NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Either the "Times" has been eavesdropping, or Mr. Lloyd George has been at his usual game of giving the show away. Anyhow, the "Times" of Wednesday appeared with exclusive information regarding one of the lacunae of the Budget: there is to be no taxation of land values. About that nobody, we are sure will be surprised. It is a matter for serious reflection that Mr. Lloyd George has apparently arrived at the same conclusion with the aid of the Cabinet.

As a result of this new development, six pens are added on to Mr. Balfour's penknife. He is no longer the lonely, incomprehensible, and unfriendly one of a few years ago. The once bitter combatants are now an old, friendly pair, with a good many old friends in common. The配合tract is written with a good deal of humour, but there is no joking about the result of the new arrangement. The Cabinet at least of the English Church in Wales were not one of the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.

Lord Crewe, the Colonial Secretary, had the audacity to declare in the House of Lords on Wednesday that he had never seen any difficulty in abolishing the system of indentured labour. Plenty of better people than Lord Crewe years ago found no difficulty in defending slavery, and we do not doubt that in the House of Lords the noble earl can make the worse appear the better reason. But a more liberal assembly would smile, and not very indulgently, at his clumsy sophistries. There is only one excuse for indentured labour, and it is the same for forced and underpaid labour of every kind: the necessity of the labourer. And this is invariably explicable to the limit of his endurance. That our own proletariat are not indentured like coolies argues no virtue in Lord Crewe and his peers, who could as easily justify such labour in England as in Madagascar, the New Hebrides, the Congo, or Principe. For English labourers a silver chain has to be invented and labelled—Freedom.

If the English Church in Wales were not one of the outposts of the English Church in England, neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Hugh Cecil would lift a finger to save them, we can only say that had he endured them, he would not now be where he is. There are only two things necessary in modern elementary education: to abolish the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.

Lord Crewe, the Colonial Secretary, had the audacity to declare in the House of Lords on Wednesday that he had never seen any difficulty in abolishing the system of indentured labour. Plenty of better people than Lord Crewe years ago found no difficulty in defending slavery, and we do not doubt that in the House of Lords the noble earl can make the worse appear the better reason. But a more liberal assembly would smile, and not very indulgently, at his clumsy sophistries. There is only one excuse for indentured labour, and it is the same for forced and underpaid labour of every kind: the necessity of the labourer. And this is invariably explicable to the limit of his endurance. That our own proletariat are not indentured like coolies argues no virtue in Lord Crewe and his peers, who could as easily justify such labour in England as in Madagascar, the New Hebrides, the Congo, or Principe. For English labourers a silver chain has to be invented and labelled—Freedom.

* * *

If the English Church in Wales were not one of the outposts of the English Church in England, neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Hugh Cecil would lift a finger to save them, we can only say that had he endured them, he would not now be where he is. There are only two things necessary in modern elementary education: to abolish the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.

* * *

Lord Crewe, the Colonial Secretary, had the audacity to declare in the House of Lords on Wednesday that he had never seen any difficulty in abolishing the system of indentured labour. Plenty of better people than Lord Crewe years ago found no difficulty in defending slavery, and we do not doubt that in the House of Lords the noble earl can make the worse appear the better reason. But a more liberal assembly would smile, and not very indulgently, at his clumsy sophistries. There is only one excuse for indentured labour, and it is the same for forced and underpaid labour of every kind: the necessity of the labourer. And this is invariably explicable to the limit of his endurance. That our own proletariat are not indentured like coolies argues no virtue in Lord Crewe and his peers, who could as easily justify such labour in England as in Madagascar, the New Hebrides, the Congo, or Principe. For English labourers a silver chain has to be invented and labelled—Freedom.

* * *

If the English Church in Wales were not one of the outposts of the English Church in England, neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Hugh Cecil would lift a finger to save them, we can only say that had he endured them, he would not now be where he is. There are only two things necessary in modern elementary education: to abolish the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.

* * *

Lord Crewe, the Colonial Secretary, had the audacity to declare in the House of Lords on Wednesday that he had never seen any difficulty in abolishing the system of indentured labour. Plenty of better people than Lord Crewe years ago found no difficulty in defending slavery, and we do not doubt that in the House of Lords the noble earl can make the worse appear the better reason. But a more liberal assembly would smile, and not very indulgently, at his clumsy sophistries. There is only one excuse for indentured labour, and it is the same for forced and underpaid labour of every kind: the necessity of the labourer. And this is invariably explicable to the limit of his endurance. That our own proletariat are not indentured like coolies argues no virtue in Lord Crewe and his peers, who could as easily justify such labour in England as in Madagascar, the New Hebrides, the Congo, or Principe. For English labourers a silver chain has to be invented and labelled—Freedom.

* * *

If the English Church in Wales were not one of the outposts of the English Church in England, neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Hugh Cecil would lift a finger to save them, we can only say that had he endured them, he would not now be where he is. There are only two things necessary in modern elementary education: to abolish the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.

* * *

Lord Crewe, the Colonial Secretary, had the audacity to declare in the House of Lords on Wednesday that he had never seen any difficulty in abolishing the system of indentured labour. Plenty of better people than Lord Crewe years ago found no difficulty in defending slavery, and we do not doubt that in the House of Lords the noble earl can make the worse appear the better reason. But a more liberal assembly would smile, and not very indulgently, at his clumsy sophistries. There is only one excuse for indentured labour, and it is the same for forced and underpaid labour of every kind: the necessity of the labourer. And this is invariably explicable to the limit of his endurance. That our own proletariat are not indentured like coolies argues no virtue in Lord Crewe and his peers, who could as easily justify such labour in England as in Madagascar, the New Hebrides, the Congo, or Principe. For English labourers a silver chain has to be invented and labelled—Freedom.

* * *

If the English Church in Wales were not one of the outposts of the English Church in England, neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Hugh Cecil would lift a finger to save them, we can only say that had he endured them, he would not now be where he is. There are only two things necessary in modern elementary education: to abolish the schools and to abolish the teachers. Of the three factors, the children are the sole uncorrupted.
Anything more childish than Lord Morley's attempt to counteract the courageous and attractive propaganda of sedition carried on among Indian students in England by Shyamaji Krishnavarma at his India House at Highgate can scarcely be imagined. Every young Indian who cares for his country, an Indian Nationalist, as every Englishman worth his beef is an English Nationalist. Lord Morley's appointment of Mr. Arnold to act as kind English grandmother to young Indians in this country is, therefore, not only doomed to failure, but doomed to worse than failure. In the first place, no Englishman of character would undertake the invidious task, and, in the second place, no young Indian of character would submit to the deliberate process of denationalising. The London School of Economics has a better scheme: by substitution of a special course of lectures for Indian students on Indian administration. There is statesmanship in that.

"The price we are paying for the finest town-planning in the world is the destruction of the home." This is the declaration of one of the housing experts of Germany as reported in the "Times" of April 22. "With all their planning and all their machine-like organisation, the whole housing of the future has yet to be dealt with." We commend this to the attention of Mr. Burns, whose Bill is now in Committee. For neither by his Bill nor by anything short of the State provision of free houses for working men can the problem be solved.

We have not the smallest objection to the raising of the salary of the President of the Board of Trade from £2,000 to £5,000. Our only condition is that he shall earn it. It is not the smallest doubt that Mr. Churchill does nothing of the kind. Neither he nor half a dozen other Ministers we could name, are worth anything like the salary they receive. It is part of the general fare of English politics that a man like Mr. Churchill, with absolutely no commercial experience, should be regarded as capable of filling the post, and be accepted by commercial men themselves without a grain of salt. £2,000 a year is quite enough for an amateur gentleman politician. £5,000 a year is not too much for a trained and capable man.

The famous Clause III of the Indian Councils Bill which the Lords threw out at the instigation of Lords Curzon and MacDonnell, was re-inserted by the House of Commons on Monday by a majority of two votes to one against it. The Clause permits the Government of India, at its discretion, to create Executive Councils of an elective character in each of the Indian provinces, and to associate with the Anglars the Indians themselves in their own government. There is not the slightest doubt that it is the thin end of the wedge of ultimate self-government, and we welcome it on that account. Another decision of considerable importance was in the statement made by Mr. Hohfeld that the Government would not disqualify from service on Legislative Councils in India any British subject solely by reason of his having been deported on political grounds before 1914. If we sincerely hope, is a step in the direction of complete amnesty for existing political prisoners in India under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act of last year; and a return to the method of Lord Canning in 1858.

The Houses of Parliament Bill, the second reading of which was moved by the Attorney-General on Tuesday, might be better described as the "Bill for the Exclusion of Suffragettes from the Gallery." There proved, however, to be no words in dignified English capable of conveying the distinction between Suffragette and women: and the silly Bill was in consequence dropped. But the wish that fathered the Bill remains, and will, we suppose, accomplish itself. Until the panic induced in the Chamberlain's office by the noise over the Suffragettes, the sound of a woman's voice in the Gallery dies away, no woman, Suffragette or servile, will be permitted to enter the Holy of Holies. That should give another impetus to the Women's Suffrage movement.

The "Times," commenting on the recent crisis in the I.L.P., remarks in a sentence as full of inaccuracies as one of mixed metaphors: "If the forward movement has succeeded in severing the links between the Labour Party and the Trade Unionists which the former have been at such pains to forge, it is hardly open to doubt that they will have done the way to a debacle of their party at the General Election." The "forward" movement has no intention of severing the links, but only of adding fresh links to enable each section to move more freely. Our contention is that at present the two sections are learning in a thrice-legged operation. As we have said, that the "debacle at the General Election" would be attributed in advance to the "forward" section, though, in fact, we have long prophesied such a debacle as the consequence of the failure to move forward. The recent awakening of the I.L.P., due wholly to the "forward" section (which, by the way, is not, as Mr. Blatchford ungenerously claims, confined to himself and Mr. Grayson, and Mr. Hyndman), is the best guarantee we have had for their best strength if they are to succeed in embodying the Report or Reports in Acts that alone matter. Anybody who can use tongue or pen should get to work on the subject at once.

Among the less disagreeable of the results of the Naval Panic inaugurated with such folly by Mr. Asquith himself, is the appointment which has been forced on him of a Commission of Inquiry into the state of the Home Fleet. As the Commission consists exclusively of members of the Cabinet, and is to meet in private, nothing particular can come of it. And, indeed, there is nothing particular to come. Mr. Asquith now knows that when he consented to shout Wolf, Wolf, for Sir Edward Grey's sake, or whatever he may say, he did the worst political day's work of his life. His majority is not only demoralised but melting, while the Opposition has renewed its youth like the eagle in the sun of the tropical plains. The country is smashingly in a panic, and we fear, have only the effect of whetting the appetite of the Opposition for more. The Government will pay dearly for Mr. Asquith's blunder.

The Queen has long been known to be more powerful than Cabinet Ministers; but we thought that the Censor was stronger still. However, by her Majesty's express wish, the ban which has lain for 36 years on the performance of Saint-Saens' biblical opera, "Samson et Dalila," has been removed, and the opera was performed at Covent Garden on Monday evening. There is not the slightest reason left now for retaining the ban on any work of art at all; and we shall not acquit of the majesty any troglodyte who persists in opposing the abolition of the Chamberlain's office. As for Mr. Redford, he can always make a living as a Methodist parson.

The members of the Fabian Society are to be congratulated on their good sense in refusing to elect Mr. Josiah Wedgwood on to their executive. As things have turned out at Edinburgh and elsewhere, we see plenty of work ahead for the Fabian Society. Mr. Churchill, with absolutely no commercial experience, is nothing particular to come. And, indeed, there is nothing particular to come. Mr. Asquith now knows that when he consented to shout Wolf, Wolf, for Sir Edward Grey's sake, or whatever he may say, he did the worst political day's work of his life. His majority is not only demoralised but melting, while the Opposition has renewed its youth like the eagle in the sun of the tropical plains. The country is smashingly in a panic, and we fear, have only the effect of whetting the appetite of the Opposition for more. The Government will pay dearly for Mr. Asquith's blunder.
workers alone are incapable of bringing about Social-ism. The help both of the unorganised workers and of the great body of the middle classes. It is with these latter that the Fabian Society is concerned; and we wish the Society would tackle its task with a due sense of its magnitude and importance. No two thousand population should be without a branch of the Fabian Society, which may be recommended to maintain its traditions of insufferable superiority and to continue to justify them. We sincerely hope that the General Election is on us. The Fabians may have a closely-woven net spread all over the country for the capture of the intelligent middle classes. By the way, we hope before long to publish a verbatim report of a lecture by Mr. Bernard Shaw on “Socialism and the Middle Classes.”

The discussion of the Necessitous Children’s Feeding Bill on Friday was marked by two incidents, the obvious division of opinion amongst the members of the Labour Party, and the passage at arms between the Labour members and Mr. Harold Cox. Mr. Cox is rapidly making for himself the reputation of a first rate under-study of Mr. Ballour at his worst. Having nothing original to say, and no constructive proposals to offer, he is satisfied with the double position of ex-secretary of the Coidden Club and friend of reaction wherever it appears. Nothing short of rudeness is capable of suppressing him; and we hope the Labour members will rise to that method as often as occasion required. The division of opinion is, however, a more serious matter. For the first time the gulf between the politics of the Trade Unionist and the economics of the Socialist became apparent in the Parliamentary ranks. Mr. Thorne, we are glad to see, was undisciplined enough to contradict Mr. Henderson publicly, and to declare on behalf of Socialists that Socialists at any rate believe in Free State maintenance for all children.

**Next Week:** the first of a series of articles on Music by M. Debussy, specially translated with the author’s permission by Mrs. Franz Liebich.

In Defence of Arobinda Ghosh.

The hearing of the trial of Arobinda Ghosh, in Calcutta, for alleged sedition and incitement to violence, recently engaged the interest of the whole country. Mr. J. N. Das, who acted as counsel for the defence, made, at the close of the case, a magnificent speech, which lasted over eight hours. The following is an extract from the concluding section.

“There is one point which strikes one at the very outset, but I thought it would come in more fittingly and appropriately after I had dealt with the evidence. Your Honour will remember that my learned friend’s case is that Arobinda is the head of this conspiracy. He has been credited with vast intellectual attainments, with the case, and it is argued that he was the leader of this alleged revolutionary project. . . . Apart from that suggestion, if you turn to the evidence, oral and documentary, what do you find? Is it argued that the confessions are evidence against Arobinda? My answer is, and I hope I have proved it, that they exonerate him. If it is argued that the watch witnesses and other witnesses have proved association between him and the different conspirators, I submit, and I again hope I have proved, that you cannot place too much weight upon that evidence. When the Government takes it into its head to believe that there is a widespread conspiracy, a vast organisation that threatens its stability, it is a matter of common knowledge that you do come across spies who are ready to give evidence of the character we have here. . . . Is it argued that on the different letters put forward in the evidence, there is a case against Arobinda? My answer is that the letters themselves show nothing of the kind. It is my learned friend’s interpretation that makes that case, and it has been at times of such a nature that one can hardly resist the temptation of calling it ridiculous. For a parallel you must turn to the celebrated case of Mrs. Bardwell against Mr. Pickwick. . . . Look at the proximity, look at the man’s thoughts,” says my learned friend, and in that view he has put before you different newspapers. Read the “Bande Mataram,” my friend seems to say. ‘Read his speeches, his writings, and then discover his thoughts. If there is any indication in them that Arobinda was putting forward the ideal of freedom, you must take it for granted that he did not also in favour of bombs and secret societies, and such other matters as some of the evidence led to one to believe. And my submission to you is that whatever may be Arobinda’s offence, whatever be his sin, he is not guilty of the charges brought against him. . . . But if it is suggested that he has preached the ideal of freedom to his fellow-countrymen; if it is suggested that he has ventured to picture in his mind the future of his country as a great and glorious nation—he pleads guilty to that charge. Convict him if it is an offence under the law, but do not impute to him crimes against which his whole nature revolts, and which he could never have perpetrated. That is his defence. Do not accuse him of conspiracy or anarchy or some such offence. But the ideal of freedom has always been preached. It is for that he has given up all the prospects of his life, it was for that he left Baroda and came to Calcutta, forsaking affluence for poverty. That has been, if I may say so, the one thought of his waking hours, the dream of his sleep. If that is an offence, if it is an offence to preach the ideal of freedom in a British dominion, here he is self-condemned, no evidence is required, no witnesses need be brought. Chain him, imprison him, he will cheerfully bear any punishment it entails, but it pains me to think that crimes which he never could have thought, ideas which are repellent to him, should be attributed to him. . . . But the day has not yet dawned in this country of ours when it is possible to criminal to preach the ideal of freedom. And the charges against Arobinda are absolutely inconsistent with everything he has said, everything he has written, every tendency of his mind discovered in the evidence here. . . . My appeal to you sir, therefore, is that if a man like this who has been charged with such crimes, stands not only before the bar of this court, but before the bar of the High Court of History. Remember that long after this controversy is hushed into silence, long after this turmoil, this agitation, will have ceased, long after he is dead and gone, he will be looked upon as the poet of patriotism, the prophet of Nationalism, as the lover of Humanity. His words will be echoed and re-echoed, not only in India, but on the distant continent. I appeal to you, sir, in the name of all the great and noble traditions of the English Bench, which form the most glorious chapter in English history. . . . Let us never forget those traditions, was overcome with the passions and prejudices of the hour, and yielded to the clamour of the moment.”

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
Socialist Politics.

The situation that has arisen since the four I.L.P. leaders resigned is the most interesting and significant. The new N.A.C. has indicated that it can do without them, and that it will pursue a policy of reconciliation with the rebels. Mr. Jowett, the new chairman, wants peace. He is strongly opposed to the policy of proscription outlined by Mr. Keir Hardie. When I wrote to him in view of the fact that he had approached Mr. Grayson and offered him official recognition on the I.L.P. platform, we cordially congratulated Mr. Jowett upon his sense and his courage.

The new N.A.C. is alive to the two-fold strength of the young movement, and is by no means disposed to antagonise it. We are not identified with any section, clique, or faction, and are only concerned with the healthy growth of Socialism, not only in the study, but in political and propagandist work. From these lines we can assure the readers of our social problems as armed revolution itself. There is not a single member of the I.L.P., I make bold to say, who will be satisfied with the mere term "Labourism." I believe that the majority of the I.L.P. desire the same thing. But they are deeply and genuinely committed to the Labour Alliance. We are not blind to the fact that the new N.A.C. is alive to the fact that there ought to be ample room in the I.L.P. for all those who think with us but do not make common cause with Socialism, but both socialists and those who regard Socialism as primarily an expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class. I believe that the writers of the "Labour Leader" want to be two-fold: (a) to form an organisation that shall strengthen those who advocate Socialist representation; but (b) that it must carefully restrict its purpose to that one end alone, and not, directly or indirectly, trench on the political and propagandist work of either the I.L.P. or S.D.P.

If some such organisation were inaugurated, any member of either of these bodies might, with a clear conscience, join, and I think you would obtain considerable support from the freethinkers. The constitution of such a society might be tersely expressed as follows:

(1) The name to be the Socialist Representation League.
(2) Membership is open to any declared Socialist, or to any expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class.
(3) The Socialist Representation League aims to supplement the efforts of all Socialists who are working for Socialist representation upon all local and Parliamentary bodies.
(4) To support, morally and materially, all duly accredited Socialist candidates who have been adopted by the recognition of the candidates themselves, in their own locality, and who stand avowedly as Socialists.

I believe that on these lines there is a great need for such organisation in London, and I am glad to see that Mr. Allan of Glasgow is to make common cause with Socialism, but both socialists and those who regard Socialism as primarily an expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class.

That statement gravely misrepresents the views of the two schools. We are only concerned now to make an affirmation that, we believe, would be acceptable to all those who regard Socialism as primarily an expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class. The "Labour Leader" last week referred to the particular school of Socialist thought with which The New Age is identified. It said:

"The question of the Socialist and Trade Union combination touches the very mainspring of Socialist policy, and, irrespective of all Conference voting, the subject will, in this as in other countries, form a constant line of cleavage between those who regard Socialism as a matter of intellectual belief, and those who regard Socialism as primarily an expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class."

We gladly publish this interesting and suggestive letter, and trust it will be followed up. We shall comment upon it later. Meantime, we want to call up a point upon which much confusion exists. The "Labour Leader" said at Edinburgh, is, or is not compatible with the unimpeachable honour of the Labour Party alliance. That letter expresses our view admirably, and, if it be the policy adopted by the N.A.C., we can promise the unsupervised support of The New Age.

We are not blind, however, to certain plain facts. Notably, we have been writing on the view enunciated by Mr. Allan was rejected by vote at the Edinburgh Conference. It is a view worth working for, and, if needs must, worth fighting for. Mr. Allan's letter apparently heralds a letter we have ourselves received from an old and active member of the I.L.P., and I have not had the honour of meeting many who are not better forgotten, and that these incidents had been, to a certain extent, due to the obvious one that the paragraphs had been invented. And the responsibility would undoubtedly have lain heavily upon the flustered four. They have blundered; they will pay the price themselves. Of course, if they still want war, they can have it — more than they think, but it is a matter of the situation shown by Mr. Keir Hardie, who is honest, insistent, but a little muddled-headed (we are none of us perfect, not even the Editors of The New Age), and particularly on guard against any movement that may seem to threaten the Alliance. In this way he contrives to make the two ideas appear mutually exclusive. It is evident, however, that a considerable section of the Edinburgh delegates were not deluded. Your problem, therefore, appears to be two-fold: (a) to form an organisation that shall strengthen those who advocate Socialist representation; but (b) that it must carefully restrict its purpose to that one end alone, and not, directly or indirectly, trench on the political and propagandist work of either the I.L.P. or S.D.P.

If some such organisation were inaugurated, any member of either of these bodies might, with a clear conscience, join, and I think you would obtain considerable support from the freethinkers. The constitution of such a society might be tersely expressed as follows:

(1) The name to be the Socialist Representation League.
(2) Membership is open to any declared Socialist, or to any expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class.
(3) The Socialist Representation League aims to supplement the efforts of all Socialists who are working for Socialist representation upon all local and Parliamentary bodies.
(4) To support, morally and materially, all duly accredited Socialist candidates who have been adopted by the recognition of the candidates themselves, in their own locality, and who stand avowedly as Socialists.

I believe that on these lines there is a great need for such organisation in London, and I am glad to see that Mr. Allan of Glasgow is to make common cause with Socialism, but both socialists and those who regard Socialism as primarily an expression of the social revolution — the emancipation of the working class.
**The Insolent Heathen.**

SIR WILLIAM SMITH, the President of the Court which tried Dinuzulu, has not met our wishes. The court, as the evidence has not been printed, and so we know not on precisely what technical grounds he should have hanged Dinuzulu. That is, however, of little moment. Why was Natal wanted the Zulu chief hanged, and it was the court's verdict that Bambata was not an enemy and that Dinuzulu was merely sentenced to four years' imprisonment, leaving us to worry through the whole business again. As long ago as September 11th, 1906, the Commissioner, Native Affairs, said: "However, the fact remains that, whether guilt attaches to him (Dinuzulu) or not, his presence in the country is a menace to its future peace. There can be no possible doubt . . . that the natives generally fear him more, and regard him as of higher authority and importance in the land than the Supreme Chief" (the Governor of Natal is ex-officio the Supreme Chief). On September 11th, 1907, Sir Matthew Nathan, the Governor of Natal, telegraphs: "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion, after discussing political situation with Saunders, Andrew and Ministers, that the peace of Colony requires the removal of Dinuzulu from Zululand."

Dinuzulu, as everyone admits, was an extremely intolerable man. And we do not want intelligent Zulus — or, indeed, any of us — to be afraid of the court's verdict. "We must commend our Natal Government for doing its very utmost to get a conviction; every little rumour or prejudice against Dinuzulu seems to have been carefully brought into court. For instance, Mr. Samuelson, the Under Secretary for Native Affairs, told the court "that from the time of the Boer War onwards the relationship between the Government and Bambata, it was his duty, of course, to turn the woman out of the kraal, or, as Sir William Smith says, his obvious course was to say to the authorities, 'the family of Bambata is in my kraal, what am I to do with them?'" But, with them?" The poor woman a widow, the Government would obviously have been able to hang her with her husband. Instead Dinuzulu continued to give her food and shelter. We do not think that a $100 fine meets this charge. It is high treason, and something worse. It is insolence on the part of a black man to act as an early Christian. "Naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me," is not a gospel for Dinuzulu to live up to. Dinuzulu should have been executed for his presumption in living up to a code of morals which everybody understands may have been practicable in Syria, but cannot be carried out in these days in Natal, where whisky is quite an item in one's expenditure.

However, there was another charge upon which Dinuzulu was convicted, and for which anyone of us would have hanged him. Sir William Smith seems to think he was strongly of a point by the prisoners. Why the President of the court hesitated; it seems to us that the evidence for this count is pretty much the same as, for many of the others (which he had dismissed). Dinuzulu asserts that he did not see Bambata, but that Mangati came, and that he drove Mangati away. He brings four witnesses to support this assertion. The Crown, on the other hand, has witnesses who were quite up to the average. One man saw Bambata and Mangati somewhere in the neighbourhood, Mangati himself says Dinuzulu was with him, as we should expect. It is pretty clear that a man of more reasonable character who is disposed to be favourable to Dinuzulu, who had not given the able expected. At any rate, a friend of Bambata's went to the prisoner's residence and very likely had a supper given to him, and possibly a night's shelter. Is four years a sufficient sentence to prevent the recurrence of this nature? As Sir William Smith remarks, he "cannot be allowed to plead that he acted out of compassion. Indeed, as we have suggested, this to our thinking but aggravates the offence. Sir William Smith could easily have sentenced Dinuzulu to death for having been visited at his residence by the friend of a man (Bambata) who was to be hanged when caught. Our impression is that if it had been left to Mr. Justice Boshoff we should have hidden ourselves of Dinuzulu. Up to the last morning he thought of standing out from the majority of the court and giving judgment against Dinuzulu on the charge of inciting to rebellion. This is a point worth remembering when we next try Dinuzulu after he comes out of prison.

**An Ethical Marriage Service.**

Much may be said for the form of solemnisation of Matrimony according to the use of the Church of England even by those who allow that the language and thought belong to some unknown and perhaps prehistoric kind of man. Man and woman do sometimes join in the Holy Matrimony to we think, anyone in Natal; and why this be not one of the causes for which Matrimony was ordained. The Church Service has nothing warmer than mutual society, help and comfort; and although the woman is made to declare that she will obey her wedded husband, we know not a few persons united in
holy wedlock where the words are honoured rather in the breach than in the observance—and these not among the best or chief servants of the Church. This is, of course, all as it should be.

The ceremony has been built up by many generations of priests, the phrases have become stereotyped, and no one is directly to take them very seriously. It goes down as part of the pageantry with the bride and the bridesmaids, and the bridegroom's shiny hat, the rice and the slipper, which, for aught we know to the contrary, is left behind after the departing couple. To undertake (we adopt the funereal expression) the ceremony means simply that you do not wish to hurt the feelings or prejudices of your relations or friends in this rather common-place affair—for, after all, marriage is not a very romantic or exciting event. It is true, with the most occasional periodicity in anyone's life-time; it is not like your dinner, to which you have to sit down every day. Now an immoral dinner every day would rapidly destroy your well being, but an immoral ceremony performed once, twice, or even thrice in a lifetime is not going to prove your ruin.

Moreover, if you really object to uttering an empty form of words, there is the English round of society, why not string the whole thing without a hitch and furnish you with the necessary witnesses at a minimum of cost. He will tie you up as tightly as any ordained priest.

For those, then, who, for one reason or another, or in spite of all reason, desire to enter into the estate of matrimony (we discard the adjective), there is provision for the most diverse tastes.

The Ethical people are not satisfied. According to a letter we have received, Dr. Stanton Coit has conducted a Marriage Service which brings the Marriage Vow abreast of the times. We wonder whether queer kind of marriage, this contradiction in terms, is not likely to be repeated, and that is the best we can say for it.

The contract is not so much between the man and woman as between the community on the one side and the marrying couple on the other.

"The ceremony which solemnises this compact is nothing less than the act of organised society approving and confirming a life union of one man and one woman, and as such, you are going to be tied up to all the social responsibilities undertaken by them in that union."

We quite admit that society, by the employment of force, may prevent an union between any man and woman, but will any two individuals who desire to remit regard the community as of more importance than their own inclinations? People in love are not going to ask the approval of organised society on their union, whether it be for life, for eternity, or for any lesser term. It is an affair essentially for private agreement; this is just one of those matters where we shall not allow the State to step in and decide for us. We shall neither ask the approval nor the disapproval of society, organised or unorganised, upon "the intimacy of man and woman." In the highly complex civilisation of savages there is a very detailed interference in these offices, but here we do not look back regretfully to the past. We have reached the centurial measure of emancipation we have achieved, and we can look hopefully to the future to liberate us from the shackles of the present.

To ask organised society to approve and confirm a life union is to ask us to forgo the whole experience of the past and present. Organised society knows, or should know, what this life union really means. It may be for better or for worse that this experience is never or seldom on upon which the two individuals, who are alone concerned, will have any faith in it. It may be well that they should set out with the firm conviction that in their case there shall be no withering of their blossoming love. If marriage is to be an affair of eugenics, where science shall step in, and bestow its approval of the union, then, at least, we might ask for such safeguards as science is competent to give. But in this Ethical Marriage ceremony the sanction of the community merely means that Dr. Stanton Coit repeats some of the older mummeries in a more stilted language.

There would be something to say (but not much) for a sanction after a careful investigation of the prospective husband and wife as to their mental suitability for one another. It is a pity that in this case they did not put their physical boilers into their bodily well-being, and so on. Without this, let us keep by the irresponsibilities of the present service.

Dr. Stanton Coit's formula leave out the "obey" on the part of the woman, but include all the tremendous issues involved in the Church text. Each undertakes to love and keep the other in sickness, and all the rest of it, till death us do part. No man but a bridegroom, no woman but a bride, would dare swear never to change, and no one should listen to such an oath save bride and bridegroom. The ceremony concludes with a homily. Now, we can understand and sympathise with those who desire a sermon from the priest, who is something to do with the existence of any reasonable grounds for the silly but...
Joan of Arc and British Opinion.

The meeting held in London last week to celebrate the beatification of the Maid of Orleans was remarkable rather for the variety of opinions expressed by those unable to be present than for any very practical result. As this meeting was boycotted by the daily Press (owing to the large amount of space required for the report of cup-ties and the lowest rate table), these opinions have not yet been published, and so the world knows nothing of the master minds of Britain really think of Joan of Arc.

The following represents, as faithfully and as accurately as memory permits, the letters sent by some of the celebrities invited to the meeting.

Right Hon. H. H. A--h: In my more sober moments I am inclined to regard the burning of Joan of Arc as a regrettable incident. Yet, apparently, it was necessary, since Joan of Arc was a female, without any sound knowledge of politics, and unprepared for reliable contemporaries. Personally, I am inclined to think of Joan of Arc as the great mistake, even after the lapse of centuries, to undervalue her personal courage. Is it not plain that Joan of Arc had any real following in her country? Admitting her personal courage, is it not plain that Joan of Arc was only a popular female, without any sound knowledge of politics, and unprepared for reliable contemporaries? Personally, the one woman in history for whom I have unbounded admiration is Salome; and I think that Joan of Arc might be called a martyrdom on herself by deliberately attacking the British Government. If she really desired freedom for France (which seems to mean a common European based on Liberalism), I am content to give her personal courage, is it not plain that Joan of Arc should perish rather than a British Government be inclined to regard the burning of Joan of Arc. Indeed, I ask, if Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the Bedouin Scotchman, being a mere slip of a girl, whose reprehensible conduct of this misguided young woman to have been foolish as it was unnatural.

Sir E--d C--e, K.C.: Joan of Arc was, presumably, a woman. Therefore, there is a prima facie case against her for attempting to do a man's work. Without expressing any opinion on her personal worth, I cannot regard the conduct of this misguided young woman to have been as foolish as it was unnatural.

Mr. P. W. W.: Whatever that great and noble-minded man, the Prime Minister, says, on this or any other matter, I am inclined to think, wisely, shunning the chains of intuition, to prove this. Why has Rome blessed Joan of Arc if she was not its minion? Amazons who overran Europe in the fifteenth century; no more a historical personage than Alfred the Great; and there is a well known ballad relating to "Joan," and "Darby;" her husband—doubtless the Earl. Reason, cold, calculated, and distinct, imparts all popular legends concerning the so-called "Maid."

Dr. R. F. H--n (Hampstead): I cannot but regret the Catholic leanings of Joan of Arc and her indifference to the ministrations of Protestantism. Had she devoted her energies to desiring the public inspection of convents, what a brighter and better world this might have been. It is, perhaps, a cruel suggestion; and Heaven forbids me to think of Joan of Arc in a frenzy of consistency, to buy it, and have to repair the roof before ten short years are passed. But I do trust that my timely warning has saved him from a repairing lease. No: the belief that there is a general human passion to own a back-garden is a pure sentimentality. Back-gardens and the house attached to them should be owned by the State; and if the human race can get the secure use of them under that ownership, the State, as soon as it understands, will jump at it. I have set forth these views again because I will try to get this sentimentality out of Mr. Chesterton's head, and prevent his faithful followers from falling into it. These sentimentality are very cramping. And Mr. Chesterton can think with uncommon clearness when he lets himself. Edgar Jerson.

Joan of Arc had any real following in her country? Admitting her personal courage, is it not plain that Joan of Arc was only a popular female, without any sound knowledge of politics, and unprepared for reliable contemporaries? Personally, the one woman in history for whom I have unbounded admiration is Salome; and I think that Joan of Arc might be called a martyrdom on herself by deliberately attacking the British Government. If she really desired freedom for France (which seems to mean a common European based on Liberalism), I am content to know nothing of Joan of Arc who, moreover, did not come within the scope of my studies in history at Cambridge. Among my own friends, whom I am inclined to regard the burning of Joan of Arc as a regrettable incident. Yet, apparently, it was necessary, since Joan of Arc was a female, without any sound knowledge of politics, and unprepared for reliable contemporaries. Personally, I am inclined to think of Joan of Arc as the great mistake, even after the lapse of centuries, to undervalue her personal courage. Is it not plain that Joan of Arc should perish rather than a British Government be inclined to regard the burning of Joan of Arc. Indeed, I ask, if Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the Bedouin Scotchman, being a mere slip of a girl, whose reprehensible conduct of this misguided young woman to have been foolish as it was unnatural.
Joan of Arc would have enjoyed a power and influence appropriate to the female mind; but her militant tactics made her the scourge of men and women of the world, and brought her to the fire.

Mr. H.—B.—c., M.P.: If I could be convinced that Joan of Arc led a nationalistic movement, I would gladly yield her praise, but I am surprised to hear so much about her, and not, by her interference, for is it possible that a shepherd girl of peasant family could grasp the higher and bitterer aspects of English Government of the day, and her indifference to the good work it was doing breed suspicion of Tory influences. But what Joan of Arc never realised was that there were plenty of men far more competent than herself to direct the fortunes of war.

G. K. C.: It is only in the really devout and religious age of Joan of Arc that we see in this remarkable woman a distinct forerunner of the Christian Church. The growth of the sense of toleration means, necessarily, the decay of Christian charity and belief. Was Joan of Arc fighting for liberty, or was she merely a bureaucrat? Let us settle these questions before going any further in the matter. But what a jolly time that 15th century was.

Miss M.—C.: I do not pretend to understand what Joan of Arc may have been; but if it is true that she wore a man's clothes and rode astride on horseback, she certainly forfeited the respect of every true woman and chivalrous man. I have no patience with such a minx. To impugn the motives of Joan of Arc is not the way to win the respect of every true woman and chivalrous man.

Mrs. P.—t.: The only way to do honour to the memory of Joan of Arc is to demand "Votes for Women." But we are not all agreed. I think we can see in the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in!

Prof. G.—M.—y. (Oxford): As a life-long Nonconformist and Liberal, I hold that all authority resides in the superior physical force of the male—such belief is the very essence of Protestant Liberalism. Joan of Arc, a female, deliberately violated this great principle of Liberalism by fighting against the Establishment and, by taking part in her own way, was a matter of no interest to women, outraged common decency.

Her love of notoriety, conspicuous in her desire to be the centre of attraction from the rest of Christendom. While leaving full liberty to our members to do everything, it is our privilege to inspire the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in.

Mrs. M.—y.: I must confess my ignorance of Joan of Arc. A poor overworked Bishop has no time to read books, and history was never my strong point. Just now, we of the dear old Church of England are busy over the one and only possible name for the Establishment since the time of the Romans, and, incidentally, to show how far more Catholic it became when it was separated at the Reformation from the rest of the world.

Mr. E. E. P.—e.: The Fabian Society has already appointed a small sub-committee to consider the relations of the Fabian to social questions, and a report will, in due time, be issued.

Mrs. D.—d.: Joan of Arc, Francis of Assisi, Shelley! How the souls of these truly great and blessed ones can be seen against the British Government, and by taking part in the movement it is our privilege to be issued, may seem to a man who thinks that New Age and too late for the next; so that I have (as it were) remained for a fortnight with my mouth open, and present an undignified spectacle. Nevertheless, I cannot, merely for my own personal appearance, permit them to perish in their youth and beauty, so I will resume my abrupt but very sincere warning.

I say that, with all their knowledge, these excellent Socialists do not know where they are. They are not living in England. They are not living now. My brother men live with the people, but it is with a remote and foreign people, I hold that all authority resides in the superior physical force of the male—such belief is the very essence of Protestant Liberalism. Joan of Arc, a female, deliberately violated this great principle of Liberalism by fighting against the Establishment and, by taking part in her own way, was a matter of no interest to women, outraged common decency. Her love of notoriety, conspicuous in her desire to be the centre of attraction from the rest of Christendom. While leaving full liberty to our members to do everything, it is our privilege to inspire the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in.

Mr. E. E. P.—e.: The Fabian Society has already appointed a small sub-committee to consider the relations of the Fabian to social questions, and a report will, in due time, be issued.

Prof. G.—M.—y. (Oxford): As a life-long Nonconformist and Liberal, I hold that all authority resides in the superior physical force of the male—such belief is the very essence of Protestant Liberalism. Joan of Arc, a female, deliberately violated this great principle of Liberalism by fighting against the Establishment and, by taking part in her own way, was a matter of no interest to women, outraged common decency. Her love of notoriety, conspicuous in her desire to be the centre of attraction from the rest of Christendom. While leaving full liberty to our members to do everything, it is our privilege to inspire the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in.

Mrs. P.—t.: The only way to do honour to the memory of Joan of Arc is to demand "Votes for Women." But we are not all agreed. I think we can see in the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in!

Prof. G.—M.—y. (Oxford): As a life-long Nonconformist and Liberal, I hold that all authority resides in the superior physical force of the male—such belief is the very essence of Protestant Liberalism. Joan of Arc, a female, deliberately violated this great principle of Liberalism by fighting against the Establishment and, by taking part in her own way, was a matter of no interest to women, outraged common decency. Her love of notoriety, conspicuous in her desire to be the centre of attraction from the rest of Christendom. While leaving full liberty to our members to do everything, it is our privilege to inspire the wonderful movements it is our privilege to take part in.
pressive public schemes which require the handling of huge sums of money, and the politicians will jolly well handle them. It will begin, let us say, with the organisation of all employment, and the politicians will pay themselves for organising it. It will begin with the State feeding of all children, but it will not be the children who are the best fed. And remember that at every peak of our present economic development, thousands of pounds for the expenses of a nephew's experiment, or millions for the purchase of an uncle's coal mine, they will be able to quote texts from the strongest Socialist text books, to the effect that organisers should be handsomely paid and public funds heartily voted. So they will be able to fight for better terms in this sense better on a Parish Council than poor men, because they were free from "financial timidity." Now, the Churchills and Russells are entirely free from financial timidity; they have never owed or stolen under four figures. Therefore, they will not only continue to manage the more concentrated affairs; but they will be able to invoke the blessing of Bernard Shaw. It is no answer to this peril, real or not, to say with Muggeridge that it could not occur under perfect Socialism. We are not talking about perfect Socialism, but about what is likely to happen. Suppose Mr. Muggeridge said, "The Churchills and Russells are making a mere hypocrisy, supporting the avarice of the upper classes." What would he say if I answered: "I assure you Christianity cannot in principle support avarice and hypocrisy"? He would answer that he was not discussing abstract Christianity, but the Church of England. I am not discussing abstract Socialism, but the Socialism of England.

The first obvious answer to my brother is the same. He falls back on the suggestion that the English people might rise, as the French people (under utterly different circumstances) did rise, en masse. But would they have spent the greater part of my life arguing with Socialists, who thought such a rising hopeless and wicked. But I am not talking of what conceivably might come. I am talking of something which unquestionably will come unless we all leap up to avert it. I say that a very active, plausible, and intriguing group will increase its own power under cover of current Socialism. It is no answer to say that a particularly pacific, indifferent, and acquiescent population could conceivably bombard Chelsea Barracks if it had an impulse which it hasn't got. The only point I bother about is if it is a merely possible one. That is quite sufficient answer. I agree that the fashionable fad and run it without being faddist. I could prove this point over and over again from history if there were space for it. Our oligarchy has fought handfuls of men who know that even Napoleon could break them and make them again. My brother compares their posts in the army with our high posts in politics; but there is no comparison. They had served in the army, they ran away to the enemy, and other people served in the army instead. But our oligarchy does not merely serve in the army; it is served by the army. It is England, and the noblesse was not France. Any new force that comes in England, Female Suffrage, or Conscription, or Collectivism, or Christian Science, will have aristocratic approval. To which assertions the obvious answer is: "How do you deal with those?" I will tell you.

The English oligarchy has managed to keep its hand on the limn by always being, generation after generation, on the side of Progress. Perhaps you do not exactly know what the word means—not do they, nor does anybody. But in a general way it means this: being in sympathy with that turn which books and bookish people, the hypotheses of science, the fairly clear cut advantage of the Englishman over the Frenchman, time are all taking at a given moment. This is the secret of the English aristocracy; they always seize the fashionable fad and run it without being faddist.

But it has never been such a fool as to forget Progress; that is, the latest thing. In the sixteenth century our lords were themselves lsewd and Epicurean; but they threw themselves in with Calvinism because it was the new intellectual thing; and with its help they broke the Stuarts. All the sixteenth century our lords were themselves genteel and exclusive, but they threw themselves in with Manchester Individualism because it was the new intellectual thing, and by its help they beat down the Chartists. To-day our lords are themselves luxurious, lonely, and utterly anti-social; but they are throwing themselves in with Manchester Individualism because it was the new intellectual thing, and by its help they may break Belloc and the Anti-Puritans, and all the brazen voices that are beginning to tell them that an ordinary Englishman might possibly manage his own affairs.

This has been the English oligarchy ever since it existed—that is, since the destruction of Catholicism in England. It has always put itself at the head of every march—and made it march slow. The aristocrat made a splendid appearance as the same Puritan; yet Puritanism was wrong. The aristocrat made a splendid appearance as the same Individualist; yet Individualism is wrong. He made a splendid appearance as the same Collectivist; and Collectivism will still be wrong.

This is the simple and staring mistake of my brother and all the Socialists. They look eagerly and uniformly to the political oligarchy to oppose Socialism; but it will never oppose Socialism. It will achieve Socialism, as it achieved the Reformation. And when it does achieve Socialism, it will make a mockery of the thinking people have found the Reformation. Puritanism was a failure, because it left out the instinct of brotherly responsibility; it was a failure, but the class that built on it was a success. Manchester anarchism was a failure because it left out the instinct of brotherly responsibility; it was a failure, but the class that built on it was a success. Collectivism will be a failure because it will leave out the human instinct of possession.


The young man stuck his spade into the earth and approached. He did not touch his hat.

"Yes, my lord."

"How's your father?"

"Pretty bad still, my lord; his breathing parts hurt, and the rheumatism grinds at him. But he's mending."

"You night-workers have no sense. If he had only dressed properly when he was a young man—but he made it his stupid boast never to wear different clothes, winter or summer."

The other did not answer.

"I hear there was a rascal talking in the open-air last night at the village cross—one of these Socialist blackguards."

"There was a gentleman addressed a meeting down there, my lord."

"Keep the word 'gentleman' for those who merit it, John. I hope you didn't go?"

"I went, just to hear the man, my lord."

"And might have been better employed. Don't you understand that these rascals are only feathering their own nests at the expense of you stupid fellows? All they want is to make you fall out with your betters, and then get the pickings from the quarrel. Equality is not true equality, and therefore impossible. Only madmen dream of it."

Bates looked into himself. He could not afford to be—"

"The man didn't exactly put it that way, my lord."

"Remember to whom you are talking, John!"

"Twas the unfair start that rich folk had that made all the trouble. He didn't say men were equal, or could be; and he didn't say the chap as wanted to work ten hours a day shouldn't be allowed, because it was beyond the power of weaker men to do so much. A grammar-school man couldn't be made like lead soldiers; but what he did say was, 'If things are, we handicap three parts of the world to hell afore they're born.'"

The man didn't exactly put it that way, my lord. He said 'twas the unfair start that rich folk had that made all the trouble. He didn't say men were equal, or could be; and he didn't say the chap as wanted to work ten hours a day shouldn't be allowed, because it was beyond the power of weaker men to do so much. A grammar-school man couldn't be made like lead soldiers; but what he did say was, 'If things are, we handicap three parts of the world to hell afore they're born.'"

John lighted his pipe, and poured the odour of shag tobacco into the air while he flung earth on the fox. Written in the air was a symphony of volcanic forces. Offer to politicians the things politicians love, coercive powers, large financial pools, management of men in masses, and you have your rascals at the expense of you stupid fellows. All they want is to make you fall out with your betters, and then get the pickings from the quarrel. Equality is not true equality, and therefore impossible. Only madmen dream of it."

Bates looked into himself. He could not afford to be—"

"Remember to whom you are talking, John!"

"Twa things, my lord, not mine. He argued as we couldn't tell how high a man might rise to, and he allowed we couldn't all win; but he said there didn't ought to be such heavy odds against the poor man at the start. 'Start fair,' was his motto, my lord."
"Like all of these impious fools, he argued without God, John. The argument based on man's idea of what is right must prove fallacious. We have to see what God means, not what man wants. You'll be at the lecture to-morrow, and then you'll know the truth. And don't fear to ask questions. I am not angry with anybody—only hurt that those who have been born and bred at the gates of Tudor Park should—however, we'll leave that for my lecture. The birds going on all right?"

"My lot be doing well, my lord. There was a fine dog fox round here this morning. A-hunting for that litter, I hope. Don't deny him a chicken or two, John. Chickens are more plentiful than foxes. But keep the rascal away from the pheasant coops.

"Trust me, my lord!"

"Follow your father, John, and I have no fear for you. Stick to his principles, and you won't go far wrong."

"He's got his Old Age Pension, my lord."

"Long may it last, John; long may it last! He understands, of course, that the family pension ceases? Has he read the Budget? Probably not. But you can read it for him, and explain it."

"That'll be a starter for father!"

"The Budget was a starter for me, John. We live in startling times. And yet nothing they do startles me. However, the General Election is coming; thank God it's not now, John."

"Good morning, my lord; thank you, my lord."

Within doors Mrs. Bates had curtseied and Anne had risen from her seat in the window. The elder spoke in a changed voice—that magic change which of all things most eloquently marks reality from pretence between employer and employed.

"'Tis terrible kind, your ladyship calling like this—another bottle of wine. She didn't know as you'd been growing quite impatient. I mustn't keep him waiting."

"Go and ope the wicket for her ladyship, Anne."

Anne obeyed, and the guests departed.

Whereupon Mrs. Bates took a deep breath of relief and shut the window. Anne returned, and the wooden table was cleared of the ancient meat in his night-shirt, with a blanket over his shoulders, appeared. His naked, hairy legs were visible to the knees. The feet were distorted and very dirty. His back and hands were twisted and gnarled with rheumatism. His face was unshaven; his brown and beared eyes stared at the table. He croaked rather than talked.

"Have 'Tabby' left anything?" he asked.

"Only a stink of scent," answered Anne.

"Blast the bitch! That's the third time she's come to blast and nought else."

"You get back to bed, father. She's going to send another bottle of wine. She didn't know as you'd been dangerously ill."

The invalid cursed, and returned to his bed. An evil odour had crept from the sick-room.

"Go and tuck him up and see the steam be coming out of the kettle, Anne," said Mrs. Bates.

Her son entered. He was much concerned.

"Here's Tom going to knock off father's money along of the Old Age Pension. That's to teach us no good thing can come of the Liberals. And we're all two and a half for the Budget now, John."

"Knock off the money!" cried Mrs. Bates. "Oh, my God—he didn't say that?"

"Didn't he? Then I've got something wrong with my cars. The swine spoke clear enough. And the foxes must have what our chickens, so long as they be kept away from the game birds. I'd like to have dug up what was under my feet and wiped his bloody face with it!"

"Get in some wood. Here's dinner all behind. The pension—" She had shrunk and aged at the news.

"Who to God be going to break it to father?" she moaned to herself.

The lord and the lady strolled homeward.

"I'm sure you're faint," he said. "I know how their dens try you; you're looking pale, too."

"Not a bit of it. It was worth the trial—it always is. Poor Jane is one of the old, brave sort. But how rare they're getting!"

"That cub doesn't touch his hat now—John, I mean."

"And Anne won't curtsey. One misses it—but after all—"

He cut her short:

"Leave it alone—leave it alone—and talk of something else. You'll go among them once too often and be poisoned."

"If you could see their faces light en up as I come in!"

She took his arm.

"Don't go so fast, Tom, I'm tired."

He expressed annoyance, and pulled his yellow moustache.
"You'll kill yourself for the brutes," he declared.

"And who'll thank you? You put them before me and the children and everything—I'll swear it!"

She shook her head.

"You do your duty. Shall not I do mine?" she asked.

"You're right," he answered. "You teach us all. But nobody wants them to be happy more than I do. If they only had brains enough to understand the truth."

"Your lecture will help them to do so," she said. Her wistful eyes looked up to heaven hopefully.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Some time ago a meeting (henceforward historic) took place between Mr. Longman, Mr. Maclinian, Mr. Reginald Smith, Mr. Methuen, and Mr. Hutchinson of the one part, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and Mr. Anthony Hope of the other part. Mr. Longman was the host, and the encounter must have been interesting. I would have given a complete set of the works of the brothers Hocking to have been invisibly present. The publishers had invited the authors (who represented the Authors' Society), with the object of dissuading them from allowing their books to be reprinted at the price of sevenpence. Naturally, the publishers, as always, were actuated by a pure desire for the welfare of authors. Messrs. Shaw, Hewlett, and Hope have written an official account of their impressions of the great sevenpenny question, and the publishers, as always, were actuated by a pure desire for the welfare of authors. Messrs. Shaw, Hewlett, and Hope have written an official account of their impressions of the great sevenpenny question, and it appears in the current number of the "Author." It is amusing. The most amusing aspect of the whole affair is the mere fact that one solitary Scotch firm, Nelson's—have forced the mandarins, nay, the arch-mandarins, of the trade to cry out that the shoe is pinching. For the supreme convention of life on the mandarinic plane is that the shoe never pinches. The publishers made one very true statement to the authors, namely, that sevenpenny editions give the public the impression that 6s. is an excessive price for a novel. Well, it is. But is that a reason for abolishing the sevenpenny? The other statements of the publishers were chiefly absurd. For instance, this: "Any author allowing a novel to be sold at sevenpence will find the sales of his next book at 6s. suffering a considerable decrease." Well, it is notorious that if the sevenpenny publishers are publishing one particular book just now, that book is "Kipps." It is equally notorious that the sales of "Tono-Bungay" are, and continue to be, extremely satisfactory.

On the other hand, the remarks of the sevenpenny publishers themselves are not undiverting. I have heard from dozens of people in the trade that Messrs. Nelson could not possibly make the sevenpenny reprint pay. I have never believed the statement. But the Shaw and Co. report makes Messrs. Nelson give as one reason for not abandoning the sevenpenny enterprise the fact that "the machinery already in existence is too costly to be abandoned." Which involves the novel maxim that a loss may be too big to be cut! Were their amazing factory ten times as large as it actually is, Messrs. Nelson would have to put it to other uses in face of a regular loss on their seven-pennies. However, there is no doubt in my mind that the enterprise is, and will be, remunerative. The Shaw and Co. report is of the same view. Did the mandarins imagine that they were going to stop the seven-penny, that anything could stop it? I suppose they did! More agreeably comic than the attitude and arguments of the publishers are the attitude and arguments of the booksellers. But the largest firms, Smith and Son and Wymans, "do not find that the sevenpenny has interfered with the 6s. novel." Be it noted that Smith and Son are now the largest buyers of 6s. novels in England.

In the auctional report, in the arguments of publishers, in the arguments of booksellers, not a word about the interests of the consumer! Yet the consumer will settle the affair ultimately. That the price of new novels will come down is absolutely certain. It will come down because it is ridiculous, and no mandarinc efforts can keep it up. In the process of readjustment many people will temporarily suffer, and a few people will be annihilated. But things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, therefore, should we deceive ourselves? I quite expect to suffer myself. I shall not, however, complain of the cosmic movement. The auctional report (which, by the way, is full of common sense) envisages immense changes in the book-market. I agree. And I am sure that these changes will come about in the teeth of violent opposition from both publishers and booksellers. The book-market is growing steadily. It is enormous compared to what it used to be. And yet it is only in its infancy. The inhabitants of this country have scarcely even begun to buy books. Wait a few years and you will see!

As for the sevenpenny firms striking the flag, far from that they will assuredly become more bellicose and adventurous than ever. Within the last few weeks, I have been informed, as a profound secret, by quite ten different persons, of a certain new adventure planned by a certain firm. As there is no secrecy whatever about it, I may as well state in print that Messrs. Nelson are going to bring out a series of new novels at two shillings. I have been carrying the load of this secret up and down London for many days, and I am glad to tumble it off my shoulders into this column. I also know that Messrs. Nelsons are specially commissioning novels for their series, and paying high prices to their carefully selected authors. (I wish I could give names and prices—for such details are always toothsome—but I must not.) The mandarins ought to call these authors together and remonstrate with them for their own good.

Another "secret de Polichinelle" is that Messrs. Whiteley, in conjunction with the "Times" Book Club, are about to start a large circulating library. Mr. Selfridge, are you going to be left behind, or are you going to call upon Smith and Son in the hour of need? And you, O Harrod Agrippa, where are you going to come in?

All which has nothing to do with literature. Distinguished artists will still earn less than grocers.

JACOB TONSON.

CROYDON SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY.

VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., AND MRS. DESPARD

Will address a PUBLIC MEETING at the LARGE PUBLIC HALL, GEORGE STREET, CROYDON, On FRIDAY, MAY 14th, at 8 p.m.

Tickets from S. G. STRUNK, 65, Enmore Road, Woodside, S.E.
CHAPTER I.

On the night before she was to be married to Thomas Heck, Nan Pearson, seated in her bedroom, was dreaming into the future. A cheval glass reflected her form at full length. Her fair hair parted for the sake of the silken feel and turquoise-for the sake of the silk-and it against the screen. Her petticoats flew out in a gratifying ripple of un- usual grace. A young man, black-haired, and hung in a coarse wave to her waist. Her eyes were clear grey in colour, and not in the least green, nor did her healthy creamy complexion and the tights which suited well with the unskilled demi-romantic arrangement of her cheekbones, matter very little in Pearsonic circles, Nan was there thought of for the over-significance of her cheekbones, none the worse for the over-significance of her cheekbones, or for the hint of vulgarity in her obstinate nostrils. Her lips, though unclassical, were full and red.

Her hands were lying idly in her lap in the novelistic fashion of certain laces which suited well with the unskilled demi-romantic arrangement of her room. It was crowded with art needlework, including a head of a girl "after Greuze," signed "Nan Pearson." Pink ribbons trimmed her pillows, and on the wall above, a tribe of maidens appeared coming down a stairway in various positions. A volume of Rossetti, mossed bound, had been laid open at "The Blessed Damozel," and a little marginal note in ink read thus: "O, poor Rossetti! How must he love her!-N. F."

A faint scent of some flower-distilled perfume played around Miss Pearson as she reclined dreaming of the life before her. She seemed a life where all was going his harmonously as the marriage bells. Nan Pearson's dreams were innocent and natural enough. The thrill of kisses she had known vibrated pleasantly into her future, wherein the kiss were to be only more intimate and more frequent. She understood, so far as a young girl might, the significance of the phallic phallic "black Bick." She knew, that her father, a grey wedded pair, and from their standings, the husband remains the lover and the wife is the everlastingly adoring husband, the drudgeries of the nursery and kitchen are never made subjects for exact reproduction, but the mother is represented as the indulgent angel guardian of baby, hair, and that precocious dainty misunderstanding of the nursery staff, whose fingers are to be occupied, he had almost never found it rather amusing; he could always

Miss Pearson admired the young man. She was gratified by his exclusive attendance upon her, and his utter neglect of every other girl of their mutual acquaintance. He spent three full evenings of the week in her society, and every Sunday, and if she ever asked how his other evenings were to be occupied, he had always given the same reply. She knew that he went occasionally to music-halls and such places; but he declared that only marriage could cure him of these little frivolities, and the maiden demanded no more flattering confirmation.

There were moments when Miss Pearson thought Thomas a tribe coarse and "beefy," but she stifled as best she might such a suspicion. He had seen romance and been taught to refine him after marriage; and when, once during a quarrel, he had caught her roughly by the arms and forced a hot kiss upon her, she had soon accommodated herself to the hint of unworthiness which usually provoked the mild satire of his lady. So everything went favourably towards the wedding day, and this pre-nuptial evening found Miss Pearson extremely eager to become Mrs. Thomas Heck, but even to weave pure gold romantic visions of unbroken bliss at 24, The Gardens, Crane, her future home.

In later years Nan Pearson never could tell exactly what these visions had offered. They were all vague and veiled in a rosy mist, wherein pink ribbons and white curtains and visiting cards and an ever-increasing, strong yet gentle, honourable yet successful, intellectual, handsome, and faithful, loomed, each clear in turn, to fade and loom again. Strange though it may seem, the fact was that although the round of Pearsonic existence scarcely suffered for the maiden, the Heckish life appeared to the expectant bride as the pinnacle of earthly beauty which usually the fact is inexplicable. There should appear no producible reason for Miss Pearson's wild ecstatic hopes, since the mere assumption of household responsibilities and the substitution of the lover by Heck the house-husband seem altogether insufficient. Miss Pearson, moreover, was not a fully sexed woman, but the merest child in her conception of the secrets of marriage. She liked to be kissed and petted, and she liked the sense of possession which Mr. Heck's attentions aroused in her. But he had been uncountered, his licensed dreams of nuptial bliss. His mind had never opened wider than her submission to engagement kisses had forced it; if Thomas Heck had knelt on his knee and embraced her hand only, she would have believed that to be the total limit of possibility, for she was of extremely latent development.

It may, perhaps, rightly be concluded that this girl had been hypnotised from her cradle to suppose that an engagement naturally accompanied the knotting up of her golden hair. Nevertheless, that theory does not explain the romantic halo she weaved about marriage. She had seen her father and mother, a grey wedded pair, and from their daily conduct could have seen how and that their marriage was the total limit of possibility, for she was of extremely latent development.

Perhaps the popular artists are to blame for these mirror which deceive youth. In novels, in plays, in pictures, the public is shown the state of marriage as a luxurious entertainment, where throughout a series of dainty misunderstandings, the husband remains the lover and the wife is always youthful and attractive. Even when the plays become tolerably realistic, the drudgeries of the nursery and kitchen are never made subjects for exact reproduction, but the mother is represented as the indulgent angel guardian of baby, hair, and that precocious dainty misunderstanding of the nursery staff, whose fingers are to be occupied, he had almost never found it rather amusing; he could always

Whited Sepulchres.

By Beatrice Tina.
A Clump of Rushes.

This smoking-room of the Art Club is about twenty-four feet broad by sixty feet long, with a lofty, sloped ceiling, and forms a large saloon at the back of the first-floor suite of rooms. It is entered from two doors on the north side only, the doors leading by lobbies from the cloak-room and dining-hall respectively. The walls are coloured a brick-red, and the wooden paneling about four feet high which is carried round the room is of yellow oak; the mantelpieces and doors are of similar wood and colour. Occasionally the walls are hung closely with exhibition pictures, but usually there are pictures by members of the club displayed in modest number. In the middle of the room is a large table covered with magazines and papers, and here and there are small tables with the usual smoking accessories. At each end of the long room is a generous fireplace with elaborate overmantel dotted here and there with small Tanagra figures. The carpeis are costly, excellent in colour and design. A grand Béchstein stands next the north wall in the middle distance of the room.

On an ordinary evening the place rings with animation, and little groups may be seen laughing or arguing amid clouds of smoke. There is a merry consciousness were too much for the hermit of Byres company of congenial spirits. The loud speech and costly excellent in library of the club, the best room in it for a small expansive manners of the actors and their egotistic self-ling about four feet high which is carried round the room is of yellow oak.

Sully, the sculptor, was showing us photographs of his most recent commissions. The first was the squat figure of a woman who held in her hands the model of a steam engine, and was intended to adorn the vestibule to a commercial house, and to express himself, and in similar relation is marble to the sculptor, words to the poet, wood to the carver, and experience to every man. Our life is an expression. Touch that object, utter that sound, draw that line, do that deed, and in each you will discover, express, and, reveal yourself. It applies to the humblest occupation and to the most exalted office. Books are authors first and then reading matter. Sartor Resartus is the essence of a Byrdet Scot, and afterwards a philosopher of clothes; "The Story of My Heart" is essentially Richard Jeffereys, and Afterwards a somewhat inarticulate cry for soul expansion. Carlyle took clothes, and Jeffries took introspection: they differed in the choice of material. The aim of government should be to arrange things, even having the best material in which to find expression. What ism could do more?"

"Don't let us drift into politics," said Rammerscapes. "The question is: What is art?"

"Good heavens! what possessed you to say that?" cried Rothes. "We'll be in a deep morass in five minutes."

I was just thinking that pictorial art was a nice use of lines and circles," replied Rammerscapes frankly. "You are right, Rammerscapes; a great picture contains the severe lines of Egypt and the flowing masses of Italy," said Quarles. "It is now being discovered that Titian could draw; but we are still without a definition of art, and we don't like to fix the end. Sully, who had been smoking with noticeable precision, looked up, and remarked slowly, "I know this: we see nothing till we feel for it, and what we see we reflect."

"It seems to me a question of the application of reason to knowledge and experience," said Rothes. "Having chosen a subject, and having selected material, the next step is to see the treatment rationally carried out."

If the expression on Rammerscapes' face was capable of interpretation, it showed a conviction of having led towards the bog. He looked over to Quarles appealingly, as if saying, "Lead us to firm ground," little reckoning what was to happen. "Creations of the second rate are the result of reason and conscious choice of material, but the best comes from a higher unity of forces," said Quarles.

"Reason began when Eden was lost, and Eden shall be won when reason is outgrown. It would seem that the expression of human activities which makes for the fourth dimension. Experience teaches us what to forget. Give me the imagination of men, and I care not who gets the rest."

"There, now, Rammerscapes, you see what you have done," remarked Rothes, "I am sinking rapidly, and already feel bits of damp peat in my ears. I can't hold on to a clump of rushes all night!"

"Grip fast," said Rammerscapes, "and wait for daylight."

"I'm gripping fast," answered Rothes; "but there's nothing strong enough to bear my weight."

"Why not seek refuge in religion?" said Sully, smiling.

Quarles did not appear to notice the persiflage. "Religion, religion," he began slowly and meditatively, "religion is unexpressed Art. The idea underlying religion is that of binding up against the discords of our nature, making imagination, taste, and conduct harmonise. This can only be done by sinking self, making the mind passive, and trusting to invisible agencies for a renewal of force to help us to overcome desire and illusion. Religion is the passing or feminine manifestation of Art. It creates nothing, but it is the great matrix of masculine imagination, and where Art and Religion are linked together in the highest degree in one person, there lies the greatest and most enduring spiritual force, for then the thing created is angelic, it has cast over its form of beauty the garment of reverence. The creative artist who is the most religious, is in the highest degree and approach nearest to immortality because he has within him the new Adamic light. Where there is genuine love between man and woman, it is, firstly, an illumination, but it is too rare and anti-terrene to last, and so they seek
what they consider a closed union, which in reality is the first divergence. For the poet in love there is more hope, because he can make his love substantial in song, and thus avoid, if he can, the scorching fire. The exercise of true poetic force is an illumination, a light that never was on sea or land. Loving is the art of being, religion is the art of nurturing, poetry is the art of creating, and these three are founded on virtue, and these three are founded on virtue.

Mr. Barrett has ably carried out this objective in visiting Russia was to ascertain. the prospects of constructing an alternative route. The ease and advantage from end to end of Russia with "a vocabulary limited to about twenty Russian words" must be an encouragement to others who intend to visit Russia. The book is illustrated by forty-eight excellent photographs, many of which are reproduced from snapshots taken by the author.

An Inland Voyage. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Noel Rooke. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

Of Robert Louis Stevenson's part in this book it is not now the time to speak. With all the perils of his decision clearly before him, he decided to write a classic. For there is something else than immortality on the
shelves of the bookcase of the immortals—there is too often the dust that gathers round unopened pages. But Stevenson, so far, has gained his eternal fame without suffering its pains: he is still an unopened book. It is quite possible that the productions of this book which we feel convinced were a failure to reproduce within the limited scope of his craft. In the writers might desire to tell us. In describing some to anticipate the Greek men and women, their hair, this essay is full of words, I so often find that Societies formed for the production of "adventures" may produce plays which, when they are not by Mr. Bernard Shaw, are unsuitable for the ordinary stage, not because they are subtle or over-thoughtful, or ethically provocative, but simply because they are very bad plays. I must have excepted Mr. Whelen's experiments at His Majesty's from this criticism, and I must now except the Play Actors, who, besides the very great honour of having produced "Chains," have, I gather, the credit of having first performed that admirable little playlet, "Tilda's New Hat," which I have already reviewed in these columns.

I do not for a moment hesitate to call "Chains" a great drama—at once the most brilliant and the deepest problem play by a modern English writer that I have seen.

**SPECIAL OFFER OF MARX'S GREAT WORK ON CAPITAL.**

**CAPITAL:—A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production.**

The Twelfth English Edition of "Das Kapital," by Karl Marx, translated from the German by Samuel Moore and Dr. Edward Aveling, and Edited by F. Engels. The best translation of this important work, which contains the masterly statement of those Socialistic doctrines which are having so great an effect throughout the world. "Demy 8vo, cloth, Published at 10/6, Now offered at 4/6 post free.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers, 385, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Glaisher's Catalogue of Books at Reduced Prices sent on Application.

Clifford's Inn School of Journalism.

**New Course starts MAY 1st.**

Send for Prospectus to Principal, Miss L. M. MAYHEW, IO, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.
NUTS AND MAY

The relationship between nuts and May is, to say the least of it, somewhat obscure. Nobody goes nutting in May—except individuals who are already wandering in mind. Yet the phrase remains, and will remain as long as there is an English language and children to speak it. For, inconsequent and unscientific though the words be, they have their sanction in the sacred games of children, and the world will need to grow very old and stupid before it ceases to join hands with the youngest singers:

Here we go gathering nuts and may
On a cold and frosty morning!

Logic and science may revolt against this jumble of unconnected things, but all sane and healthy people recognise its mystical and artistic fitness. It belongs to the same great order as that other mysterious liturgy:

Oranges and Lemons,
The bells of St. Clemens;
I owe you five farthings,
The bells of St. Martin's . . . . and so on.

But even apart from these high questions of science and poesy there is a very real connection between Nuts and May—or should be.

Directly you spell Nuts with an N you are liable to conversion: it doesn't at all matter whether it be sudden as the sunrise of an Eastern May Day, or gradual as the unfolding of the May blossom; conversion awaits you. The very heat of the summer which May is now about to herald calls for a change in certain habits and reinforces certain instincts of revulsion. On a warm day the very thought of a slaughter-house becomes endurable, the very sight of meat is unpleasant. You pause on the threshold of the restaurant, the smell of gravy and chops diminishes your zest for food. You take up knife and fork—but ugh! you can't eat for nuts. And there, embedded in that slangy phrase, you have the solution of the problem. You have only to give nuts their original and proper place, and you are free of the joint, free of the greasy odours, free of the ugly and disturbing associations of needless slaughter.

Of course you need a little advice, a little help, a few hints. But these, you will see, are forthcoming. The various varieties of nuts now obtainable in this country are all rich in those two essentials of a safe and balanced diet, namely, fat and protein. But not many people possess the good teeth necessary for chewing raw nuts properly. Hence the value of a nut-mill, which, costing but a few shillings, will in a few moments convert the nut kernels into snowy flakes, which can be taken either with salad, fruit, or bread, or used as an ingredient in simple summer dishes.

Lastly, you can get supplies of the freshest and finest nuts imported, ready shelled, from G. Savage and Sons, Nut experts, 53, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., who are only waiting for your name and address on a postcard to present you with their new 56-page Booklet all about nuts and other natural foods and products. This unique little book contains a series of thirty-six simple nut recipes. All you need do is to ask for "New Age Offer," giving full name and address.
of the suburbs, I thought the drama would have been more poignant if the prompting of Charlie's rebellion had come wholly from within. But with all these reservations, the play was not only incomparably well written, but showed keen and forceful dramatic instinct. I shall be deeply disappointed if I am not offered the chance of seeing it again.

After the merits of the play itself, the thing that struck me most was the quite extraordinarily high level of the acting. Never have I seen a cast so perfect, and it is really a high tribute to the actors and actresses that, without the hope of great commercial profit, or even of much popular kudos, they should have put so much hard and careful work into their parts. Indeed, their all-round excellence must be considered almost a handicap to them, for one knows not which to praise. Besides the admirable acting of Mr. Pearce as the husband and of Miss Gillian Scaife as the wife, Mr. Leonard Calvert interpreted inimitably the clerk-humourist, Morton Leslie, and Mr. Harold Chaplin created the part of Percy Massey—a very vivid study of the small-souled snob that black-coated proletarian-ism tends to produce. And to the end of my days I shall not easily forget Miss Doris Digby as Sybil Frost.

Of course, "Australia" in the play must be taken as symbolic. I am an Imperialist, and have no desire to depreciate our Colonies. But I fear that if Charlie had gone to Brisbane he would have found a life not very different from the life he had left, musical evenings and quiet Sunday afternoons, Morton Leslie raging furiously and Miss Sybil Frost flourishing like a green bay-tree. No—the solution does not lie there. These "cramped little people" must be made to feel that they are men—must rise to at least that degree of solidarity of which the workman has been found capable. Thomas Fenwick must be taught that to allow his employers to dock his wages in order to keep up their profits is not humility or prudence, but cowardice and dishonesty. Percy Massey must learn that he must not, even for the sake of Sybil Frost, take another man's job at a lower wage. They must acquire a sense of comradeship with each other and with the great army of Labour. Then alone will the collar be made to fit the neck.

By the way, will Miss Baker forgive me if I advise her to change the title of her play? "Chains" suggests just the kind of play that is going to be—but that it wasn't—a play about the sexual complications of wealthy persons of independent means! How would "55 Acacia Road" do?

Cecil Chesterton.

The Women's Suffragists evidently intend to play another card. They have talked most of their opponents off the field of logic; and it is really waste of good breath to raid after gentlemen who sit behind policemen in the House of Commons. Besides, logic is such a useless sort of weapon against the dull-witted. So the women are going to try laughter. Miss Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St. John have turned the former's little book, "How the Vote was Won," into a one act play. Mr. Horace Cole (played to perfection by Mr. Nigel Playfair), although he is really a most peaceful man, has announced his determination to demand and eight Dreadnoughts at once; but his numerous female relatives complicate the urgent problem of national defence by arriving at Mr. Cole's house, where, sitting in rows on their boxes, they declare they will live until their dear kinsman induces his Government to give them the vote. The same embarrassing scene is happening all down the street: the great strike of Woman has commenced. It is the most rippling feast of fun which has been put on the boards for a long time, and the sooner the copyright performance is followed by a regular run by the public gaiety. Why not an invitation performance for Cabinet Ministers? Cannot you imagine a nudge and a whisper creeping along their row in the stalls: "I say, you fellows . . . we've been making fools of ourselves. . . . Let's bring in a Bill." Left creeping away. Curtain.

G. R. S. T.
Recent Music.

Castor and Pollux.

The miniature controversy that has been raging in the columns of *The New Age* upon the relative positions of Weber and Debussy has come to a little climax. Mr. Gordon Bottomley is pilloried me. I had hoped that with my last letter we might have cheerfully agreed to differ upon Weber’s merit, and let the matter end in the correspondence columns. In that letter, however, a curious misprint crept in; I used the words “proves nothing except his (Debussy’s) professed admiration for Weber.” Instead of “professed,” the word “professional” appeared, which, of course, placed my contention in a somewhat different light; and not only have I been accused of having changed my ground (a not very serious charge), but several things have been said about Weber that I never heard before. At the risk of being considered trite, I would still insist that an artist should be judged by his work alone; and I would, with Mr. Bottomley, prefer to leave out of consideration the circumstances under which such work is produced. I do not really believe that it is necessary, for instance, in order to judge the poetic value of Milton’s work, that one should know he was blind, or that he liked eating his breakfast at seven o’clock—if that had been his extraordinary habit. And if I do not think it is of any importance to insist that Weber’s friends and companions were much imbued with the romantic spirit of the age, and that he was in close sympathy with them. One does not judge Bach’s position as a music-maker from the fact that he was the father of a very large family, or that he was very friendly with the Emperor Frederick. One might more easily judge the artistic position of the Emperor Frederick from the fact that he was amicably inclined towards the composer of the forty-eight fugues. And when I said something about Weber running amuck in the fashionable romanticism of the moment, I do not necessarily doubt the man’s sincerity. It is conceivably possible that a man may follow a great popular movement in the arts, as Romanticism then was, and be quite sincere about it. But it is quite another thing to say that he is a Romantic, or a Decadent, or a pre-Raphaelite—as the case may be.

And it is, I hold, a very difficult thing, indeed, to prove, as some vain writers have suggested, that Weber was the founder of the Romantic movement in music. It is not sufficient to use the terminology of Romanticism as Weber did, when he employed fairies and knights-errant and distressed damsels, and all the war-paint of stage romance, and to be the first to use them. (I loathe pioneers.) When Weber wrote “Euryanthe” and “Oberon,” he was talking about Romance in the terms of Romance; he wasn’t creating Romance, or doing anything more significant than saying in music what other people were saying better in prose and verse.

I am half sorry I hadn’t used the word “professional” when referring to Debussy’s “professed” admiration for Weber. If I had, I would have been stating an even stronger case against Weber than previously. For I may quite possibly have a fervent professional admiration for a man who can write an effective double fugue for trombones, but it does not, therefore, imply that I must have any desire to learn the trombone. I may applaud the man’s ingenuity, or go into raptures over his profoundly poetic genius, but it does not mean that I would tolerate the performance of a concerto for trombones in my drawing-room. M. Debussy may write about Weber as much as he likes, he may express unqualified delight; it won’t make people like his music any the less or think more highly of Weber’s. As I have said before, nobody can doubt Weber’s great orchestral skill; but to many people his music represents the last word in boredom and irritation. I do not, of course, pretend to express other people’s opinions—my Editor, for instance, may...
be an ardent Weberite all the time—try feebly to express my own; and I may say that ever since I was a child, and taken to hear “Euryanthe” and “Oberon,” this class of music has been antipathetic to me. Among concert-goers, as a crowd, I know of no subject so tabu as the music of Weber; I know of no art-music so unpopular, and I consider that of no other subject in which the prejudice of the average musician is so justified, and which gives me, personally, so much satisfaction.

I am told on the highest authority that M. Debussy enjoys being placed on the same programme with Weber. This is the Weberite’s trump card. I do not for one instant dare to doubt his bona fides, and I will accept the suggestion that he really adores Weber. (Many extraordinary and perplexing likes and dislikes have happened among the creative artists of the world.) I give this position over to the enemy cheerfully, and from their visionary standpoint it is certainly a strong excuse to listen to Weber and Debussy in the same evening. Alas, there are still many of us whose tastes are not so “catholic,” who never hear “Euryanthe” or “Oberon” without feeling very unhappy; and there are some of us who would much prefer spending an evening at the “Galette.” (You know the place at the top of the hill?)

HERBERT HUGHES.

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 writers on one side of the paper only.

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

"SELF-CONSTITUTED CRITICS." TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As the delegates from Westminster to whom you refer in your article on the I.L.P. Conference as having used the expression, "self-constituted critics," may I be allowed to say that I did not, and do not, "object to any such critics? I simply used the expression to signify that such critics only spoke for themselves—that they had constituted themselves critics, and occupied no representative position. The value of their criticism must be judged accordingly. This is far from suggesting that no such criticism should be permitted, and only persons authorised by those criticised should be allowed a hearing. Yet, if such a hearing has been good enough to interest yourself in the I.L.P., and to give us what you doubt you consider wise counsel as to the management of our internal affairs and the policy we ought to pursue. You will forgive us, however, if we do not attach the same importance to your counsel, as that of a "self-constituted critic," as we do to the counsel and criticism of a representative character, coming either from within or without. We are not without some sense of proportion.

PAUL CAMPBELL.

[We accept Mr. Campbell’s apology, and further remark that they represent none of those associations at any rate—Socialists, mostly excluded from Mr. Campbell’s twig of the I.L.P.—Ed. N.A.]

THE SOCIALIST SITUATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The rupture in the I.L.P. may result in a bleeding to death; that is a possibility which those, on both sides, who have been engaged in any way in it, can no longer consider more carefully. The strongest point in favour of Mr. Grayson is that he desired to force on the Labour Party, through the I.L.P., a policy which will effectively distinguish the mind of the country from that of the Liberal Party. The strongest point against the controlling and resigning members of the N.A.C. is that they made it necessary for Mr. Grayson toagate to the adoption of such a policy. The essential outstanding fact is that neither side has upheld their respective theories. And the I.L.P. is wasting its energies in internal dissensions.

The question to be faced is, what are those individuals, like myself, to do who deplore a disruption of any Socialist organisation, and, at the same time, recognise that the existing Socialist organisations have little attraction for many would-be Socialists of the well educated classes? The S.D.P. and the I.L.P. are working-class organisations. The Fabian system is an innate distrust of the spending time on political action; it prefers a private propaganda to a public agitation. Has the moment come for an aristocratic Socialist Party? It is many years since Mr. Shaw wrote his pamphlet on "Socialism for Millionaires"; but is not it time that some of the millionaires were roped into the Socialist movement? Apart from economic reform, Socialism is merely the propaganda of Beauty and Art; hence, the greatest European artists are Socialists. Millionaires are patrons of art; let them become Socialists. I am convinced of the importance of a definite appeal to the wealthy and well educated classes. To do this properly, a real organisation is wanted, and funds are

Physicians and Headaches.

Physicians have diagnosed more than fifty kinds of Headaches, and sufferers from the more common forms may relieve themselves by locating the cause and treating themselves accordingly. As the old Latin adage says: "When the cause is removed the effect must cease."

But, as is universally admitted, prevention is ten thousand times better than cure, and those who take Vi-COCOA habitually, rarely if ever, suffer from headaches. For this valuable food-beverage, though it costs only sixpence a packet, will maintain all the organs of the body in such a healthy state that they will perform their varied and multitudinous functions in the way Nature intended them to do and so keep the whole system free from disease.

You can try it free of expense. Write to Vi-COCOA, 12, Henry Street, London, W.C., for a dainty sample Tin of Dr. Tibbles’ Vi-Cocoa, free and post paid. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.

THEOSOPHY.

LECTURES BY MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

AT THE ST. JAMES’S HALL, Great Portland Street, W.

On the following Sunday evenings, May 16th, 23rd, June 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, and July 11th at 7 p.m. precisely. Doors open at 6.30.

For Subjects, See Handbills.

Tickets numbered and reserved, 2/6 each or 14/ for the course, 1/- and 3d.

Applying: THE THOESOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, 161, New Bond Street, W. (to 6, Saturdays 10 to 2) or at the Hall.

NEW LINES OF THOUGHT, INTERESTING TO SOCIAL REFORMERS, are opened up by Dr. Eliot’s Essay, "Shakespeare and Tolstoy," which touches on Property, Marriage, and Political Relations. Published by GARDEN CITY PRESS, LTD., Printers, etc., Lechworth, Herts, 1905.

AN EXPEDITIOUS METHOD OF WRITING.

BY EDGAR FOSTER, M.A.

needed. The Liberal and Tory Parties' strength is the generosity of their financial backers; the weakness of the Socialist movement is the comparative stinginess of the wealthy Socialists (and there are many; there are several millionaires among them) in giving a financial basis for such an organisation. The New Age has proved itself on the whole, a capable and satisfactory organ for the educated Socialist and open-minded non-Socialist. It is a safe maxim that papers should not form political parties; but that they should represent their essential principles. The aristocratic Socialist Party might be debated in your columns; it should not be officially formed by The New Age. We can then best tell what is the real truth about the thousands of educated and well-to-do Socialists who are ready to band themselves together in advancing Socialism. Personally, I challenge their existence. In the meanwhile, however, the Socialist politicians squabbly and squabbly; it is a melancholy spectacle, except for our opponents. Must we really wait until the deaths of Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Quelch, and Mr. Macdonald remove the obstacles to unification? If so, what is there left to the Socialist men of action outside the present Socialist organisations but to devote their energies to something else? A Discontented Socialist.

* * *

A CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have received several requests to allow myself to be nominated for the N.A.C.

I have declined, on the grounds that the resignations should not be accepted, but that the quartette should be given the opportunity of returning, pending, to the fold. I would, however, modify this position, in order to elicit, if possible, a definite opinion of the party on the question of democratic control, as opposed to the Imperialist policy pursued by the Junta during the last few years.

If a member of the Junta, or anyone representing its policy (except Keir Hardie, with whom, from my regard and reverence, I will not put myself in opposition), will stand, I will gladly enter the lists against him.

My deliberate purpose in standing at Huddersfield and Edinburgh was to reverse, if possible, the centralising policy of the last few years, which has produced such discord in the party, and disaster at the polls.

I would stand for the following principles:

The control of the Parliamentary policy and public appearances of I.L.P. members of Parliament by the party, or a committee elected by the party.

Decentralisation of executive power, and devolution of as much of the business as is practical to Federal Councils.

Restoration of local autonomy to the branches in election policy, giving them freedom to run candidates when the local L.R.C. had decided not to do so, providing they raised the funds locally and legitimately; freedom to designate such candidates by any title; freedom to support the candidate of any other Socialist organisation, providing the local L.R.C. had decided not to contest.

The I.L.P. members of the Labour Party executive to be instructed not to agree to any condition limiting the freedom of the I.L.P. in the above matters.

I will gladly enter on a contest for the above principles, which the branches once possessed, but of which they have now been deprived.

Will any member of the Junta take up the challenge? They have come out "to fight down and fight out" democracy in the I.L.P. Here is a chance for them.

H. RUSSELL SMART.

* * *

MR. HERBERT HUGHES WEBER, DEBUSSY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In his article in your last issue upon the subject of his own songs, Mr. Herbert Hughes says: "Gentle readers, you will, I hope, forgive this perfectly gratuitous advertisement. No, we will not. There was no excuse for it. And, while I am about it, I may as well say that we have had enough of Mr. Hughes's notions on Weber. Obviously, Mr. Hughes has a knowledge and genuine appreciation of much immensely surpassing that of the average critic; but this equipment gives him no right to cut capers. There is only one adjective for his criticism of Weber: it is absurd. It does not deserve answering. Mr. Hughes might as usefully defy Byron as Weber. An occasional private absurdity is charming, or, at least, forgivable; but when in public Mr. Hughes ineffectively assails the reputation of a man whom generations of great creative artists have agreed to consider a great creative artist, he is insufferably tedious. He seems to regard musical criticism for The New Age as in the nature of a gorgeous lark. Let him pull himself together, and try to be worthy of himself. On Monday there is a concert of works by Maurice Revel
and Florent Schmitt, two distinguished young modern French composers whom I greatly admire. I hope that in praising them Mr. Hughes will be able to refrain from attacking casually that Bach and Beethoven were a paradise of cuckoos.

* * *

ARNEO BENNETT.

"THE JURY DISAGREED."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Surely Mr. Hughes is making a lot of pother over very little! He seems surprised that the London critics should hold different views as to his musical talent and the worth of his songs. What made they hold the same opinion? And why, after inviting criticism, should he enter into a long and elaborate defense?

Presumably, he meant to lead the value of the opinion of the average daily paper critic.

Mr. Hughes should be thankful the hostilities came from England and not German; papers; otherwise, he would have had a very much worse time. I, for my part (if I may be allowed to mention my own case), feel somewhat angry (annoyed, at least) whenever any ordinary critic expresses sympathy for any musical work of my own.

Mr. Hughes must really cultivate a stronger conviction of the value of his music, or else a keener sense of humour. And one point more; what does he mean by saying that the quality of "singableness" is largely out of fashion in art songs?

What are art songs?

I have heard much about modern songs that are impossible to sing that I should like to find some. I wish Mr. Hughes could help me.

EDWARD AGATE.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BANKS MOVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The reviewer of my handbook on "People's Co-operative Banks" in your columns states that the fault of the system which it explains is that it is based upon dupe ignorance of the borrower, and adds that the book aptly illustrates "how the monied class gets a hold upon the working class through the latter's ignorance of simple arithmetic."

Every movement for the betterment of the people must take into consideration average ignorance. If it does this with the object of enlightening this ignorance, it is to be commended; but if it is meant to exploit it, it should be condemned.

I claim, and have endeavoured to prove in my book, that the People's Co-operative Banks movement has the former object.

It is a complete mistake to imagine that it is a movement for assisting the monied class to get a hold upon the working class.

Genuine Co-operative Banks are societies controlled by their own members in their own interest. They are thoroughly democratic and co-operative, and seek to educate their members in brotherly business principles.

HENRY C. DEVINE.

* * *

SOCIALISM AND MR. CHESTERTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Many Socialists who were previously Chestertonians would be grateful for an answer to some such questions as these:

Seeing that four-fifths of "public opinion" is formed and confirmed by newspapers, would that opinion be in any way changed if, let us say, Mr. Harmsworth ceased to publish two vast sections of it through the "Daily Mail," and the "Times"? If the mass of the people had more leisure, would their criticism of the public Press be more acute? Would our oligarchy be entrenched so securely in the affections of the people if there existed forty papers as honest, let us say, as THE NEW AGE?

If the poor are the finest class, will they become less fine if we give them as much money as the middle class?

Has not the thought of this ideal a lot to do with the dissolution of mysticism? Is it the Ideal Breakfast Beverage when mixed with hot milk, or milk and water without boiling. Its ingredients speak for themselves--Cocoa, Milk, and Malt Extract.

It contains the concentrated essence of all that is nourishing and fortifying. It is the Ideal Breakfast Beverage when mixed with hot milk, or milk and water without boiling. Its ingredients speak for themselves--Cocoa, Milk, and Malt Extract. It also contains the greatest nerve and brain tonic in the world, viz., active Lechitin.

CREMATION.

REDUCED CHARGES.

CHEAPER THAN EARTH BURIAL.

PARTICULARS FREE.

JOHN R. WILDMAN,

40, MARCHMONT STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: HOLDEN 5469. Telegrams: "BAERTHORN, LONDON."
undignified, position of supporting "friends" of the type of the 420 returned to the present House of Commons. There is a rumour—it is only as a rumour that I allude to it—that some backbenchers intend to oppose the return of outgoing Cabinet Ministers; but if such a course be followed, one fears that the victory (if obtained) will be attributed to Dreadnoughts, Tariff Reform, championed by the House of Lords—anything rather than the efforts of the suffrage party.

Be it remembered that while the various women's organisations are able to descend in force upon Westminster, the police are the lictors—and right to roughs for indecent assault outside, as in former instances. Asquith's gramophone, Mr. Lloyd George, to grind out the talk-outs, and such like. Make no mistake thereafter to connive at backstairs' obstruction, count-outs, now lambs paid their respects to him. It is true that at Birmingham forcibly carry them out feet uppermost, nor turn them over sooth, they are educated, earnest women, pleading for the common rights Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. meeting although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving present, step is to remove the existing pagan blot from Speaker is the high priest, Messrs. Asquith and Gladstone and solely a Phallic temple, the mace is the emblem, the championship of the House of Lords—anything rather than preparedness for the coming contest. For if we are unprepared we shall very surely be swamped by a multiplicity of interests. The suffragist's frame of mind may be neither still nor small; but Tariff Reformers, Labour men, and Big and Little Englanders can also make the deuce of a row when they are all let loose together.

CICELY HAMILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To an outsider in the Colonies, THE NEW AGE, in common with a section of the British Press which favours the question of citizenship for women in common with men, appears to darken counsel by words without wisdom.

The deputation's last session is the red-herring that we are looking for, and which has done duty ever since. Here, we would have called that episode a put-up-job; it was nothing else, although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. Asquith's gramophone, Mr. Lloyd George, to grind out the talk-outs, and such like. Make no mistake thereafter to connive at backstairs' obstruction, count-outs, now lambs paid their respects to him. It is true that at Birmingham forcibly carry them out feet uppermost, nor turn them over sooth, they are educated, earnest women, pleading for the common rights Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. meeting although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving present, step is to remove the existing pagan blot from Speaker is the high priest, Messrs. Asquith and Gladstone and solely a Phallic temple, the mace is the emblem, the championship of the House of Lords—anything rather than preparedness for the coming contest. For if we are unprepared we shall very surely be swamped by a multiplicity of interests. The suffragist's frame of mind may be neither still nor small; but Tariff Reformers, Labour men, and Big and Little Englanders can also make the deuce of a row when they are all let loose together.

CICELY HAMILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To an outsider in the Colonies, THE NEW AGE, in common with a section of the British Press which favours the question of citizenship for women in common with men, appears to darken counsel by words without wisdom.

The deputation's last session is the red-herring that we are looking for, and which has done duty ever since. Here, we would have called that episode a put-up-job; it was nothing else, although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. Asquith's gramophone, Mr. Lloyd George, to grind out the talk-outs, and such like. Make no mistake thereafter to connive at backstairs' obstruction, count-outs, now lambs paid their respects to him. It is true that at Birmingham forcibly carry them out feet uppermost, nor turn them over sooth, they are educated, earnest women, pleading for the common rights Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. meeting although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving present, step is to remove the existing pagan blot from Speaker is the high priest, Messrs. Asquith and Gladstone and solely a Phallic temple, the mace is the emblem, the championship of the House of Lords—anything rather than preparedness for the coming contest. For if we are unprepared we shall very surely be swamped by a multiplicity of interests. The suffragist's frame of mind may be neither still nor small; but Tariff Reformers, Labour men, and Big and Little Englanders can also make the deuce of a row when they are all let loose together.

CICELY HAMILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To an outsider in the Colonies, THE NEW AGE, in common with a section of the British Press which favours the question of citizenship for women in common with men, appears to darken counsel by words without wisdom.

The deputation's last session is the red-herring that we are looking for, and which has done duty ever since. Here, we would have called that episode a put-up-job; it was nothing else, although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. Asquith's gramophone, Mr. Lloyd George, to grind out the talk-outs, and such like. Make no mistake thereafter to connive at backstairs' obstruction, count-outs, now lambs paid their respects to him. It is true that at Birmingham forcibly carry them out feet uppermost, nor turn them over sooth, they are educated, earnest women, pleading for the common rights Mrs. Fawcett and her coterie. Seeing she invited Mr. meeting although it seems to have served its purpose in deceiving present, step is to remove the existing pagan blot from Speaker is the high priest, Messrs. Asquith and Gladstone and solely a Phallic temple, the mace is the emblem, the championship of the House of Lords—anything rather than preparedness for the coming contest. For if we are unprepared we shall very surely be swamped by a multiplicity of interests. The suffragist's frame of mind may be neither still nor small; but Tariff Reformers, Labour men, and Big and Little Englanders can also make the deuce of a row when they are all let loose together.

CICELY HAMILTON.
THE NEW AGE PRESS NEW PUBLICATIONS.


CHARLES DICKENS: The Apostle of the People. By Edwin Pugh. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. net. "Not only a very interesting book about Dickens, but the only interesting book about Dickens. It ought to have a special interest for Socialists because Mr. Edwin Pugh is persistent and convincing in his argument that Dickens was essentially—In temperament, in feeling, in aspiration, and idea—a Socialist." — The Clarion.

IN THE HEART OF DEMOCRACY. By Robert Gardner. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. net. "This is a striking book. The author starts from the humdrum aspect of life as lived by millions of workers, and attempts to work out a philosophy of human society. The book is a remarkable contribution to the solution of problems which are attracting many thoughtful hearts." — The Publishers' Circular.

THE HUMAN MACHINE. By Arnold Bennett. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, Is. 6d. net. "This is a remarkably freshly written book. The author keeps us in his grip for the whole two hundred pages he has decreed that we shall read. It might be imagined that the book is a psychological treatise. Nothing of the kind. The psychology is there all right, but it is put in such an attractive way that every man of intelligence will be drawn to read it, and, having read it, will be grateful for having its attention called to the book. "— The British Weekly.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM. By G. R. S. Taylor. Wrapper, Is. net.; cloth, Is. 6d. net. "Briefly but with judgment and vivacity, Mr. Taylor reviews the panacea which have been advocated by social reformers from Robert Owen to Robert Blatchford, points out their merits, and shows where they have failed." — The Scotsman.


PORTRAITS. By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A. Nos. 1 and 2 now ready. I.—G. Bernard Shaw. II.—Robert Blatchford. Price 2s. each. By post, securely packed, 2s. 4d.

These portraits are reproduced in color, the picture surface measuring about 18 x 24 inches, and artistically mounted on superfine mounts measuring 20 x 16 inches, ready for framing.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS STILL IN GREAT DEMAND.

THE SUNLIT WAY AND OTHER POEMS. By Guy Kendall. Fcap. 12mo, quarter bound, gilt top, Is. 6d. net. (by post 1s. 8d.).

THE BURDEN OF WOMAN. By Frank Mond and Others. 230 pp. Paper, 1s. 6d. net. (by post 1s. 8d.). Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. (by post 2s. 8d.).

THE COMMONSENSE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION. By Millicent Fawcett. Wrapper, 6d. net. (by post 7d.). Quarter canvas, gilt, Is. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

THE LEGAL SUBJECTION OF MEN. By E. Belfort Bax. An Answer to the Suffragettes. Wrapper, 6d. net. (by post 7d.). Quarter canvas, gilt, Is. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).


OUR CRIMINAL FELLOW-CITIZENS. By G. G. Andre, J.P. Limp canvas, Is. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SOCIALISM. By H. M. Bernard. Limp canvas, Is. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY. By Arnold Bennett. Quarter canvas, Is. net. (by post 1s. 2d.).

SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

We beg to inform our customers that we stock I.L.P., Fabian Society, S.D.P., and "Clarion" Publications, and also a large selection of Reform Books of other publishers. Post orders receive prompt attention. Callers may examine books freely and at their leisure.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS—
The NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd., 12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.