Au revoir.

It is my unpleasant task this week to give a farewell shake of the hand to my co-Editor and colleagues of The New Age. When, some months ago, my friend A. R. Orage generously invited me to undertake the political direction of the paper, I was pleased and flattered by the offer. The reputation that The New Age had deservedly obtained and has consistently sustained throughout its career as a Socialist weekly made me proud to serve on its staff. There has been no lack of courage on the grounds to which he has been ready. The reputation that The New Age had deservedly obtained and has consistently sustained throughout its career as a Socialist weekly made me proud to serve on its staff. There has been no lack of courage on the grounds to which he has placed within my reach a number of cordial comradeship and unanimity of aim. And I leave the permanent staff with the same sensations of friendship and admiration with which I joined it.

Political exigencies and the kindred and affection of my highest valued friend have placed within my reach a larger audience. And for the future my weekly lucubrations will appear in other well-known papers.

My colleagues on The New Age cheerfully endorse the change, feeling as I do that a forward Socialist policy should have the largest available audience. Doubtless there will not be wanting sapient and atraummatized readers. As they know it. My association with them has been one of cordial comradeship and unanimity of aim. And I leave the permanent staff with the same sensations of friendship and admiration with which I joined it.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There have been two questions of urgent import before the country for too long a time. The one, social-political, is the Unemployed; the other, political-social, is Women's Suffrage. The former, the Government has treated in a spirit of mocking levity: "A measure may be proposed for the better organisation of the labour market through a system of co-ordinated labour exchanges, to which other schemes for dealing with unemployment may subsequently be associated." That may "must" kill the Government. Labour exchanges are a useful piece of machinery entirely requisite to such measures as are entailed in the Labour Party's Bill. The hungry ask for bread, and are offered a turbotone. The second question, Women's Suffrage, is treated with scornful indifference: "A measure may be laid before you to alter the law affecting Parliamentary elections and registration in London." We were told that all suffrage questions must await a general Reform Bill. The Government says now in effect that it has time now for important electoral reforms; women's suffrage is too insignificant a measure to be mentioned. They that walk in darkness, etc.

* * *

Dr. Sven Hedin, describing his recent adventures, says: "One of the strangest of the customs of which he was a witness was the self-imprisonment of Lamas in grottoes, in which they live for the rest of their lives in perfect darkness. At Lingahgumpa one Lama has suffered this voluntary incarceration in darkness in a neighbouring grotto for fifteen years." This strange custom obtains no further off than in the grottoes of Downing Street, where our Lamas also go into darkness voluntarily. According to Dr. Sven Hedin's explanation, it is "a kind of fanaticism, indulged in because of the belief that when dissolution comes the Lamas would be reborn in high office. You cannot reach these blind mouths to tell them that by thus shutting out the light, by refusing to listen to the Labour Members or to the Suffragettes, they will perish utterly, and will be succeeded by the Tariff Reformers. Militant action of the women has abundantly justified the refusal to take Mr. Lloyd George or any of the Ministers at their word. "The Great Betrayal," writes Mr. Keir Hardie. But the women have not been betrayed; they understand far better than the Labour members, who are, however, in closest proximity to the members of the Government, the character of the man
who now rule our destinies. This is merely another instance of the political perspicacity of women as compared with men. For daring to attempt to interview the Prime Minister on Thursday sixteen representatives of the Women's Freedom League were arrested, and most of them have been sentenced to imprisonment in the second division for four to six weeks. The public is so used to this self-sacrifice of the women that it is commencing to regard it as a matter of course that women should go to prison for their cause; that women imprisoned for political offences should be treated with greater harshness than men have been treated for many years in this country for similar political offences. The members of the Government are alone responsible for the sullen feeling of bitter resentment against injustice that is growing up among the women of this land. The Women's Social and Political Union is arranging for a deputation to the Prime Minister on February 24. We hope that the final word will not be that under a Liberal Government no women durst approach the Prime Minister without being bludgeoned by the police.

We are heartily ashamed of Mr. Balfour when he does the stamp orator on Ireland. It is distressing because he obviously knows quite well that he is talking the utterest piffle. There is only one crime that matters in Ireland to-day at all, and that is the crime of the Government being a foreign one. Mr. Asquith says, "The real difficulty now, as often before in Ireland, in respect of the administration of the law is the difficulty of finding evidence." That is not the difficulty in respect of the administration of the law, and if Ireland were governed by Irishmen under a national electoral legislature there would be no difficulty in getting witnesses. We do not believe that anyone in this country takes the slightest interest in the figures Mr. Balfour quotes about agrarian troubles. It is really the financing issue. We all know that Home Rule in some form or other will be granted by the next Conservative Government, and that it will not be long before, with the renewed activity of the Irish people in favour of real independence, the Irish nation will be solving its own difficulties, and its heritage of English-created ones, in its own way and by the help of Irish brains and Irish energy.

The Tariff Amendment has come and gone, leaving none a penny the wiser or the better. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, we fancy, no one would call in to form means talk for All. But we are so bored of it. and legislate accordingly.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw gave an address to a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society on "The Socialist Criticism of the Medical Profession." The numerous audience, which consisted largely of medical men, listened with the greatest attention to a three-hour address, being the only one of the profession. Mr. Shaw dealt the most trenchant criticism at the present disorganisation of the medical profession, outlining at the same time the scope of a national medical service. Great was the astonishment of those present at the extraordinary mastery Mr. Shaw showed, not only of the principles of medicine, but also of its more scientific and technical details, as well as a first-hand acquaintance with the present organisation of the profession. This, of course, occasioned no surprise to those who know their Shaw, who know that he not only never speaks without mastering his brief, but are aware of the infinite pains he takes to arrive at a correct diagnosis. Mr. Shaw remarked that there is to-day no alternation between the doctor and the public, and that it is a position the profession had never accepted in theory; it was alien to the whole spirit of science and for the medical man. To-day the average doctor was an abjectly poor man, and that was a great danger to the community. There was nothing for it but to socialise the medical profession. Another great surprise was the cordial reception given to this idea. Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, Sir Victor Horsley, Dr. F. J. Smith and Mr. Lawson Dodd spoke entirely in favour of Mr. Shaw's thesis. Sir T. Clifford Allbutt said there was no other way out of the present impasse of the profession; Sir Victor Horsley said he must firmly agree that by nationalising the profession the medical men would be put into a more honourable position, and that the public would be assured of receiving better treatment. In that large audience of doctors there was not one dissentient. The Royal College of Surgeons of England has just elected H.R.H. the Prince of Wales an Honorary Fellow of the College. We now commend Mr. Shaw's name to the College for election to an Honorary Fellowship.

Our readers will know the result of the Taunton election before they read this column. Frank Smith is a good fighter, and would make a welcome addition to the Labour Party. The bye-election will be an excellent introduction for Frank Smith to the constituency, and with good work he should be able to capture it at the General Election. We hope he will not have the time in this hurried contest for the people of Taunton to appreciate the excellent capacities of the L.C.C. member. Mr. Smith is standing as the Labour candi-
date, and his candidature is being supported by the Labour M.P.'s. From the meagre reports in the daily papers it does not appear that any Fabians are either speaking or working for him at Taunton, although the Fabian Society is paying the expenses and will, we take it, be the salary; for Mr. Smith has never been elected. If the Fabian Party is desirous of running Labour members it is not for us to gainsay it; whilst the Labour Party will, of course, never find a constituency hopeless under such conditions. It strikes one, however, that a little ungenerous of Mr. Keir Hardie to allude to Mr. Bernard Shaw, one of the Fabian Executive who resolved to spend money upon this Labour candidate, as a man who had no claims to be considered a candidate for Central Glasgow, and to stigmatise Mr. Shaw's reply as a "humbled letter."

* * *

The report on the Thackley open-air school at Bradford brings out very plainly the great benefit children derive from decent food, fresh air, and clean water. Following on a lecture by Dr. F. Rosc, which aroused great interest, the Bradford City Council opened the school on August 31st, and it remained open for nine weeks; it was situated within a few minutes of the tramway terminus, about half an hour from Bradford. Forty children suffering from diverse maladies attended the school, going by tram every morning and turning to their homes after 6 p.m. At the school they had breakfast, dinner, and tea; they were all bathed weekly, and all the children had at least one hour's rest at night. The report of the school is an important part. Dr. Crowley, who had entire charge of the arrangements, reports that the improvement in general appearance and carriage was very striking after a week or two, and cannot well be expressed in words. They all gained in weight; the effect of closing the open-air school showed itself in a falling off of weight. Exact measurement of the blood showed a marked improvement in 36 of the children; in all but one there was an increase in the chest measurement. Dr. Crowley regards three months as the minimum time for which children should stay; "many require a six months' stay, and for others again it is as a matter of fact the only form of school really suitable. For ourselves we contend open-air schools should be the normal type—it is better to prevent disease than to cure it. We cannot imagine any more Imperial way of spending the nation's money than this. The advice this paper gave to the Labour Party last Session, unless it was forced to move by the extremest necessity, followed. We can make it difficult for the Government to return the customary "thank you." But that is unimportant. The main thing is that they are no longer asleep.

We can afford to be gracious; for the Labour members of Parliament are now saying what this paper told them they should have said last Session. There has been another debate in the House of Commons on the problem of unemployment. Last Session a similar debate ended in a ridiculous failure; the Labour Party was soundly whipped, and took it like lambs. Now there are signs of war. Mr. Barnes, who opened the attack on behalf of his party, said he was not prepared to sit listening while the House of Commons discussed trivial matters of licensing and such things, instead of dealing with the all-important matter of unemployment.

That is a step forward. When Mr. Grayson not only said that last Session, but also in the debate on insisting on his point until he was suspended, then Mr. Barnes and his fellow Labour members said Mr. Grayson was an irresponsible clown. Now it appears that Mr. Barnes is about to do exactly the same thing. The old Mr. O'Grady followed up by announcing that he would obstruct the business of the House until it agreed to the Labour Party demands.

Whereupon Mr. Keir Hardie, not to be outdone in following our advice, told the Birmingham Member they had broken their pledged word; that they had betrayed the workers of this country once more, and he ended with the threat that the Labour Party would take action both in the House and the country which they had never taken before since the present Government came into office. He has followed this by an article in which he says: "Action of a more drastic kind than anything yet attempted by the party must follow. We can make it difficult for the Government to hold office unless they do something tangible. . . . We shall be accounted politicos by friends and opponent alike if we desert our unemployed brothers." Mr. Hardie in these words gives an admirable summary of the advice the paper gave to the Labour Party last Session. He entitles his article "The Great Betrayal," and seems surprised that once more a Liberal Government has played fast and loose with starving men and women. I venture to say that it was palpably clear to the newest beginner in politics that the Government had not the remotest intention of fulfilling its pledge to deal with the unemployed problem in a radical manner this Session, unless it was forced to move by the most extremer action on the part of the Labour Party. When some of us said that it was useless to listen to any more empty promises from Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, we were practically told that we were "schoolboys," and that we must follow the advice of statesmen who had grown grey in Parliamentary experience of the ways and manners of Cabinet procedure.

Now Mr. Keir Hardie admits he has been betrayed, which is exactly what the "schoolboy" politicians told him last Session. But what does it matter who was right or wrong so long as everyone is convinced of the truth at last? Of course, if the Labour Party had found out the truth before Christmas, the Government would have been forced to act; and thousands of men and women and children might have been spared weeks of hunger and cold. One wonders whether the Labour members are pleased to think that their reputation as gentlemen politicians, who never are disorderly, has been bought at the price of unnecessary misery.

But let us see exactly how far we have got towards
a better result this session. Mr. Barnes, Mr. O'Grady, and Mr. Hardie have all threatened the Government that the patience of their party has come to an end. Unless radical steps are taken, the Labour members will obstruct the business of the House and fight the Government. Mr. Grayson has stood on one side and allowed the Labour Party to have a free hand. "Gentlemen of the Guards, first fire!" Of course, the "Labour Leader" has been prompt to seize on this act of friendly consideration, and announce ungenerous imputations that Mr. Grayson is neglecting the business of the people. There is, however, little to complain of in that; a paper which is ready to forget the decencies of ordinary fairness will do its opponents no harm in the long run.

We are all waiting for the Labour members to do what they say they will do. They have had the Government's answer to their demands. Mr. Churchill, speaking at the end of the debate, said quite clearly that the reply of his Cabinet to the cry of the unemployed was that the Government could not set up labour exchanges and do anything to aid those waiting and watching for their representatives in Parliament to take any steps, however extreme, to drive the capitalist Government to mitigate the distress until the workmen of the country cannot accept; and the workmen of the country are waiting and watching for their representatives in Parliament to take any steps, however extreme, to drive the capitalist Government to mitigate the distress until they have brains enough to think of a radical remedy.

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ATTEMPTS are being made to put the Majority and Minority Reports of the Poor Law Commission into much sharper antagonism on some issues than a study of both Reports warrants. It is obvious from the fact that there are two Reports, and not one, that considerable differences exist; nor shall we attempt to minimise those particular differences. But the most astonishing thing to our mind is that a Commission of eighteen persons, representing diverse interests, sitting for forty months for the investigation of the most complicated feature of modern society, should arrive at so many conclusions unanimously or all but unanimously. Among the conclusions on which the Commissioners without exception are agreed are the urgent need for drastic changes in the existing Poor Law and its administration; the abandonment as obsolete of the 'principles of 1834'; the abolition of Boards of Guardians and of the General Mixed Workhouse; and the need of improvement in public provision for the children, the sick, and the aged.

This amounts, in short, to the epitaph of Bumble. By unanimous agreement, Bumble is in his grave; and the divergences of the Commissioners only begin to arise when they pass from their reports to their respective votes and the task of appointing his successor. It will be well to bear this fundamental agreement in mind in all subsequent discussion of the Reports, since in our view that agreement by itself makes impossible as well as undesirable any attempt to minimize the evidence of both parties the appointment of a successor who in all essential respects differs in no wise from Bumble himself.

On two preliminary proposals for reconstruction the first rift in the unanimity of the Commissioners begins to appear. Of the eighteen, all save two only are agreed that the old Union area must disappear from the map, and that the new unit of local administration must be the County Borough and County Council; and all save two are agreed that the functions hitherto discharged by the Boards of Guardians must in future be added to the duties of the County Boroughs and County Councils. In short, of the eighteen Commissioners, the vast majority, including the four who sign a Minority Report on other issues, are in favour of dividing or nationalising the administration of the Poor Law.

From this comparatively negligible divergence of sixteen to two the rift widens out on the question of the precise nature of the new authority to the dimensions of fourteen to four, and it was at this point that the definite Minority Report became desirable and, in fact, inevitable.

On the one hand, there were among the Commissioners at least six representatives of the Charity Organisation Society, who, while agreeing with the conclusions already referred to, desired to preserve, and even to extend, in any future Authority the elements of discouragement, investigation, and voluntary philanthropy, which partially charted the course of Bumble and completely characterises the Charity Organisation Society itself.

On the other hand were representatives of existing Boards of Guardians and a single Collectivist who were convinced by experience and by the lines of reconstruction proposed by the Commissioners that the desirable lines of reconstruction had already been long begun to be laid down, and that by the complete extension of existing transforming tendencies the new authority might be made readily and efficiently constituted.

The problem really turned on the view the respective Commissioners held of the causes of the failure of the Act of 1834. The Majority, for example, held that in effect the failure was due to the personnel of the Guardians; and undoubtedly Mr. Burns and his enquiries, no less than the creator of Bumble, have given some plausibility to the theory. The Minority, on the other hand, emphatically repudiate this view as a slander on the 24,000 persons who during three-quarters of a century have been without recognition or much respect, devoted to work for the betterment of the poor, and who, while agreeing with the conclusions already referred to, desired to preserve, and even to extend, in any future Authority the elements of discouragement, investigation, and voluntary philanthropy, which partially charted the course of Bumble and completely characterises the Charity Organisation Society itself.

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Old Age Pensions Act, with its local Pensions Committees; a Departmental Committee has recommended the transfer of the control of vagrants from Guardians to police. Finally, for the able-bodied unemployed there is an incoherence between the presence of at least six representatives of the Boards of Guardians' control. As Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in their Introduction to Messrs. Longmans' edition of the Minority Report, remark: "There is, in fact, no section of the great pauper host which the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834 indiscriminately placed under the care of the Boards of Guardians, of which, in 1909, they are left in undisturbed possession."

With these facts to contemplate, the Minority Report includes the incoherence of the Guardians has reached a point at which not only may the Boards of Guardians be dissolved by general consent, but the existing authorities, among whom the functions of the Guardians are already being parcelled out, may be safely and properly invested with the remnant of their respective assumptions. This involves what the Minority Report names "The Break-up of the Poor Law," and the distribution of its functions among existing or specially created bodies.

The Report recommends, for example, that pauper children should in future be administered entirely by the local Education Authorities; vagrants entirely by the Police, as recommended by the 1906 Committee; the aged entirely by the local Pension Authority, and the charity itself, with the remaining 'remnant' of the guardianship.

For the able-bodied unemployed the Minority Report recommends among other things a National Labour Exchange; of which much will be heard in the immediate future, since it figures as the first installment of the present Government's plans for dealing with Unemployment.

Such is in brief the Minority Report's proposal for a successor to Bumble. Bumble is, in short, to have no successor.

Turning now to the constructive proposals contained in the Majority Report, we find a very precise and, in our view, a very dangerous suggestion: a suggestion, moreover, for which the critical part of the same Report contained, should we have thought, the severest condemnation. In place of the ad hoc Boards of Guardians, elected and responsible, though, like Issachar, laden with too many burdens, the Majority Report recommends the creation of a statutory Committee of the County and County Borough Councils, to be named the Public Assistance Authority, and to be constituted after this extraordinary fashion. The Committee is to be nominated by each Council partially from its own members, the rest from outside. Furthermore, to this non-elected body is to be added a tail of "Voluntary Aid Committees," organised on the lines of the Charity Organisation Society: and this striking animal, when complete, shall constitute the new Poor Law Authority.

On the face of it, the proposal appears to us amazing, both in view of the admitted failure of the ad hoc Boards of Guardians, on which, save in the single respect of being non-elected, the new Committee seems to be modelled; and also in view of the remarkable coincidence between the presence of at least six representatives of the Charity Organisation Committee on the Commission, and the proposal to give the Charity Organisation Society carte blanche to take over and manage the whole Poor Law system of the future at the ratepayers' expense. In effect, the proposal is nothing less than the nationalisation of the Charity Organisation Society, an endowment, while still practically a privately-organised society, by rates and taxes. And knowing what we know of the C.O.S., we suggest that its answer to the problem of "Who shall succeed the dead Bumble?" is simply "Moi, je suis l'état. Moi Madame de Bumble!" We shall discuss other problems raised by these epoch-making Reports in a series of articles.

Insecurity of Life and Property on the N.W. Frontier of India.

It is impossible to say what was exactly present in the mind of Sir Charles Dilke when in the course of his speech in the House of Commons on East India Loans Bill he remarked that they could not ignore the fact that they were unable in certain portions of the Empire to give the full protection of British power to their Indian native subjects. It may be that he was referring to the treatment accorded to Indians in Natal, Canada, Australia, and the Transvaal, or it may be that he was thinking of the insecurity of life and property that has for some time prevailed on the N.W. frontier of the Indian Empire. His observations in any case cover both cases. The news from the N.W. frontier of the Punjab has of late consisted principally of raids and dacoities committed by independent frontier tribes possessing the latest fire-arms of European make. Some of these raids and dacoities have been committed in the immediate vicinity of British militia and police, and in several cases the capital of the N.W. frontier province has itself been the object of attack. In other cases villages have been loot-ed, British subjects killed, boys and girls kidnapped, and so on.

To an outsider it appears that Pax Britannica has lost a great deal of its prestige in the N.W. frontier province. Two military expeditions in the course of a single year have brought a number of decorations and honours to the troops and the officers who took part therein, but have failed to convince the frontier tribes of the invincibility of British arms. Those expeditions were won, so says rumour at least, more by the munificent gifts of money doles to the offenders than by military chastisement of any value.

If in one or two cases the offenders were actually caught red-handed, but had to be released under pressure of Foreign Office diplomacy. In other cases, the Government have failed to take adequate notice of the fact that these raids could not have been successfully concluded without the direct or indirect help which the raiders received from their relatives and co-religionists in British territories. The victims, of course, have mostly been Hindus, and that for the simple reason that they form a small fraction of the population in the frontier districts (a few Hindu houses midst hundreds and thousands of Mahomedans), and are rich and wealthy. The fact that they have been in those districts for generations before the British took possession of the country, shows that they were perhaps better looked after by their Mahomedan rulers, who, in the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community. Besides, they made no attempt to deny the interests of trade and commerce, afforded them full protection against the turbulent elements of their own community.
trade and commerce, or out of a sense of moral duty to protect those who had sought shelter, or carried on business, in their territory. The result is, that if not altogether destitute of these, and incapable of being guided by any consideration but that of military advantage, Indian rule in these districts from the Punjab Administration and their creation into a Chief Commissionership under the direct control of the Government of India. This has considerably added to the helplessness of the Hindu population of the frontier. To their own Hindu subordinates they contributed to that belief which has now been destroyed by their removal from the control of the Punjab Government and by the anxiety shown by the British authorities in pandering to their vanity by continual agitation, and having the fullest confidence in the capacity of British arms to protect their life and property, they allowed themselves to be victimised by Lord Curzon's words of wisdom against the aggressive nature. They are now paying the penalty against their folly. When under the Punjab Government, they could count upon the moral and material support of their fellow religionists in the Punjab in various ways. The frontier tribes had not yet entirely forgotten the liberties they had enjoyed under the rule of Ranjit Singh's generals, and they dared not molest the rich Hindus of the frontier province so long as they believed that the latter had the moral support of the descendents of Ranjit Singh's generals behind them. The fact that they were under the Provincial Administration contributed to that belief which has now been destroyed by their removal from the control of the Punjab Government and by the anxiety shown by the British authorities in pandering to their vanity by continual efforts to win them over by money doles. We are neither advocates of the so-called "Forward Policy" nor in favour of unnecessary interference in the affairs of independent tribes on the frontier, but the fact is that this interference never ceases, as the bug-bear of Russian invasion constantly presents itself to the minds of the British Government. It takes different shapes. Sometimes the suspicion of the frontier tribes is roused by the British undertaking surveys for strategic railways in their territories, and at other times by other measures which foretell future aggressions. That the pressure brought by the British Government on the Amir of Cabul to sign the Anglo-Russian Convention is partly responsible to effect far-reaching reforms in the administration of India. His lordship's great and imposing personality appears to have observed that he "challenges Mr. Belloc to produce proof of this most seriously malvolent charge, and in default, looks to him as a responsible legislator and a gentleman, and a man who knows the grave nature of any serious detraction, to withdraw his accusation as publicly as he has made it."

Now, in reply to that challenge, I will begin by telling Mr. Lovibond something that I regard as being of the very greatest importance, and it is this: that in public affairs the demand for accurate and detailed proof in support of general and publicly-known truth, is a mark not of honesty, but of dishonesty, in political argument.

It is an exceedingly important point to make, because no one has hitherto attempted to drag us into our political system than this, and it is a view as rotten in logic and reason as it is in morals. Things publicly and generally known are much more surely known than things arrived at by a detailed process of minute circumstantial evidence. It was publicly known, for instance, in Napoleon III.'s time that the Court corruptly speculated in the improvements of Paris which it had itself ordered. It was publicly known in England two years ago that in case of war between France and Germany we were pledged to certain definite forms of aid in favour of the French.

The public certitude in these matters is founded upon an infinity of detail, of gesture, of known character and expression, of analogy, which yields a far stronger sense of certitude than the accumulation of half a dozen or a dozen particular points of proof of the sort valuable only in the obscure research of a private case.

That is the first point. The second point is that even if special points of particular evidence were of more value than these great public certitudes, that evidence could not be obtained. Suppose I want to prove that the Court of Russia had before the war financial interests in Northern Corea, a matter commonly and patently known to the whole of Europe—how should I obtain the evidence? What would be the sanction of the subpoena? Whom could I get to come and testify? What machinery could I compel him to speak the truth?

The third point is that even when, as in a court of law, you can cause witnesses to come, and you can cross-examine them, all the weight in an accusation of public corruption lies with the wealthy party to the suit. The judge is highly salaried, a special jury is chosen (a jury that is specially uninterested, even if the cause is expensive; and the destruction of the poorer man is achieved by depriving him of his property in amounts strictly in proportion to the wealth of the financial
power which he has attacked. Any one who, in this country, at the present time, gives public expression to a truth unfavourable to the wealthy, is in grave peril of bankruptcy or of imprisonment. True, custom permits great licence in the conversation of the governing classes, but every force of a plutocratic society is at work to prevent the knowledge they have from percolating to the mass of the nation. The challenge to name a particular wealthy person or interest is a delibera- te challenge to play cards with card-sharpers who have stacked the pack, and I for one should not be such fools as to play that kind of game.

But if Mr. Lovibond thinks there are no bases for the general accusation, he is richly mistaken; and I can carry the war into Africa by asking him whether he will affirm (and give proof of his affirmations): (1) That the value of the licenses was not usually included when the brewers unloaded upon the public, under the head "value of premises, freethold and leasehold." (2) That the public would have in case that point had been made perfectly clear. (3) That the tenants of tied houses sign the brewers' documents in restraint of trade (which in this country we idiotically permit to be signed) with a full knowledge of what they are signing. I beg leave to point out to Mr. Lovibond that however excellent a plea of common law, in morals it is no defence to say the man you were cheating was a fool or an ignorant man. (4) That the great majority of tied-house tenants retain their tenancy for lengthy periods and without loss. (5) That a copy of the agreement is invariably left with the tenant, or even commonly left with him. (6) That the turnover of the tied house is actually regulated to the incoming tenant. These are particular points of a highly significant character. Is he prepared to answer them in the affirmative, and to furnish proof? I should like to see it! He knows perfectly well that he can do nothing of the kind.

All judgments of motive must proceed upon analogy, and upon our common knowledge of mankind. There is no positive evidence as to motive. But when one sees something sold at a very high price to the public, and immediately after the sale begin to depreciate rapidly in value, it is a perfectly legitimate conclusion that the object was deliberately foisted by the seller on the buyer by false representations. When one knows how much of modern company promotion consists in doing nothing else but this, it is evident that the weight of proof lies with the vendor in any particular example of such a thing. He stands accused at the bar of general opinion: it is for him to clear himself. He can do so by publishing the facts; and if those who floated the concern are willing to gather proofs and statistics to show that the price at which the public came in was a price warranted by the true economic conditions of the trade at the moment, and if they can further show that the vast depreciation which followed was similarly due to economic causes which could not have been foreseen, the vendor would clear himself of the suspicion under which he now lies. But he will not achieve this remarkable feat until he has published in the fullest manner letters, statistics, and contracts; which, in the case of most companies I have attempted to investigate, do not seem very easy to get at.

I will not prolong this already lengthy letter by bothering about the qualifications of Mr. Lovibond's criticism. The fact that I was born a "gentleman" does not seem to me to be relevant. Many gentlemen are great scoundrels. That I am a "legislator" is the main object of ours, which is to smash the tied-house system. Hilaire Belloc.
violent controversy was more necessary now than ever.

Exactly, and who but Socialists will oblige him? The anti-Socialists will not discuss: the anti-Suffragists will not discuss. You mention Bax? Bax is a Socialist.

Then you contend that Socialists are precisely the democrats of Mr. Chesterton's desire?

Decidedly, they and no other. Of all people now engaged in political life they are most fiercely engaged. Of all politicians they alone stand for the assault on the citadels of autocracy, aristocracy, and oligarchy. Consequently, apart from their economic views, of all people they are most nearly the people of Mr. Chesterton's own temperament.

But he fears, does he not, a new form of tyranny resulting from their economic views; namely, Bureaucracy?

I imagine he does; and I confess it appears he has some ground for his fears.

You are apprehensive yourself?

At times, yes. Experts and specialists are excellent servants, but they are worse masters than any autocrat. Autocracy, aristocracy, and oligarchy have virtues along with their vices; but government by experts I should regard as an unfixed evil. There is a tendency in certain Socialist circles to worship the expert and the specialist: it is a dangerous tendency. But Mr. Chesterton mistakes a tendency for a necessity; he conceives Bureaucracy as involved in Socialism, whereas I believe the movement will shed its reverence in a very little while.

Have you any grounds for your hopes?

Partly theoretical, partly on evidence, partly personal. I know that this tendency, for example, is confined practically to the Fabian Society, and even there with narrow limits; and that it is intensely unpopular outside London. Again, I know that nowhere in existing Socialist organisations is the expert regarded as much better than a crank. Then there is my own personal attitude, typical enough I should say.

What is that?

That no expert, no specialist, king, saint, or what not, is good enough for me to permit him to govern me without my consent.

But with your consent?

Ah, that is always and must always be conditional, which makes the government representative and democratic. Mr. Chesterton would not object, presumably, to a bureaucracy subject to popular consent.

He might regard it, nevertheless, as capable when once elected, of dispensing with that consent.

Against that I fear there is no remedy but eternal vigilance, which, after all, is the price of living freedom. Moreover, I believe that vigilance would be easier to exercise over a bureaucracy than over an oligarchy. For one thing, it lacks the charm of manners that lulls the sense of liberty: neither has it any native attractiveness. Again, vigilance under an appointed bureaucracy becomes a duty as well as a right. On the whole, even Mr. Chesterton would rather lead a popular attack on, let us say, a Eugenist Health Department than on the House of Lords! Probably. I will ask him.

I have one remark to add, and it concerns Democracy. We have often been at cross-purposes in our use of the terms aristocracy and democracy: the misunderstanding caused me to write the lamentable sentence which Mr. Chesterton hung on a lamp-post. But I am always ready for an even more vivid form of Democracy than Mr. Chesterton seems yet to have envisaged. Government by consent appears to satisfy him entirely. I seek a Government by request. When in place of a candidate wooing a constituency you shall see a constituent wooing a candidate, and a noble candidate, then indeed will you see a vigorous Democracy: but we shall possibly name it, Aristocracy.

A. R. ORAGE.

The Right to Walk.

A friend of mine who has just returned from Central Africa tells me that in the course of his travels he came upon a certain large and important tribe of people called the Manli Manni enjoying a considerable amount of civilization, and the remarkable thing about this race was that none of its women were ever permitted to walk. The wives of the chiefs were mostly carried on litters, and other women were required to go on all fours when they desired to move about. When my friend expressed surprise at this strange custom, he was assured as infants could not walk, it was right that women should not walk. To walk was the peculiar and special prerogative of the male sex.

My friend, who spent some time investigating the conditions of these people, also learnt that there were now many men and women among the Manli Manni who quite believed that the time had come for removing this restriction, and that it was only the intense conservatism of the ruling chiefs and the fear and prejudice of their unenlightened and somewhat superstitious followers that prevented women using their legs as men did.

In answer to my friend's statement that women in other parts of the world were permitted to walk, the old chiefs shook their heads gravely, and declared that such a state of things might be harmless in new countries, but that an ancient and powerful race like the Manli Manni would find it disastrous. Some of the chiefs' servants said openly they didn't believe women walked anywhere, and thought my friend was romancing.

Pursuing the enquiry, my friend found the objections to any change in the position of women extremely varied and interesting.

The medicine men were inclined to think Nature had not given women sufficiently strong feet to stand upright on. The priests held that it was forbidden in the sacred writings for women to walk. The "braves" of the tribe shouted that as women could not kill their foes in war, they should not be allowed to walk. The law-givers said that amongst the Manli Manni it had been decreed from everlasting that women were not to walk as the men, and that to alter the law in this matter would be impossible. Others pointed out to my friend how dangerous it would be for women to begin walking, since they had never done it hitherto. While others, again, held that if women did walk, they would cease to be women, for this matter of making women more the essence of sex.

"Where are they going to walk to?" and "How do you know they won't kick?" were the two questions that my friend was generally called upon to answer when the matter was discussed.

I gathered, however, that the subject was provoking considerable excitement in the country of the Manli Manni, and that, in spite of the opposition to the proposal, it was probable that in a short time women would be found on their feet.

Anxious to discover the opinions of some of the guides and leaders of the great British public on this revolutionary movement now disturbing the Manli Manni, I have elicited the following replies from certain well-known men and women:

Lord A-----: I do not think women desire to walk, or would be better for walking. My studies of ants proved to me that wisdom and industry (women's priceless gifts) are quite compatible with creeping slowly on many legs.

Lord C-----: A long residence in Egypt has convinced
me that women were never intended to share man's labo-
rious toil of walking.

Mrs. H.—y W.—d: Women's desire to walk proves their very unfitness for such a business. At the same time, I think they should be allowed to walk within the precincts of their home, and in public they might well be allowed to hop.

Lord I.—r: As a scientist, I know that the bones and muscles of the female are different from those of the male. Had nature intended the female to walk as the male does, this difference would not exist.

The Earl of S—p: If one woman walks, sooner or later all will walk. Litherto man has held the championship for walking, but that championship is threatened if woman be permitted to be his rival. I cannot contemplate a world where man is out-walked by woman.

Rev. K.—d K.—g: Allow women to walk! For shame. Give them carriages and motor cars. The charm of a woman's foot would be gone were walking permitted to these delicate creatures. Besides, think what mischief they would get into! The idea is only another sign of the national decadence I deplore.

Mr. G. C.—n: Walking on all fours is the natural and justified exercise of all religious men and women. (I love playing bears.) Women will be no longer the star and emblem of all that is highest in humanity if they care on two legs, like kangaroos. I look forward to the time when every jolly Democrat will drop this fantastic two-leg arrangement, and be as a little child again. Meanwhile, no walking for women, if I can help it. Man is nearest the divine the closer he is to earth.

Mrs. J.—a D.—n (Editor "W. W."): My heart bleeds for my sisters and brothers of the Manli-Manni. But those who are stirring up the women to walk are quite unfit for such a mission. They are terrible to think that some women may walk, and not all. Unless it can be shown that all women will go, walking, none must go. No; at all costs, the women must be warned against attempting to walk under their present leadership.

Right Hon. H. H. A.—h: I repent I cannot discuss the matter. I have not yet heard of any serious demand among women for the right to walk. No; at all costs, we must be warned against attempting to walk under their present leadership.

Right Hon. J.—n B.—s: Should women walk? Certainly. And I have one on each of my arms when they do. It's no good their walking unless they are in good company.

Mr. P. W. W.: I am sure women will be allowed to walk by and by, if only they keep still now and don't move.

Right Hon. G. W. E. R.—l: I am a Whig. In my circle, we never allow for walking. If such a thing is possible, it is eminently indecorous. At a dinner table is where one expects to find a lady, and not walking on foot.

Duke of N.—d: I have never walked myself, and cannot expect to find a lady, and not walking on foot.

Miss M.—e C.—i: Dancing is far more womanly than walking, but neither is essential to true womanhood.

Editor "S.—y R.—w": I can only say that these women who claim equality in the matter of walking would best be answered by a flogging with the cat-o'-nine tails. That would quickly test the sincerity of this ridiculous agitation.

Mr. B.—t R.—x: As a Social Democrat, I believe that all men and women should walk. But women have such innumerable advantages over men by the present arrangements, that to let them walk would be disgusting. A bas les femmes. Let them remain as they are.

Hon. I.—g: To walk is to balance oneself. I am satisfied that women have not the necessary feet for such an enterprise.

Mrs. H.—y F.—t: All my life I have been strongly in favor of women walking. But we must go carefully in this matter, without opposition. With a helping hand from man, we shall find our feet.

Miss C.—l P.—t: Let the women rise up now. They have never stood up and they will soon learn to walk.

A good many Members of Parliament wrote that they wanted to know how women would walk before they could make up their minds on the matter.

JESSE CLAYTON.
"Bax would not believe the miracle of St. Januarius if you piled the evidence for it up to the very heavens. And Bax would not cut my throat, although he would have a multitude of excellent reasons for doing so; for, as far as he's concerned, to get my money, or save my share of our food, or even stop my talking. Neither would he cut his own throat, as a reason, though he would, logically, I suppose, be willing to do so. He, like myself, illogically believes and disbelieves, according to his fancy."

Surely the point is painfully simple. It depends on Bax whether he cuts his throat; it does not depend on Bax whether the Januarian blood is liquefied; it might be liquefied in spite of his daily protests. Of course, logic is not a cause for ultimate action. Of course reason is not a reason. But reason is permitted to a man who denies rational truth. He asks why he should believe anything that he finds it jolly to believe. And this is the end of the man who for nearly twenty years told us to face facts, to ignore romantic illusions, to dismiss it. But all these facts are secondary to the question of Chesterton facing all ways; but not through any merit of Chesterton. It is a curious philosophy for Bernard Shaw. But we must not admire Charles Lamb. THE NEW AGE.

\"Bax would not believe the miracle of St. Januarius if you piled the evidence for it up to the very heavens. And Bax would not cut my throat, although he would have a multitude of excellent reasons for doing so; for, as far as he's concerned, to get my money, or save my share of our food, or even stop my talking. Neither would he cut his own throat, as a reason, though he would, logically, I suppose, be willing to do so. He, like myself, illogically believes and disbelieves, according to his fancy.\"

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Now the Church never demanded from us this utter apportion of reason; this surrender to sentimentalism. Nor does it demand that destruction of all democratic sentiment which is demanded by, Mr. Bax. There are a great many points on which I could profitably quarrel with him also; but they are rather points of detail, for Mr. Bax's article is particularly clear and careful, while in the case of Shaw's—well, if I were not too thoroughly acquainted with his unfortunate habits, I should say he was not sober when he wrote it. There are many Bax's points that might be dealt with; for instance, about the Zeitgeist! It is obvious that people are slightly different in different ages; so they are in different houses down a street. But suppose I said: "The vast invisible Number Spirit makes the colonel at No. 17 kinder than the doctor at No. 18." you would probably object and say mildly that the numbers had nothing to do with it. You would not be satisfied if I merely answered, "Do you deny that the colonel and the doctor are different? You would say that the difference of the people was not a Time Spirit or a Number Spirit, but was a difference of the people. There are twenty other topics on which I could quarrel with Mr. Bax. I could point out that I never said that Huysman was not a decadent. But he has in a disastrous hour said that Brunetière was a decadent, which is about seven degrees more absurd than saying that Husseyman was not a decadent. And I might point out, that like all those metaphysicians who try to make a modern oligarchy, he employs mere mystery; he sums his strength not to answer my theory, but to dismiss it. But all these facts are secondary to the general, the great primary impression that both he and Shaw are sectarian. They represent not a permanent truth, but perpetual actions and reactions, which, even when they are just, are still small.

Let me take one case from your paper, but far away from this topic. One gentleman wrote in The New Age that we must not admire Charles Lamb: we must admire Samuel Johnson, because he was more Dionysian or something. We do not allow ourselves to be limited in this way. A Christian opens his eyes very wide and asks, "Why can't I admire both?" Because sturdy self-confidence is good, is dreamy self-analysis necessarily bad? Only to the sects. Not to the church of mankind. To be Sam Johnson is to be a very big thing; but to be a Dionysian is a microscopic, an invisible thing: it will perish and Sam will remain.

Johnson did love the Lamb of his time, Goldsmith. I have spoken of Catholic with a big and a small C: if you like it, it is the same with Lamb. The New Age critic will not allow me Lamb with a big L; Shaw will not allow me Lamb with a small one. Their mark is negation. Remaining a Christian, I am free to enjoy the virtus of Johnson and the verecundia of Lamb. But if I have followed Schopenhauer I must not enjoy cheerfulness; and if I have followed Shaw, I must not enjoy melancholy. These Shavian optimists forbid reverie or regret, which are two of the joys of man. They are not strong enough to relax; they are only strong enough to stiffen. The Nietzsche men have not enough animal spirits to be melancholy. Having never been young, they cannot regret their youth; having never loved, they cannot remember. But all those million and mingled points of view we can have, as Shakespeare had them; we can be as sweet as Lamb or as strenuous as Johnson; we can be as rational as Bax or as irrational as Bernard Shaw. For we are free: because the Church is not a sect. Because the Church is something wider than the world. It is not a question of Chesterton facing both ways. It is a question of Chesterton facing all ways; but not through any merit of Chesterton.

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from Fabian Office, 3 Clement's Inn; and from Hon. Sec., 31 Sprites Road Brockley, S.E.
A book, very interesting as a revelation (chiefly unconscious) of the psychology of the patristic demagogue (French variety) is "Pages Françaises," by Paul Droulède (Bloud et Cie., 3 frs. 50 c.). It is not a new volume by the famous exile and Boulangist, but a collection of extracts from his journals, his orations, and his verse, preceded by a biographical study from the pen of the brothers Tharaud. These brothers are novelists, and came to public notice by their novel "Dingley," which won the annual prize of the Académie Goncourt a few years ago. To win a Goncourt prize you must—I will not be able to write; and when you may write, I mean write—but you must certainly not be the possessor of an original and arresting talent; you must be slightly finicking. The biographical study, therefore, is a respectable achievement while lacking in force and ruthless. The brothers Tharaud take their subject with immense seriousness. They do not in the least perceive him as a cup continually running over with unconscious humour. The history of his relations with Boulangier is really striking. You can hear the swish of the skirts of Madame de Bonnemains. You can see, later, Boulangier weeping over her grave, and protesting hysterically to those who wanted to drag him to a throne in Paris: "I owe myself to this grave!" It is striking, but it is also, in the French sense, fantastic. Fantastic the theatrical, so enormously self-deceiving as Drouléde's could have remained loyal to such a weak, spluttering, disloyal fool as Boulangier for a week. The account of the famous coup d'État raid in the Place de la Bastille is sidesplitting—if you belong to the generation of which Drouléde's state of preparation: "He had on him a hundred thousand francs, proclamations, appeals signed by members of the future provisional government, and in a pocket—under-straps to keep his trousers in shape—full of currants, and "Amours." In its absence of "d-cracks," and instead of a masterpiece of wit, realism, and malice; no doubt somewhat autobiographical. With such a man on the directorate of an anthology of contemporaries, the result was bound to be fine, astringent, and strictly satisfactory. And it is. In its absence of "d-d nonsense," the collection is simply precious. Besides the stars, such as Maeterlinck, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Latour, Moréas, de Rémusat, Verhaeren, the anthology deals with poets who are infinitely less known outside France than they ought to be, such as Charles Guérin, van Leerbergh, Laurent Tailhade, and Tristan Corbière. The tremendous "Rapsode Foraine et le Pardon de Sainte-Anne" of Corbière is given; and such perfections of Laurent Tailhade as the "Place des Petites Fleurs de St. François," with equally admirable notes by Professor Georges Dottin. "Pensées," of F. De La Mennais, notes by Arnold Goffin. "Les Croisades" (Adrien Fortin), and "Le Histoire du Catholicisme en Angleterre" (Gabriel Planque), "Les Croisades" (Adrien Fortin), and "Le Comité de Salut Public" (Marcel Navarre). That collection which makes so much concession to what is deemed to be popular taste should be published at sixpence, and that they should sell well—as they do—is pleasing. They are all issued by MM. Bloud et Cie, who specialise in the combination of inexpensiveness with scholarly and literary debt. JACOB TONSON.
To My Friends the Enemy and to Mr. G. K. Chesterton
in Particular:
A Reply to Some Criticisms on "Charles Dickens
the Apostle of the People."
By Edwin Pugh.

Mr. Chesterton says that I possess, among other virtues, that of knowing by instinct where my real enemy is. Well, I regard Mr. Chesterton—certainly not as my enemy—but as one of the worst enemies of Socialism.

I do not give a fig for the vulgar follies and flaming ignorance of the "Globe" and similar journals; and the pompous absurdities of most of the other capitalist organs have long since ceased either to amaze or amuse me. The "Globe," or instance, commenting on my passing allusion to Tom Sadler's Ten Hours Bill of 1832, says that I might as well refer to that philanthropist's successor at Newark as Bill Gladstone, whereas the fact is, of course, that I have merely quoted the current description of that Act, as any reference to any encyclopaedia, or to any history of politics, or any contemporary records or official documents, would have revealed to the unsophisticated nincompoop who wrote that. Not that the "Globe" matters, any more than any encyclopaedia, or to any history of politics, or any contemporary records or official documents.

But Mr. Gilbert Chesterton squats in none of these. "Spectator"'s laudable determination to go on appreciating a gentleman, even though I have no use for the word; and to tell all the other reviewers who, though they have not really lost their tempers, have hardly preserved their dignity, that I sympathise with them in their endeavours to make insincerity look like sincerity, because I am a bit of a journalist myself. On the whole, however, I feel that I have small grounds of complaint, after all; most of my critics have dealt very fairly with me, and I have received much undeserved praise from most unlikely quarters. That one dear friend should find my style turgid whilst the rest agree that it is admirable may not signify so great a contradiction as may at first sight appear. To those who assure me that I have written a very bad book which I have read with considerable enjoyment, I can only tender my condolences.

But Mr. Gilbert Chesterton squate in none of these mangiers. I have read his own book on Dickens, and I have hardly met any English persons who could be said to know it at all, in the sense that they know the works of Wilkie Collins or Mrs. Henry Wood.

For the rest, since I have wandered up this by-path, it is sufficient to applaud the dear, old, kindly, patronising "Spectator". I have long ago ceased either to amaze or amuse him.

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read him. So that I was not disappointed when he refrained from accusing me of being a gentleman; or when he faltered in the act of deploring my crude and melodramatic appeals to the gallery, and just in time remembered that since the gallery is obviously the most important part of the theatre—and since he might therefore be expected to say that it was not—ought he to agree that it was, and so get his surprise in, somehow.

Apart from this inevitable display of ground and lofty tumbling, however—you see, I have the elephant on the trapeze, now—I am indebted in gratitude to Mr. Chesterton for several stimulating and suggestive criticisms, of which I hope to make some some use. Among these I do not reckon such pronouncements as "Bumble was a product of Socialism" and "Mr. Tite Barnacle was a representative of Socialism." They were nothing of the kind: they were flunkeys. And when he asks: "How any calculating creature can think that we can extend the number of Government offices without extending the number of Government officials and the prevalence of the officer mind," he is either very foolish or very dishonest; for he ought to know that, since the number of State officials, there would be a sweeping reduction in the number of other officials, as there always is when any amalgamation of interests takes place.

Then Mr. Chesterton is utterly wrong in supposing that the argument is that I cannot not be told that Socialism and Democracy "have nothing to do with each other." I think that the democracy has a great deal to do with Socialism; and that Mr. Chesterton, on reflection, really thinks so, too, is plain from his acceptance of the people's potential omnipotence well in his declaration that "it is obvious that there might be a democracy which always decided against Socialism." In effect, if Mr. Chesterton means that Democracy and Socialism are not the same thing I agree with him, of course; but if he means what he says, then I am afraid that his intelligence and mine are on different planes.

Again, Mr. Chesterton says, in attempting to defend Dickens against the charge of "gay, cynical carelessness" which I impugn to the pervading tone of "Pickwick," that my accusation makes him want to talk to me like a father, if not like a Dutch uncle. "Let me assure him (says G. K. C.), with all-shattering emphasis, that no cynic from Pickwick, if he judges by their books, can be gay, for he will not be." That is really a wonderful statement, you know. And I can hardly believe that Mr. Chesterton means it seriously. If he had said that no cynic ever has been, or can be, happy, I should understand him. But . . . gay! It has always seemed to me that cynicism is a sort of pathos—a sort of gaiety in any man who knows and feels the facts of life. For this reason I call such writers about the poor as Mr. Pett Ridge, irreclaimably cynical.

Which brings me to the crux of the main outstanding difference between Mr. Chesterton and myself. And since my book is about an Apostle of the People, he will pardon me for saying that he does not know what poverty is. For you cannot know the poor by studying them: you must be one of them. And I have been one of them. And that is why I can only be gay in my very rare moods of cynicism. It is in the same lists that Mr. Chesterton tilts with me on the score of some taint of Puritanism, or something of that sort, that he suspects in me. He seems to think that when I have a word to say against the poor man's bar; that the sight of an inebriated man disgusts me. Says Mr. Chesterton: "But it seems stranger still that a person who finds the port and brandy of 'Pickwick' too coarse for his stomach can be all the time himself, as his hero, as a representative of the masses." Putting aside that Mr. Pickwick and his cronies, afflent men, did not belong to the masses, Mr. Chesterton is wrong in assuming that I blame the poor for getting drunk. On the contrary, I have a great change in getting pure drink to help them to a state which, in comparison with their normal state, must be blissful. For the plain truth is that the poor man hardly ever

### The Scope of the Work

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*Yours truly [Sgd] Arnold H. Ullyett (F.R.G.S., A.C.P.)*

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Please mention "New Age."
gets drunk. He goes mad. Sometimes it is raving madness, sometimes melancholia, sometimes erotic mania, oftenest mere imbecility and bestiality. He is not drunk: he is poisoned. And, anyway, what have the high spirits of the Pickwickians, a little accentuated by brandy and port, to do with the bad spirits that the men and women of the underworld pour into themselves? If Mr. Chesterton will set Newman Noggs and Mr. Dolls against Dick Swiveller and Mr. Micawber he will better appreciate Dickens's point of view—and, I think, my own. There is too much drinking in "Pickwick," just as there are too many "Dams" and especially too many Sams, simply because the book was written in a white heat of irresponsible inspiration and the breathless young author had no time to think or to take pains.

But already I have transgressed the limits of my space, and so must conclude with the briefest expression possible of my hearty feeling towards Mr. Chesterton for his extremely kind and sympathetic notices of my book. One word of advice I will give him: To read it again, after he has taken another course of Dickens, conning him by the new light I have provided.

REVIEW.

Great English Novelists. By Holbrook Jackson.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has succeeded in doing far more than he was instructed to do. His volume appears as one of a series which is intended, he tells us in his preface, "to supply concise biographical estimates of the lives and accomplishments of various eminent people." He has given us all that, but he has made of his book, as well, a very charming study of the growth of the English novel. He has hit that fine balance between historical detail and critical deduction which has set his subjects in an atmosphere which gives them all the quality of life. We leave each essay with a consciousness of a personal touch with the human being it was written of, and an understanding of the link between the man and his work. We venture to think that a knowledge of the biographical fact is generally the soundest basis for a critical estimate, outside the reading of the works themselves. Mr. Jackson has given us all the essential facts, and enough pertinent criticism to give a point of view from which to view the novel and its own pages. For example, to know that at the age of thirteen Richardson was the appointed love-letter scribe of so many of the women of his circle, is to have a key to the secret of his fame. Again, what could more vividly impress us with the essence of Pamela than to be told how the villagers of Slough "were so overjoyed at the triumph of the virtuous heroine that they insisted on going out and ringing the bells of the parish church" when the blacksmith had finished reading it to them. To which narrative Mr. Jackson slyly adds that, nevertheless, the public interest in the triumph of virtue was singularly damped when Richardson proceeded to continue the story, in two more volumes, of Pamela's married life: "Interest in Pamela ended with her marriage. 'That's all de fur de story goes,' Uncle Remus would have said," is this author's wise and witty comment. In short, it would be difficult to find a more illuminating introduction to the lives and works of the great men in that very wide field of art which takes the novel form.

Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith, are treated with individual success and linked together with critical insight. The book is, further, illustrated by 32 portraits and geographical pictures, mainly from old prints of great interest.

Aerial Warfare. By R. P. Hearne. With an introduction by Sir Hiram S. Maxim. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

The chief value of this interesting book lies in the fact that it states the case for airships as engines of war, in terms which the man of average intelligence can understand; and, further, it reveals once again the historic disintegration of our War Office to keep pace …
with the times in the implements and conditions over which it has control. Whilst Germany is spending hundreds of thousands of pounds on its Zeppelin “Dreadnoughts,” the British Government is equally engaged in the creation of a fleet of air-cruisers of the “Patroon” type, yet we are wasting the few thousands we do spend upon dirigibles that are obsolete in form and doomed in practice. Since it is indubitable that airships of some form or other dirigible balloons or (as is more probable) aeroplanes, will be used in the wars of the future, it would seem to be the most common sense on the part of the War Office to see that its department for the construction of these machines was not only fully equipped with funds for necessary equipment, but that it should be ready to negotiate for the building of whatever aeronautical genius the country can produce.

Instead of this it plays a waiting game, and enterprising inventor like Mr. Hervé do not advocate, as he does in this book, the formation of an Aerial Defence League, to quicken the moribund authorities. Both Mr. Hervé and Sir Hiram Maxim recognize the limitations of the dirigible as a war machine; Sir Hiram, indeed, considers that invention to be already at the end of its tether. Mr. Hervé and Sir Hiram would not return to the airship to such a limited interpretation of the subject. The latter is interested in aeronautics, he considers that atmospheric conditions, which now are fatal, may prove navigable with a minimum of risk. Further, he points out that one of the greatest dangers to the dirigible of today is from the question of whether to build dirigibles for purposes of commerce and recreation or for war purposes. Hence the sole cause of the destruction of “Zeppelin IV” and our own “Nulli Secundus.”

The chief value of the dirigible, however, will be as an instrument of observation during action; although in a possible invasion of England, the air fleets of Germany and France, Mr. Hervé imagines this form of aerostat could do effective work in the way of shelling our naval bases. It is difficult to write on aerial navigation without entering into highly speculative realms. But Mr. Hervé is not so pessimistic. With increased experience in aeronautics, he considers that

As FEBRUARY 25, 1909

Shear My Sheep. By Dennis Hird. (A. and C. Fifield. 12s.)

A numerous, powerful, intelligent class that could reorganise civilization like a bit of machinery, and yet does nothing of the kind. That toils and suffers and dies, and if it sees an aristocrat beams with happiness, because it is the absence of proper harbour-age, this being a main eye on their war value, are interesting and instructive; whilst those sections dealing with such questions as “Can England be Raided?” “Aerial Law,” “Airships Under Fire,” and “Armament,” are suggestive contributions to this most modern of activities. We can safely recommend the book to all who want a comprehensive view of airships in reference to a possible future in the air. The volume has 27 first-rate illustrations of aerostats past and present.

The desire to point to the general trend of certain social forces and movements induced the compilers to select and arrange those small, but sufficient, examples of the writing of the pioneers of modern Socialism, believing that such a guide would be helpful to students and others in determining possible effects. To this end, Dr. Clark's aim in this book is to warn health faddists of the dangers with which the present rush for health is surrounding them. The chapters on alcohol and tea and exercise are vigorous, sane, and sound. There is something of the extremist in those on "The Bath" and "Fresh Air." Most people will disagree with the view that bathing is not essential to cleanliness, and that we tend to wash ourselves into the grave; that "The Tale of a Tub" is really "The Tragedy of a Bath." Nor will the author's views on fresh air mania, considered as a legal form of murder, be received without protest. However, the book is evidently written to warn people of the risks that lurk in over-simplification of life, and in its suggestions that a complex being cannot be a successful simple-lifer, and we should give Nature a chance of distinguishing itself, there is much hidden wisdom.

Was Will die Zeit. Von Curt Barclay und Erich Max. (Verlag Soziologe Erkenn, Berlin. 1m. 9opfg.)

The desire to point to the general trend of certain social forces and movements induced the compilers to select and arrange those small, but sufficient, examples of the writing of the pioneers of modern Socialism, believing that such a guide would be helpful to students and others in determining possible effects. Be this as it may in Germany, the compilers have evidently overlooked the important fact that in England we have got two points beyond them--a rich economic and social force, and the economist can tell you what is the tendency of the dominant force, the biologist what are the effects of the force on the race, through the individual, and the mystic, the spiritual effects through intuition. The writers, careless as they are of the rise of the English, French, and German, beginning with St. Simon and Fourier and ending with Marx, Engels, and Lasalle. Each is prefaced by a brief but enlightening biography.
Lady Noggs Intervenes. By Edgar Jepson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

New Age readers require no introduction to Mr. Jepson, and know that in the present work they are assured an effective style, wit, a gift of observation, and common sense.

In “Lady Noggs Intervenes,” Lady Felicia Grandison carries on the traditions of “Lady Noggs, Peacess.” She continues to develop in a series of highly diverting adventures, the originality and episodically, in many other causes, in which her singular manner of doing good is consistently manifested. Thus, for example, in the first part of the book, she gets better treatment for a neglectedurchin of the tinker type by abducting him; realises natural truths from a letter and eight hundred pounds he had off her friend; compels two fashionables to restore ill-gotten I.O.U.’s to a foolish pigeon; induces two persons of romantic dispositions to marry suddenly and quietly to avoid scandal; successfully appeals the law of complemental sex attraction, and procuring an excellent foil to the wise recluse.

The book is exceedingly and consistently clever and amusing. Its psychology rings true, and it provides a number of convincing sketches of the ingenious mind, first of a child and thereafter of a young woman full of animal spirits, who revels in a favourable environment.

Those who like literary comedy should read it.

DRAMA.

One Way of Love.

Even within my own theatrical memory, which is not a very long one, there has been a marked change in the treatment of love. In the old romantic drama love was assumed to be in its nature irrevocable and unchangeable, and lovers must marry or commit suicide with the possible alternative in much mitigated cases of the noble renunciation to be followed by life-long celibacy. Such a theory was obviously at variance with the commonest facts of observation, and we are well rid of it. Such a theory was obviously at variance with the commonest facts of observation, and we are well rid of it.

Perhaps the richest humour was supplied by Mrs. Calvert, whose personation of the chronic hysteric patient (a doctor’s widow) I shall remember till I die. There is, alas, no proper comic nomenclature for this more profoundly than at Mrs. Calvert.

The one failure of the cast was, curiously enough, the one failure of the play—Mrs. Ferguson. It did not seem to me that either Mr. Maugham, who wrote the dialogue, or Miss Whalley, who acted the part, knew exactly what kind of woman they were presenting. Some of her observations, as, for example, her expression of delight at Penelope’s apparent trustfulness and unseemly pairs off with the urchin—now a notable portrait painter—who opens the story.

The book is exceedingly and consistently clever and amusing. Its psychology rings true, and it provides a number of convincing sketches of the ingenious mind, first of a child and thereafter of a young woman full of animal spirits, who revels in a favourable environment.

Those who like literary comedy should read it.

end by being nothing. Penelope is a model, affectionate wife. She cannot bear to let her husband out of her sight for a moment longer than is necessary. She desires to share everything with him, and expects him to share everything with her. She sits on the arm of her chair while he smokes a cigarette, and knows all the details of his daily doings. Above all, she is always asking him “when he will be back.” The result, of course, is that from sheer boredom and satiety he drifts into a purposeless love affair with a grass-widow. Penelope, profiting by the wisdom of her father, Professor Golightly, reverses her policy. She gives up her heroics about divorce, and letting her husband have his head, throws him deliberately into Mrs. Ferguson’s company, and lets him alone. The result is that Penelope begins to make the same kind of inter- gant demands upon his attention that his wife has ceased to make. Her persistence bores him, his love for his wife revives, and he returns to his allegiance.

Professor Golightly is the great creation of the play, as his light philosophy is its theme. It was really a stroke of genius to put the sort of worldly wisdom not into the mouth of an experienced man of the world (such as Sir Charles Wyndham) is fond of presenting), but into the mouth of an aged student of higher mathematics. For this admirable study Mr. Maugham must have the greater part of the credit, but some is due to the brilliant and delicate acting of Mr. Alfred Lewis, who acted the Professor’s brother-in-law, Mr. Davenport-Bates. He is a gem of high comedy a part which might easily have been made too farcical, and so created in the fatuous worlding an excellent foil to the wise recluse.

Perhaps the richest humour was supplied by Mrs. Calvert, whose personation of the chronic hysteric patient (a doctor’s widow) I shall remember till I die. There is, alas, no proper comic nomenclature for this

Perhaps the richest humour was supplied by Mrs. Calvert, whose personation of the chronic hysteric patient (a doctor’s widow) I shall remember till I die. There is, alas, no proper comic nomenclature for this
An illicit love affair is often a far heavier fetter on a man’s liberty than a legitimate one. A wife is often a free companion; a mistress is often—a mistress. If all the marriage laws were repealed to-morrow, and complete free love substituted, I fancy it would make surprisingly little difference to the total liberty of sex.

I think it rather a pity that, while farragoes of false history and clumsy stagecraft like "Henry of Navarre," and impudent pieces of pseudo-Ibsenite bluffs like "Olive-Latimer's Husband," are treated with lenity, if not with respect, so many big guns of destructive criticism should have been concentrated on "The Chief of Staff" at the Lyric. It seemed to me quite a jolly and exciting little play. The name of Mr. Ronald MacDonald is new to me, and I should say from internal evidence that he has certainly something to learn in compression of dialogue and in literary tact. But he has a gift for story-telling and a sense of romance, and his play was in every way better worth seeing than the two pretentious pieces to which I have referred. A pretty love scene in the third act was prettily acted by Miss D’Alroy—of whom, I think, we shall hear more. Mr. Walter gave a spirited rendering of the Strong Man of popular imagination; Mr. Haviland, on the other hand, was so wooden a dictator that I think he has certainly something to learn in compression of dialogue and in literary tact.

But the piece of acting was that of Mr. Shiel Barry as Guillermo Herrero, alias William Smith, who drew so true a picture of the more unpleasant type of international Anarchist, half visionary, half criminal, wholly ineffective, that I think he must have studied the type as it appears now and again on the fringe of the advanced movement. All who are familiar with it should see the play, if only for Mr. Barry’s sake.

C. H. CHESTERTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

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

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

DR. WALLACE'S REMEDY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

When I asked you for criticisms of my tract on "The Remedy for Unemployment," I expected that a Socialist paper would at least criticise it from a Socialist point of view. But Mr. Sharp’s denunciation (for it is in no sense a true view of the scheme (in his third paragraph) as to be carried out by the Executive Government) is an equally absurd competition from outside industries “is an equally absurd fallacy of Socialism. His two “supposes,” by which he is a ‘Prentice-hand. He has certainly something to learn in compression of dialogue and in literary tact.

His misrepresentations, too, are amazing. He describes the scheme (in his third paragraph) as to be carried out by each “Local Authority.” But I say that the problem “must be treated on broad national lines and with national resources” (p. 3) and, again, “It is pre-eminently a work to be devised and carried out by the Executive Government itself” (p. 4).

His statement that I propose “close protection to prevent competition from outside industries” is an equally absurd misrepresentation. I have never made one but a writer imbued with the whole series of capitalistic and individualistic dogmas which are the cause of the very evil we have to remedy could have made it.

Such an article is too absurd to be answered in detail, since every point in it is answered in my tract, which I hope every one of The New Age who is at all influenced by the criticism will expend a penny in obtaining and reading.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I regret that Dr. Wallace should regard my article as a mere “denunciation.” I admit that part of my criticism was based upon the economics of capitalism, but what else
would Doctor Wallace have? As I understand his pamphlet, he proposes that these unemployed colonies should be set up as a rival to the existing capitalist system of industry; and one is therefore bound to criticise them as they might be expected to work in the midst of that system. As for denying the possibility of "production for use," I do nothing of the kind. What I deny is the possibility of maintaining a system of "production for use" at a number of isolated points in the midst of a great system of production founded on exchange.

As for the alleged "misrepresentations." On page 6 of Dr. Wallace's tract he writes, "tracts of land . . . . shall be taken over by the State or Local authority, and be kept as a public park, etc." I regret that the alternative was not stated in my article, but space was limited, and I attached no particular importance to the point. Again, in page 7 Dr. Wallace writes, "at least forty-five of the work on the estate, shall be done for home consumption, not for sale," the remaining fifth to be used to purchase articles "which the colonies could not themselves produce." (The terms are Dr. Wallace's own). If that does not mean close protection it does not seem to me to mean anything at all. For the rest, I gladly leave the matter to the judgment of your readers.

Since, however, mere negative criticism of other people's schemes is surely as unsatisfactory by itself, may I, in conclusion, direct the attention of your readers to some constructive proposals which appear in the "Reformers' Year Book" for 1909?

Clifford Sharp.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

You are right in suspecting that the scheme which Mr. Mills published twenty years ago was not a new one at the time. For a similar proposal had, I believe, been carried as far back as 1817 by no less a genius than Robert Owen. This greatest of the pioneers of English Socialism, who, anticipating Marx to that extent, already understood the working of capitalism, with its ever recurring economic crisis and consequent throwing out of employment of thousands of wage-earners, had, at the time mentioned, submitted to the British Government a scheme whereby the employment of a lasting nature was to be provided for the victims of an individualist system of production.

That scheme contained the germ of what Mr. Mills' book advocated, and more, for it was worked out with all Owen's love of his subject, and accompanied by plans of the cooperative farms and buildings to the minutest detail, with the economic calculations carefully tabulated.

That project was not adopted by the Government, although it had, of course, its "sympathy." Perhaps they apprehended the possibility of the scheme proving successful. Had they been as sure as you seem to be of its impracticability, it is safe to say that they would have tried the experiment—in their own way, of course, only to the discredit upon Mr. Owen and his Socialism. Anyhow, it is a fact that the Malthusians attacked the scheme as one that might result in an increase of the population. But, I am sure is the greatest compliment that can be paid to such a proposal.

The scheme is as old-fashioned as Socialism itself, but not on that account, necessarily unscientific. It is certainly the only Socialist remedy for unemployment short of revolution. It organises production at the point of use, and for profit: (2) it regulates the source of supply for the capitalist labour market; (3) it gives to the workers the entire produce of their labour, minus reserve stous for reproduction; (5) it provides the means of school- ing the industrial proletariat in co-operative Socialist organisation.

To the sympathetic eye there are many more advantages in the scheme over any other, and hence Dr. Wallace may be pardoned if the proposal had not to be published (perhaps it cannot be thanked) for having drawn my attention to the attention of a Socialist paper as "The Remedy for Unemployment."

Andreas Scheu.

Maternitis.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Clutton-Brock's gentle protest has not struck at the root of my argument. He charges me with being a Puritan because I do not believe in the sanctity of marriage. Whether, then, I dislike is the main point which we hear on all sides and, partly as the outcome of it, the way in which the word is shouted and vaunted by mothers who find its hold, in this day and age, on the minds of women, shows how the self-same name can be capable of the grossest selfishness, while they are extolled as altruistic and heroic. The question is not whether maternity is a perfectly unselfish, joyful or sorrowful thing in itself, but whether in the pur- suit of it women give evidence of the many virtues with which the world so kindly credits them. I venture again to state my opinion that they do not, and submit what I consider to be the origin of this ancient illusion.

Is this not, after all, one of the wildest devices on the part of the arch-mother, Nature? She does not intend the species to die out, but she intends to fertilise, fecundate, and propagate eternally. Whether wisely, then, does this subtle charm so intend that in following her ends our behaviour is both noble and beautiful; how insinstrious is her doctrine that (a mother is a mother still, the noblest classification. It is surely the greatest compliment that can be paid to such a scheme.

Lambeth S. D. P.

GREAT SOCIALIST DEMONSTRATION.

Lambeth Baths, Kennington Road, S.E., Wednesday 10th March, 1909.

H. M. Hyndman.

"The Labour Party and Social Democracy."

Charles N. L. Shaw.

Ben Tillett.

Lady Warwick (Chair).

London Socialist Orchestra.

Doors open 7.30 p.m. Seats not guaranteed after 6 p.m.

Tickets, 6d., 1s. 6d., and 3s. may be had from Mr. G. TANKER, 32 Wyne Rd., Brixton, S.W.

Victor Grayson.

Ladywell Baths, Lewisham, March 10th, 1909.

Admission by Tickets, 3d., reserved seats, 6d. and Is.

For tickets, J. Winstanley, 193, Lewisham Road, Lewisham.

Church Socialist League.

Lent Mission.

Kensington Town Hall, Sundays, 3 p.m.

MARCH 2—Chairman, Rev. J. H. Everett.

March 9, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, C. R. H. Bland.

March 16, "Is Socialism Practicable?" Chairman, C. J. Chesterton.

March 23, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, A. R. Dray (Ed Nat. Age).


Tickets—Single Lecture, 3d., 6d. For the Course of 4, 7s., 3s. 6d. by post.

Admission to each Lecture, 3d.

Battersea: Latchmere Road Baths.

Rev. CONRAD NOEL will lecture on Monday at 8 p.m.

March 22, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, G. K. Chesterton.

March 19, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, A. R. Dray (Ed Nat. Age).


Tickets—6d. For the Course of 4, 2s. 6d., and 1s.

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Croydon: Small Public Hall, George Street.

Rev. CONRAD NOEL will lecture on Tuesday at 8 p.m.

March 15, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, George Lansbury.

March 22, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, C. S. Bland.

March 29, "Is Socialism Christian?" Chairman, A. R. Dray (Ed Nat. Age).

Tickets—6d. For the Course of 4, 2s. 6d., and 1s.

Chapel Street, Croydon.

tickets—6d. For the Course of 4, 2s. 6d., and 1s.

Tickets for the above Meetings can be obtained of Mrs. J. H. Everett, 40, Beaufort Rd., Brixton, S.W.

Admission Free.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

February 25, 1909.

R. B. RATHBONE, A.C.P.

Phoenix Correspondence College, Guildford.
To the Editor of "The New Age."

A. Clutton-Brock, in his article, "Maternity," seems to me to miss an important point. He quite rightly points out that maternity is not to be condemned merely because it is unnatural, but he forgets that neither is it to be glorified on this account. And it is this glorification that has been, and still is, persistently encouraged by the common attitude towards motherhood. 

Dr. Strachey calls "disgrace to life" in Helen George, is surely disgrace to the glorification of instinct.

This does not imply a condemnation of instinct, but a condemnation of the wrong association or unproporcional value commonly attached to it (Especially in this instance of motherhood).

Motherhood, in as much as it is instinctive (I do not speak of the sex instinct), is inherently opposed to everything subsequent to its possible sex and of course is not so often neglected, though it is nothing more; and its glorification is about on a par with the glorification of the instinc.

If Helen George speaks rather strongly, I cannot think that this is because she is attacking an accepted position, the accepted unimportance of which is excusable, if it does not justify, a little heat.

* * *

The Irish National Convention.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The National Convention last week met and the first important thing that the National Convention did was its rejection of my woman's suffrage resolution. I don't quite agree. Remember, this was the first time such a resolution had ever figured on the agenda of any of the conventions. (Some advocates of the suffrage even tell us that it was premature; but readers of THE NEW AGE will know how to dispose of this kind of talk.) The sudden movement made here, has been made in little headway in Ireland, even in the towns; and the bulk of the delegates were conservative agrarians. The motion was carried last on the agenda; the proposer and seconder were rigorously limited to five minutes each. In these circumstances, feminists in Ireland are pleased to obtain such a measure of support as it actually did on the division, and are not disposed to regard its rejection, though unsatisfactory, as at all disturbing.

Of all the things the National Convention did was its rejection of the Home Rule resolution proposed by Mr. F. Cruise O'Brien, President of the Young Ireland branch of the United Irish League. It was that the Convention did was to reject the Home Rule resolution on the agenda. True, there was an "official" resolution, committing the Convention to a pious opinion in favour of Home Rule, which was moved, seconded, and passed in a perfunctory manner, as common form. But the "Young Irenlanders" (that is what Mr. Dillon has dubbed us, and as it is a name of honourable associations, we make no objection) have advocated Home Rule, and we do not want to get it. We think that the way to get it is to go back to the old policy of independent opposition; to oppose strenuously in every field, in every part of the United Kingdom, in the British constituencies, every British Government that refuses or postpones Home Rule. We are not Sinn Feiners; at least, not political Sinn Feiners. We are the Irish patriots, the Irish party, and we wish to abstain from attendance at Westminster. But we don't want the Irish party to go there to accept responsibility for Land Bills and University Bills, and to agitate for numberless other minor reforms, while all the time giving its general support to a Government which has specifically made towards our policy by the very leaders who are denouncing ourselves. Mr. Dillon has actually commenced to threaten the Liberals that the Irish party may begin to think that it is quite possible for the Irish party to make a Government, if it doesn't do something for Home Rule. Mr. Redmond has ostentatiously withdrawn his support from the Government on the Tariff Reform amendment to the address. This is not trifles, but an honest, a sincere, a strong movement going on. Even from the worst thing the Convention did, good ultimate results are possible. We may yet succeed in reviving the Home Rule flame; to make an Irish Synthesis, lulled to sleep by a prosperity which has lost its enthusiasm.

* * *

Related Romanticism.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I haven't the slightest care about what Mr. Hulme or any other member of the Liberal party say. My convictions are in sympathy with the poetry. From the promiscuity, however, which Mr. Hulme gives to quite a chance remark of mine about even the idea that one could think that the suffrage resolution is a personal triumph, but one of which Mr. Devlin has make in the year to come. I don't quite agree. Remember, this has made but little headway in Ireland, even in the towns; and the bulk of the delegates were conservative agrarians. The motion was carried last on the agenda; the opposer and seconder were rigorously limited to five minutes each. In these circumstances, feminists in Ireland are pleased to obtain such a measure of support as it actually did on the division, and are not disposed to regard its rejection, though unsatisfactory, as at all disturbing.

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