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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Everybody knows that by public and private confession all the political leaders stand convicted of not knowing what to do about Unemployment. Mr. Asquith does not know, or he would long ago have applied the cure. Neither does Mr. Balfour, still less Mr. Austen Chamberlain. All these great men confess themselves completely at a loss to understand the causes or to discover the remedies for the greatest social disease that exists. For them Unemployment is in the last resort an "act of God," a mysterious effect of some mysterious cause, due possibly to defects in men—drink, idleness, atheism, or the like—something, in short, which the greatest of statesmen, themselves to wit, can only hope to mitigate, never to eradicate or heal.

Now it is precisely this "incurable" disease that the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission boldly proclaims curable. We quote the startling words that the blind may see and the deaf hear: "We have to report that in our judgment it is now administratively possible, if it is sincerely wished to do so, to remedy most of the evils of Unemployment." This extraordinary sentence—the most inspiring sentence ever uttered by Mr. Asquith—might easily have been successful had the minority machinery existed for drafting its trained members to the hands of Messrs. Clynes, Macdonald, and Keir Hardie. Mr. Balfour had already declared that our own workmen shall be treated as coolies in Ceylon. It runs: "Where wages are payable at a daily rate, the monthly wages shall be computed according to the number of days on which the labourer was able and willing to work, whether the employer was able and willing to provide him with work." Our demand is simply that our own workmen shall be treated at least as well as coolies in Ceylon.

We are glad to see that the Labour Party is emulating the Importunate Widow. There is nothing like impertinence for a small party in Parliament. If the Government cannot be scared or forced they must be worried into doing something. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the Local Government Department was worried into doing something. Mr. Burns was subjected to a severe cross-examination at the hands of Messrs. Clynes, Macdonald, and Keir Hardie. Mr. Balfour had already declared the lack of any large intelligent plan in the mind of the Government "too small for his own mind either for dealing with Unemployment; and it remained for the Labour Party to point to actual defects in the administration of such Acts as had been passed; of which the most considerable was Mr. Gerald Balfour's Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905.

Under this Act it is plain that Labour Exchanges, precisely such as are now paraded in promissory form in the King's Speech, are actually made mandatory on all County Councils. Yet Mr. Burns had to confess that until a few weeks ago no applications to form such committees were received by the Local Government Board; nor had he lifted a finger to compel councils to form them. Apparently Mr. Burns prefers lecturing the Unemployed on their extravagance to getting them work; thus he secures the praise of the "spectator." As a result, however, of his negligence every experiment in training the unemployed on Farm Colonies and the like has been not merely handicapped, but positively frustrated by the absence of a market for such labour when trained. The experiment at Hollesley Bay, for example, might easily have been a success had the machinery existed for drafting its trained members to...
places where they were needed. As it was, the harassed Superintendent could do nothing better in the absence of Mr. Burns's assistance than advertise his men in the rural papers!

Mr. Burns prided himself further on having dished the Labour men by paying such huge guineas of Unemployment wages as would threaten to become coloured with blood. No doubt, as we have said before, Mr. Burns has been largely responsible for the absence of Unemployed riots this winter. We freely admit his claim if he values it after examination. For what cost has he suppressed them? Possibly, if not profusely, at the cost of a series of unemployed riots starting from next winter or the winter after. His policy of persuading municipal authorities to anticipate loans for works due many years hence is based on a mere gamble in futures. It is as criminal in a public man to gamble thus as to embezzle public funds. Plainly, what is anticipated now will not be available later; and if it should happen that trade depression continues, or is repeated, the expedients of this winter will actually intensify the misery of next. We are not above suspecting Mr. Burns, however, of being quite willing to sow the wind on condition that a Protectionist Government may rear the whirlwind.

Mr. Bullock probably foresees the crop of trouble he may expect to reap from Mr. Burns's sowing. Hence his disclaimer that Tariff Reform is a remedy for Unemployment.

But their bloat majority has really corrupted most of the members of the Cabinet. If Mr. Burns has utterly failed to apply an Act of 1905, and Mr. Haldane has frankly commended Lord Rothschild for a patent Napoleonic. Now that he has failed to create what it was his bounden duty to create, namely, a network of Labour Exchanges from John o' Groats to Land's End, his precious party maunts the measure as a novel contribution to the public welfare. Really, it is the severest criticism of Mr. Burns conceivable: only equalled by the decision to remove the proposed machinery from the Local Government Board and to hand it over to the more energetic Mr. Churchill.

That Mr. Burns has grasped the nettle of the problem with a strong hand we totally deny. There is less waiting in our streets, and there have been no laced bottles: but the sites of workhouses are crammed all the fuller with the debris of industrial strife. On Saturday, February 20, there were 152,745 paupers receiving relief in London alone; 2,688 in excess of the number in the whole country last year. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Burns is to be thanked for the excess. He has, as he promised, muddled through; to the accompanying strains of the "Spectator's" flutes; but the cost in life has been Napoleonically. Now that he has failed to create what it was his bounden duty to create, namely, a network of Labour Exchanges from John o' Groats to Land's End, his precious party maunts the measure as a novel contribution to the public welfare. Really, it is the severest criticism of Mr. Burns conceivable: only equalled by the decision to remove the proposed machinery from the Local Government Board and to hand it over to the more energetic Mr. Churchill.

The Railway Conciliation Boards which were established by Mr. Lloyd George fifteen months ago have declined 2 per cent. That is not much in comparison with the decline of 12½ per cent. on the American railways. But it is enough to set railway directors' wits to work to discover the cause and the remedy. The causes are many, but the immediate remedy is simple: to amalgamate under-takings, to reduce mutual competition, and to centralise control. Extended far enough, that course would end inevitably in a gigantic trust; but in this country, temporarily such a private autocracy is, if publicly formed. Things, however, are moving in that direction. At present there is a Bill before Parliament for the amalgamation in a working union of the Great Northern, Great Central, and Great Eastern Railways. In reply to an anxious deputation on the subject, Mr. Churchill urged that such amalgamation should be sympathetically considered. We should be delighted if we had any guarantee, first, that Parliament had the will to control such amalgamations, and, secondly, if we believed Parliament clear-sighted enough to be prepared to complete amalgamation by nationalisation. At present we see nobody but Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill himself capable of entertaining either idea for two minutes. Whatever amalgamations take place, we may be certain that the present industrial murder of British industry by railway rates will continue unchecked, since the profits accrue to members of the House as directors and shareholders.

How rapidly we are not progressing may be seen from the simple recollection of the fact that Gladstone specifically provided for Railway Nationalisation as long ago as in 1844. His provision for the State-purchase of the railways has been adopted by Switzerland and other countries, but, of course, not by England. He provided that they should be 25 years' purchase of the annual average profit of any given line in the three previous years. Mr. Emil Davies, the well-known writer on Railway Nationalisation, recently suggested to the Fabian Society that a beginning of State-purchase should be made with the three South-Eastern lines. Everything is in favour of such a suggestion. Mr. Haldane is shortly commanding that region for his anti-invasion manoeuvres, and would probably be considerably relieved if the railway lines were in his hands. He might then use another little scare to facilitate the scheme; or employ the "Daily Mail" to boom it. The annual profit of the three lines is only some three million pounds, and they could, therefore, be bought for something under eightv millions.

The Railway Conciliation Boards which were established by Mr. Lloyd George fifteen months ago have just been reported on by the Board of Trade. We were disposed at the time to deprecate the enthusiasm with which the first Wages Boards in this country were everywhere received; and we see no reason in the Report to regret it. There have been no strikes: which is all the public and politicians cared about; and by splendid exertions the Railwaymen's Union has kept its head above water. But we cannot gather that the wages have more than microscopically mounted, in spite of the ill-natured complaints of the directors of...
the Great Western. There have been many cases of victimisation of men, but on too petty a scale to attract attention outside the Union. The "Times" is delighted, of course; but we shall be interested to hear what the men think.

Wherever the prospects of industrial dispute threaten to become portentous we may be sure that similar machinery will be invented. It is not only individuals who cry to chloral. There have been long signs that the gigantic boom in cotton manufacture which began in 1905 has collapsed, and Lancashire will follow the rest of England into the trough of depression. Anything more inconceivably silly than the haste with which the spring tide of 1905 Lancashire manufacturers began erecting new looms and spindles can scarcely be imagined. No fewer than ten million new spindles and 120,000 new weaving looms were run up as if the whole world were suddenly become wealthy enough to live on cotton goods, and contented enough to live on them for ever. As a matter of fact, there is enough plant in Lancashire at this moment to cotton-clothe the whole world without overtime. By the end of 1907, however, the effective demand had reached its height, and the mills began to slow down. Spindles and looms have been piled with decreasing speed.

With the ever-growing, ever-spreading impoverishment of cotton-buyers all over the world, the Lancashire mill-owners and operatives have now to face the prospect of a protracted period of inactivity. The question of wages, easily settled when the mills are busy, pop up their revolting heads so soon as the mills grow quiet. And this accounts for the important joint meeting of masters and union officials with Mr. Churchill, which it was unanimously resolved to establish a Joint Committee to devise a scheme for the future automatic regulation of wages in the cotton industry. We shall, as before in the case of the Railway Board, await arrest of activity.

By the way, the facts contained in the above paragraphs enable us very definitely to challenge the leading anti-Socialists on another point of their arguments against Socialism. In his "Problems and Perils of Socialism," Mr. St. Loe Strachey writes: "The ultimate cause of poverty is scarcity, and the only way to combat scarcity is by increased production." Mr. Balfour takes up the argument, and declares that the real problem of society is the distribution of wealth but its increased production. Well, here we have a complete reply. Lancashire has increased her productive power to such an extent that her looms can now supply cotton goods sufficient for all the world. Yet at this moment her spindles and looms are faltering, and the millions of people who have no cotton goods to bless themselves with. The "Times" correspondent declares that "the main factor is over-production," Mr. Strachey and Mr. Balfour contend that it is under-production. Which is right? Of course both theories are demonstrably nonsense. It is neither a case of over-production nor of under-production; but of under-consumption due to the idiotic distribution of wealth resulting from private possession of the means of production. We defy Mr. Strachey or Mr. Balfour to get over it.

The pressure of a constantly increasing national expenditure threatens to thrust greatness on each succeeding Chancellor, unless he happens to be a Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Lloyd George. Lloyd George is not unwilling. There is plenty of reputation for him to make this year. In fourteen years the cost of the Navy has almost doubled, the Army Estimates have gone up by nine million, the cost of production, as difficult to ascertain as it is its Shavian appendix of expense. Useless now to talk of Re-tenure. The old Radical watchword is dead. Broadening the basis of taxation will not do, since two million families are already reduced to living on £1 a week. Taxing bachelors will not do, as Mr. Shaw says, since most bachelors have only income enough for one or less. Tariff Reform is no remedy, and Free Trade is a blank egg.

There is, however, a land of Goshen flowing with milk and honey towards which we may hope, from a hitherto undecided point. Mr. Lloyd George has put up his eyes. It is the unearned income of the super-wealthy. The thin edge of the wedge between earned and unearned incomes was inserted by Mr. Asquith in the form of a threepenny-bit in 1907. Let Mr. Lloyd George have an unearned income at once! At the special Conference on Taxation at Portsmouth the Labour Party recommended a super-tax on large incomes, special taxation of State-confessed monopolies, increased estate and legacy duties, and the taxation of land values. Of them all we like the first best, since it promises most. Besides, such a tax would conform to the best canons. Mr. J. A. Hobson, in the February "International," writes: "Unearned income alone possesses a true ability to pay...a tax on wages is invalid because it is a tax upon a necessary cost of production." There are some 14,000 persons in Britain with each an income of over £6,000 a year. When soup was mentioned the Mock-Turtle was distressed.

If Mr. Haldane made nothing else clear in his speech on the Army, it is in no doubt that the two chief recruiting sergeants are now state stockbrokers. No, an army of home defence must be commonly called unemployment and the "Daily Mail." Plutarch tells us that Caius Marius came to a bad end, who was the first to raise a levy among the poor and the slaves. Mr. Haldane disposed of some other fictions also, of interest to Citizen Army advocates. An army of home defence was not, he said, to be conceived as "squatting on the sea-shore with bayonets fixed," waiting for the brothers of our German waiters and stockbrokers to come to help him. No, an army of home defence and, therefore ready to make itself at home on the Khyber Pass or on the plains of Belgium. He had only a feeble reply to make to the charge of abetting private conscription in the case of Lord Rothschild's employees—Rothschild's of the Empire as we may call them; and a feeble reply was all that was possible. Mr. Ward complained that promotions from the ranks were fewer than ever. So they are; the eight hundred officers annually needed are now all-lots. Tariff Reform is no remedy, and Free Trade is a blowed egg.

It seems from the discussion of the India Councils Bill in the House of Lords that there is an even more dangerous person than the man on the spot, namely, the man who has been on the spot. Not one of the ex-Viceroy's employees, deposed and voted against Lord Morley's proposal to associate Indians with their own provincial government would have tolerated their own speeches had they been in office. We can imagine Lord Curzon's statue of the man, low, with his knees together, at having his advice to Lord Morley repudiated by the House of Lords. But Lord Curzon claims regal, as late he claimed viceregal powers. For once since his elevation to the Peerage we are driven to sympathise with Lord Curzon and to regret his abject failure of his task. He is, however, much too complaisant with the extinct potentates. Knowing as he did the peril in which they were placing India, and being, as he is, responsible to England for India, it was his duty to protest more strenuously and, if need be, to use his influence. He has allowed the dead bureaucrats to score a victory over the living at the expense both of England and India.
On the Brink.

As the snows are melting on the Balkan mountains, as the trees and flowers are beginning to leaf and bud, so the human forces of death and destruction are gathering in a mighty and criminal effort to plunge Europe into what may be an interminable struggle. That the situation in the Balkans has reached a stage at which war may break out at any moment cannot be disputed; and it is our duty to point out the essential facts which have created this deplorable situation.

The aim of Russian foreign policy in the Near East is Constantinople; Austria's goal is Salonica. The Reform movement in Turkey and the development of the Turk at Constantinople, and under this pretext main-territory, unless driven out by a Turco-Balkan combination by land with the aid of Britain and Italy by sea.

The document known as "The Will of Peter the Great," which is a striking revelation of Russian foreign policy, contains these two remarkable passages: "Interest the House of Austria in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and under this pretext main-territory, unless driven out by a Turco-Balkan combination by land with the aid of Britain and Italy by sea."

There is one topic which should be put in its proper light, and that is the attitude of Servia to Austria. The Slav peoples in Europe are so united in their Pan-Slavist is pushing Russia into intervention on behalf of England or by a neutral weak Power like Turkey.

The peoples of the States concerned, as is usual in these catastrophes of commercial and Imperialist ambition, have little voice in the decision, momentous though it is to them. They are the puppets; but they should remember that their homes, lives, and liberties may be destroyed, while the Rothschilds, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollers will muss, quaff, and enjoy, from the rivers of blood which their murderous and despicable conspiracies may cause to flow. Yet no Rothschild ever broke a square inch of his skin in any worthy cause.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."
Studies in the Poor Law.

1. The Abolition of the Guardians.

It is too much to hope that everyone who is concerned for the welfare of his country will make the twelve hundred pages of the great Poor Law Commissioners' Report his pocket companion during the next few months. We make no excuse for insisting again, as we did last week, that this volume of evidence on the state of British poverty, and recommendations for its amelioration, should be read by everyone. It is the common rallying point of all serious reformers, until the main suggestions of the Report are translated into law. Since we fear that this momentous document will not receive the intimate and direct study it deserves, we propose to examine, in a series of articles, the chief of the new avenues of knowledge which the Commissioners have driven through the very trackless subjects of Destitution and physical and mental Misery, which are summed up under the title they say: the Guardians are to go for ever. But immediately call them into being again under the new name of Aid Committees.

But we will confine ourselves throughout these articles to the complete logic of the Minority steps, and devote men and women than among the 24,000 Poor Law Guardians, who suffer unmerited unpopularity and disrespect from having to work an antiquated and impracticable system, imposed on them by Parliament and the Local Government Board.

The Guardians, a body of ordinary people drawn from all parts of society, meeting together once a fortnight as a rule, besides in smaller committees, are asked to consider the difficult and in many cases insoluble problems which come under the head of government, whether central or local. They have to deal with the most complicated cases which come into the consulting-room of society. They are the cases which have defied remedy in any other way; which have gone from bad to worse, whose words are at the critical point of destitution. They obviously need the most expert advice which is available.

In one case it may be industrial training that is needed; in others it is medical treatment that should be given. Sometimes it is the problem of educating children in the most modern manner which comes before the Guardians for their approval; at another time it may be necessary to organise special treatment for men who have become flabby and nerveless through continual idleness and neglect. Beyond the necessity of deciding general principles such as are involved in the above questions, there are all the cases of individual applications for help which should only be granted after the most careful investigations conducted by a highly trained official whose education is broad enough to give him a grasp of the multitude of facts which should govern his decision.

All this vast work, each piece of which obviously calls for the attention of the most highly trained expert that can be discovered, is plumped down before the scratch collection of persons who make up a Board of Guardians. Each separate case requires the closest and patientest analysis to determine what the trained official to advise them, or in building the necessary accommodation for the special use of the class which calls for special treatment. The work which falls under the Poor Law should be done by experts; it is, at present, being done by Boards which do not profess to be made up of sught but amateurs.

So the Commissioners have unanimously recommended that the amateur Guardians shall be abolished. It is one more blow to the ridiculous system which allows the intricate details of business to be managed by untrained persons who cannot be expected to have either the knowledge or the time to devote to their task. In these later days of scientific local government the expert official must be foremost, or the work will remain undone or done badly. The basis of the reformed Poor Law is to be the abolition of the unskilled person. How he is to be replaced by the skilled person while allowing for ultimate obedience to the voice of modern democracy is the problem which the Minority Report sets itself to solve.

LABOUR CHURCH UNION

Societies desiring information write to JOHN MITCHELL, 15, Moorfield Place, Eccleshill, Bradford.

Annual Conference in Socialist Hall, Ashton-under-Lyne, Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th March, 1909.

Public Meeting, Sunday evening, 13th. Speaker: T. A. FIERCE and LEWIS WATSON.

(Founded 1891).
Are Women Anarchists?

There is a style of destructive criticism which used to be considered most powerfully malignant because it begins by praise of the enemy. The trick of it has been discovered some time since, and it is now merely employed as a facile and humorous prelude by casual debaters. Thus: "For a genelman, arn'cher—y'own the street, don'cher!"

Notwithstanding that this sort of rhetoric would seem altogether lustiained, let me say that I have seen it quite lately going about in broadcloth. Mr. G. K. Chesterton was wearing it.

So far behind everything that he has lost sight of Progress altogether, and believes himself grandly leading, he continues to preface his reactionary diatribes against the women of the forward movement by a subtle discharge of flattery at—Woman. True, he implies that suffragists are not women at all; but, then, why drag in Woman? He dragged in recently what he apparently believes to be my true womanhood—my secretiveness, social diplomacy, anarchism, etc.—for a few complimentary paradoxes, before arraigning me as a shrieking and hysterical suffragist and a poisonous political possibility. It is as if one were to preface an onslaught upon Mr. Chesterton as a furiously jolly old man to be a brute of an animal: Man! Man!

Readers of The New Age may remember that I am replying to Mr. Cecil Chesterton's query why women want the vote, I said that I thought him too unsympathetic to be a likely confidant of the persecuted suffragettes. This remark of mine Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the "Illustrated London News," denounced as political treason. He writes:

Our politics are far gone in degradation, but it is still thought necessary to keep up the pretence of courage and candour, of letting the enemy know our policy. Imagine Mr. Balfour asking the intimation of the Government, and imagine Mr. Asquith saying: "The Leader of the Opposition has not that true sympathy with my plans which I look for whatever weapon would quickest rid it of such tyranny."

One of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "fundamental laws" is that Providence divided humanity into two sexes: anarchists and legalists. "Women are all anarchists," he says. We are to infer that men are all legalists. Anarchism would appear to be liberty to fib, swindle and intrigue as long as it is exercised in home and social matters. The desire of some modern women to get free of such "liberty" is regarded as an imperceptive aspiration towards legalism. Woman, for her part, has discovered that she possesses naturally as much sense of equity as men and is not actually possessed of anarchism than the sex which has produced those models of secrecy and intrigue, the Jesuits, the Freemasons, and the Templars. Mr. Chesterton rather rashly draws attention to these bodies; as instances, however, of the legalism of the other men who did not belong to them and subsequently demolished them. "Healthy human Governments have . . . always hated secret societies merely because they were secret." Yet in the course of his many article he gives utterance to a complaint which I quote in all its weight of iniquity, animadversion, and faint praise: "A woman can keep a secret well enough if she thinks it worth keeping. If she does not take great care to keep a secret of the Foreign Office or of the Stock Exchange, it is because she does not think such secrets of any particular importance; and she may be right."

Really, to be arraigned and condemned as a sex for secrecy, by a writer who betrays in every second line that practically all men's business depends upon the discharge of flattery at—Woman. True, he implies that the whole secret system of jurisprudence of which they are so inordinately vain, has not yet formulated a satisfactory marriage law, poor law, or land law; and the criminal law only proves its utter failure as a regenerative policy. Mr. Chesterton is sensitive to the consequence of woman's eye opened upon the masculine ideal of pure legalism; it will not stand examination as a working agency. The modern demand for divorce, old age pensions, small holdings, and the Borstal Schools testify to the folly of a permanent jurisprudence, constructed on only half of human nature.

The fact is that both men and women are at once legalistic and anarchistic. The knowledge how best to employ these qualities is in human affairs of training. Women are determined to get this training, and they think it may quickest be gotten by the exercise of the vote. Mr. Chesterton remarks that the real question of the political power of the sexes has never been discussed at all. To me the question is: What political power of the own sex is: "Will it lead to progressive or to reactionary legislation?" And, since women have some knowledge of the horrid lessons of political history in the matter of man-made coercive measures, it is, at least, no foregone conclusion that they will continue a restrictive policy. If woman is the apostle of liberty she must also be the devotee of equality.

Of all writers, Mr. Chesterton appears to me the most anarchistic. He is angry, bold, and stylish in his style. He is sensitive to the consequence of woman's eye opened upon the masculine ideal of pure legalism; he is right. Life is like that. But he has not the courage of his instincts. Now and again he is subverted by his artificial ideals. When he accuses me of being "a womanly woman," and says, "I can keep a secret well enough if I don't want anything but to flit a fan and arrange wedding," I reply, "You are jolly well misinformed about me." And this free declaration of return, he says is not equality but privilege. I cannot agree with him on this point since his definition of equality evidently does not agree with mine, and we should never get any further. I simply say, "I want the vote."
X.—A Mystical Interlude.

How would you describe your own philosophy?

As optimistic nihilism, I should say.

What kind of wonderful wildfowl is that?

You are right, it is a bird of the air, the bird of paradise. Its name is not on the earth. I despise the earth, but no more than I despise the moon and sun and stars. They are all to me infinitely worse than nothing. I would I could break the casket planets between my hands. They are empty, and it is their emptiness would blow out the sun as a bubble, and the stars I would trample to golden dust.

Then would come a great space filled with a great stillness. Have you heard the Persian mystical song?

Roughly translated it is this:—

"When will the Sun grow weary of watching
The dance of the worlds about him?
Like a Sultan of his odalisques
He seems never to tire.
But the odalisques tire . . . O Lord the Sun,
Have pity . . . We are weary with dancing."

That, my dear friend is the voice of fatigue. There is no optimism in that.

The Persian sentiment is not wholly mine. I am not weary, only unsatisfied. No thing satisfies, only nothing satisfies. I have the passion for Nothing. You know that passion for Nothing is simply desire in vacuo. There can be no desire for Nothing, since Nothing is no object.

Say not so, for it is not true. Nothing is perfect object: it is objects that are fragments. Nor, alas! are they fragments that can ever make a whole . . .

The creation of the world was a ghastly blunder.

Whoso, you compel me to ask?

Our own. And I would undo that blunder by destroying the world.

By what means?

By death we all destroy this world. But only for a time. Imagination that created the world can alone destroy it for ever.

Then it is only in your mind that the world exists?

Deeper than that, or the task would be easy. Our mind and the world are one. To destroy the world we must destroy our mind.

That has been done, I fancy, too often.

Oh! by accident, yes, but how often by design and by transitory in the tedious history of the world, we are told. It should have been a million times by this. Whoever knows the mind knows its malice: it is the means by which the first blunder is maintained. Reading the old mythology, I am not sure that Mind did not preclude the world, and thus because the parent blunder.

What is the mind? A serpent coiled upon itself, with its tail in its mouth; and we, poor devils, within its dragon ring.

Proof? Nothing simpler. Every articulable proposition is a product of mind. But the mind in which it is born is the mind in which it must die, propositions being phenomena, as unstable as objects. Oh! the transitory nature of sublunary delights has often been the subject of moral meditations. But the profounder observation concerns the permanency of the mind, if it ever has a world to be its property. Since then, the Mind is both creator and destroyer of ideas. It follows surely that we are here slaves of a ring. Ideas rise, and we obey them; they disappear, and are no more. Further, they each lead to their opposite, as Plato observed, and as our modern paradoxists exemplify.

You refer to Chesterton in particular?

Chesterton has not the courage of his paradox.

Born orthodox, he early embraced heterodoxy. When that proved useless, he flew to Paradox, but he calls it orthodoxy. However, his style betrays him.

What means are there for destroying the mind in your sense?

Many are tried, but few are known. Paradox is one. Whoever rightly comprehends a paradox is not far short of freedom of the mind. Such an one can put on or take off the serpent-ring at will. And that, after all, is intellectual freedom.

To be the slave of all, that is the reverse of freedom; but to be the slave of one's mind in freedom; to be the slave of his master . . . you know, curiously, Wells has had a vision of that. So has Shaw; only he insists on wearing the ring always, though voluntarily.

You mean that, though no slave to reason, he always reasons?

Precisely.

But there are other methods of surmounting the mind than Paradox. I should say Poetry is one of the best ways: it is the way of Beauty. And you observe that along with the rise of Paradox we have also a renaissance of Poetry. That was only to be expected. Both are aspects of Romance, and true Romance is mystical, super-rational. Shaw, who hates Romance, wears Reason as an amulet . . . Another way is Religion, which I only understand when it is called Love, and then only . . . Plato thought that the noblest way, and Plato was a Greek . . . And there are other ways but what relation, may I ask, have all these, or any of these, with your Optimistic Nihilism? They are all means, my friend, to the same end.

You imply that Chesterton, Shaw, and the rest are birds of your feather?

Certainly, though some wear a disguise for themselves and some for others. But tell me then do you think that Chesterton, with his Paradox, or Shaw, with his Mysticism, or poets, with their O altitudino, know or even imagine what they desire? You do not: and for the simple reason that they cannot. In them is a passionate desire to break bounds, to break all bounds. Bondage and slavery, whether human or divine, is intolerable to them. What matters it to them that the world is the will of God if the will of God is not their? Down with tyranny, even though it be the tyranny of existence.

And what then?

Ah, that is where the optimism appears. Destroy the mind, then say, and there is nothing but a blank blackness. Cowards! Destroy the mind by will, and the blank is light, the light that was or ever the worlds were made. That is the faith of the divine in its immortal divinity. And thus sings the Oriental sage, in love with Nothing: "Not though kings offered me palaces of gold, not though the Rishis of the Sun gave me the Moon to be my plaything, not though the Four Lords enticed me with the mastery of the Milky Way, not for these things, nor for anything created, would I abandon my desire for the eternal void.

And again: "Give me the magical word that opens the circle wherein I suffer. Put me beyond the ring of all the worlds, no more to me than a cluster of stones. For I go round and round, a light confined, a passion that is penned, and a heart of desire that must surely break the world or itself."

How like Nietzsche and his doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence! Nietzsche as a poet learned more than Nietzsche as thinker could ever express. His doctrine, besides, is vulgarly Imperialist. Nietzsche was the German Eagle! Well, I confess your ideas daze me. My head begins to recur violently.

I should like to have continued. Do you know the intimate relations the subject has with politics, for example . . .

A. R. Orage.

CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

13, CHAPEL STREET, LAMBS CONDUIT STREET, HOLBORN, W.C.

Services every Sunday at 7 p.m.

Subject for MARCH 14th: "GOD AND HUMANITY."

BEAUTIFUL HEALTH AND HOLIDAY HOME.

Altitude 600ft.


CHAIR, HALLAM, Littledene House, Newnham, Cols.
In front marched a Russian son of man, with white black-bearded face, long black hair more like plumage than hair in its abundance and form, and a black hat. He walked straight as a soldier, but with long, slow steps, and his head hung so that his bare breast supported it, for he had no coat, and his shirt was half open. He had knee breeches, bare and very white legs, thin, grey, bent, but young, their clothes, their faces, their hair, their hats almost the same dry colour as the road. They were all bent, young and middle-aged men, fair-haired, with unintentional beards, road coloured skins, their faces, their hats almost the same dry colour as the road. It was impossible to say what their features were, because their heads hung down and their hats were drawn well on to their heads, and their eyes were unseen. They could not keep step, nor walk side by side, and their banner was always shabby and always awry. Next, in no order, came three others of the same kind, shambling like the rest, of middle height, moderately ill-dressed, moderately thin, their hands in their pockets. A cart came close behind, drawn by a grey donkey who needed a hand, and he who rode in the cart had his back to the shafts, and, leaning forward on a tub into which money was expected to be thrown, he appeared to be talking to those who trailed at the back; for he waved an arm and wagged his yellow beard. He was fat, and dressed in a silk hat, a frock coat, and striped trousers almost too ancient to be ridiculous had they not kept company with a jaunty pair of yellow boots. He was midway between a sea-side minstrel and a minister, had not one gesture destroyed the resemblance by showing that he still wore his black cap and black cocked or a mouth fell; but it meant less to me than that I was not known to them, that we should go on like waves of the sea, obeying whatever moon it was that sends us thundering on the unscaleable shores of night and day. Such force, such determination, as moved us along the burning streets might scale the gratings which surround the trees of the streets. This was the prophet much to me, that I was not known to them, and since his voice was very small and came from underground, it was hard to hear him, even without understanding. Thousands tread down the grass, so that, except for a few hours of night, it can never emerge from the grating.

Some vast machinery plunged and thundered behind thin walls, but, though they trembled and grew hot, it burst not through. Even so the multitude in the straining of men and horses and machines and carriages of all kinds roared and moved swiftly and continually encaged within walls that are invisible; and they also never burst through. Both are free to do what they are told. All of the crowd seem a little more securely imprisoned than him who watches, because he is aware of his bars; but they move on, or seem to do, on and on, round and round, as thoughtless as the belt of an engine.

There was not one face I knew; not one smiled; not one relaxed or contracted with a thought, an emotion, a fancy; but all were clear, hard, and fixed in a vice, so that though they were infinite in their variety—no two eyebrows set the same way, no two mouths in the same relation to the eyes—the variety seeming to be a senseless ingenuity and immense leisure, as of a sublime philatelist. Hardly one spoke; only the women moved from left to right instead of straight on, and their voices were inaudible when their lips moved. The roar in which all played a part developed into a kind of silence which not any one of those millions could break: the sea does not absorb the little rivers more completely than this silence the voices of men and women, than this solitude their person-
as she stood on the kerb, her left arm curving with divine grace round the shawl-hidden child at her bosom, her left hand thrust out full of roses. The tender, well-dressed women leaning on the arms of their men smiled faintly, a little pitiful, but gladly conscious of their own security and pleasantness. Men with the historic sense glanced and noted the fact that there was a procession. One man, standing on the kerb, took a sovereign from his pocket, looked at it and then at the unemployed, made a little gesture of utter bewilderment and, dropping the coin down into the drain below, continued to watch. Comfortable clerks and others of the servile realised that here were the unemployed about whom the newspapers had said this and that—("a pressing question"—"a very complicated question not to be decided in a hurry")—it is receiving the attention of some of the best intellects of the time—"our special reporter is making a full investigation"—"who are the genuine and who are the impostors?"—"connected with Socialist intrigues")—and they repeated the word " Socialism " and smiled at the bare legs of the son of man and the yellow boots of the orator. Next day they would smile again with pride that they had seen the procession which ended in fecile, violent speeches against the Army and the Rich, in four arrests and an imprisonment. For they spake in voices gentle with hunger. They were angry, and uttered curses. The daisies that his feet have trod.

To Cicely and to Marguerite,
To Lancelot, yes, and Vivian,
I leave the clouds that fleet
Above the tall tree-tops.
My ban
Is laid on whatsoever man
For his fire or fence
Aught that when England first began
Girt her with Earth's munificence.

To All Children.*
This nineteen hundredth year and nine,
I that am called Charles Lounsbury,
Thinking on all this wealth of mine,
And how I'm lapped in luxury
And yet have nothing else, parodie,
But what all creatures born may share;
In my right mind (if mine it be)
These dispositions do declare.

Of goods, as men count goods (although
They are but vain encumbrances)
Possessing naught, I'd have you know,
(Houses and books and such as these)
As I envisage my decease,
(And a dispensation, and that by mother's knees they curl)
Item, the Night, her robe star-sown,
The aromatic airs that breathe
From Windsor or from Whitechapel,
Likewise, to children I bequeathe,

To play again the ancient plays—
To leap towards the sapling slim,
To play on dale and down, -I give.
Item, to men I leave, in trust,
Item, to men I leave, in trust,
While shy beasts lair, and the birds noise;
And lastly (for I long to sleep),
And lastly (for I long to sleep),
To all that shall come after me,—
All that shall come after me,—
And yet that shall come after me,—
And yet that shall come after me,—
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THE NEW AGE

* Vide "Clarion" for Friday, February 5th, 1909. "A Quaint Will."
The First Impulse.

By Jules Lemaître.

(Translated by F. More.)

Touriri, a rich citizen of Bagdad, famous for his virtues. One ought to be the help of the sick, even reducing his own luxury to increase his alms; but his patience was praiseworthy in listening to the sorrows and confidences of every sufferer and in comforting them with kind words, and by interposing on their behalf. He bore with resignation the sordid little annoyances which make the groundwork of all human life. He was really broad-minded, and never became angry if others did not agree with him; a rare and difficult virtue, for the secret desire of every man is that every one else should be like him and yet inferior.

Married to a sour-tempered wife, he remained faithful to her and forgave all her ill humour, and was not vexed with her for being no longer young nor pretty. And, finally, having a knack of composing verses and of writing fables in a dramatic form for the theatre, he was pleased at the success of his rivals, and showed them this by sincere praise and by doing them all kinds of good offices.

Briefly, his life was one act of love, gentleness, loyalty, and disinterestedness, and he was regarded as a saint and a gentleman by all. And yet he had not that serenity which generally appears on the faces of saints. His features had a tortured expression like those of a man a prey to violent passions or to secret suffering; and often, just as he was going to act, he was seen to lower his eyes for a moment, either to recover himself or to prevent people from reading his gaze. But no one paid any heed to this.

Not far from Bagdad lived an ascetic of the name of Maitreza, a worker of miracles, to whom many devout persons were used to make pilgrimages. Exempt from his goodness to be a re-incarnation, of Ormuzd. There was a mysterious gift, which, despite yourself, made that every day full of murders, you would have continued to lead a life which would have benefited others. Therefore I must judge your will and not your nature. Your desire was kindly, and you always tried to correct your nature and to improve the mixed character of my work. That is why, dear collaborator, I open my paradise to you to-day.

"That is all very well," said Maitreza; "but what reward will you give to me then?"

"The same," said Ormuzd, "although you have not quite deserved it. You were a saint, but you ceased to be a man except in pride. You managed to stifle the first desire in yourself, but if every one lived like you, humanity would be more quickly annihilated than if they had the wonderful, weird power with which I afflicted my servant Touriri for one day. I like man-kind to continue because they amuse me, and the spectacle is fine in parts. Your effects, wretched ascetic, were not quite without beauty, and I forgive you your impiety. To conclude, I receive Touriri into my bosom because I am just, and I admit you, Maitreza, because I am kind."
The Defeat of Charles Murray.

The Socialist movement was only temporarily damped by the defeat and disintegration of the Labour Party in 1910, and the six years of Tory government which followed the overwhelming Liberal débâcle of that year. Indeed, it is by no means certain that the Socialist propaganda did not gain rather than lose by the disaster. The moderate Labourites were drawn by which followed the overwhelming Liberal debacle of 1910, and the six years of Tory government. The way was clear for a Socialist Party. True, there were now not more than half a dozen avowed Socialists left in the House, but these, in a position of greater independence, made far more stir than the 31 Labourites of the Parliament of 1906. Meanwhile Socialism was spreading rapidly throughout the country, and the membership of the I.L.P. and the S.D.P. branches was going up by leaps and bounds. The revival of Christianity, which on the Continent often acted as a check on the Socialist advance, here in England assisted it. The alliance effected by the Church Socialist League between Socialism and renascent Catholicism was everywhere bearing fruit. Auxiliaries from the Church of England, as well as from the Nonconformist Churches, were pouring into the movement.

The national disappointment with the new Tory Government helped to swell the current. Tariff Reform had certainly not justified the extravagant fears of the Liberals, but it had failed to justify the still more extravagant hopes of the Tories. The people of England did not live on nettles and horse-flesh; probably they were, on the whole, more prosperous than under the Free Trade régime. Still, Unemployment continued, and it soon became apparent that Tariff Reform did not mean “work for all.” The adjustment of tariffs by the plutocratic ruling class fostered the growth of powerful monopolistic interests. The confrontation of classes had begun. The atmosphere was electric. It required only a match to set the country ablaze. It was Charles Murray who applied the match.

Murray was the child of Scottish peasant parents, and had, like so many clever lads of his class and nation, received a good education at St. Andrew's University. Thus he combined a native sympathy with, and understanding of, the common people with an intellectual culture which in England was then almost confined to the richer class. But over and above these advantages, he had been dowered by Nature with a priceless gift, the gift of an incomparable oratory. Old men who remembered the Midlothian Campaign declared that Gladstone at his best was not Murray's equal. He could play on an audience as on an instrument, melt it to tears, rouse it to passionate anger, touch the strings of every emotion at will. To this gift he added a profound knowledge of the condition of the workers, an intense indignation at their sufferings, and a close grip of economic Socialism.

He was returned to Parliament at a by-election in 1912 by a large majority in a three-cornered contest. The question then agitating the country was the attempt of the Tory Ministry to force a Conscription Bill through Parliament. The decisive victory of Murray following upon two or three Liberal secessions was regarded as a menacing sign of the public dislike of what was called “Militarism,” and led eventually to the dropping of the Bill. The Government fell back upon the plan of strengthening the so-called “Territorials,” a force recruited mainly from the middle class by a kind of amateur conscription exercised by the richest firms of employers.

[Being an extract from Professor Rackahaw's"History of the Social Revolution in Great Britain," published A.D. 2016.]

The small Socialist Party was divided on the Army question. It was indeed united in opposition to the Conscription Bill, but while some of its members wished to create a citizen army by compulsory military training without martial law, others were altogether hostile to military preparations, and wished to reduce the existing army to a minimum without providing an adequate substitute. Murray belonged to the latter school. From the bottom of his heart he hated war and preparation for war, and his influence soon proved decisive. His oratory made him at once the acknowledged leader of the party in the House and its most conspicuous champion. From the bottom of his heart he hated war and preparation for war, and his influence soon proved decisive. His oratory made him at once the acknowledged leader of the party in the House and its most conspicuous champion.

In 1916 the election came. At the end of the 1910 Parliament the figures had stood: Conservatives 292, Liberals 185, Labour and Socialist 12, Irish Nationalist 83. The new Parliament consisted of: Conservatives 224, Liberals 157, Labour and Socialist 166, Irish Nationalist 83. The Irish were in close alliance with Murray, so that the two capitalist parties united had only a majority of 172.

An attempt was immediately made to form a Radical Ministry under Mr. Winston Churchill, relying on Labour and Nationalist support, but the revolt of the Socialists on the one hand and the moderate Liberals on the other brought the experiment to a premature conclusion. Mr. Churchill resigned, and Parliament was again dissolved. The new elections gave results even less satisfactory to the capitalists: the Liberal Party was practically obliterated, yet the Conservatives had not gained ground. The figures were: Conservatives 218, Liberals 143, Labour-Socialist 246, Irish Nationalist 83.

The panic among the proper class was inscribable. No longer was it possible for a young man of the wealthier class to avow himself a Socialist without inconvenience. The fashionable clubs blackballed men of good family and irreproachable character because they had advocated the mildest measures of social reform. The Trade Unions and Liberal Parties were subjected to a savage purge, every man of the mildest Collectivist leanings being either intimidated or cast out. There was a general cry of consternation among all those who had anything to lose. And under this cry was heard another which such crises seldom fail to produce - the cry for a Dictatorship. And forthwith the Dictator appeared.

Sir Raymond Grenville had passed the earlier part of his life in the Indian Civil Service. He had been Secretary for India from 1910 to 1916, and had been distinguished by the relentless vigour and success with which he had suppressed the Indian Nationalist movement. He was now called to a harder and bloodier task. He became Prime Minister in 1918.

When the Tariff Reform and Conservative Parties had been purged of some score of waverers, it was reckoned that there were at least 340 (or more than half the House) who could be relied upon to vote against the Socialists. But Grenville was determined to give the Bill a trial. His first act, therefore, was to do a deal with the Irish.

A Home Rule Parliament, with powers even more extensive than those conceded by Mr. Gladstone's Bill, was offered. The measure, it is true, was unacceptable to British democrats, for only free-holders were to vote in the country and only ten-pound householders in the towns. But, as the Bill was accompanied by an extended scheme of compulsory purchase, thus turning almost all the remaining tenant farmers into free-holders, it was accepted by the Irish Party. The Nationalists deserted their Socialist allies and supported the Government in all its subsequent measures.

The King's Speech had promised, along with the Home Rule Bill, a Registration Bill for Great Britain and a Prevention of Crimes Bill. When these two
measures were laid before the House there was not a little sensation. For the former amounted to nothing less than the disfranchisement of all British citizens who were not twenty-pound householders, while the latter enabled the Government to imprison indefinitely all who should be thought to meditate evil to the State. A precedent was found for this in the Prevention of Crimes Bill Act of 1678, which established the Indeterminate Sentence.

The Crimes Bill was hurried through the House of Commons in a single sitting, sent up to the Lords, and carried into law within a week of its introduction. The Registration Bill was carried on its second reading by 415 votes to 240, and on the night of its passing two hundred of the minority were thrown into prison. Murray, who had exerted all his eloquence in vain against the two Bills, was the first to be arrested.

Then followed the White Terror, to which England still looks back with loathing and horror. Murray and three or four of his most intimate associates were brought to trial for high treason before a jury packed by the Government, and chosen from the fiercest anti-Socialists in London. The charge of the Lord Chief Justice closely resembled the charges of the judges who tried the suspects of the Popish and Rye House Plots. Of course they were convicted.

All this was not tamely borne. The Socialist populace attempted insurrection, but, alas! they had neglected the means which alone make insurrection possible. A few people exerted themselves. The S.P.R. Clerkwellen and in the East End, being manned by men undisciplined and practically unarmed, were soon demolished by the regular troops. The rebellion of the North was more formidable, but its fiercer spirit and wider extent only prolonged the agony of its suppression. Lancashire and the West Riding, Glasgow, Birmingham, Newcastle were given up to massacre. It is estimated that not less than a million of men, women, and children perished. Meanwhile the Registration Bill passed into law within a week of its introduction. The tragic episode attempted insurrection, but alas! they had neglected the means which alone make insurrection possible.

A frightful persecution of the Socialists followed. On May 28, 1910, Charles Murray, Nathaniel Hearst, Victor Grayson, A. R. Orage, Conrad Noel, Cecil Chesterton, and other prominent Socialists were publicly hanged in Trafalgar Square.

The fate of the last-named was the more undeserved, as he had always been conscious of the need of a Citizen Army. Cecil Chesterton.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

An occasion has arrived for glancing at certain reputations, old and new, four books by "eminent hands" having been published almost simultaneously in this active season. First there is Mr. John Galsworthy's "Fraternity" (Heinemann, 6s.). My sympathies are with the general tendency of Mr. Galsworthy. He has acquired by accurate observation a large stock of facts, and he can arrange his facts around a centre. He knows how to find a great theme. He has a true feeling for his medium. You naturally expect that this general praise is the prelude to a particular blame. It is. The charm of his style makes the reading of any work he produces a pleasure, and the sanity of his thinking prevents the warmth of his feelings leading him into untruthful grouping. Nothing in it is a lack of dramatic grouping. Nothing in it has character which has characterised any other age in English history. He has seen his theme "in the air," and has seized it. Good! But I do not think that in other respects the novel is worthy of his promise. His chief fault is a lack of dramatic grouping. Nothing in it stands out clear. And, further, neither the background nor the foreground is quite in focus. He seems to have been so meticuously busy with detail that he has for gotten to "compose" his picture. Also, I find a continual slight effect of caricature. Every character appears bizarre, highly unusual, as though in an excess of conscientiousness he had "teased" each figure by overhandling into something artificial. Possibly this misfortune has come to pass through his instinctive perception that his medium draws types better than individuals.

I imagine that "A Commentary" is, after all, his best book.) Then, though his sense of the seriousness of his calling is admirable, it forces him too often into the pose of a philosopher. The philosophising of a novelist should never be other than implicit in the novel. He should hold it in solution, leaving it to the reader to precipitate.

And innumerable lumps of Mr. Galsworthy's philosophising are of third-rate quality. What heavenly use can be served by such sentences as this: "Whether no—a philosophers say little things are all big with the past, of whose chain they are the latest links, they frequently produce what apparently are great results." Padding is the sole word for that. And Mr. W. E. Norris can do it very much better. I would like to ask Mr. Galsworthy if he has decided definitely for himself that minute descriptions of the faces of characters ever, save by extremely rare hazard, leave any impression on the reader. He multiplies such descriptions by dozens in "Fraternity." I would beg him to reflect upon the effect of characters in the novel. I would ask him if he has decided definitely for himself that minute descriptions of the faces of characters ever, save by extremely rare hazard, leave any impression on the reader. He multiplies such descriptions by dozens in "Fraternity." 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with respect, with sympathy, with admiration; but I say it. The book does not advance the author's reputation. I do not suppose that Mr. Galsworthy can abolish the limitations of his artistic temperament—limitations due to the very violence of his humanity—but I believe that within those limitations he can achieve a far more complete self-expression than his books yet show. It is difficult not to suppose that he has insufficiently nourished himself on classical models in fiction. He seems to have accepted without due inquiry the pattern à la mode.

It is a long time since I read a novel by Barry Pain. He has written very few. It is still longer since I read "In a Canadian Canoe," that Chinese cracker. There are people in Fleet Street and elsewhere who are yet waiting for Barry Pain to "arrive." If these simple ones mean "arrive" in the commercial sense, then, having been born "here," whenever I read them I think of Stendhal, who began his day's work by conjugating a few clauses of the Code Napoleon, so as to remove any nonsensical notions about "literary style" that might have sprouted in his head during the night. Barry Pain's admirable style has all the virtues of the Code, and indeed much resembles Stendhal's. On the first page of "Fraternity" there are quite ten different indistinct fineries of style which Barry Pain's natural classical taste would infallibly save him from. Here is an example of what I enjoy in Barry Pain's style: "The chairs were of good design and bad workmanship." Compose ten pages about the modern artistic furniture movement as it has extended to the lower middle-class, and you will not achieve a better descriptive criticism of it than that. The author's peculiarity is that the ordinary six-shilling length is not "big length." His length is rather that of a French "nouvelle"—say, twenty thousand words. The public's peculiarity is that while it will pay six shillings for sixty thousand words, it will not pay a shilling—that is, half the rate—for twenty thousand. And of course it will not accept as "serious" something which it can buy for a mere shilling, and which is not respectably bound in cloth. No one knows why. Occasionally his muse permits Barry Pain to write up to six shillings. "The Gifted Family" (Alston Rivers, 6s.) says: "To conclude, I may say that I have read through nearly every other work on the subject and which the author deals. It is not the whole truth, but it is the truth. Again and again one notices a successful overcoming of the temptation to exaggerate for diversion's or sentimentality's sake. The first half of the book is the best. In my opinion the mild fun concerning eccentricities of pronunciation is too mild. On the whole, the lower middle-class pronounces English much more correctly than the "better educated" class above it. If a realistic novelist arose to depict the upper classes of this country, and he set down the speech of his characters according to their pronunciation, the result would surpass in horror the worst bizarreries of the Kailyard school. In the upper classes, nineteen persons out of twenty are incapable of pronouncing any long vowel sound correctly. "The Gifted Family" will, I hope, induce the simple to see Barry Pain "arrived."
page as a melodrama, it is a melodrama, in good sooth; with excellent horrors about p. 200. Being an expert craftsman, E. Nesbit can write anything well. She can write tales for her children nearly as good as Mrs. E. Nesbit's, and tales for children immensely better than Mr. Le Queu's and Mr. Max Pemberton's. From the commercial point of view, she makes an error in not pretending that the big children are not children. She teases her readers. Now, you can laugh both at and with a tale, if you laugh at gently. But it is unwise to laugh at a big baby. Big babies lack humour. Hence, though "Salome and the Head" (what a genial title!) is out of sight superior to The Woman in White" and The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and "She," and is about as good as "Dracula," I do not venture to hope that it will exceed these concoctions in popularity. Mr. Spenser Frye's illustrations—despite a certain preciseness, as if they had strayed out of the "Neoith"—have beauty and some originality.

To literary dilettanti aged about forty the appearance of a new volume of "prose fancies" by Richard Le Gallienne must administer a thrill. I admit, with my usual dreadful candour, that in the generation I was enthralled with "The Book-Bills of Narcissus" (large-paper copy) that immediately after reading it I read it all again. A great moment in the author's career—and he knew it not! Another great moment was on the night of Gladstone's death, when one of the New York dailies came out with a huge electric sky-sign: "Gladstone. To morrow: Sonnet by Richard Le Gallienne." That is fame, in America. And it surpasses any form of fame yet invented in England. Doubtless it was such subtle flatteries that encouraged New York to proclaim itself enthralled with "Gladstone." Since then his reputation has advanced neither here nor there. It has, indeed, declined. We no longer discuss the style of his prose fancies as we used to do in our "unenlightened youth," do not think the quality of his work has declined. "Little Dinners with the Sphinx and Other Fancies" (Lane, 6s.) seems to me to be as good as its predecessors. But age has chilled me, and the book leaves me cold. I am astonished that once of a new volume of "prose fancies" by Richard Le Gallienne. It's really an awfully jolly game, and when you once get into it, ever so much more exciting than golf or cricket. If your lot has only been to damp the copying-brush of one of the savants in such an amusing expedition, you cannot help sharing in the general enthusiasm, and feeling excited as to what new guesses may be made from a translation of the inscription. As a rule, the accounts of these picnics are hidden in books and periodicals which may not reach the vulgar; and even the fun is usually concealed.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"New Light on Ancient Egypt."* For many years several gentlemen have been enjoying themselves hugely by forming digging parties in Egypt, raking up old tombs and temples, copying inscriptions and attempting to decipher them, discovering old books, and amusing themselves generally by piecing their bits of knowledge together to reconstruct Ancient Egypt. It's really an awfully jolly game, and when you once get into it, ever so much more exciting than golf or cricket. If your lot has only been to damp the copying-brush of one of the savants in such an amusing expedition, you cannot help sharing in the general enthusiasm, and feeling excited as to what new guesses may be made from a translation of the inscription. As a rule, the accounts of these picnics are hidden in books and periodicals which may not reach the vulgar; and even the fun is usually concealed. Professor Maspero is among the best known of the gentlemen who pass so agreeable a life, and in this volume he gives a pleasant picture of the manner he and his fellow-explorers have been passing the time—"the same way as people did many centuries ago." Professor Maspero tells us something about the oldest known explorers in the Ancient desert. They lived somewhere about the year 3,500 B.C.—two or three centuries are of no consequence in dealing with dates in the history of ancient Eastern Empires. I cannot say that these explorers penetrated far into

*"New Light on Ancient Egypt." By G. Maspero. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

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the interior of the Dark Continent, but their expeditions were long, fatiguing, dangerous, profitable. They inspired them with so much pride, and brought them so many good things, that they desired to preserve their memory for posterity.

I suppose they exhibited their findings very much in the same way as Prof. Flinders Petrie shows his every year at University College, although the primary object of the Egyptian explorer was trade, not amusement.

Hirkhouf made three journeys during the reign of Meroeotis I.; his first was to the land of Amani to open up the road to that country. "I accomplished it in seven months, and brought back all kinds of commodities, for which I was highly praised." "The ideal thing for an Egyptian explorer was to come across a Danga, and to transport it alive into Egypt." Hirkhouf was successful. A Danga was a particular kind of pigmy whose appearance and antics amused the Egyptians of the day, just as the pygmies brought to London a few years ago amused ourselves.

If we are pleased with the same things that pleased people four or five thousand years ago, we frighten and protect our children in a quite similar way. The policeman and bogey man are ancient institutions. I do not say they are the better for that. This is the description Egyptian mothers and nurses gather their children: "Avaunt, ye dead man, who comes in the darkness, who enters stealthily, with nose behind, face obverse, avaunt, frustrated of what ye have come for. If ye are come to kiss this child, I shall not allow you to kiss it. If ye are come to still its crying, I shall not allow you to still it! If ye are come to injure it, I shall not allow you to injure it! If you are come to take it away, I shall not allow you to take it from me." Don’t you feel sorry for those poor little Egyptian children when they were threatened with the mysterious thing whenever they were naughty?—no doubt, mothers then, as nowadays, thought it necessary to teach their children to be good—i.e., not to disturb them while they were reading the latest novel, the "New Arabian Nights," or the translation of a Copite novel, of which a fragment has been recently found, and of which an extract is given in this book.

Professor Maspero, of course, stands up for his side as against those who play for Greece or the other people. According to the Egyptologists, Dionysus is of Egyptian origin; Foucart finds it in "Osiris of the Infernal Regions." "Our knowledge of the ceremonies of the Anthestoria (the most ancient and the most solemn of the festivals of Dionysus) scarcely permits us to doubt that the Egyptian Osiris was the original of the Attic Dionysus. We have in both cases the resurrection of a god, who had been treacherously mutilated. The number of pieces is the same and the march of events identical... The mysteries of the 12th Anthestorsion exactly reproduced the principal features of the Egyptian legend and the practices to which it gave rise..."

The Hellenists apparently will not have it. But M. Maspero believes: "As soon as the material facts of the commercial and political relations are demonstrated to the Hellenists, spiritual relations will follow of themselves, and the traditions of Egyptian colonies or of religious borrowings that they have hitherto so decidedly put aside, will have credence in their eyes as they have long had in ours."

Christian science and orthodox medicine flourished in Ancient Egypt, and, as among ourselves, were both exercised by the same person. "The doctor would have been of little use to his patients if he had not proved as expert in exorcism as in formulas of pharmacy." Vaccination, bleeding, vegetarianism, all-meat diet, anti-purin, sauermilk, spas; and so on were all in favour at different periods. As for drugs: "At base, it was a sole remedy that the Egyptians administered, disguised through various vehicles, when they desired to try wholly different remedies. Examining them all, we find that all contain a more or less considerable quantity of some active element that modern physicians often recommend in similar cases."

Professor Maspero has always something interesting to say. It is nearly always concerned with superficial, everyday affairs—that is, the most interesting things—of the Ancient Egyptian. He touches once or twice upon their spiritual life, but here he is never illuminating. The translation by Elizabeth Lee is excellent.

M. D. EDER.
Recent Music.

Creme de Menthe and Mignonette.

Mr. Franz Liebich tried hard the other evening at the Alhambra Club to place Weber and Debussy on the same programme on the same evening in the same concert-room. For myself, I may say that I was fearfully embarrassed, and have not even yet, a fortnight later, completely recovered. I feel that my history of nervous prostration I was then thrown into. The principal thing that troubles me is that Mr. Liebich is an honest man, and I've got to respect his opinions. And I've got to remember two things: that to my present way of thinking are utterly opposed. One cannot easily appreciate Pavis de Chavannes and at the same time be enthusiastic over the achievements of Sir Alma Tadema. One cannot, or I feel one cannot, easily appreciate Verdi's attitude towards poetry and at the same time yell oneself hoarse with delight at the accomplishments of Mr. Stephen Phillips. Some of us may of course delight in the bitter-sweetness of antagonisms, but they are few who honestly delight in positive antagonisms. Mr. Liebich cannot really feel the mood it expresses, but I should not instinctively admire and envy the way it expresses, but I should not instinctively associate high classic subjects with this particular style of utterance unless, indeed, in frank parody. But Weber, like most great artists, of course, expected and hoped to be taken seriously, and his desire to be taken seriously is evidenced in "Euranythe" and "Oberon." Although he may of course delight in the bitter-sweetness of antagonisms, but they are few who honestly delight in positive antagonisms, Mr. Liebich prefers to play for himself and his accompaniment programme with irritating improvisations before each song, but the result is not good. It is very nearly, but not quite; for a few of the accompaniments required more careful attention than any singer, however accomplished, could possibly give to them while singing the tune and trying to make his words heard at the end of the hall. Mr. Henschel naturally thought first of the singer's business and the proper enunciation of the words, and no single instance did he fail in his renderings; his voice is wonderful, his pitch and his own accompaniments, one can only think that his desire is to arrive at some difficult and almost impossible tour de force. The obvious and usual thing is that a singer should have someone else to play the accompaniments. Mr. Henschel prefers to play for himself and his own accompaniments, one can only think that his desire is to arrive at some difficult and almost impossible tour de force. The obvious and usual thing is that a singer should have someone else to play the accompaniments, but his accompaniments are so well done, so heaven help me the next time I meet him.

Nobody disputes Weber's orchestral skill. He is credited with having been the founder of the Romantic movement in music, but his alleged romanticism was broadly a derivation, a reflection of the period in which he lived. His superb ecstasies, his tremendous invocations, his joy and gladness were lumply lumpy lumpy lumpy lumpy lumpy lumpy lumpy. Now, I have no passionate aversion to lumpy lumpy, but it is hard to admire and envy the mood it expresses, but I should not instinctively associate high classic subjects with this particular style of utterance unless, indeed, in frank parody. But Weber, like most great artists, of course, expected and hoped to be taken seriously, and his desire to be taken seriously is evidenced in "Euranythe" and "Oberon." I have never experienced so much as much as in his pianoforte sonatas. The one I know best, the C major, is really a horrible advertisement of a shallow soul. Nothing can forgive its most truncated mendacity. Mr. Liebich played some other one (I forget its key signature), and to my timidly-prejudiced mind it was merely another way of saying the same thing.

In the February number of the "Contemporary," Mr. Ernest Newman, in an excellent essay on Mendelssohn, indicates, unconsciously I'm sure, another defect in Weber's mental equipment. He is suggesting that Weber, and not Mendelssohn, was the first to bring the faeries into the orchestra. Almost immediately, he goes on to say that "the treatment of them by the two men is characteristic. Weber's faeryland is as full of feeling as the world of human beings. Mendelssohn's faeries hardly think or feel at all; but they are incomparable dancers." Of course, Weber was wrong indeed to depict faeries with any feelings at all, and Mendelssohn, soulless being as he was, was far nearer the truth when he made them "incomparable dancers." Weber always over-emotionalised, piling one sweet agony on the top of another; while, on the other hand, Mendelssohn, as his work was virtuoso and innocently facile, like the art of the pastry cook, and with something of the same intellectual appeal. So I really do fail to understand why Carl Maria von Weber should be entitled to a place between two such intelligent artists as Monteverde and Debussy.

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Peace or War? To The Editor of "The New Age." It is hard to be always serious, and only the last of the following questions is that First: Suppose England and Germany, instead of spending most of their money on armaments, were determined to spend it all? There is no proposition which cannot be made ridiculous by pushing it far enough, and this is a striking case.

Second: Is it not strange that the mutuality of Christian States is best represented in art by NATIONAL bickering, while in another, and that the cost of these beastly to their owners should be hundreds of millions of pounds?

Third: Is it not time for the civilised races, those we call civilised races, those we call Powers, to look at the purely commercial aspect of this very serious question, with the intention of making the utmost of their opportunities; and is not commerce, with all its fingers and interests in the great international pie, more likely to promote peace than a Ministry backed by the troops which are fit for nothing but fighting?

Other questions are: What would become of that commercial contest if we had the will to work; and if working in order to provide clothing and food for the force is as pleasant as it is said to be, why is there this great international race, more likely to promote the power of the purse of the State than a Ministry backed by the troops which are fit for nothing but fighting?

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A new journal, like an uninvited guest at a banquet, is expected to justify its appearance—some more or less plausible, and some a natural enough. The Editor is generally believed to be registered by the number of his subscribers. In these days of evident over-production, for financing the realm of journalism, one may naturally exclaim: "Why another?" "What possible need of human interest and activity is still unrepresented? Is there a still unvoiced protest, or a travesty of another place in the soul-saving, that has not its weekly, monthly, or quarterly review?" Curiously enough there is, and it happens to be a subject of great—indeed of supreme importance to every member of civilised society, as will appear from the following:

Some months ago a meeting was held at my house in Rivington Street, London. The Editor discusses the recent United States monetary panic, and to consider suggestions from certain well-informed persons, of means by which these panics might be checked. After the conclusion of the meeting it was decided to try the aid of the Press in calling public attention to the terrible dangers which this panic involved. The news was actually released, from the excessive weakness of our financial system—a system which begins to tremble whenever £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 is transferred out of Great Britain, and the difficulties present of their numerous ineffective attempts to interest various papers, led to the discovery that the Press was either uninterested or uninterested, with the Press in the columns of our newspapers, that this body is now endeavouring to impress upon the present Chancellor of the Exchequer the trial condition as perilous, and likened it to the Campanile before its fall, and that only the forbearance of our Continental neighbours prevented its fall. Mr. Chamberlain's speech on this subject was published in the current number of "The Clarion." It was willingly opened to the Press for the free ventilation of its text.

It was finally suggested that the only means for presenting it to the public was to start a review which would honestly and completely at the mercy of a hostile power as though our navy were for bankruptcy. The Government is being warned by the Press, and even the Stage, that undue panic, and that only the forbearance of our Continental neighbours are in complete ignorance of, or are extremely callous to the hardships entailed upon our manufacturers and tradesmen by reason of the rise in the bank rate. The truth is that the banks weathered these financial storms entirely at the expense of the producing classes, and their safety was and always is assured by their power to tax the community by raising the rate of discount upon loans. It is safe to say that the losses which are inflicted upon the business men throughout this vast empire, and that only the forbearance of our Continental neighbours prevented the fall of our financial system is an urgent necessity. The interests of the producers of every commodity save gold, as well as those of commercial and tradesmen generally, are altogether secondary in financial circles. For instance, Lord Avebury congratulated the members of the London Chamber of Commerce upon the ease with which the English banks had weathered the financial storm, and that only the forbearance of our Continental neighbours prevented its fall of Consols and other gilt-edged securities to the extent of £100,000,000! Whatever may be said of our ability to protect our country from invasion, there is no question as to the power of one nation—or even any great financier like Mr. Pierpont Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller—to bring on a panic which would make our trade and commerce absolutely impossible in the opinion of the money-lenders by the more important fact—those are the creators of dividends. The knowledge that every £1 rise in the bank rate costs the producing and trading classes about £500,000 per week, is only incomprehensible to the general public, and no one has yet been able to explain the panic. Mr. Chamberlain's speech on this subject is in no sense a bi-metallic organ, nor has it any connection with the racket of our present harassing industrial conditions. Let me here remark—in order to settle a question which has already been put to me by many subscribers—that "The Open Review" is in no sense a bi-metallic organ, nor has it any connection with the manufacturing and trading classes. It is a mixture which may be an absolute necessity to our existence, and particularly the producing classes, to the perils and burdens to which our financial system exposes them.

Although dealing principally with financial subjects, "The Open Review" will afford a field for the free discussion of all topics of public importance, such as Socialism, Free Trade, Tariff Reform, Education, Woman's Suffrage, and the like. The Editor will be open to a free arena for rational discussion and to the free discussion of the Press to the subject of finance. As Mr. Hilaire Belloc says: "There has taken upon our Press a mixture of corruption and terror which makes it impossible to print quite simple truths." Contributors will find in "The Open Review" an absolute free arena for rational discussion.
The Church, the State, and the Forces: With all these claims upon revenue, of which the last is by far the heaviest, we still have the Government pledged to social reforms, going full blast. This is as amenable to reason as I have proposed in my monkish minutes. If you inquire why these claims are done and dusted, you will find it is simply and simply because, under the head of poverty, the Government doesn't give the fifteenth part of the money that would be required for the pensioners. In this very same line of argument, the other day at the New Reform Club, I heard Mr. J. A. Hobson speak upon "How Social Reforms can be Financed." This I do not consider that he did not give it, in my opinion, until the nation itself is rich we shall get nothing but never-kept promises from either political party. Things will be better still, if we have the teeth of the Lords, and when the non-progressive element in the so-called Liberal Party has been huddled out of the House; but at present, as Mr. Chesterton says, "There is nothing much to be got out of the skeleton of an income," such as the Government has. I am not dealing with general causes of poverty; only pointing to one in particular, the at present unavoidable, but no less deplorable, waste of a nation's substance in maintaining the army and navy.

Did not that extraordinary creature, the Tsar, startle us some years ago with his proposal that the armament be disbanded; a proposal of which nothing came, I believe, but the Hague Arbitration Court; and is it not time for the public to see that the armament has to be considered more seriously than it ever has been before? What I have in my mind is an International Conference, in which the Boards of Trade of all the nations should send representatives to play the most important part, and be asked to consider especially how the commercial position would be affected, in their opinion, by the armaments. But the first thing to do, according to Mr. Chesterton, is to prove, by means of demonstrations, the strength of popular feeling against these mad preparations for war.

As to present interests, which must be many, I prefer leaving the class questions, and also the armament, which will be pressed, as to what would become of the dead stock (fortifications, artillery battalions), and the enormous number of soldiers, and sailors who would be added immediately to the ranks of the unemployed? Readjustment and compensation will be the keywords of their maintenance, and seeing what the Government has done in the past, I am fairly safe to be generous.

ERNEST RADFORD.

AT IT AGAIN!

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I don't propose to continue the controversy with our genial and kindly (though Catholic) friend, G. K. Chesterton, as it has probably gone on long enough. My object in writing the article was, as Robert Houdin, of controversial devices, to bamboozle the Nonconformist public as to the meaning of the word "Socialist," and its application to Mr. Chesterton, and upon an article on "Was Dickens a Socialist?" I don't know whether he was or wasn't, and cannot say that I give the meaning of the word in the least, nor do I think it improbable that he knew anything about Socialism. But what I protest against is Mr. Chesterton's attempt to connect the two, and I am perfectly afraid that he has not proved anything in the way of demonstrations, the strength of popular feeling against these mad preparations for war.

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I come to these lists as a grounding rash enough to cross swords with one of the prominent quails in Mr. Chesterton in his championship of Christianity as being in its essence hedonism. Being a parson, and a professor of religion, I should think it highly improbable that he knew anything about Socialism. But what I protest against is Mr. Chesterton's attempting to connect the two, and I am perfectly afraid that he has not proved anything in the way of demonstrations, the strength of popular feeling against these mad preparations for war.

As to present interests, which must be many, I prefer leaving the class questions, and also the armament, which will be pressed, as to what would become of the dead stock (fortifications, artillery battalions), and the enormous number of soldiers, and sailors who would be added immediately to the ranks of the unemployed? Readjustment and compensation will be the keywords of their maintenance, and seeing what the Government has done in the past, I am fairly safe to be generous.

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subject of a question in Parliament. I refer to the statement that the King has interfered in defence of the melodrama, "The King's Man." It should be the duty of some occupant of the Labour Benches to inquire whether the statement is, or is not, true, and if it is true, to inquire what the Government intends to do to prevent the occurrence of similar unwarrentable interference with the liberty of citizens of the United Kingdom. And I trust that the member who does ask the question will stick to it until he gets an answer, or have out. We have had quite enough of this pinchbeck autocracy.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I wish to call your attention to certain grave inaccuracies in C. H. Norman's article, "A Bastard Patriotism," in THE NEW AGE of March 4th.

"... and the word is distinctly the wrong word to express the writer's evident meaning. According to Worcester's dictionary, Bastard means: "Born out of wedlock; illegitimate." Whereas his intended definition is foreign, or foreigner.

Mr. Norman proves his crass ignorance of the origin of names, which he takes to be foreign, in several notable instances which are too obvious to require explanation, but at least in my own case I will point out his ridiculous blunder.

The de Fonblanque family is of Huguenot descent; they came to England before the Revocation. My great-great-grandfather settled here, and ever since his descendants have served their Ruler and country. His name was John de Fonblanque. He was married twice, and had several children. His second wife was an Englishwoman, as did all his descendants. Their eldest son, my great-grandfather, born in 1760, was educated at Harrow and Oxford; he was called to the Bar in 1803; married a Huguenot, heroine with patent of precedence; he was member for Camelford for many years; a personal friend, as well as legal adviser, of the Prince of Wales; when he died he was the first of the English Bar, of which he was a member and pendant in the Temple Church. The eldest of his sons was my grandfather, John de Fonblanque, a legal writer and historian, born in 1797; he was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge; he received a commission in the 21st Fusiliers, served in the Peninsular war under Lord William Bentinck, was appointed to the position of Deputy Judge Advocate General. He took an active part in the American war, and was wounded at the siege of New Orleans. After Waterloo he served in the army of occupation; on his return to England in 1816 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankruptcy by Lord Eldon, a position he held till a short time before he died. His brother, Thomas de Fonblanque, was H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Belgrade; and another brother, Albany de Fonblanque, was a celebrated journalist and politician; he was the proprietor of the "Examiner" newspaper, and was appointed chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade.

My father is a distinguished writer; his name is Albany de Fonblanque. He was called to the Bar in 1853, and appointed Deputy Judge at Constantinople, and subsequently Judge of the Consular Court at Alexandria before England gave up the Ionian Isles. He served in the Consular service for over thirty years until he retired on a pension; his last appointment as Consul, at New Orleans, he held for nearly twenty years. All the other members of my father's family served in the army, navy, and legal professions, and their name is an honoured one in literature; therefore, Mr. Norman's stupid ignorance in classing me amongst "Bastard Patriots" is unpardonable, and deserves this exposure.

ETHEL M. HARTER.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Norman's "Bastard Patriotism" is excellent so long as he confines himself to slating Hanover, Blumenfeld and Co. and giving their details in so much space as it has taken to do with the Territorial Army. In fact, it is a shining example of the "whipping boy" style of argument.

I fear I am one of those who, through the article I came across an alarming array of facts to show that the Regular Army and the German Army and the Army in India are rotten with sexual disorder, and Agreed. Does Mr. Norman maintain that sloping a rifle and marching in step produce a tendency to sexual diseases? These horrors, as Mr. Norman himself expressly states, are not in the least encouraging the claims to the "forced celibacy of barrack life." Well, Territorials aren't in barracks, so what has this to do with the Territorials? War Office.

DUXMIA.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I suggest to the Labour Party, or to any other organisation which can afford it, and has the machinery for distribution, that the article by Mr. Norman should be reprinted in leaflet form? Socialist branches in the country would find it useful for distribution at Tariff Reform meetings.

WOMEN'S ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I tell your readers that at the meeting held at the Fortune Theatre during Wednesday's snowstorm I was allowed to ask a question which I have out. We have had quite enough of this pinchbeck autocracy.

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*LIBERALS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Many of my friends pretend that my disbelief in Liberal promises is a form of mania—an obsession. But I would ask those who still maintain that the Liberal Party is serious with regard to the Unemployed question to look at their Daily News of Saturday, March 6th. On Friday night Mr. Sidney Webb spoke on Unemployment for about one and a half hours. Mr. Bernard Shaw took the chair and made a speech for a few minutes. The only reference to a column to Mr. Shaw's introductory remarks, whilst it does not give a line to Mr. Webb's weighty, luminous exposition of the whole problem, which emphatically solves the solution of the whole problem. Mr. Webb is apparently regarded as Horseshoeing News by the Liberal Party. But is this honest journalism?

[FOrence Farr]

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