NOTES OF THE WEEK

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Nothing in recent Parliamentary history has surpassed in degradation the scene which was witnessed in the House of Commons on Tuesday after Mr. Asquith had concluded his speech on the Naval Estimates. If the Germans had captured three parts of our Navy and were at that moment bombarding Hastings, the funk of the Commons could scarcely have been greater. It is all very well to talk now of a dignified attitude in the House as a body behaved pusillanimously beyond the dreams of our bitterest enemies. A more flattering tribute to the power of Germany was never offered, their views to the general discussion of the needs of the Navy, we may as well follow the events of the week, and invite our readers to do the same.

Mr. Henderson made even a perfunctory reference in the House of Commons this week, but Germany. We wish indeed that such a panic as was witnessed on Tuesday were conceivable on the presentation to the House of, say, the Poor Law Commissioners’ terrible Reports or the tragic revelations of the Sweating Commission. No such state of perturbation was ever produced, unfortunately, by the proof of perils far greater than that from German ships. In view, however, of the probability that Socialists everywhere will be called upon to discuss the war enemy, and to contribute their views to the general discussion of the needs of the Navy, we may as well follow the events of the week, and invite our readers to do the same.

At the outset it may be remarked that not one of the speakers in the House of Commons appears to have even attempted to understand the motives and attitude of Germany. It is conceivable, of course, that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour were in the secret and were astute enough to assist the storm for the purpose of good fishing in the troubled waters. The hypothesis may flatter, as it would certainly shock, them; but we prefer to regard it as a possible hypothesis in the absence of an intelligible alternative. Certainly neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. McKenna nor Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Henderson made even a perfunctory reference in their speeches to a possibly rational view of Germany’s attitude. Yet we absolutely refuse to believe that nothing better than the bogy-view of Germany, prevailing in the minds of “Daily Mail” ignoramuses, haunts the illumined circles of Cabinet and Front Bench statesmen. That view, as everybody knows, presents Germany as secretly preparing a navy with the single sinister purpose of invading England and putting all our people to famine or the sword; and all without the smallest motive beyond sheer devilry. Such a view, we maintain, is childishly romantic, and deserved, at any rate, to be mentioned to be condemned in the House of Commons.

In the absence of any other attempt either to release our journals from the mire of absurdity in which they are wallowing or to pay some sort of homage to rationality and intelligence in German statesmen, we hold that it is the duty of Socialists, who alone seem to be able to keep their heads cool during a panic, to character and ideals which tread upon the heels of a perpetually advancing poverty. Poverty, we believe, is far and away the most dangerous enemy England has ever had or is ever likely to have. Not Germany is the enemy most to be feared, but poverty. Hence we contend that those who refuse to join us in the attack on poverty are traitors to England when they are not cowards, and knaves when they are not fools.
endeavour, first, to divine the real psychological position of Germany, and, secondly, to determine in the light of the discovery the proper nature of England's reply. For our own part, the real inwardness of German policy is clear and unmistakable. Only the most pig-headed and crack-brained of our chauvinists can doubt for an instant that Germany not only knows her own business, but knows that her business is neither the attempted conquest of England nor even the humiliation of England. The notion of invading England with no other provocation than that England is England has never seriously entered the head of any German statesman in his sober senses. It would argue an oligarchy in a state of complete dementia necessitating the surgery of a revolution to suppose the German Government intent on any such mad enterprise. There are at least a thousand reasons against it, every one conclusive; and not one, if we except lunacy, in favour of it.

While, however, affirming that the unprompted invasion of England is not and never was entertained as a serious idea by Germany, we are fully prepared to admit that, nevertheless, Germany may be driven to attempt invasion or anything else that is likely to secure for her a hearing. One fact is that, time out of mind, Imperialism, our unprecedented wealth, our enormous power, and the threatened adhesion by our three-penny statesmen of the Bedlamites economics of Tariff Reform, the paramount position of England threatens rapidly to become a nonentity, not merely a native nation all over the world, but to all civilised Powers as well. It is easy enough for the English to believe that in international affairs the decision of England is always just and honourable; but other nations are not under our silly illusion. Not once or twice in quite recent times an English Government has indulged in barbarities abroad which an international police representing a civilised world-tribunal would have punished with severity. Yet not a nation could expostulate with us without impunity, still less threaten to employ force against us.

Such a humiliating position for the rest of the nations of the world would be intolerable even if England were always as wise as she is sometimes foolish; but when in many respects other nations are infinitely wiser and more disinterested, the position becomes impossible. Again, it is quite certain that if it comes to a question of England threatening to obtain at this moment, what is to be England's attitude. Of the attitude of the man in the street there can, of course, be no doubt. He is all for bloody war, only for the sake of the sensation. Nothing indeed can, of course, be no doubt. He is all for bloody war, and we cannot altogether acquit either Mr. McKenna or Mr. Asquith of playing up to the gallery for once; and Mr. Balfour, we regret to say, followed suit with his eyes open. From this spirit in the present state of the world. Oligarchy for oligarchy, we naturally prefer our own; and the substitution of Germany for England as the paramount Power in the world would obviously be the succession of a private passion for wealth over the political and economic destinies of the world. We defy any intelligent Englishman to deny that in place the English would do just what the Germans are now doing; and that, too, without the least malice or thought of active enmity.

In the light of the foregoing rational view of German motive and German policy, for which, by the way, unless German statesmen are liars even among themselves, there is abundant evidence in the documents and dispatches, we have to ask ourselves, as Parliament tried to ask itself this week, what is to be England's attitude. Of the attitude of the man in the street there can, of course, be no doubt. He is all for bloody war, only for the sake of the sensation. Nothing indeed can, of course, be no doubt. He is all for bloody war, and we cannot altogether acquit either Mr. McKenna or Mr. Asquith of playing up to the gallery for once; and Mr. Balfour, we regret to say, followed suit with his eyes open. From this spirit in the present state of the world. Oligarchy for oligarchy, we naturally prefer our own; and the substitution of Germany for England as the paramount Power in the world would obviously be the succession of a private passion for wealth over the political and economic destinies of the world. We defy any intelligent Englishman to deny that in place the English would do just what the Germans are now doing; and that, too, without the least malice or thought of active enmity.

It has, therefore, remained for Germany to assert the principle of equality among nations, and to prepare to be heard. A sum of £66 million is annually paid by the British workmen to English landowners and capitalists in the form of Rent and Interest, and the taxable capacity of the wealthy classes of this country becomes almost equal to that of the whole population of Prussia. As Sir John Brunner and Admiral Sir William Kennedy said in their breezy speeches, there is plenty of money to be had for a dozen navies as expensive as ours. A nation whose upper classes spent last year ten million pounds on motor-car construction alone ought not to shudder at the prospect of an additional two or even ten millions to their national insurance policy.
On the other hand, it is obviously not merely a barbaric and idiotic game of Beggar My Neighbour which the man in the street would have us undertake, but in the long run, if not in the short run, both neighbours would infallibly beggar themselves. If the German and English Governments propose to compete with one another by spending enormous sums on armaments, each is willing to endure, the process of self-mutilation must one day have its limits. The proposition is really as monstrous as it is absurd, and we only mention it here to dismiss it to the limbo where Mr. Stead in his delirium reigns.

There was, as we have said, considerable signs in the House of Commons on Tuesday of a willingness to indulge in this game of Brag: but in other parts of the House, though for the most part inarticulate when they needed to be most articulate, were two ideas that deserve to be mentioned. Of the two cries of Retrenchment and Disarmament we have no hesitation in saying that Disarmament is infinitely the more respectable. There is at least something romantic and attractive, if also delusive, in the Tolstoyan attitude of national non-resistance. But there is nothing admirable in the cheesemonger's cry of retrenchment. Socialists at any rate are not afraid of expense provided it is thrown upon the shoulders of those best able to bear it. It is, however, the suggestion that needs most to be largely increased. On the assumption, therefore, that a Navy is necessary and a vastly increased Navy, we have no hesitation in rejecting Retrenchment as a policy fit only for Liberals. On grounds we regret extremely the attitude taken up by the Labour Party, both on Tuesday in the House of Commons, and apparently in the country, if we are to take Mr. Frank Smith's programme at Croydon as official. Everybody in France and in Germany realised at once that Disarmament was the line which Jaurès had either the sense to take or the right to take, when a Franco-German war seemed imminent on the Tuesday, which nobody else in the House of Commons, and apparently in the country, if we are to take Mr. Frank Smith's programme at Croydon as official, or in open agreement with Bebel on behalf of the Labour Party, both on Tuesday in the House of Commons, and apparently in the country, if we are to take Mr. Frank Smith's programme at Croydon as official. We cannot understand what the Labour Party meant when a Franco-German war seemed imminent on the Tuesday, which nobody else in the House of Commons, and apparently in the country, if we are to take Mr. Frank Smith's programme at Croydon as official, or in open agreement with Bebel on behalf of the Labour Party, both on Tuesday in the House of Commons, and apparently in the country, if we are to take Mr. Frank Smith's programme at Croydon as official.

Now there were at least two lines open to him to take on Tuesday, which nobody else in the House of Commons had either the courage to undertake or the commonwealth to undertake.

Speaking on behalf of the Labour Party there was open to him a declaration such as Jaurès made in France when a Franco-German war seemed imminent on the subject of Morocco. It may be remembered that on that occasion, on behalf of the French Socialists and in open agreement with Bebel on behalf of the German Socialists, bluntly intimated to the French Government that there must be no war with Germany. Everybody in France and in Germany realised at once that Jaurès' word was law, if the working-class Socialists of France and Germany declared that there should be no war, obviously there could be no war. If anybody doubts this, we have only to turn for evidence to the present postal strike in Paris, which has already almost isolated the commune of Mittehilfe, and destituted the whole business of political as well as of commercial France. Nothing could more strikingly and opportunely illustrate the indubitable fact that when all is said and done, the working-class Socialists of France and Germany, their capitalist Governments in the hollow of their hand, it may be that we English are too pugnacious, being ignorant of the real experiences of war, to possess a proletariat capable of closing their palaces when their Government threatens to invite the country in war. But we do not believe it. We believe that the war-fevers, from which England suffers periodically, are confined largely to the commercial, semi-professional, and puritanical classes: to precisely those classes, in fact, whose lot in life makes them incapable of sympathy with the true needs of the working-man. We do not believe it. We believe that the war-fevers, from which England suffers periodically, are confined largely to the commercial, semi-professional, and puritanical classes: to precisely those classes, in fact, whose lot in life makes them incapable of sympathy with the true needs of the working-man.

We are not so incorrigibly chauvinist as to regard Germany's navy as wholly beyond inclusion in an internationalised force; nor, on the other hand, are we smug enough to acquit England altogether of failure to realise the responsibilities of her own position in the world. The fact is that years ago there should have been a determined attempt on the part of England to establish both an international tribunal and an international police force. Only from a paramount Power could the suggestion of protective international legislation backed up by an international inspectorate and police. And the navies and armies of the most civilised nations constitute at this moment a sufficient nucleus for such an international police.

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We have had quite enough of subterranean foreign policy with the King as Little Tabuqui; and a precious mess Europe is in after all his wonderful display of tact. What is needed now is a proposal not for a Limitation of Armaments, which has nothing positive to commend it to the British economy, but for the establishment of an international police force capable of maintaining civilisation at a tolerable level throughout the world. And that proposal should emanate from England, and be publicly addressed to all the great foreign Powers. Nothing short of complete publicity will convince us that either our own or the German Government is in earnest about peace. But we are quite certain that whether they want peace or not, the vast mass of the people in both countries desire peace; and it is, after all, on their behalf that a Socialist Party has been founded.

We hope that since the whole discussion is far from over, some member of the Labour Party will prepare himself to take the line we have indicated. At the eleventh hour of their failure, there is political salvation in it for them. For whatever party in the State takes the first genuine step to establish an international force will achieve historic immortality thereby. And whether the parties other than the Socialist Party has even the beginning of the claim to regard itself as international?

We have the greatest possible pleasure in printing the following communication which we have received from Messrs. Cadbury Bros.:

Mr. Cadbury returned to England last week from a journey, extending over five months, to the Portuguese islands of St. Thomé and Principe, and to the mainland of Angola, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Joseph Burtt.

The object of his visit was to ascertain to what extent the promises of reform made to him at Lisbon in December, 1897, by the Portuguese Government had been carried out. These promises were the result of the presentation to the Government and the estate proprietors of the report of Mr. Joseph Burtt and Dr. W. Claude Horton. It will be remembered that these gentlemen were sent out in 1905 by the three principal English cocoa firms and a leading German firm investigating the conditions of indentured labour in St. Thomé and Principe, and the methods by which it was recruited in Angola, and that their inquiry lasted nearly two years.

Mr. Cadbury has found that no adequate steps have yet been taken to remedy the evils proved to exist. He intends to continue his investigations when he returns to Portugal, in order to ascertain to what extent the promises of reform made to him at Lisbon in December, 1897, by the Portuguese Government had been carried out. These promises were the result of the presentation to the Government and the estate proprietors of the report of Mr. Joseph Burtt and Dr. W. Claude Horton. It will be remembered that these gentlemen were sent out in 1905 by the three principal English cocoa firms and a leading German firm investigating the conditions of indentured labour in St. Thomé and Principe, and the methods by which it was recruited in Angola, and that their inquiry lasted nearly two years.

We have had occasion to animate the public upon the absurd report presented to the L.C.C. by their appointed organisations on the Home Conditions of the Necocotous Children. Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, in the pamphlet written by herself and Miss McMillan on London's Children, published by the I.L.P., condemns the L.C.C. for their stupidity. Mrs. Cobden Sanderson writes: "Blinded by the folly of such reports (those made by Miss Morton and Mr. Pepler, who signed the Report) the L.C.C. continues to neglect attending to the proper feeding of the children, or attempting in any way to improve their physical condition. Waste, disorder, confusion, and neglect will continue until the Council accepts the feeding as part of the school curriculum." We entirely agree with Mrs. Cobden Sanderson that the funds should come from Imperial taxation, and that it is the physical condition of the children themselves, and not the education of the parents, we have to consider. Miss McMillan, on "How to do It," continues, as usual, to be intensely practical in her advice and practically intense in her outlook. She puts the dietary the child requires. "It is varied so that the same dinner is not set before the child twice in 17 days"; the average cost is from rd. to 1½d.; small chairs should be provided, tablecloths, etc.; the service of young monitors should be enlisted. The teachers should take no part in the serving, but "they should simply enter as a mother or governess enters to preside, and to be the head." The Education authorities must prepare the food themselves, and distribute it by vans, or central feeding rooms.

The "Blue Funk" Company.

Who are these gentlemen? First and foremost stands that renowned patriot, Mr. Ralph D. Bloomingfunk. That revered man is our hardworking Chairman. The next name is Mr. Solomon Joll, the hero of the Jameson Raid, the high-minded Englishman who swore he would rather die than desert the Transvaal in the hour of its danger. Mr. J. B. Joel and Lord Rothschild have sunk their differences with conspicuous-mindedness, in the hour of their country's danger. To these scoundrels who may inquire "what country," we retort, "Consult the Almaneck de Gotha." Other members of the Governing Committee are Mr. Isaacstein, of Baronial Hall, Houndsditch; Mr. Rookem, of Döum, Cleanoutte and Co.; Lord Burnham, of the African firm of Stormberg and Magersfontein, Unlimited, have promised the Company their valued support and every aid in its work.

The public may wonder why a Company with such a galaxy of talent and wisdom at its command should desire to spread its net to catch smaller fish. The above-named gentlemen feel that the Company should have the approval of the nation, an approval which may be manifested by sympathisers subscribing for the million £2 shares which are shortly to be issued to the public. An inaugural meeting will be held in the Guildhall in a few days, at which all readers of this article are invited to turn up, to show their appreciation of these gallant Englishmen's patriotism in a fitting manner.

The modesty of the Governing Committee of this unique Company is such that its members have hitherto concealed its existence and its magnificent work from the Press; but the present writer has had the privilege of confidential talks with some members, the substance of which he has now obtained their permission to pub-
lish. Without desiring to be hypercritical, one cannot help feeling that these gentleman's modesty was misplaced; the deed would have been a clearer if they had let the country appreciate sooner the fearful disasters which could not have been averted but for their superhuman exertions. It was Mr. McKenna who, in the course of a cruise in the North Sea, in a Thames steamer, cleared to Gdynia, was attacked (as if the worst preparations were directed against England.) In the dead of night, Mr. McKenna landed on the German shores, and with his own fair hands chiselled the 500 slips, so that England has nought to dread. It is believed that Edward VII. of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will, to the annoyance of his nephew, William of Germany, present Mr. McKenna with a golden chisel, and create in his honour the Order of the Chisel, of which Mr. McKenna will be the first Grand Commander.

It is difficult for me, even now, to write without being overwhelmed by heartfelt emotion, of the exploits of Lord Milner. Alone, that is to say, single-handed, in plain English, without anybody else, Lord Milner determined to cope with the million men. Armed with a Jones fourpenny sparrow pistol, disguised in a German accent and a pair of goloshes, Lord Milner salted out and within an hour the Krupp factories had ceased to exist! The mere spectacle of Lord Milner struck such terror into the hearts of the German workers that they held their breaths too long and died of suffocation. Think of the asset England has in such a man—a man who faced a million of men, slew them with the fire darting from his eyes, and then destroyed two miles of gun and armour factories by means of damp squibs is a man who should be the future King of England. He was a two-gentlemen's gentleman, a generously stated that they owe the spirit of adventure which urged them on to these wonderful deeds to the Committee of the "Blue Funk" Company.

It is right that this narration should include an account of how fair young Isaacstein, bold Rookem, Joel, Rosenberg, and many other heroes as the "B. F." Co.—to stiffen the Government. It was clear that these gigantic preparations were directed against England. Happily, the omnipresent Mr. Haldane soon got to work and placed; and they would have been wiser if they had proceeded without the Balfourian host. Mr. Balfour raised his club, hit the ball, strangely enough, and the rest is darkness. The wretched traitor was killed. He was identified at the inquest as second trumpet in a German band, and a masterpiece. Thus these present German statesmen having been thwarted by some such organisation is clear from the deplorable weakness which was exhibited by the Ministry on the occasion of the Soho riots last week. Men who were present at those awesome scenes aged thirty years in one night. Though England will never forget the tension of the awful night of the 15th March, we may just recapitulate the main features of that dangerous symptom of the European situation. Two Italian ice-cream vendors ran amuck about midnight shouting, 'Down with England! Down with England!' At 12.45, the "Daily Mail" published a special telegram from Lord Northcliffe of Shanghai, whose motors were made in Germany, and a French chef, had fortunately broken down near the spot, stating that the Mafia were in open insurrection against the King. The "Times," at 1.30 a.m., circulated the grave news that the Black Hand, the Mafia, and the Camorra had combined, and were marching on the Tower of London. By this time all the burgesses and citizens of London had been aroused to the danger in their midst. The Home Secretary, with commendable promptitude, went to search the vaults underneath the House of Commons; it is impossible that he went to hide himself. The Lord Mayor read the Klot Act to two policemen and a stray cat under St. Paul's at 2 a.m., and caught pneumonia in so doing. The omnipresent Mr. Haldane soon got to work and put 200,000 Territories on duty at every approach to Soho. So marvellous are England's powers of concentration, that within a few hours a million of men were under arms to guard the King's peace. Happily, the gallant Territorials' services were not required, as the two desperate ruffians combined, and were marching on the field to meet this emergency. It is this reckless disregard of the public safety which justifies the establishment of a non-party society, such as the "Blue Funk" Company affectionately known among its loyal adherents as the "B. F." Co. to stiffen the Government.

Yes! the coming gathering at the Guildhall will be a historic one! The Directors of the "Blue Funk" Company extend a welcome to every citizen with cash under royal warrant, the head waiters, in disguises, of the clubs and restaurants whose waiters were concerned in this foul scheme. By this means they secured full details of the plan of campaign, which was nipped in the bud. Just out of these New Aces now know the habits and ascending rank of life of Isaacstein, Rookem, Joel, and Rosenberg; therefore they will be unsuiting in their praise of the superb patriotism of these class figures of English society. Again, as in the case of Joel, Raykin, and others, as waiters, Undoubtedly the country will demand that they shall receive the Victoria Cross from the King's own hands as some slight reward for the heartrending experiences that must have undergone.

One other incident must not be allowed to pass unrecorded. This time the hero is Mr. Arthur James Balfour, who smote a German spy as the Hititites of old were smitten. Mr. Balfour, whose bosom swelled with an unbroken pride, while he related this story to me, happened to be playing golf, hard by Epping Forest. Watchful as ever he is of his country's safety, he soon discerned the movements of a foreign-looking individual, who, on finding he was observed, proceeded to retire. He was seen off the ground by the Balfourian host. Mr. Balfour raised his club, hit the ball, strangely enough, and the rest is darkness. The wretched traitor was killed. He was identified at the inquest as second trumpet in a German band, and a masterpiece. Thus these present German statesmen having been thwarted by some such organisation is clear from the deplorable weakness which was exhibited by the Ministry on the occasion of the Soho riots last week. Men who were present at those awesome scenes aged thirty years in one night. Though England will never forget the tension of the awful night of the 15th March, we may just recapitulate the main features of that dangerous symptom of the European situation. Two Italian ice-cream vendors ran amuck about midnight shouting, 'Down with England! Down with England!' At 12.45, the "Daily Mail" published a special telegram from Lord Northcliffe of Shanghai, whose motors were made in Germany, and a French chef, had fortunately broken down near the spot, stating that the Mafia were in open insurrection against the King. The "Times," at 1.30 a.m., circulated the grave news that the Black Hand, the Mafia, and the Camorra had combined, and were marching on the Tower of London. By this time all the burgesses and citizens of London had been aroused to the danger in their midst. The Home Secretary, with commendable promptitude, went to search the vaults underneath the House of Commons; it is impossible that he went to hide himself. The Lord Mayor read the Klot Act to two policemen and a stray cat under St. Paul's at 2 a.m., and caught pneumonia in so doing. The omnipresent Mr. Haldane soon got to work and put 200,000 Territories on duty at every approach to Soho. So marvellous are England's powers of concentration, that within a few hours a million of men were under arms to guard the King's peace. Happily, the gallant Territorials' services were not required, as the two desperate ruffians combined, and were marching on the field to meet this emergency. It is this reckless disregard of the public safety which justifies the establishment of a non-party society, such as the "Blue Funk" Company affectionately known among its loyal adherents as the "B. F." Co. to stiffen the Government.

Yes! the coming gathering at the Guildhall will be a historic one! The Directors of the "Blue Funk" Company extend a welcome to every citizen with cash to attend the first public meeting of this entirely unique company. They feel they have outdone Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, Mr. Harry Marks, and Mr. Heymann Orkin, of "Siberian Prop's." fame. The fraudulent contractor, the vamipirical financier, the adulterator of food, the army cloth-sweater, the astute shipbuilder, the company promoter, "the pantaloon in putties," and the "champagne robber," have all welcomed under open arms the motto of the "Blue Funk" Company is "Patriotism means Business: Nothing under 20 per cent." Walk up! Walk up! Hoh! Hoh! Viva! Viva! Viva! The following classes of the community are requested not to annoy this Imperial gathering with their presence: Unemployed workmen, Socialists, unemployed women, and starving and bootless children. Prostitutes will be admitted.
Studies in the Poor Law

III. Prevention v. Relief.

In our previous articles we have pointed out that the initial recommendation to abolish the amiable Boards of Guardians was followed up, in the Minority Report, by the main constructive proposal to divide the work of these Guardians amongst the various local government committees already engaged in the special treatment of special departments of public business. Thus the Education Act will be charged with the education of the poor children; the Public Health Committee will take charge of all poor persons who cannot otherwise obtain, or who neglect to obtain, medical assistance in case of illness; the mentally defective will go to the control of the Asylums Committee; and so on, until the artificial conglomeration of the Poor Law is broken up into its constituent elements. This "breaking-up" we do not regard as a matter of expediency, but as an essential reform of the system. It is necessary now to discover the essential reasons which lie behind this recommendation. It is something far beyond a desire for ordinary symmetry in administration, a desire to do away with the absurd chaos of the present Poor Law system. The Minority Commissioners were impelled by an even deeper reason than the necessity of substituting the expert committees for the haphazard collections of Guardians; all-important though that reason may be. The Guardians should be abolished because they are an anachronism and a scientific, it is true. But we can imagine that it would be possible, after excessive waste of brain tissue and with alarming expenditure of the public money, to convert even the Boards into approximately efficient bodies. If they cared to spend enough money on expert officials, even the Guardians might flounder through their work of relieving destitution in an infinitely better manner than they do at present. The Majority Report is a frank admission of this. They say that the relief of destitution should not be a necessary duty in a society which is the ordinary virtue of any respectable member of a civilized tribe—and substitute for it the scientific law that prevention must begin long before the point of destitution with all its attendant evils is reached.

The most elementary knowledge of life is sufficient to convict the Public Health Committee Minister of the absurdity of the Poor Law. He begins the usual process of using up his savings as slowly as possible; in other words, he begins the process of starving, which passes by easy steps to starvation. Observe the ordinary case of a family gradually reduced to destitution. The workless man must replace this primitive responsibility of preventing destitution ending in death—a conception of social duty which is the ordinary virtue of any respectable member of a cannibal tribe—by an efficient and economical method of abolishing the Poor Law and its ruinously expensive machinery. The Liberals are always preaching financial retrenchment: here is their opportunity. Let them abolish the Poor Law.
G. K. C. on Socialism.

The new attack on Socialism associated with the names of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc often succeeds not with its strength but of its unexpectedness. Their questions go unanswered, not because they are unanswerable, but because the average Socialist is busy answering the opposite questions. Accustomed to be called on to deal with the more intellectual aspects of brute material facts, he is bewildered when he is suddenly accused of narrow pre-occupation with brute material facts to the exclusion of the idealistic element in man. Accustomed to be told that Socialism is impossible because "dividing up" it is not prepared for the contention that Socialism is wrong because it does not mean "dividing up." Now here I have, through no merit of my own, a distinct advantage over my fellow-Socialists. What is new to them is no wise new to me. Not for nothing have G. K. C. and I argued with each other since we were infants in the cradle. I know what he means—and I know that it isn't true.

I propose to show in this and subsequent articles that the whole case against Socialism, built up with so much ingenuity by these two brilliant men, is false—historically, economically, psychologically, and morally false. I shall answer all their questions and deal with all their arguments one by one, and I shall give them no peace until they answer mine. My questions are simple. I do not know whether I can convert them to Socialism—I would be glad to do so, for it is sad to see two such men unconsciously playing the game of the plutocracy which they hate so sincerely as we do; but at least I hope to provide Socialists with such an armoury of defence that, when a Bellocian talks to them about "the desire to own," they may be as ready with their answer as they now are when anyone talks about "the survival of the fittest."

This week I propose to start on G. K. C., and I shall take as my text his lecture at Camberwell reported in last week's New Age, though I shall also refer to other recent utterances of his on the subject of Socialism. I do not think I shall be unfair if I state his case in three theses:

(1) That there is in man a natural desire to own, and that Socialism, since it fails to satisfy that desire, will be found ultimately intolerable to the mass of men.

(2) That there is no guarantee that Socialism will destroy the existing oligarchy, since the oligarchy might take as my text his lecture at Camberwell reported in last week's New Age, though I shall also refer to other recent utterances of his on the subject of Socialism. I do not think I shall be unfair if I state his case in three theses:

(3) That there is an alternative to Socialism (namely, the division of land and capital among a multitude of small owners) which would satisfy the instinct of ownership, and which can be proved to be practicable and stable.

My answer to the first thesis I propose to hold over for the moment. I shall deal with it when I come to Mr. Belloc's indictment of Socialism. But thesis number two, which has a plausible look, deserves a moment's examination.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton says that Socialism does not necessarily involve democracy; Mr. Bax, I see, in a letter to The New Age, disputes this assertion. Really, the question seems to be so closely related with the meaning of " democracy" that it would be granted that "a despotic state or an aristocratic state or a papal state" owning the means of production would be correctly describable as a Socialist state, practical men will still answer that no Socialist in England wishes to establish the new society by a despotic, aristocratic or papal state. Democracy may or may not be implicit in the definition of Socialism: it is beyond all question implicit in the aspirations of all Socialists.

Is it possible that the present governing class might by craft and hypocrisy ("tact" in their phraseology) keep the administrative power in their own hands? In a recent article in the "Daily News" Mr. Chesterton drew attention to what he called a perilous coincidence. The coincidence (once more I hope I am representing his views quite fairly) was this. Socialism would admittedly require a capable and highly-trained bureaucracy to manage the industries of the nation. Already there exists a class trained especially to manage those industries. Why should not the members of that class step quietly into the vacant places of the new régime and so confirm and perpetuate their power?

Before I answer that question, let me draw my noble relative's attention to what he called a perilous coincidence. Chesterton drew attention to what he called a perilous coincidence. The coincidence (once more I hope I am representing his views quite fairly) was this. Socialism would admittedly require a capable and highly-trained bureaucracy to manage the industries of the nation. Already there exists a class trained especially to manage those industries. Why should not the members of that class step quietly into the vacant places of the new régime and so confirm and perpetuate their power?

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answer to say that if he doesn't want it to be demo-
ocratic he needn't make it so. For that is simply the
pride and peril of Free Will of which G. K. C. has
written so powerfully and so often.
If I say: "The best way to get to Brighton is to go
by train," it is no answer to say: "But trains do not
necessarily go to Brighton." It is no answer even to
say: "If you take a train to York you will get further
get there quickest by Socialism.

enough to discuss it fully this week, and I will reserve
do constantly insist that Socialism must neces-
arily be oligarchic? If he does, how does he hope that
they will ever establish a peasant proprietorship? An
apathetic people will never so individually; an alert
and public-spirited people may be trusted to own collec-
tively.

I now pass to the question of the alternative. Is
there any way of securing stable economic equality other
than the Socialist way? I have not left myself space
enough to discuss it fully this week, and I will reserve
most of what I have to say on the subject for another
article. But I will just take this opportunity of press-
G. K. C. upon a point which came between us
during the Camberwell debate, though the dialogue
(which I suppose was more or less out of order) is not
fully reported in The New Age.

In the course of my speech I pointed out the tolerably
obvious fact that if land had been divided equally a
hundred years ago, the land upon which we stood in
Camberwell would then have been worth little, if any,
more than a piece of land of the same size in Norfolk,
but that by now the value of the Camberwell piece
would have been multiplied a hundred fold. The result, of
course, would be that the fortunate possessor of the
Camberwell land would leave off working altogether and
would live idly on its "rent," that is, on the difference
between its value and the value of land at the margin
of cultivation. Thus an idle rich class would once
more come into existence. To this Mr. G. K. Chest-
ton replied that nothing of the kind would happen if
both men remained peasant proprietors. It was not
possible to pursue the matter further at the moment,
but I took him to mean—and his including speci-
sified me that I was right in taking him to mean—
that the price we were to pay for a more equal division
of ownership was the sacrifice of all that most modern
people call civilization—railways, machinery, foreign
trade, the large industry. I take it that Mr. G. K.
Chesterton asks us to return to a social state in which
none of these things shall exist—a state. consisting of
peasants labouring on their own land and craftsmen
working in their own sheds.

I want to bear definitely from G. K. C. whether that
is part of the price we are to pay for his Utopia.

When that question has been answered, I shall have
more to say.

Cecil Chesterton

Buccaneer Ballads.

By E. H. Vissak.

SIR HENRY MORGAN.

You was a wise one, Morgan,
You was a king uncrowned,
When you was under canvas—
But now you're underground!

The Buccaneer's True Love.

They've got me under 'atches, and I 'ang to-morrow dawn;
And it ain't no good repinin', for to 'anging I was born;
I knew it time of joinin'; but I minded not the when,
Nor I minded not the woman as I ne'er shall see agen!

I've sweethearts, ay! a plenty; there's the 'ussies at Port
Royal,
And Ispaniola wenches; but they ain't no plantin' soil,
And Donna Catalina, as comes muffled down to shore—
It ain't no good repinin' as I cares now I never shall see no more!

The Buccaneer Babe.

(From the journal of a plate of Henry Morgan.)

I.
The grandson of a countess
Come out with us to sea;
'E was a tricksy younker—
'Twas most extrordinary.

We wor at Maracaibo,
A 'olding of the town
Until the bloomin' ransom.
Was all a dotedown.

III.
But this yere 'ary countess,
She wouldn't pay—not she!
Not for 'er lovely grandson!
'Twas most extrordinary.

IV.
No, not a spicy doubloon
(She swore we'd 'a'ken the lot),
Not for 'er tiny grandson.
A chirping in 'is cot!

V.
'She said she'd yield 'er life up;
Says I, "That we can take!"
'We'll see your gold, or you'll see
'Ow little chernobhe hacke!"

VI.
But, bless you, not a doubloon!
(Belike we'd swept 'er clear).
So this yere little cherub,
'E makes a buccaneer!

The Haunted Pirate.

He haunts me on the Main,
I fought for Cap'n Morgan;
I fought at Maracaibo;
I fought in blazin' Hell!

I ain't no chicken hearted;
I'm tough as any be.
It worn't on any island;
I dunno where I seen it
It worn't—it worn't in Cornwall;
Where frist I came to be.

THE NEW AGE

MARCH 25, 1909
THE DREAD SHIP.

I saw her tops’l glowin’
Across a lonesome sea;
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

II.

I saw her tops’l glowin’
Across a lonesome sea;
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

THE HAUNTED KEY.

I.

In the desolate South Sea
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

II.

In the desolate South Sea
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

III.

In the desolate South Sea
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

IV.

In the desolate South Sea
There’s none as knows her nation;
There’s none as knows her name;
She ain’t no buccaneer.

THE BUCCANEER’S WAY.

When the guns began to play
Polly Poltroon ran away;
When we charged the enemy,
Polly Poltroon, where was she?

STUFF HIM FULL OF METTLE-SHOT,

Polly Poltroon ran away;
When the guns began to play,
Polly Poltroon, where was she?

When the guns began to play
Polly Poltroon ran away;
When we charged the enemy,
Polly Poltroon, where was she?

When the guns began to play
Polly Poltroon ran away;
When we charged the enemy,
Polly Poltroon, where was she?

THE MASCOT.

Gum! ’t was a sonnie son,
Like a skinny skeleton!
Gum! ’t was an ‘undsome lad;
Little grinnin’ skell ‘n ‘ad!

Took ‘im up in cockle-boat—
Lively time ’ed been about!
‘Um ‘im on the missen-truck,
Took ‘im out to sea for luck.

THE TRAITOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Hartington,
Endersleigh, Walton Park, Birmingham,
At Home,
Monday, January 18, 3 p.m.
Progressive Bridge, Carriages at 6.

R.S.V.P.

The very last of the addresses had been written; the very last of the little invitations, beautifully printed upon rough-edged paper, had been sent out. Mrs. Hartington was now free to attend to the more important details of preparation for the great event. There were the tables to be arranged; the extra servants to be hired (including an imposing butler, with real whiskers); the confectionery to be ordered; above all, the prizes to be bought. Once again the real difficulty. It was so hard to be original in that respect. Mrs. Smyth, it was said, had given silver-mounted pencils. But that was really very conventional. Mrs. Brooke-Adams had given cigarette cases . . . but that would never do in this case. Two curates’ wives were expected; and one should not wound people’s susceptibilities. Perhaps books would do; a morocco-bound “Omar Khayyam” (full morocco, of course) or “The Letters of Queen Victoria.” There was a cheap edition now . . . Yes, that would certainly impart a flavour of culture. And as for the third prize—well, Mrs. Hartington would see what could be done at Bentham’s.

Bentham was politely helpful. Something original and amusing, perhaps . . . ? Yes, if possible, something original and amusing. Bentham reflected. Yes, of course, a Suffragette! Something quite new . . . just arrived from London . . . he would show Mrs. Hartington . . . At first Mrs. Hartington was unresponsive. She did not want anything to do with that kind of thing. But Bentham was persistent. The Suffragette was brought. It was a grotesque figure, a foot in height, hideously garbed, with both hands upraised, the one clutching an umbrella, the other a scroll inscribed “Votes for Women!” For the rest, the mouth was gaping open in a scream, the hair disordered, the feet vast and ungainly. Bentham drew attention to those features. He recommended the article very strongly . . . would always cause amusement . . . seven and sixpence each . . . unobtainable anywhere else in Birmingham. The problem of the third prize was solved. Yes—certainly it should be packed and delivered at Mrs. Hartington’s. Thank you. Good morning!

THE NEW AGE
chatter and the tinkle of dishes. "Votes for Women. Votes for Women!" The carriages were announced. Hired broughams, most of them. One after another the guests drifted out, with murmured thanks for food and amusements. The imposing butler hovered about the foyer, passing the proffering unnecessary wraps. Mrs. Bevan rolled away with her trophy, graciously triumphant . . . Yes, it had been a great success. Especially the Suffragette . . .

At dinner that evening Mr. Hartington was told the story of the affair. He uttered a number of witty generalisations upon the subject of women. And his wife laughed. A. D.

An Adventure in Provence.

We were a curious quartet that landed one bright afternoon in the old-world Moorish village of Ramatuelle. This is not in Spain or Morocco, but in a picturesque corner of romantic Provence studied with towns and villages of the semi-Eastern type founded by the victorious Saracens a thousand years ago. We had crossed a spur of the mountain from La Cruix, and in a wood by the way came upon a swarm of schoolboys playing hopscotch; the teacher seemed to come terms of easy camaraderie with the juvenile actors, whose vociferous cries in melodious Provençal resounded through the forest.

The village had neither inn nor confectionery, but the nursery-school was forested with a running fountain of pure spring water and a homely estaminet or public-house, where we sought rest and refreshment. As we sat on the rude, hard benches at the heavy wooden counter, where the bier is placed, and ordered "vin de pays" and grenadine.

The tea was long in coming, and our lady friend was uneasiness, which was not allayed by the entrance of the late Mr. Bevan. "Ah ! what a great opportunity he had! He might have democratised the whole world—but no more. He is long dead, and there are tyrants everywhere to-day. The impish progeny increase, and their methods change! Down with rulers and capitalists—down with the Church!"

The expression on the face of the Corsican instantly changed to light-hearted buoyancy as he subsided, and said:

"True, good friend and brother Guillaume. Tomorrow I shall be the loyal subject of a queen, and forget all the misery I have known and seen."

As we rose to depart I was struck by the dramatic nature of the scene in the room. The four "bourgeoisie," representing America, Austria, Holland, and England, were seated at the head of the table, and the priest turned the key and accepted the sacrament. Here he made an oath in dumb show that he was the sworn enemy of the Church. "To-morrow I marry, but no priest will speak and no church bells will ring."

The young Dutchman of materialistic views put it all down to dead cigar smoke and bad ventilation; while the gray-haired man from Constantinople came first as the oldest among them; then the sailor from Barcelona, who kept saying, "Very good, but I am an Anarchist!"; the Greek, who had fought in the Turkish War, who cursed "toute la guerre," and shook hands with the Turk at his side; the tall, tough-looking Algerian, who drank no wine and smoked so sadly; two brothers from old Provençal, who had sisters and sweethearts not far away, and were the immediate occasion of the re-union; and I, said the young sailor, "I am a Corsican—you know la Corse."

"Yes," I replied, "I know it and Napoleon."

The mention of the name fired him, and his eyes flashed.

"Napoleon, si, si. We Corsicans revere the memory of the Buonaparte family, who were true patriots and friends of the people, and we have a romantic sentiment for the conqueror of Europe; but we hate tyrants of every kind, and if he lived to-day I would try to kill him."

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Western Civilisation Through Eastern Spectacles. IV.

By Duse Mohamed.

FROM Ismail Abbas Mohumad, dweller in the cities of the English, to Abdul Osman Ali, sheik of the Bashibazouks, Upper Egypt.

Greeting to thee once more, my father.

Greeting and thanks for thy long-delayed, but most welcome letter. Great is my joy that my letters have met with thy approval; and as thou art anxious that I shall tell thee more fully of the religion of this people, thou wilt find that I have herein complied with thy behest.

In ages past, when these people were yet the vassals of the Roman conquerors, they were sold in the slave markets at Rome, and by reason of their comely faces the successor of the Nazarene—Peter, the Fisherman—determined to convert them to his faith.

For this purpose missionaries were sent from the Roman See, and in the fulness of time they were converted to the faith of the Nazarene, ceasing their worship of the idols of the North. Thus they remained contented with their faith for many moons. Then there arose a king who ruled over this people. This king was given to much feasting, chambering, and wantonness. He wedded his brother's widow, by whom he begat a daughter, but being attracted by a comelier face, his "conscience smote him," and he petitioned the great High Priest at Rome that he would divorce his wife. The Pontiff rejected the request, and then the royal profligate threw off the sacerdotal yoke of Rome, divorced himself, married his concubine, and established himself as Britain's modern Melchisedek.

Thus was the Reformed Church of the Nazarene founded by the monarch of this people by reason of his lustful inclination. For whereas the followers of Rome were one, the followers of the Reformed Religion are like unto a multitude by reason of the variety of their doctrines. Heaven they seek, but they take to themselves divergent paths.

The Prophet of Nazareth enjoined his followers to "love one another," but too many of them were consumed by mortal hate, so that they might re-establish the Roman faith, and when the daughter of his concubine came to the throne there was much shedding of blood. For whereas the followers of Rome were one, the followers of the Reformed Religion were consumed by mortal hate.

The priests of their established faith preach righteousness, but their righteousness is the righteousness of the Pharisee, for many of them are guilty of adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and other fleshly lusts.

The religion as established by the rulers prohibited idols, but this people are consumed by mortal hate, and, behold, the followers of the Reformed Religion are consumed by mortal hate.

I plunged my impatience into a mood of ice. I thought things about George; but I said to Marjorie: "Very well, then, let's consider the whole idea. Let me tell you now that my view of the immediate advantage of free marriage is not the classical notion of eugenics like George and Forel. Their idea of building up future persons by depriving them of a status which is still valuable because it is still legal—I mean legitimacy—is not sense to me. I know I should not care to be illegitimate. What I might choose to do in the way of defying convention myself would be one thing, but I can't imagine thanking anyone for forcing me to defy it. An illegitimate person must act Ishmael, and it's the 'must' which resolves bastards universally into the most conventional of all people. You know what I mean—the modern Ishmael tries everything not to be discovered . . .

"The only reason I can allow at present for embracing free marriage is that one need not live in the same house with one's lover all the time, and that one gets rid of all the horrible publicity."

"But that's not George's idea at all. He wants to advertise it in the papers."

"Oh! like Ford's German couple. Well, all your friends—and, mind, you've known them all your life and you like them very well—and I don't care whether they are Socialists and vegetarians or Tory carnalists. They've got to live; and although one may do anything so long as one is merely vicious and says so—if one does a thing for the principle of it one will lose one's job. Some people may be ready to risk this—but, Marjorie, you must forgive me when I say I believe that if your friends cut you and if you and George gradually lose your work—that the two of you may end up by being jolly sorry for it, and you'd probably come to have each other like poison."
"Oh, no, I don't think so at all. We're awfully in love with each other."

"Iiced again my over-seal.

"Well, I was going to tell you what I believe to be the principle in this idea of free marriage."

"Yes."

"You know every workable idea has two ends. At one end is the fire, the burning principle by which the artist who creates the idea is inspired; at the other end is the cold advantage for the average person. Between the artist and the average person is a living permeation held by the people who discuss every new idea as it springs forth. If this tube leaks and lets the flame sputter out, the crowd runs away and gets a hose, and the idea that was quenched perhaps for ever and a day. No use to tell the crowd that the persons burning like their martyrs. The crowd does not like martyrs; and it quite properly and instinctively abandons any idea which gorges on martyrs. That is what has happened to Christianity: after seeing all the burnings, the crowd can't think it worth while... Now, our crowd is only just beginning to understand what is destroying it—that is, the over-pressure of its numbers.

"Hodge in his village, and Billy Awkins in Canning Town, are noticing that their neighbour, who has only one son to his name, has the best and brightest boy. Hodge and Billy ask why; and they are told the boy sleeps in an airy room all by himself; also that he has all the food and the boots and the amusements which his own wife, and would like to get away; but that's already by limiting their number. He knows that illegitimacy is no benefit. He wants some better reason. I hope you see how, underneath all these advantages for the future generation, there's a child, in common fairness, the two free lovers should and can marry instantly."

"Suppose the man wouldn't—on principle?"

"That is what a woman risks. She chances an illegitimate child. Do you think she has any right to? And you, I believe George would marry. I believe all his eugenics would be flung to the winds, and the two free lovers should have the Superman if you just marry in the ordinary, independent. Then it may come home to our happy Hodge in his village, and Billy 'Awkins in Canning Town, and the crowd doesn't think it worth while... Now, our crowd is only just beginning to understand what is destroying it—that is, the over-pressure of its numbers."

"Where would you live? Free marriage doesn't mean a free mansion in Grosvenor Square. About the suburbs, let me tell you that the Superman is hailed there regularly every twelvemonth after the May weddings—as superior to every other little man as ever was."

"But I really think George and I would have an exceptional child."

"I believe you would. But why handicap him with illegitimacy? My dear, free marry as much as you like, but remember the rights of your children are in a toy for you to play with. If you choose to risk everything else for the principle—being cut or cold-shouldered—so long as you and George are the martyrs, it's more or less your own business. Even so, with the best intention in the world, George will not be able to make people bar him as they bar you. However, of course, you've thought of all that.

"Well, would you free marry?"

"Oh! It's impossible that you should settle your case by anyone else's, let me tell you. Suppose I say that, if you were quite sure that you didn't care a rap for anyone who wouldn't 'forgive' you; if you had decided about George with your mind as well as your heart; and—if you were engaged in some sort of work which wasn't dependent upon a bourgeois employer— which you are not, Marjorie—then I might advise you to please yourself. Only, if it was the interest of a child, in common fairness, the two free lovers should marry instantly."

"Suppose the man wouldn't—on principle?"

"But what about the Superman? Beatrice, you can't get the Superman if you just marry in the ordinary, dull way and live in the suburbs."

"Where would you live? Free marriage doesn't mean a free mansion in Grosvenor Square. About the

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**BOOK SHELVING**

**BUILT ON THE UNIT PRINCIPLE.**

Libraco Portable Shelving is designed on simple practical lines for the owner and user of books who requires the maximum of accommodation at the minimum cost, and the advantage of using a stock article that can be added to economically in sections as the need arises.

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**OPINIONS.**

- Oct. 2, 1908.
  - The Rev. W. S. Wood, of Stamford (late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge), the owner of a large library, says:—
    "I am much pleased with your Shelving, which is both economical and efficient for its purpose."

- Oct. 3, 1908.
  - F. G. How, Esq., of Bromley Park, Kent, says:—
    "The Bookcase arrived safely yesterday, and I am very pleased with its design and construction."

- Dec. 17, 1908.
  - J.A. Stokes, Esq., West Dulwich, says:
    "I have pleasure in expressing my entire satisfaction with the Shelving. It is better than I anticipated, and I really have wanted. The price is consider very moderate."

Send for Descriptive Price List, No. 33.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Since I last wrote for this column two new popular magazines have come into being. It has been impossible, upon my pilgrimage to an omnibus without receiving the information that Mr. Nash had got hold of Kipling for his magazine, or that the dog of that dog-fancier, Mr. Nash, was "on a good thing," or that Casella's novelty was something "unique in magazines." I cannot present the uniqueness. In fact, I thought that the "New Magazine" was more like everything that I had seen before than anything I had ever seen. And in support of this view I may record a brief and terrible colloquy that occurred between me and my literary agent. I said: "I suppose there must be a great demand for short stories now, with all these new enterprises." He said: "Yes, there is. But they all want exactly the same thing." And exactly the thing that they want is exactly the statement that a writer who has not tapped himself into the condition of a type-writer finds it infinitely tedious to write. If Mr. Eveleigh Nash escapes the contagious creeping paralysis from which the other magazine editors are suffering he will be fortunate.

* * *

A finely unpopolar magazine, just out, is "The Equinox." It is a venture of that philosopher-errant, Mr. Aleister Crowley. It appears twice a year, at five shillings a time, and is large and luxurious. It is a 'review of scientific illuminism,' and also the "official organ of the A. A." I will not murmur on this too exoteric page the secret significance of "A. A." To discover it you must spend a crown. For me, who am a mystic and an occultist in my leisure hours, the chief interest of the first number of "The Equinox" is a short story by Frank Harris, "The Magic Glasses." With a due sense of responsibility, I say this is the finest story that Frank Harris has yet written. Nor must it be read, it cannot be left unread. One of the characters in it is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When I tell you that this tale really is something that errs from the common, you may believe me. It is a morsel for persons of taste, for there is a maximum of that great novelistic element in it, and a minimum of that novelistic element in it.

In the matter of periodical literature the "English Review" is keeping its end up very well. An agreeable novelty of recent numbers is a story by Mr. Granville Barker. Mr. Granville Barker enjoys a great reputation as a dramatist. But to write a good short story is a time and large and luxurious affair. It is a "review of scientific illuminism," and also the "official organ of the A. A." To discover it you must spend a crown. For me, who am a mystic and an occultist in my leisure hours, the chief interest of the first number of "The Equinox" is a short story by Frank Harris, "The Magic Glasses." With a due sense of responsibility, I say this is the finest story that Frank Harris has yet written. Nor must it be read, it cannot be left unread. One of the characters in it is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When I tell you that this tale really is something that errs from the common, you may believe me. It is a morsel for persons of taste, for there is a maximum of that great novelistic element in it, and a minimum of that novelistic element in it.

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Mr. Wells and the rest of the ruling classes, I went to Selfridge's. Mr. Granville Barker is known to lovers of literature by two small volumes of excellent literary criticism. "The Valley of Shadows" has all the interest and movement of a fascinating real-life romance. "THINGS AS THEY ARE.

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* * *

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. Ltd. 10 Orange St. W.C.
One reads how Edward, painting in a stately home, and at San Remo Cemetery, one of the seven ugliest places out in "Letters of Edward Lear to Lord Carlingford and law that a limerick must have three different rhymes, What is Truth? + Ruskin. I admire Lear. I have even visited his grave writer that ever lived, as Ruskin meant to imply. Most in the world. But Lear was not the greatest limerick-portment when he gave drawing-lessons to the late he an exceedingly amusing letter-writer. Perhaps he was the last artist to have a "patron." His most grandiose patron was the Earl of Derby. The introduc-

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

What is Truth?*

Quite recently I attended a Police Court in the interest of a friend who was charged with assaulting the police at an unemployed demonstration. The prisoner was a recent police witnesses, and man after man told exactly the same tale in exactly the same words. My friend absolutely denied the charge, and explained that he had protested against the arrest of another person, a com-

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gence and what temperament would be ideal." To prevent crime we must adjust the environment to the human being, not attempt to adapt the human being to his surroundings—in short, close your criminal vistas and open your minds, it is the last word of the psychologist.

M. D. EDER

Recent Music.
Private Enterprise: Evils of the Agency System.

I did not care much for the concert given by Madame Selma Kurz at the Albert Hall on Tuesday evening. This kind of "star" concert is on the same level as the production of virtuoso plays that are designed for the sole purpose of inventing novelty for some popular actor or actress. Most of these vast recital-concerts are just the same sort of thing; they are detrimental to all good musical progress, and to any person with taste and sensibility are always anathema. Madame Selma Kurz is a prima donna of distinction, with an agile voice, Court Singer to the Emperor of Austria and all that, so obviously it is not worth while to discuss her programme.

I have been present at several very bad recitals within the last few weeks—programmes designed and carried out by people without the most elementary knowledge of musical art and culture. Too often ambitious debutantes are inveigled into giving a recital by agents who simply bleed their optimistic victims for as much money as they can get under promise of future engagements. Each season scores of newcomers are thus deluded, and each season there are new agents to do the deluding. Naturally this sort of agent does not care whether the recital-giver has any qualifications to justify an appearance on a public platform, and when the victim has been well fleeced (generally beforehand) and has appeared in public, then comes the retribution—for both.

The daily press reports on the concert as civilly as possible; if fairly good, it says so; if very bad, it may let the person off with some polite injunction to study a little more or to avoid this, that, or the other style of something-or-other. And then the subject drops, and no more is ever heard of the ambitious artiste, unless it be at some little school at Finchley or Croydon, where he can eke out a comfortable enough livelihood, develop a local fame, and bask in the flattery of the suburban press. Once fleeced, of course, the persistent recital-giver is wary and cautious; originally he or she had a little money to invest in a concert, and went to the new agent, who was familiar with the ropes, who had "experience." Presently, however, the recitalist has the experience and the agent the money. The retribution in store for the agent comes quickly after; dishonesty doesn't pay, he is soon found out, and at the end of his first or second season flies the country.

I am saying nothing new in saying all this; it is common knowledge (very nearly). And I do pity the poor adventurous creatures who are permitted to burn their wings before they have yet learned to fly. To-day you could count the honest agents in London on the fingers of one hand, and conditions are such that the majority can barely make a decent living. As a matter of fact, it is almost, like the business of most middle men, a superfluous business; the wiser professional musicians can and do run their own concerts. One well-equipped firm could easily do the whole legitimate concert business of London.; and if this selected firm were to be run under the auspices of some well-known musical association, or, better still, a group of societies like the Incorporated Society of Musicians, the Bach Choir, the Concert-Goers' Club, and similar amateur and professional organisations, and held responsible to the public, many of the existing iniquities of the agency system would disappear in the course of a single season. A combine of this kind would wipe out all the small snivellers in a week. To hear new artists regular auditions would be held by a committee of qualified musicians of recognised positions, and of various professional organisations, and held responsible to

ENGLISH REVIEW

FOR APRIL

will contain contributions by

THOMAS HARDY, ARNOLD BENNETT, EDWARD HUTTON,
JOSEPH CONRAD, BARON IGNATZ VON ASCHENDROF, STEPHEN REYNOLDS, EDWARD GARNETT,
EDWARD THOMAS, EDGAR JEPSON,
DR. IRVIN SCHICKING.

The Editorial will deal with the Territorial Movement, and the Special Articles will include one by the celebrated International Criminologist, DR. SIMON, on CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE, and one by THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES on HIS ELECTION AND THE LEGAL MATTERS OF HIS COUNTRY.

Contributors to the preceding numbers have included Messrs. Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Geo. Meredith, T. Watts-Dunton, John Galsworthy, Violet Hunt, Count Tolstoi, Anatole France, Emile Verhaeren, D. G. Rossetti, Gerhardt Hauptmann, W. B. Yeats, Granville-Barker, H. G. Wells; and among the contributors to the early numbers of Vol. II. will be found M. Camille Pelletan and the President of the United States.

It will be obvious to the Reader who has glanced through this list of names that, in subscribing to the English Review, he will be supporting a periodical that does not compete with any Review now existing. On the contrary, the English Review is the supplement to all its contemporaries—a supplement almost indispensable to intelligent men and women. Forming as it does, a speaking-place for the best imaginative writers of Europe, the English Review gives its readers not the chronicles and dissertations upon current political facts that will be found in its contemporaries, but the more intimate thoughts or brilliant imaginations of English and foreign writers of exceeding ability.

In supporting the English Review—the proprietors have no difficulty in saying it, since in the present state of public taste the Review cannot be expected to make any wide popular appeal—the Reader will be not so much supporting a commercial undertaking as performing a duty, since he will be aiding in presenting to the world some of its most valuable thought.

He will also aid in removing from this country the stigma of having it said that such an undertaking is too good to find intelligent support.

DUCKWORTH & CO., HENRIETTA ST., W.C.
The New Age
March 25, 1909

schools, so that there could be no question as to the value of its decision. The right kind of young artist would be encouraged, and the ineffectual kind discouraged from the commencement. If the incorrect kind, irrelevant person insists on singing or playing in public—well, then, he or she may go to one of the swindling gentlemen (who may still have the courage to put “concert agent” on his front door), and be cheerfully swindled, and that’s the end of the matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible. Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

As the only Socialist individual in a large and staunchly entrenched Tory family, I heartily sympathise with the domestic woes of “Adult Suffrage.” I can match in my own experience those who were uncle, aunt, and forty-five cousins, who all gorged themselves on the “Times,” the “Daily Telegraph,” the “Spectator,” and the “Express.” I know, only too intimately, that aunt who gives coals and blankets to her hard-up people, and demands the “right Christian life.” I have an acquaintance in my club, who herself told me, that when engaging gardeners, stewards, and men (who may still have the courage to put “concert agent” on their length), she draws down on herself the wrath of one of these lady shareholders when I protested against one of the features involved in the celebration of the recent jubilee of that very profitable undertaking. This lady was taken aback for a moment, but to her, the few hours of leisure of the country, in which they did not possess a square yard of domestic woes of “Adult Suffrage.” I can match in my acquaintance in my club, who herself told me, that when engaging gardeners, stewards, and men (who may still have the courage to put “concert agent” on their length), she draws down on herself the wrath of one of these lady shareholders when I protested against one of the features involved in the celebration of the recent jubilee of that very profitable undertaking. This lady was taken aback for a moment, but to her, the few hours of leisure of the country, in which they did not possess a square yard of

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I sincerely wish something could be done to destroy the present system. This old subject has been forced on me through listening recently to a good deal of third-rate talent that might have been directed, profitably, into some more lucrative occupation. I give some weight to the opinion of suffragettes, and the reserve forces of suffragists, is the nature. But no mere possession of the vote will make for the Empire. Do not let us forget that Mrs. Fawcett, the landed property, or a vote in shaping the laws that govern the general who is directing the tactics both of the forward lines and the reserve forces of suffragists is the nature. But no mere possession of the vote will make for the Empire. Do not let us forget that Mrs. Fawcett, the landed property, or a vote in shaping the laws that govern the

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not yet learned the A B C of this lesson in true liberty. We have, therefore, as Socialists, plenty of useful educational work before us.

Hon. Sec. Adult Suffrage Society.

It is, surely, a question of expediency. Women's Franchise introduces one principle; while Adult Suffrage introduces two at once. While opposing the first 

Austria's wise and aged Emperor has again and again expressed and carried through his warm and earnest desire to maintain peace. He has not only undersigned the agreement of the Berlin Congress—was pacifying the two annexed provinces is Servian, Servia aspires to discuss all the weak points brought forward by a prejudiced mind, anxious about the freedom of a nation and not quite conversant with the facts and the history which preceded Austria-Hungary's goal is Salonica. The Dual Monarchy following the pacific policy of its ruler, clearly defined its intentions regarding Salonica quite recently, when giving up the Sandjak of Novibazar, the opening gate for the way leading to that important Turkish port. This policy of pursuing peace involves no desire on the part of Austria to entangle Russia, or anybody, in a Balkan embroilment, from which imaginary territorial advantages might be obtained.

I would not hesitate to endorse the writer's statement concerning Russia's incessant struggle for the possession of the Dardanelles; they are of such paramount importance for the Muscovite that a glance at the map will quickly explain the Tsardom's anxious endeavours to get a strategic opening—during the winter time the only one for that vast Empire—on the sea. But this state of things does not apply to Austria as regards Salonica. Austria has several good ports on the Adriatic coast, and what she wants to find in Salonica is only—and I repeat, only—an outlet for her industrial articles, a great deal of Austrian and Hungarian products being specially destined for the Sultan's provinces. Salonic plays an important part as a distributor of goods to the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, and if Vizinjeu's financial and commercial houses, backed up by the Government, showed great interest in the continuation of the main line from Bosnia to the Egean sea, they did so solely on account of the increased economic advantages which would ensue for them therewith, with no arriere pense in political respect.

I arrive now at the salient point of your writer's exquisitou to throw false light on the situation; I mean the question of Servia. This letter would be too long if I attempted to discuss all the weak points brought forward by a prejudiced mind, anxious about the freedom of a nation and not quite conversant with the facts and the history which preceded Austria's goal. I will not recall the thousands of lives lost by Austria when she—following the agreement of the Berlin Congress—was pacifying the two annexed provinces. But 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 any financial, political, or business organisation. In publishing it, its founders have no policy except that of arousing the public, and particularly the producing classes, to the perils and burdens to which our financial system exposes them. All considerations surely justify the appearance of this journal, with a right on the part of its founders to expect the support of many thousands of those who are compelled to "stand 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 any financial, political, or business organisation. In publishing it, its founders have no policy except that of arousing the public, and particularly the producing classes, to the perils and burdens to which our financial system exposes them.

In closing my letter, I will put forward as a fact that Austria-Hungary cannot afford the luxury of keeping a watching guard of 150,000 men lest no raids be committed into her territory; and if she urgently entreats the neighbour to disarm and to return to peace, it is because the Austrian Exchequer cannot waste a daily sum of about £150,000 to protect her boundaries. It is Austria's undoubtedly sincere wish to avoid hostilities, as thereby she
would not win anything; on the contrary, she would add to her debts, as the financially weak Servia could never compensate Austria for the millions of pounds spent already in preparations for war.

THE NAVAL PANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It is a serious matter, even for one who has left this world, to publish an attack against the Ministers of the Crown; on the other hand, it is sometimes a public duty to do so.

Last week there was enacted in Parliament a curious drama. A responsible Minister of the Crown admitted that he did not know the first elements of what he is paid to keep. Mr. McKenna stated that the Admiralty's knowledge of German naval advance was entirely new, and it had been discovered that Germany had means of building many more Dreadnoughts than was suspected. What was the motive of the Minister of the Crown in admitting his incompetence, and the incompetence of his secretariat and Intelligence Department?

The Naval Estimates debate came on, negotiations had been proceeding between the economists and the Government. The unanimous resolution in favour of economy passed at the Liberal Federation meeting had warned Ministers of the economists' strength. Mr. Asquith had been memorialised by about 200 of his supporters on the subject of army and naval economy. These memorialists had pledged themselves to vote for Mr. Asquith Baker's motion, if pressed to a division. The Labour Party, numbering 30, would have followed them into the Lobby. The Irish Party had pressed a great strength, and would have taken at least 70 members into the Lobby against the Government. The Tories had arranged to vote against the amendment, voting strenuously against the ground that the Estimates were not enough; and also in order to turn the Government out. To put it at the lowest, the Ministry would have been in a minority, even in a division.

This is the circumstance which explains how information, which has been in the Admiralty archives, and a matter of common knowledge in naval circles for eighteen months past, was paraded with an alarming flourish of trumpets, as quite novel, before a dumbfoundered House of Commons. It had the calculated effect of frightening the mover of the amendment, who tamely withdrew it. But the poison of this trickery will eventually result in the demise of the Cabinet. Nothing more dishonourable has happened in English public life; no more dishonourable.

An official disclaimer has doubtless already appeared in the press. THE HEADMASTER OF ETON AND THE ETON BEAGLES.

May I call your indignant attention to a cruel hoax upon the Head of our noblest school? The Canon, with his intellect trained by a classical and theological education would, of course, have seen at once that if "in every respect" is to be taken literally, there is something wrong in the article could never have been written by the head of our greatest school.

THE SHADE OF C.-B.

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THE SHADE OF C.-B.
April 8th, at 8 p.m.; Friday, April 9th, at 3 p.m.; Saturday, April 10th, at 3 p.m.? These plays, which date from 1488, have not been presented since the Reformation, and as they are performances of a private nature, I shall be obliged to receive subscriptions, at 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., for seats.

NUGENT MONK.

(Producer.)

* * *

SOCIALIST SELF-DENIAL FUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The Salvation Army have just had a self-denial week and have raised £80,000. Could Not Socialists combine to follow this example? At a low computation, we should be able to raise between £20,000 and £30,000, a sum which would be useful for electoral and propagandist purposes.

It is not intended that any appeal should be made to the outside public, but merely that Socialists should, for a week, deny themselves something, and show what they would otherwise have spent to the Socialist Self-Denial Fund.

It is suggested that subscriptions be paid to the Editor of The New Age, or sent on to secretaries or treasurers of local branches, and that a general committee be formed as soon as possible to deal with the fund.

HERBERT HUGHES.

* * *

A SUPPRESSED RESOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you kindly allow me a small space in your columns for the purpose of offering the attention of your readers to the autocratic suppression of a resolution formally passed at a properly constituted branch meeting of the I.L.P., and duly sent in for the agenda at the forthcoming Annual Conference? The resolution was as follows:—"It is the opinion of this Conference that the time has arrived when all Socialists and Socialist bodies should make a deep and impartial study of the sex question, holding as we do that the entire emancipation of both men and women is impossible under the present system."

JAMES H. MATSON.

Dover.

* * *

THE FIRST S.R.C.

A Socialist Representation Committee has been formed in the Harrow Parliamentary Division. The committee is composed of individuals (not societies) who wish to see Socialists elected to represent Socialism on all public bodies. Considerable support has been guaranteed by J. P. F. Faber, Sir John Hicks, Mr. Peto, and other representatives of the Progressive Thought, and unattached Socialists. All in sympathy with the above object are earnestly asked to enrol themselves.

Address: S.R.C., "Keystone," Longley Road, Walthamstow.

* * *

Adie was in black, and Mrs. Herbertson also wore black. Mrs. Robert Primrose came in a purple coat and skirt and black hat trimmed with purple; Miss Gourlay in a violet costume with a mole-coloured hat with choux of mole and violet chiffon, and her sister in greens with a green hat trimmed with black.

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SOCIALLY and unattached Socialists. All in sympathy with the above object are earnestly asked to enrol themselves.

Address: S.R.C., "Keystone," Longley Road, Walthamstow.

* * *

A correspondent writes:—I am a sincere admirer of THE NEW AGE, but I acknowledge that everything in this imperfect world can be improved on. It is a usual complaint that The New Age tends to sometimes show its em- barrassing frankness. I am venturing, therefore, to send you a cutting from the "Glasgow Evening Times" to show you how unpleasant subjects should be treated.

"At the residence of Mrs. Fergueson, 14, Montgomerie Quadrant, yesterday afternoon, Dr. Devon, of H.M. Prison, gave a lecture on 'Crime and Some Causes of Crime.' Afternoon tea was served, and the chair was taken by Mr. Frame, who introduced the lecturer.

Mrs. Ferguson received her guests wearing a gown of green face cloth, with sleeves and yoke of spotted cream jacket trimmed with fur, and a black hat with white wings; Mrs. Craig, black costume with touch of white, and a black hat; Mrs. Adie, dark grey costume and touque en suite with caracul stole; Mrs. Main, skirt of brown cloth and Empire coat, and a black hat with wings; and Mrs. Matheson, smoke-coloured gown of corduroy trimmed with silver embroidery. Mrs. Barlow had a blue coat and skirt faced with white and trimmed with fine blue cord. Miss ZION'S WORKS, with Catalogue, in Free Libraries.

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Adie was in black, and Mrs. Herbertson also wore black. Mrs. Robert Primrose came in a purple coat and skirt and black hat trimmed with purple; Miss Gourlay in a violet costume with a mole-coloured hat with choux of mole and violet chiffon, and her sister in greens with a green hat trimmed with black.

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