude towards 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 beings. Moreover, the "veto," which has been our bane, 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-Pheidias beauty, and I thought that 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 athletic costumes 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 brainworms is what militates against the realization 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 Leonardo da Vinci and Voltaire, have been the greatest of all 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 sacred games of the Olympic stadium. Nothing can rival the Olympic games as they stand. The first thing that seems entirely undesirable is the extreme specialisation. It is in 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.
An Interview with the Kaiser.

By Maxim Gorki.

Translated by David Weinstein.

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

The Sovereign was not yet there; and I therefore gave myself up to a close examination of the Labora
tory 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 arranged, maneuvering 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 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 military 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 flowed 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 majesty immutable.

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

"You have not—do not it afford you great 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 Realm of the Incomprehensible!" He lifted his arm above his head, thus elongating the height of his figure and raising his forehead 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. I have even Faust, a Faust accounted 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 the most difficult of arts; but to do so to perfection, one must be one of the best soldiers. Now you will understand why 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. Life is a line of verse over 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! What a sight!—and your imagination is afame 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 turned 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 be the heart of his Father, his father's Father, or his Sister, or his 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—1, or one of my descendants. But this will not come to pass until that day when every citizen will have learnt and the virtue and duty of discipline. When mankind will have ceased to think, then will the Sovereigns be great and the people happy! Money!—commands the King; and all his faithful subjects assemble and carry out his desires. Every 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 is a proposition which all will admit; 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 Prosperity 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 more and more, and only when Safety is rid of the 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 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 more and more, and only when Safety is rid of the 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 enervated 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 add a little more 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 insists a sentiment of pride for the age of my predecessors, and I am 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 seen my Army? My Navy? No? Well, I will show you how I composed it!" With a kingly gesture he gave its rectilinear-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 underneath that one, registers the notes.

"I occupy myself with Painting and with Music simultaneously. You will observe on the key board of that piano swins, 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
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! This line produces a magnificent effect, and is said to give a colic impression—you will understand very presently. After this, I 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 r a m m ! r r r r r a t a t a t a m m ! Boom! Boom! Boom! Here chaos and discordance reign supreme. This is the finale, a triumph of the allegro 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 Absolute music by the means of notes. 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 evident intention of smiling, and making a demitour to the right, said:

"I am a Monarch, 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 unaesthetic 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 illegitimate 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, because 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 better of a storm 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 lifetime."

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 munici-palities 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 individuals, 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 elite of the group. It represents its highest culture, and as such 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 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 we are left with the lower without dangers 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 is not going to darken my picture with a background not going to darken my picture with a background

The answer will be found in two pamphlets now on sale at the bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Son and other leading booksellers. In each edition, bookshops have to buy 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

Frank Jannaway has dogged my footsteps for years. I decline to answer his questions."—R. BLACKFORD.

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BY F. G. JANNAWAY.

"I should like to put you on the tramlines and see you run over and killed."—A CHARLIS SCOUT.

THE OTHER IS ENTITLED

"WHICH IS THE REMEDY?"

A VERBATIM REPORT OF THE SOCIALISM DEBATE IN London, BETWEEN F. G. JANNAWAY AND REV. SWANN.

"You must, however, be innocuous," that is to say, devoid of originality. There is, of course, imitable 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 any of the Carnegie libraries in 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.
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For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

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 Socialism and Labour would tend to bring the latter all the earlier to a recognition that in Socialism alone they could hope for final emancipation from the class struggle. I was therefore the more certain that the work Social Democrats had done for trades unionism would win for the Socialist ideal the recognition and consideration it so badly needed, and that in Socialism alone could they hope for final emancipation from capitalist domination. I was hopeful that the association of Socialist forces with those of the trades unions would carry, would have allowed a candidate of the party who need not have been ashamed, had the Social Democratic party remained part and parcel of the Labour party from the first, to bear the burden of public responsibility. But the Social Democrats now to join the ranks of the Labour party as it is, would be to extinguish the last remnant of Socialist influence 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 thought of what I had hoped for this any longer. Whether or not the Labour party might not have stood a Socialist to call himself such, I felt humiliated at the thought of what I had hoped for this any longer.

It is to be added that the tremendous procession of sevenpenny bound volumes of modern fiction, and of thick tomes of modern books (issued by Nelsons and others) is producing a demand in my group, in, 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 has happened to be a genuine man of letters. I am told that Messrs. Nelsons have sold twenty thousand volumes lately, where 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 quality, and quite appreciably in quality, the actual book-public. One opinion of the standard of the press has been relatively 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 TSONON.

THE NEW AGE.

February 18, 1909

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To the Lecture Secretaries: In July and August, 1908, containing the address delivered at the annual conference of the I.U.D.A. The following are a few of Mr. Aldred's subjects:-

The Mythology of the Cosmic Struggle. Education and Cant.

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the humble appeal made on behalf of the I.L.P. by Ben. Riley, of Brodribbfield—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 thus bound to threaten Socialism down to 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 refuse to pursue his 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 Tomson, in his note on the chronicles of the “com-
fortable class,” omits one important name from the list of those of no class. Jean Moreas, writer, critic, and artist. Arnold Bennett, like Wells, touches the comfortable ones most con- cernedly—in his fantasies—but I do not think you shall see much 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 deso- lately dull. Their reasons for this insensibility are these: 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 pre- sently pinch those who profess these principles at many points. When they begin to sense this they may add more of the 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 ap- proaching them in an artist’s spirit; i.e., without prejudice. One may quote Hugo:

“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 co-winter to the fast leaf.

* * *

EDEN PHILLIPTTS.

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) cafes—he laughs. I can hear that laugh: sodrunculcous, superior, and rather young.

When, oh, when, shall we finish sentimentalising about French poets in cafes! One hoped that with Mr. George Moore’s entry into middle-age the end 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 Cicean excess and dis- coloured 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 cafes. 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 porteur.” T. E. Hulme, M.F.C. Café Tour d’Éiffel.

* * *

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 untwistable chronicle. He says: “May I humbly point out that the rents derived from the Crown lands at present are not put to the best use?” Before the King take the national landlord, we should scrutinise what he does with the rents. Which would absorb the unemployed.”

May I humbly point out that the rents derived from the Crown lands at present are not put to the best use?” Before the King take the national landlord, we should scrutinise what he does with the rents. Which would absorb the unemployed.”

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his present rents and some profits. Mr. Cecil Chesterton should take a tour round some of the property owned by the party for the next election has publicly stated that he was asked to subscribe £300 per annum to the association funds, which he agreed to do, as he thought it was desirable.

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

---

A JESUIT MAXIM.

To THE EDITOR

I understand that "Our attitude is clear." We demand that the rights of the proletariat in any single European country must be accompanied by a law of aliens . . . . stringent enough the unhappy 'diluvium gentium.' 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.

Mr. Graham Wallas wrote: "If all newcomers receive at once full compensation for their services they will be at once overrun by proletarian immigrants. . . . [and] the whole body of the working inhabitants of London will be finally brought down to the base wage 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 working class in any single European country must be accompanied by a law of aliens . . . stringent enough the unhappy 'diluvium gentium.'"

CLIFFORD D. SHARP.

RICH MEN AND PARLIAMENT.

To THE EDITOR

The Notes of the Week" in 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 attitude is clear. We demand that the rights of the proletariat in any single European country must be accompanied by a law of aliens . . . . stringent enough the unhappy 'diluvium gentium.'"

ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

To THE EDITOR

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