VERS.

ONE OF CERTAIN IMPERTINENCES. By T. Good...

RINGS-A-RING-A-ROSEBEERY.

BOOKS AND PERSONS.

OF heat have been registered for days together, legislation should be prayed for of the thermometer. In America, where Street, the weary discussions in Parliament, but what is called a majority of the whole Budget will be passed in forty years. But its million sterling. But it's not the money that produces...

CLAUSE I

The Government of British rule-the union of the Princes of Ireland. Above all, it is for 'men... should press the Suffragettes, Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the "sovereign" has come down to about the value of a copper piece. But let us have the whole of the fustian applied there that which is the saving of the sovereign liberty of British rule-the union of freedom with responsibility. ... This is more than a doctrine, it is a rule of action with us British Liberals." Of this kind of thing we can only say that it reminds us of John P. Robinson. Mr. Asquith's sovereign liberty has a most restricted sway: it does not touch India, it abdicates in the New Hebrides, in South Africa it has the colour prejudice, it slobbers on the neck of the Tsar, and keeps a heel on Ireland. Above all, it is for men only, like the dullest of Father Vaughan's sermons. Mr. Asquith's remarks about our sovereign amount to rese-majesté.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Clause I of the Budget was carried on Wednesday by a majority of 184. At the present rate of progress the whole Budget will be passed in forty years. But its tortoise pace will be accelerated as the sun grows hotter; opposition will be found to decline with the rise of the thermometer. In America, where 100 degrees of heat have been registered for days together, legislation was almost at a standstill. Mr. Lloyd George should pray for a heat-wave.

All three clauses together only involve about half a million sterling. But it's not the money that produces the weary discussions in Parliament, but what is called the principle of the thing. In England we strain at a goat of principle and swallow a camel of practice. Laid on by Mr. Austen Chamberlain the land-taxes of Mr. Lloyd George would seem holy in the sight of the Conservatives; but preceded as they were by the metaphor of the hen-roost, and issuing from suspicious quarters, they have very nearly frightened the land-owning classes out of their remaining wits.

The worst of it is that the land-owning class really have no need to be frightened. We wish they had; at the risk of hurting Mr. Balfour's feelings, we wish they had. If the logical extensions of the present Budget were at all likely to be made, we should have some hope of at last unseating from their monopoly not only landowners but the owners of all monopolies. But who or what party is likely to be logical? Mr. Harold Cox, for instance, argues, and quite rightly, that if the Government are entitled to 20 per cent. of the unearned increment they are entitled to 100 per cent. So they are, but will they take it? Mr. Balfour argues that if unearned increment of land is taxed unearned increment on all forms of property should be taxed. So it should, but will this Government or the next do it? The Government after the next may, since by that time, according to our horoscope, a Socialist Party will be sitting in Westminster; and Socialism is logical whatever else it may not be.

With hands reeking from his latest attempt to suppress the Suffragettes, Mr. Asquith, on Friday, addressed the assembled Liberals of the realm at Southport on the blessed subject of "sovereign liberty." Sovereign liberty, indeed! Under Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the "sovereign" has come down to about the value of a copper piece. But let us have the whole of the fustian: Why have we succeeded in South Africa? Mr. Asquith has applied there that which is the saving of the sovereign liberty of British rule—the union of freedom with responsibility. ... This is more than a doctrine, it is a rule of action with us British Liberals." Of this kind of thing we can only say that it reminds us of John P. Robinson. Mr. Asquith's sovereign liberty has a most restricted sway: it does not touch India, it abdicates in the New Hebrides, in South Africa it has the colour prejudice, it slobbers on the neck of the Tsar, and keeps a heel on Ireland. Above all, it is for men only, like the dullest of Father Vaughan's sermons. Mr. Asquith's remarks about our sovereign amount to rese-majesté.

On the Budget Mr. Asquith, of course, was better. There he could indulge his fancy for technicalities without being expected to supply his hearers with purple patches of piffle. He was quite lucid on the subject of the land taxes, and made excellent use of Professor Pigou's letter in the "Times" on Windfalls.

This letter, which appeared on Friday, is really an extraordinary contribution to the discussion of taxation. In effect it differs very little from the Socialist conception and it is capable of extended application. Without committing himself to the proposed taxes, Professor Pigou observes that in essence all unearned increment is of the nature of a windfall. Nobody can calculate in advance the changes which in turn affect values. Consequently there is nothing wrong in principle and nothing detrimental in practice in the proposal to tax unearned increment, once it is admitted that windfalls may legitimately be taxed.

Obviously nobody is discouraged from production by having part of an always hypothetical windfall taxed; it is taxing one of the instruments of production that is alone detrimental to a community. Once having awarded each instrument of production such a share of the product as to enable and induce the instrument to repeat the operation, the surplus produce may be taxed to extinction without affecting production. We must nationalise windfalls.
In so far as the present Budget begins this it deserves the description given to it by Jaurès: "that great revolutionary measure." But what is lacking is that it will to power. Mr. Long, for example, contemplated as one effect of the Budget the selling of land by existing landlords. Yet he had not the Socialist wit to seize the occasion to declare that in that case the State should always be the buyer. On the supposition that the Budget drives land to market, the Government will be criminal if it does not purchase as fast as the acres come in. England will recover her soul only with her soil.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald rubbed in this text on Wednesday to such effect that Mr. Balfour found it politic to flatter him publicly. Mr. Macdonald's case was that the English landowners in the past had never hesitated to sell land from the people without a farthing of compensation: here, by means of the Budget, the resumption was in progress and in such considerate fashion that 80 per cent. of the land value would remain untouched by the State to whom it properly all belonged. Mr. Balfour replied—which was itself significant—that he would have "confessed in the smoke-room to the hon. gentlemen." Fortunately Mr. Macdonald is too old to have his head turned. Otherwise his fate might be that of another Labour member who has never recovered from the effect of being told by a lord that his first speech in the House was an intellectual treat and a statesmanlike utterance. Since then he has used no other.

But Socialists are receiving compliments all round now. At a meeting of the Anti-Socialist Union on Tuesday, attended by one duke, 22 lords, and a job lot of laetrists, Mr. Long told his listeners with a story à la H. G. Wells, of the fabulous ability and clear-headedness of the Gobble'un's who would most certainly get'em if they didn't look out. The Budget was merely the beginning. Having already chucked up a square inch in every acre of land, we should proceed like a sort of gnomic locust to devour all forms of property. True, that is the intention, but we have to deplore our inability to carry it out. Perhaps in the Parliament after next.

Meanwhile we note that private landowning tends more and more to be recognised as what it is, a crime against society. Mr. Lambton, in the House on Thursday, plunged, obviously with an effort, that he would have confessed in the smoke-room to robbing a railway company: partly brag, partly guilty conscience.

The visit of the Russian statesmen has, of course, the purpose of preparing the Press for the reception of the Tsar. We can only suppose that grave and urgent State reasons exist for the Tsar's visit; though what they are we cannot divine. There is far too much secrecy and clique-ism in our foreign policy. Outside what they are we cannot divise. There is far too much to be recognised as what it is, a crime.

Mr. Stead does not protest against the Tsar for the same reason that he does not protest against the deportation of Indians: he has no use for liberty at all. Mr. Stead's idea of liberty in his wildest days was no more than an anarchist licence tempered by the fear of a conventional god. Witful and irresponsible in those days, he is the same to-day as yesterday only the area of his activities is greater, determined by the opinions of the readers of the "Daily Mail." What sort of assistance do the friends of liberty receive from Mr. Stead in their defence of liberty in India at this moment? As little as the friends of Russian freedom. Yet we are bound to say that the outlook of liberty in India is proportionately blacker than the outlook of liberty in Russia as England is on the whole fairer. Read, for example, the final article of the "Times" special correspondent on 'Britain's Future In India." The conclusion there is that "we must do nothing to impair the stability of our rule," a programme of reforms is dangerous; all reforms must be postponed as long as possible; we must gradually limit the aims of our work in India, and confine ourselves strictly to simply sticking to what we have got.

Anything more characteristic of decadence we have never read in the annals of political history. We are to abandon even the pretence of a mission in India; the ultimate advantage of the misdeeds of the outcome to be sacrificed even in dream to the task of maintaining our legs just where they are—on her neck. "We should never survive the loss of India," No, nor shall we survive the attempt to retain India on these disgraceful terms.

The "Times" correspondent has some further reflections. The present lull in native agitation is due, he says, not to the reforms and the promise of reforms made by Lord Morley and Lord Minto. Of Lord Morley it is true solely to the enforcement of the 1878 Regulations: coercion, indeed, has done the trick. What obscurantism and what folly! Again, "our rule is disliked not because it is bad, but because the reform; if we were a race of administrative archangels the situation would be very much the same." Ergo, there is no need to improve administration; good or bad, it makes no difference; our young Oxford barbarians may play there to their heart's content. That is all the same: out with Morley, in with Lord George Hamilton; down with reason, up with the knuckle duster! The "Times" correspondent should be transferred to the other "Daily Mail."

Not a single journal nor a single reported speech that we have seen has ventured to defend the assassin of Sir Curzon Wyllie. Even Krishnavarma is silent in and self-imposed task of maintaining a nation in slavery? We know of nothing to be gained; nor, we venture to say, can anybody tell us. What we shall lose, however, is considerable and inevitable. It is not only our prestige and the prestige of our ideas in the world, but our national self-respect. The flag of our traditions will henceforth fly at half-mast.

We have observed before that these criminal lapses are invariably bled in a remoter part of the Empire. Mr. Stead unwittingly proves this when he contends in the "Daily Mail" that an Emperor whose Government departs nine Indians without trial is already base enough to meet on terms of equality an Emperor whose Government departs 74,000 of its citizens. That is true, and we commend to Lord Morley the illustration of the fecundity of his example. Russia, after all, is only Denshawai and India on a large scale. All the same, we protested against Denshawai and we shall continue to protest against the deportation of innocent Indians. Hence our right is unchallengeable to protest against the visit of the Tsar. Jaurès, we observe, is of the same mind in the French Chamber as our own Social Democrats and Labour Party. In short, on this issue the Socialist movement is unanimous.

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Paris. We shall not disturb the unanimity that prevails by depreciating the superficiality of the conclusions drawn from the outrage. They are invariably to the effect that such deeds hinder the progress of reforms. Well, we do not happen to think so. Terrible and tragical as it is, we nevertheless must face the fact that even justice can prevail only by means of injustice. After all, who has constituted society after such fashion that "reason and the will of God" stand a mighty poor chance unless they wear a sword? The devotees of the sword, the prison, the strong arm, and the impenetrable skull; in other words, the established authorities of civilisation. Is it not invariably to the immense Caesar of society makes appeal in its war against individual liberty? Answer, ye prisons thronged with society's victims; answer, gallows, mockery of the Cross! It needs must be that liberty should come, but woe unto him by whom it cometh. Thus spake Society.

"In the India Office there is a bureau for collecting details concerning the Indian students in London. This has been brought up to its present efficient state only recently."

We do not suppose the Misses Colenso, who advanced out of their own pocket most of the cost of the defence of Durbuy against the Natal Government, will be surprised at the refusal of the British Government to reimburse them. Colonel Seeley promised on behalf of the Government that the defence should not break down from lack of funds. It didn't; the funds were supplied by the Colensos. But does not the fact that the defence was actually on the point of breaking down demonstrate that the Government was prepared to let it rather than pay? Colonel Seeley denied that the Government had failed to fulfill its promise; but he also admitted that Miss Colenso's money "had assisted greatly in the defence." This means that the Government were prepared at best to just keep the defence technically alive. The spirit of the promise was left to private persons, jealous of England's honour, to fulfill.

In a few weeks we shall be in the thick of the Conference on Imperial defence, when for the twentieth time since Mr. Asquith's fatal blunder in alarming the Conference that the British Empire floated on the Fleet. Men, we conclude, do not matter. The four vice-regents of the British universe were Seeley (Professor, not the Colonel), Rosebery, Chamberlain, and Rhodes. What a delict square! Mr. Balfour opined that Armageddon would be fought not in the Pacific, not in the Indian Ocean, not on Lake this or that, but here, that is, in the North Sea or the English Channel. Not so, Mr. Balfour. The battle of Armageddon will be settled in our slums, is already being settled there.

Why not "organise in peace all the resources, financial and personal, of a people" for a grand Disarmageddon?

Lord Charles Beresford, of course, could not contain himself. Having endeared himself to the newspaper public by his hysterical stupidity, he now proceeds, in semi-retirement, to dictate his requirements for a Navy. "Our statesmen," he said, "knew that we were not prepared." That was the secret of their anxiety. Yet, with bluff inconsistency, he went on to brag about the Navy. "Never had we better officers or better men... our magnificent ships were in perfect order." What is wrong, then? Only that Lord Charles Beresford is not Sir John Fisher.

We wonder where and when this silly business is going to stop. England is rapidly going to the sensibilities. Is there anybody left except the Socialists who still believe in England? Is England played out, done for? Are the undertakers in? Shame on the cowardly patriots! England is only just beginning. We suggest that the "Daily Telegraph" should open its columns this summer to the topic: "Is England played out?" The New Age will undertake to write the chapter: "The Everlasting No."

For attempting to interview Mr. Asquith on the question of Women's Suffrage, Mrs. Pankhurst and 114 others were arrested on Tuesday evening within a stone's-throw of the Father of Parliaments. There is some doubt, we are glad to see, even in the minds of officials, whether the deputation was not strictly legal. Mr. Keir Hardie made several gallant attempts in Parliament to get the question raised; but the imperturbable Mr. Herbert P. C. Gladstone, whose appetite for "responsibility" neither vivisection nor hanging, flogging nor harrying Suffragettes seems to satisfy completely, replied that he "would take the entire responsibility for the action of the police outside the House in giving effect to the Sessional Order of the House." When Mr. Gladstone "takes the responsibility" in this way, no dog, of course, may bark. All the same, we shall take the liberty of remarking that wisdom will not perish with Mr. Gladstone.

THE BANDSMAN'S GRANDCHILD.

She trimmed his tomb with lilies cool,
And gazed at home—ventures in,
Afraid, for she had done at school
Some childish sin.

Her eyes, like flowers dark with dew,
Ope'd, blue-black risied. Here and there
Among the curls a redder hue
Threaded her hair.

For berries to adorn her kilt,
Her small hands paled the deenie bush;
And plaited for her waist a belt
Of water rush.

She dropped upon a sandy ridge,
Spell-bound, for where his flowers had lain,
Sat bowed upon the granite edge,
A pale, sad man.

"I died while playing to the field
The Seventy-fourth Highlanders,
Killed by a spear from a black shield,
When wars were wars!

"The column lay at arms that night,
Orders ran: 'Silence and no flame,'
When the great March I'd lived to write
From heaven came.

"It came from glory—once—twice—three—
'No flame!'—it died with me at dawn,
It troubles me in Paradise,
It mars my crown.

"That's why I muster by this tomb:
I call the line to the attack:
I feel the spear; then angels come
And take me back."

He beat a phrase which compassed far
As the far sky; deep as deep wave:
The march of day to evening
Stave upon stave.

He beat shrill hope with victory fed
The ringing roll-call, horror-tem:
And ghostly base of soldiers' tread
Who ne'er return.

A sound like summer thunderings
Advancing: swelled that muffled h'ne;
The rhythm of archangel's wings,
Measuring time.

Out from the holy ground she stole,
To the holy ground she stole,
And hid the vision in her soul,
Nor told no word.

BEATRICE TINA.
Insurance against Unemployment.

With the subject of insurance as a remedy for unemployment coming within the range of practical politics, it may not be superfluous to debate briefly some of the possibilities. I was first privileged to suggest compulsory insurance against hunger in the event of unavoidable idleness.

It is evident that the Government, while favourably disposed towards the idea of insurance against unemployment, may experience some difficulty in deciding how such an idea can be carried into practical effect. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Burns, Mr. Gladstone, and other members of the Cabinet are giving earnest consideration to the matter; Mr. Lloyd George has been too busy to inquire into the working of the accident, invalidity, and old-age insurance schemes of that country, and his private secretary, Mr. Harold Spender, has asked a series of questions through the pages of the "Contemporary Review" and other journals as to the difficulties to be met with in the adoption of a special scheme of insurance for the unemployed. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law there are also several interesting suggestions made, and some pertinent questions addressed upon the merits and demerits of unemployment insurance. Obviously, it is impossible to go over the whole ground within the limits of a short article, but, in view of the fears which are evidently entertained in high quarters concerning the practical working of a compulsory and universal scheme such as I have outlined elsewhere, and in view of the apparent danger that the Government, in their timidity, will establish a more tentative, or half-hearted, scheme which will only embrace a favoured few of our working classes, I feel constrained to offer one or two remarks on some of the issues involved.

My suggestion, briefly, is that every bona fide wage-earner be compulsorily insured against all kinds of unemployment—unemployment due to sickness, accident, and old-age as well as industrial depression—in one huge, comprehensive, but simple scheme; that this scheme be conducted by the State, through the Post Office, and in connection with the forthcoming Labour Exchanges which ought to be conducted jointly by employers and workmen; that each unemployed workman be entitled to an allowance varying from 8s. to 10s. per week in proportion to the number of dependents; that the fund be raised by premiums averaging 1½ per cent per week, to be contributed jointly by the workman and his employer, the State making good any deficiency. This scheme would cost, including the State non-contributory old-age pensions already established, about £40,000,000 a year, and the cost would fall in three pretty nearly equal parts upon the workman, the employer, and the State. In the case of trade unions paying for and receiving out-of-work benefit on voluntary lines, some modification of the cost would fall in three pretty nearly equal parts operative, an injured workman should receive a quarter of his wages in respect of his injury, and the unemployed aliment in addition.

The Poor Law Commissioners lay stress upon the suppression of a trade, or group, system of insurance over a general scheme, urging that the group system would be a better safeguard against malingering. It is also suggested by Mr. Spencer and others that it would be advisable to establish separate funds for separate industries, or groups of industries. I fear that this would lead to confusion, and am certain that the disadvantages would outweigh the advantages. With labour exchanges controlled jointly by practical workmen and employers, it would not be difficult to weed out the " loafers" who hang on the fund, so that this particular objection need not stand in the way of a general and universal scheme. On the other hand, voluntary schemes may not lend themselves to the idea of the group system. It is urged, of course, that we already have a practical example of the group system provided by the trade unions; but this contem}

tion hardly holds good. Generally speaking, a trade union never works at any trade but its own, and has little need to, but in the ranks of unorganised and unskilled labour men are frequently employed in three or four different branches of industry within a year, and if we set up separate occupations it will be necessary for some men to join half a dozen different funds, or else remain tied to one particular section of the labour market. We must have one all-embracing and simple scheme.

Another important suggestion which has emanated from high quarters, is that the premiums be fixed according to the risks of unemployment, that is to say, that the painter, builder, or docker, must pay a higher premium than the miner or railway worker less liable to be idle. I consider that this suggestion is neither just nor practicable. If carried into effect it means that we are to penalise the most unfortunate workers. Our unemployed scheme ought to aim at assisting, rather than penalising, the worker who is most frequently condemned to poverty. This group system would let off the well-paid miner with a premium of, perhaps, 1½ d. a week, while levying a toll of 10d. upon the docker. I would not consent to a scheme of this kind even if it were confined to industrial depression unemployment alone, while if our insurance scheme is to extend, as it ought to extend, to all kinds of unemployment—sickness, accident, old age, etc.—what appears to be in the contention that premiums should be fixed according to risks would be considerably lessened. For example, if the docker is specially liable to trade unemployment, the man engaged in a more favourable occupation is more liable to live to a good old age and come upon the fund later on.

No; the group system, with its low tax on the favoured and its high tax on the unfortunate will not do. Besides, it would be quite contrary to customs and laws. If this principle were adopted we should have to levy a heavy Poor Rate upon the agricultural labourer because he is specially liable to become chargeable to the parish, while letting the rich landowner off scot free, because he is not likely to become a pauper.

Most people who have questioned the practicability of my scheme as originally laid down contend that 6d. per week is too much to levy upon badly-paid workers. To meet this objection I would suggest that the employer’s and the workman’s share of the 1s. a week premium be fixed on a sliding-scale principle. For example, with the week’s wage anywhere between 20s. and 25s., the premium might be charged off as follows—by the employer 6d. and by the workman; with the wage at 30s. let the employer off with 3d., and take gd. from the workman; if the wage fell below 20s. let the workman off with 3d. and take gd. from the employer, and so on. Another objection to insurance is that large numbers of badly-paid and casually employed workers would not be able to keep up their contributions long enough to qualify for the benefits. Under the scheme I suggest, however, this difficulty would not arise, for every workman covered by the scheme would be in full "benefit" from the first day. There would not be any probationary period at all. The man who happened to be unemployed when the scheme was inaugurated, at the end of the week his out-of-work pay, less contribution to the fund. Every man would be included in this scheme until he was expelled for misbehaviour, and every man, whether working or not, and whether well or badly paid, could pay the contribution demanded of him. When working, his share of the premium would be deducted from his wages by his employer, and when unemployed his contribution would be deducted from his weekly aliment. The scheme would be quite simple. At any rate, there may be no objection raised or difficulty foreshadowed yet which cannot be successfully met. Obviously, there are many details which it would be advisable to refer to a committee. A committee, or commission, of employers, union and against-jobs officials, and insurance experts ought to be appointed immediately, and charged with the duty of formulating a scheme.
Ring-a-Ring-a-Rosebery.
By Francis Grignon.

In the Parliamentary world there are but two kinds of power—the material and the intellectual. The material fascinates all who are moved by an eagle eye, a bulldog chin, a gramophone voice, and machine-made rhetoric. Those are politicians who control the people not by grasping but by gazing. They have top-knots but no beaks, gimlet eyes but no talons. Power is exerted by looks instead of deeds, symbols instead of sentiments. Others combine looks with words, the gymnastics of gesture with the shibboleths of political hygiene, and there are the bulls who toss patriotism on their horns like a red flag, and gore capital with ever-increasing gusto.

Of those who depended on frontal influence, the in- fluent of the image on that imagination, the late Lord Gladstone, the late Lord Salisbury, and the late Duke of Devonshire were striking examples. Theirs was the power of the idol. The people saw and supplicated, politicians salamed and surrendered. The pervading aura emanated not from the spirit but from the carcass. And their mandates had the rumbling of the thunder-cloud, minus the lightning. They were the whales of the political ocean, avoiding the harpoon while availing the gudgenon. The whales have disappeared and left the seven Parliaments in possession of the only political el, Mr. Arthur Balfour. He darts, wriggles, glides, and bolts where the Mammals did nothing but spout and flounder.

He has been taken twice by the net, three times by the tail, but not once by the hook. Slim and slippery, he ignores the flounders, darts past the sharks, and skims the surface of the social sea faster than any flying-fish.

No one knows the mysterious breeding place of the eel, and no one has ever delved into the intellectual broodings of Arthur Balfour. Too light of weight to possess what the vulgar call personality, he stands forth as a mere shadow thrown across the balked bodies of beery partisans, he it is who sniffs the proletarian parti-coloured quilts, he is our only statuesque statesman. After riding into the hearts of his countrymen on the back of a thoroughbred, he poised like Mercury for a brief moment on the top of the social staircase; both feet on the floor would have been a desecration of divinity. For at one time Lord Rosebery was a transcendental democrat, who beat the religious air with mercurial wings, deftly soundings the harp of Nonconformity with vague as all numbers without once playing a tune anyone could remember. In these days he is seldom seen or heard; he comes forth at the hour of political hunger, like old Mother Hubbard, and points a lean finger at the remnants left by the Scotch terriers, Irish bulls, and English half-breeds, for something has happened during his absence—the artful Arthur has found the bones and picked them bare. For he, and not Rosebery, is the watchdog of castle and close; he it is who makes the silent rounds while the others are scaring the nuns left by the Scotch terriers; Irish bulls, and English half-breeds, for something has happened during his absence—the artful Arthur has found the bones and picked them bare.

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Lord Rosebery times his speech-making to the psychological social moment, but Mr. Balfour times nothing, for he is on hand, equipped like a doctor with a large practice and small medicine case full of specifics for all forms of national malaria, parochial quinsey, religious tic-doloureux, paradoxical neurasthenia, and Imperial hysterics. Besides this, he is a musician of parts as well as of parties, for he knows all the Celtic tunes, with the English airs thrown in, and that is saying more than one could say of Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Burns, who dare not venture further than "Rule Britannia" or "Polly put the kettle on." No need for Arthur Balfour to harp on one string, for England is his organ, Scotland his bagpipes, and Parliament his fiddle, and although he is gravedigger in the House of Commons (as the noble Earl is Hamlet in the House of Lords) he plays a jig and a lament at every fresh burial of the Liberal Party. Without Mr. Balfour the Commons would fall below concert pitch, excepting when the Irish have the floor or when the Labour leaders are rehearsing for the millennium under the baton of Mr. Keir Hardie.

The real detachment has not been displayed by Lord Rosebery but by Mr. Balfour, who can smile with dignity and be sociable with sang froid, for if you give a statesman the reputation of a fashionable clubman he becomes like Ceylon tea that has been drawn once and brewed again. Chronic after-dinner speech-making is a dangerous indulgence, for there is no occasion where disillusionment can come with a stroke so sudden. A man who does it once with the felicity that unites a god-like grip with the golden mean of wit and humour has run the gauntlet of bayonets in a pitched battle, escaped the bullets, and missed the bombs. He may well apply for a medal, not for having lost a limb, but for having emerged from so deadly an affair without a scratch. Before he begins to speak the toast-responder has to recruit and skirmish for facts, then marshal his words and champagne rhetoric. For the real difference between Balfour and Rosebery is to be seen in the management of their public performances.

The noble Earl never keeps his eye off the social function and the social effect. Society takes first place in his scheme of razzle-dazzle. Politics come into the banquet much as a roast bird of paradise with an ostrich plume stuck in its tail. Anything to be original. He is our only statuesque statesman. After riding into the hearts of his countrymen on the back of a thoroughbred, he poised like Mercury for a brief moment on the globe of Empire, with one toe touching the ball at the top of the social staircase; both feet on the floor would have been a desecration of divinity. For at one time Lord Rosebery was a transcendental democrat, who beat the religious air with mercurial wings, deftly soundings the harp of Nonconformity with vague as all numbers without once playing a tune anyone could remember. In these days he is seldom seen or heard; he comes forth at the hour of political hunger, like old Mother Hubbard, and points a lean finger at the remnants left by the Scotch terriers, Irish bulls, and English half-breeds, for something has happened during his absence—the artful Arthur has found the bones and picked them bare. For he, and not Rosebery, is the watchdog of castle and close; he it is who makes the silent rounds while the others are scaring the nuns left by the Scotch terriers; Irish bulls, and English half-breeds, for something has happened during his absence—the artful Arthur has found the bones and picked them bare.

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and drill his sentences. In the middle of the speech the rhetorical manoeuvres begin, and here, on the Champ de Mars of his own imagination, he assails the passions of the feasters, storms their emotions, scales the Spion Kop of their patriotism, and takes his seat on the summit. Four things go to the making of such an accomplishment—art, intuition, opportunity, and power. Since Disraeli, no statesman in the British Parliament has been in possession of such a gift. To be master of such an art a politician must know the real meaning of detachment, and a statesman cannot appear to order at all times and seasons and pass for a recluse in a castle whose walls defy the maddest Romans in search of the most able Johnson has never seen.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the only one who could eat, drink, and make merry in the midst of City Fathers and bloated Aldermen, and remain the giddy-boring, screw-driving Joe Chamberlain of old. He would not lose caste, having long since taken his degree as a half-caste in politics. He could rise at a dinner and quaff a glass of port to the health of the portly barons, and be time they open their mouths. At the beautiful Parliamentary banquets he is pepper, salt, vinegar, champagne, and a Cymric trout, as his eulogist will have to turn themselves into Highlanders, or, for a second helping. What the Welsh sorely need is a statesman to give Cobdenism its Sedan and old-fogyism a political Waterlooe.

Mr. Lloyd George is cock of the bantam walk in little Wales. His dictum is that as much an aristocrat may please on the big cock-walk of the Terrace of the House, the bipeds with goose quills fully grown pay no attention. It looks as if the brilliant Lloyd and his clan will have to turn themselves into Highlanders, or, for a second helping, become game before their voices are heard and their spurs felt. At present they are as mustard in a sham-sandwich, water-cress on a stream filled with Scotch salmon and Tippary trout, a dash of lemon juice in a Cosmopolitan teddy. What the Welsh sorely need is a Cymric edition of Tim Healy, who is our only Tim, for he compels his enemies to show their Tim—idly every time they open their mouths. At the beautiful Parliamentary banquet he is pepper, salt, vinegar, champagne, and the carving-knife. His slices are thin, but no one has been known to ask for a second helping. A Scotsman for second sight, an Irishman for withering wit. Our only Tim holds some members in their seats by a very good reason. His words are prussic-acid applied to political gilt. They burn through to the brass bottom. The vitriol hisses and the House becomes like a place undergoing disinfection; dead men have been carried out stricken by a microbe which is not down in the medical books. He makes people laugh; but there are people who would laugh even in a room given over to vivisection. Everything goes on the floor of the House, that dear old floor, whose cracks are wide enough to let the foaxes of Hadra rise and choke many an honourable and virtuous member with the vapours of envy, jealousy, and social rivalry. Evidently the House exists for three purposes; as a figure-head of aristocracy, as a figure-head of commerce, and as a figure-head of democracy.

Just at present Mr. Balfour stands for the first, Mr. Lloyd George for the second, Mr. Keir Hardie for the third. The Irish are there, and will remain there; they are there to wake the dead, determined to give each corpse a decent burial. There is but a fifth estate, formed by the wandering Willies like Winston Churchill; moths whose wings have been scorched by those fatal candles at St. Stephens, that burn at both ends, one tallow, that flickers and smokes in the Lower House, the other wax, that burns serenely in the Upper House, the gentlemen's club—the place where pipe-clay becomes marble, the place where every good politician when he likes to go when he shuffles off the mortal coil of non-conforming, demagoguing, two-a-penny existence. But what a crowd of moths are attracted by the glare of the tallow dip! Rosebery himself, that beautiful spotted moth, flies out of the upper window, not content with the halo of the aurora borealis, the House of the silver spoons, and flits about the tallow candle of the Lower House.

There is but one party that can afford the luxury of doing what they please; that party counts among its members Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Victor Grayson. They can wear dickies, collars or no collars, put their back hair in nets or their front hair in curls, play skittles with modes and manners, thump tables, and call names. The only way to succeed in Parliament to-day is to begin by being rude. To win the respect of the aristocrats, take them on the level of the mood you happen to be in. Tell them you have no objection when the social upheaval comes for them to cultivate a cabbage patch a la Wiggs at Government expense. This will take their breath away, and the social whales will not attempt to swallow the prophetic Jonah. A politician may change his policy, but pure politics means get on and keep on! Nevertheless, as Emerson said: "An aristocrat is one who is doing his best to become a democrat."

The philosophical democrat is always the true blue aristocrat. That is why we have an Upper House. But the Upper House is top heavy with men who cannot tell the difference between a tallow dip and a wax candle. It has long been the dumping ground for the despicet who were once intrepid, for shambling prussic-acid applied to political gilt. They waste the national body, not drawing out the fever but the vitality of the nation; they are leeches on the old war-horse of glorious memories, pot-boilers of other men's carrots and onions. From this time forth we must expect a series of the most astounding games ever played on a Parliamentary chess-board. In a moment of absent-minded detachment the noble Earl took the rag off the bush, and the divestissement called "ring round the Rosebery" has begun for the season.
Socialism and Liberty.

By Cecil Chesterton.

I pointed out the other week that there is no connection between the economic doctrine which we call Socialism and the kind of legislation which may roughly be described as "Puritan," that is to say, legislation involving the elaborate inspection and regulation of the private lives of citizens. The point is perhaps worth elaborating, because many promising recruits are, I fancy, kept out of the Socialist movement, and some excellent Socialists leave it, from a fear that it will enable "the State" to interfere in their personal concerns to an even greater extent than it does now. It may therefore be worth while to point out that Socialism, so far from involving any further restraint upon personal liberty, is our only way of escape from the restraints already imposed.

Socialism involves the national ownership of the means of production and distribution—just that and nothing else. It follows that no kind of legislation can properly be called "Socialistic" except such legislation as tends to transfer the means of production and distribution from private to public ownership. There are roughly four kinds of legislation which have this tendency:

1. Laws limiting the property of the landlord in his land or of the capitalist in his factory, by insisting that their administration shall be in accordance with the declared will of the community. To this class belong Factory Acts, Housing Acts, Public Health Acts, Adulteration Acts, and the like.

2. Laws recognising the responsibility of the State for the support of its citizens. Old Age Pensions, the feeding of school children, the provision of work for the unemployed, belong to this category.

3. The readjustment of Taxation based on Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of "Ransoms," that is on the recognition that the community has a right to a part of the whole of the uneared incomes derived from rent and interest. Graduated death duties, a graduated income tax, discrimination between earned and uneared incomes, the taxation of land values, are measures of this character.

4. The direct Transfer of industries to the State or the organisation of new industries by the State.

Now what we call "Puritan" legislation does none of these things. Not one penny piece will pass from the pockets of the private capitalist into the coffers of the nation in consequence of this; nor will any of the other silly measures which the rich pass for the oppression of the poor. The rich will be no poorer nor the poor any richer for the earlier closing of public houses than the first. Neither has anything to do with economics, and therefore neither has anything to do with Socialism.

It is certainly true we have already a great deal too much Puritan legislation. Already the simple and natural act of drinking fermented liquor is surrounded by a network of preposterous and oppressive regulations. We have just seen a law passed to enable policemen to search little boys for cigarette-ends, and now some idiots are proposing to enforce on all children a compulsory bed-time! I can quite believe that, if the English people continue quiescent, we may see a general revival of the curfew! But what has all this to do with Socialism? Directly, there is no connection. Indirectly, there is this connection—that Socialism is our only refuge from this kind of oligarchical tyranny. But of that I shall speak later.

Let me illustrate my meaning by taking the case of beer. There are two operations of primary importance in connection with beer—the making of it and the drinking of it. The making of beer is essentially a social operation. Since every man can make his own beer, the convenient, economic, just, and reasonable arrangement is that the Commonwealth should set aside certain men to brew beer according to its requirements, and should pay them a fair reward for doing so. On the other hand, the drinking of beer is necessarily an individual process. With that, society as such has nothing to do. Now we, under the present system, reverse the obvious common-sense of the situation. We leave the making of beer to "private enterprise," which means that a number of rich men have got complete control of the brewing trade, have captured nearly all the public houses, can make practically anything they like and sell it as beer, and are enabled to raise huge fortunes at the expense of the consumer. On the other hand, in regard to the purely personal matter of the drinking of beer, we have innumerable monstrous and oppressive regulations, defining how, when, and where it may be drunk. We have left undone those things which we ought not to have done—and there is no health in us!

Is there any connection between these two mistakes of ours? I think there is, and I will endeavour to explain it.

It has often been pointed out that Puritan legislation is almost always directed against the pleasures of the poor. The obvious explanation of this is that the government of England is oligarchical. This explanation is true so far as it goes, but it is far from being a final explanation. It does not, for instance, explain why poor men, when they get into Parliament, men like Messrs. Henderson, Shackleton, and Crooks, men quite obviously honest according to their lights, are even more vehement in support of the poor than the oligarchs themselves. The true explanation of their conduct seems to be that they know the condition of the poor, and know that Capitalism among its other crimes has turned the blessing of fermented drink into a curse. This is due partly to the evil social conditions which drive men to drink to forget their sorrows; and partly to the abominable quality of the drink often supplied to them. Socialism would at one stroke abolish poverty and guarantee a pure and wholesome drink supply. This done, the whole case for Prohibition and Puritan Coercion would go.

This is true not only of the Puritan restriction of which I disapprove, but of the host of restrictions of industry, whether imposed by the State or by Trades Unions, of which, under existing circumstances, we are bound to approve. Many employers will tell you that Trades Union regulations are tyrannical—exactly as Martial Law is tyrannical. Indeed they are Martial Law; they are the necessary riding orders of the poor man's army in the Class War. But when the Class War has ended in the re-capture by the workers of the control of industry, such regulations will be quite unnecessary. The Nation will, of course, ask from every citizen labour as just such hard work as will not give this, he must starve. But, outside the comparatively short working day, his life will be as free as air. He will be able to work or amuse himself, eat, drink, or gamble as he likes.

I conclude, then, as follows: Some sort of control everybody but an Anarchist admits the State must have. The only question is whether the control shall be exercised at the beginning or at the end. If it is exercised at the beginning, the daily life of the individual may be left entirely free. If it is exercised at the end, he must find himself hemmed in on every side by inspections, restrictions, and inquisitions. By giving to the Nation the things that are the Nation's, we shall secure to the individual the things that are the individual's. If it is true, then, that men will only fight for "Liberty," I conclude that they ought to fight for Socialism.
A Visit from Killermont,

KILLERMONT came amongst us not more than thrice a year. Tall, shapely, fit, bright, taciturn and mirthful, he was made very welcome by Quaries, who enjoyed his silence and honest brevity.

"I haven't seen you at lunch for an age," said Rammerscales, who is not true to his own knowledge, who bears the and keeping in harmony with the essentialities is true harmony even for a brief space, then the soul evidences in the form of individual character."

Saying that the soul which sins shall die. There is in break the expensive Commandments, and the others aren't worth breaking.

You speak as one who has never been convicted of sin," commented Rothes.

"Someone explain sin," said Killermont.

"It's a state of being in which man fails to find harmony and rest," replied Quaries. Should he find harmony even for a brief space, then the soul evidences in the form of individual character.

"Thanks," remarked Killermont, tapping the heel of his boot with a worn briar pipe. "No, I've broken none of the Commandments lately."

"You speak like a Pharsisee," said Rothes. "Oh, no," answered Killermont, "I cannot afford to break the expensive Commandments, and the others aren't worth breaking."

"Aphoristic as that sound," said Killermont.

"Virtue is the highest innocence," added Quaries, "in which blossom courage, the flower of the heart.

"And evil are the same thing, said Killermont. "None of the Commandments lately."

"Why should I change?" asked Killermont. "I am changeless. Growth and decay are only expansion and contraction of personality."

"He is right," said Quaries. "Character changes not. Behold the trees—the willow, the ash, the elm, the oak. A small willow is a willow, a large willow is a willow, a stunted willow is a willow, a thriving willow is a willow, a leafy willow is a willow, a bare willow is a willow, a sapling willow is a willow, a dead willow is a willow. The world is composed of one thing, and differences are not in element but in density and design.

"The world may be a single grain whisky, but my observation of nature leads me to look upon it sometimes as a very unsuccessful attempt to blend warring and incompatible spirits," remarked Rothes.

"Superficial," said Killermont. "Nature is a unity composed of opposites, and character is the nature of man," added Quaries.

"When good and evil are fortuitously related in a man, his character may be as pellucid as the water he drinks, which is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Even bodily health is a character of the blood formed by the happy relation of opposing red and white corpuscles."

"I thought the world was going to make progress until evil was banished entirely, and that mankind was to improve until there would be no fear for parsons? Isn't that the great doctrine of evolution, and evolution is logically invulnerable," said Rammerscales.

"Evolution! What is it? Men speak of evolution as if each animal or plant becomes better and better as time goes on, as if nations become greater and greater. I can see change, I cannot see continued progress," replied Quaries. "That man evolved from elementary forms through the ape to his present state is not worth a moment's controversy any more than the theory that man devolved from the angel to his present frailty. Man contains within him all and cherubim."

"Darwin observed a small section of the earth in a brief space of time. His survival of the fittest is merely the survival of the survivals. Haeckel has made every cell an intelligent being. The puzzle is unsolved," said Killermont. "He can't find out God."

"Take it the other way," added Quaries. "If the cells in our blood are epitomes of ourselves are not the starry systems merely corpuscles in the circulation of the great life? The riddle remains unsolved."

"You speak as if there is no difference between mind and matter," said Rothes; "whereas it appears to me that there is an insurmountable barrier between them."

"Another illusion as great in error as the error made by Professor Drummond when he spoke of the chasm between animate and inanimate," replied Quaries. "To imagine such a gulf is to imagine a lost world, a divided world, a capricious God, and a Grand Competitor, Nothing in the world is so momentous as the puzzle of transmission of thought. In a word, there is nothing inanimate, dead in the sense of being ever after useless, finished, and unadaptable. The last discovered element is more than an atom: it is the world."

"I am thankful there is still thirst and liquor in the world," said Killermont irreverently, "and the love of woman. Here's to the sex!"

"There is no sex," remarked Quaries, smiling. "Male and female are terms relative to reproduction representing two types of beings functioning in the male, a capricious God, and a Grand Competitor. Nothing in the world is so momentous as the puzzle of transmission of thought. In a word, there is nothing inanimate, dead in the sense of being ever after useless, finished, and unadaptable. The last discovered element is more than an atom: it is the world."

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On Certain Impertinences.

Far and away the most valuable of the taxation proposals now under consideration by the German Reichstag is one to tax illuminated street advertisements. But why only illuminated advertisements? And why only those paraded in the street? Perhaps a consideration of the arguments brought forward in the present article will lead the Financial Secretary to broaden the basis and increase the height of his tax.

The other day at Dover a Frenchman got into trouble by refusing to get out of the train. As the result of continued moral and physical suasion he was at length withdrawn from his compartment. But he remained quite unconvinced of the justice of the proceedings, and, en route to the entrance, kept pointing with frantic gesture to a large enamelled plate which decorated the platform wall.

"Douvres! Douvres!" he screamed wildly, tearing at the grip on his collar.

"This is not a bad sign," said a porter, who, like all modern Englishmen, was a Cockney. "This 'ere his Dauver. Wot man d'ye want?"

But the name on the large enamelled plate was not Dover.

The same thing has probably happened to you. You have been in train between your home and your holiday, and, with the zest of the unspoiled traveller for finding out where he is, you have looked out of window as you whizzed through the stations. And you saw "Gump's Mustard," "Tims's Tea," in huge, insolent letters sprawling athwart the wall. And in the green meadow that you ranged by was a signboard to the honour of Somebody's Pill, and on the dizzied tower that hung over you as you dived into the chalk was a brutal placard, puffing—I have not the heart to tell you what.

Some years ago a number of charming and wrong-headed people who had suffered these things began to preach a crusade against "The Ugly Advertisement." It was the ugliness, they said, which offended one. Make the advertisement beautiful and all would be well. The crusade was not without success, especially on the Continent; and even in England one often sees to-day advertisements with some pertinence to flash the style and quality of his goods on to the passer-by. But it is that makes their papers pay. Ask them to swear by all or any one of their gods that they do not live by advertisements and die for the lack of them. Ask them to declare on their honour as English tradesmen that their papers are not merely excuses for advertisements.

And is it possible that England is becoming merely an excuse for advertisements? Is it possible that but for those flaming placards she would not pay? Is it possible that the name of the railway station and the name plates of the streets and houses and the railway stations and the streets and the fields are our monument, and these we let defile. And we sometimes sigh over the ugliness, but rarely over the impertinence, and we do not see that the impertinence is the challenge of a herald, the sign-manual of a would-be tyrant, the badge of an approaching peril. For these are not ad

"But soft," you say. "This is not the true beauty; wait till we have harmonised our posters!" My friend, we cannot have harmonised the noise; and did you ever hear of a reticent advertisement?

And these are minor impertinences. There is some poor show of reason in a chemist's shop vaunting its wares, even at the expense of a just street perspective. But what shall be said of the beplastering of innocent houses devoted internally to the domestic and rhetorical arts, of strenuous motor-buses, of stately tramcars, of exultant bridges, with flamboyant summons to Buy! Buy! Buy?

And the hoardings! How we defile our hoardings! A hoarding is a terrible thing. It says to you, "Hush, draw not near—peer not! Behind me is something thou mayst not see." And we deck this symbol of silence and seclusion with all the ribaldries of Trade.

In a chaotic pictorial way I have often found advertisement hoardings magnificent, but they always offend my soul. The street is a whirl of hideous devil faces, poking impudent tongues at me with clamorous calls to try this special brand of sulphur. . . . A beautiful woman in a dress with lifted cup, Hail, Hebe! radiant immortal. . . . Alet! Beul Extremis the hectar. Hercules strangles the snakes. . . . Over his shoulder a slimy shopwalker hisses an anthem to his pre-digested corn. All ancient symbols are here degraded; all beauty, the utmost skill of the artist, the glory of colour and line, all serve for the stalking horse to this impertinent trafficking. Impertinent, I say, for mark you it is not Corn that is praised but "Japes's Corn"; it is not Beef, but "Briggs's Beef" that is excited. And who is Japes and who is Briggs that we should obey them?

But that is not the worst. The iron has entered even more deeply into our soul. Take up almost any one of our daily, weekly newspapers, any review or magazine, and ask yourself what first strikes your eye. Go to the editors (if they have any) and ask them if it is that makes their papers pay. Ask them to swear by all or any one of their gods that they do not live by advertisements and die for the lack of them. Ask them to declare on their honour as English tradesmen that their papers are not merely excuses for advertisements.

And is it possible that England is becoming merely an excuse for advertisements? Is it possible that but for those flaming placards she would not pay? Is it possible that the name of the railway station and the name plates of the streets and houses and the railway stations and the streets and the fields are our monument, and these we let defile. And we sometimes sigh over the ugliness, but rarely over the impertinence, and we do not see that the impertinence is the challenge of a herald, the sign-manual of a would-be tyrant, the badge of an approaching slavery. It is not safe to let the lords of soup and sawdust possess our streets, they are possessing our souls. It is not safe to let the banner of an alien king wave over your castle, you end by bowing to it. Ludgate Circus no longer belongs to the people of London, but to the owners of those flashlight advertisements which startle its night shades.

I tremble to think that perhaps when our Frenchman revisits the scene of his torments the imperient advertisement revisits the scene of his torments the imperient advertisement Dover Railway Station may be no longer an impertinence.

W. R. Titterton.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE).

The spring publishing season is now over, and I am informed that it has been very mediocre, and that no masterpiece has appeared. I am quite willing to believe that the season has been mediocre—it always is—but fifty years must elapse before I can finally agree that no masterpiece has been produced in it. I do not doubt that in the year 1839, fifty years ago, the man- dants of the epoch annexed the scores of one against a masterpiece being generally recognised on its first appearance. Therefore he who states that no masterpiece has appeared in 1909, bewailing the decade of the age, is a ninny, and should be put in the dustpans at Paternoster Row. Two novels, at any rate, have risen out of the ruck, and neither is the work of a well-known author: "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard," by Mr. H. N. Dickinson (Heinemann) and "The In- famous John Friend," by Mrs. Garnett (Duckworth). The latter is a first novel, and "everyone is reading" this first novel. It is agreeable to think that a book written with such severity of taste, and so deficient in any kind of literary vulgarity, should have impinged itself upon an age so atrocious as ours is said to be. Further, in regard to the mediocre season, I learn on good authority that a genuine poet has flowered in Dublin. His name is Steevens. Financially, I gather, the season has been satisfactory except in fiction, the state of which remains "parlous." Still, not a single publisher nor a single novelist has gone bankrupt.

Throughout the season, publishers, booksellers, and fashionable authors have been toying delicately with the question of cheap reprints of novels, and it stands just where it did at the beginning of the year—only more so. One of my most valued correspondents writes me: "I am afraid there is more than you think in the "sevenpenny scare." But I think there is a very great deal in the sevenpenny scare. I quite appreci- ate the reality of the sevenpenny scare for people, like myself, who live by writing novels. What arouses my compassionate irony is the apparent hope of some pub- licate the reality of the sevenpenny scare for people, like myself, who live by writing novels. What arouses my compassionate irony is the apparent hope of some pub- lishers and many booksellers that the sevenpenny re- print of the modern novel can be killed by crying in a loud and mournful voice that it is too cheap, and that nothing right and tenderly clings, despite the fact that the reputation of about half the successful novelists of the day is based on volumes of short stories. For example, Kipling, Barrie, "Q," Conan Doyle, S. R. Crockett, and I don't know how many more. One of the foremost novelists of this season—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "Studies in Wives"—is a collection of short stories. I know nothing about it, but I will lay a Guinea to a box of pills that her publisher, worn mourning on the day he signed the con- tract, and informed her that he was publishing the novel to oblige her, and that really he ought not to undertake such a fearful risk. And now Dr. Barry, himself a novelist, has set about to belabour novelists and to enliven the end of a dull season, in a highly explosive article concerning "the plague of unclean books, and especially of dangerous fiction." He says: "I never leave my house to journey in any direction, but I am forced to see, and solicited to buy, works flamingly advertised of which the gospel is adultery and the apocalypse the right of suicide." (No! I am not parodying Dr. Barry. I am quoting from his article, which may be read in the "Bookman." It ought to have appeared in "Punch".) One naturally asks one's self: "What is the geographical situation of this house of Dr. Barry's hemmed in by flaming and immoral advertisements and by soliciting sellers of naughtiness? Dr. Barry probably expects to be taken seriously. But he will never be taken seriously until he descends from purple generalities to the particular naming of names. If he has the courage of his convictions, if he genuinely is concerned for the future of this unfortunate island, he might name a dozen or so of the "myriad volumes which deride self-control, scoff at the God-like in man, deny the judgment, and by most potent illustration declare that death ends the suffering.

For myself, I am unacquainted with the sum anybody has ever solicited me to buy them. At least he might state where one is solicited to buy these shockers. I would go thither at once, just to see. In the course of his article, Dr. Barry lets slip a phrase about "half-empty churches." Of course, these half-empty churches must be laid on the back of somebody, and the novelist's back is always convenient. Hence, no doubt, the article. Dr. Barry seeks for information. He asks: "Will Christian fathers and mothers go on tolerating . . . etc. . . . etc." I can oblige him. The answer is "They will."
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

REMY DE GOURMONT. •

"A writer who has ideas, true ideas, who proves it in everything he writes—" he has said—who is almost alone in knowing all those things one no longer knows, whose work is nevertheless clear, easy, supple, written as if to amuse himself—such a writer bewilders us. It is with the hope of making a mistake as much as because they are at a loss where to begin, they remain silent. By no means disapproving, but really a vivid creation of a new language from a dead one)—artistic, in "L'Ymagier," a collection of reproductions of old engravings, woodcuts, pages from old books, the popular colour prints of Epinal, and of modern work,—philological and grammatical, in his books on style and the aesthetic of the French language; scientific, in "Le physique de l'Amour"—critical, of manners, in all his books, but supremely in the Epilogues; in "Le Livre des Masques," he writes to clarify his ideas, he has said—who is frankly pagan, who is frankly pagan, who is frankly pagan, would probably subscribe to it. Although he looks on men with the eyes of irony, any natural gesture delights him. Only the perversions and antidotes of moral-bowling monkeys, pedants and schoolmasters arouse his bitterest sarcasms, different from Anatole France, and more musical in many ways, M. de Gourmont is a finer writer than Anatole France. It is in the "Physique de l'Amour, essai sur l'instinct sexuel," that is to be found the pivot of his philosophy. He sees life, essentially, as the necessity to procreation, and because it bores him, one of the forms of the sexual instinct. This book is a combination of his readings and reflections from his own observations over the whole animal kingdom of beasts, birds, insects and fishes. It is the work of an artist and poet, looking through the cool eyes of a scientist. Modern science enters largely into M. de Gourmont's mental equipment. "I think," he says, "that one must never hesitate to introduce science into literature or literature into science;" time of the illiteracies of new has passed; one should collect in one's mind all the notions it can contain, and remember that the intellectual domain is an unbounded landscape, and not a series of little gardens enclosed by walls of mistrust and disdain." Modern is the notion that is inaccessible to M. de Gourmont's mind.

Side by side with all this work of erudition: literary, in "Le Matin Mystique" (an important, illuminating book on the Christian poets of the Middle Ages, who wrote in Latin and French, from the time of the invasions of the Northmen to the end of the twelfth century); critical, of manners, in all his books, but supremely in the Epilogues; side by side with all this work and more not mentioned, he has written drama: "Libilith," "Epigram," "La Vouivre," "Le Vieux Roi"—poems of a strange musicality, like the clashing of gongs: "Hippolytes," "Litanies de la Rose." "Les Saintes du Paradis," "Oraison Mauvaises," and "Simone;"—short stories: "Phocas," "La Révolte de la Plèbe," "La Ville des Sphax," "La Métamorphose de Diane," which he says are equal to the finest stories of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in "Le Matin Mystique," and "Le Voyage du Linceul." "Les Chevaux de Diomède," "Le Songe d'une Femme," "a novel so deliciouis that one hesitates to recount it," and those two masterpieces which sum up both sides of Remy de Gourmont's genius: "Une Nuit au Luxembourg," and "Un Coeur Virginal."

Both sides? M. de Gourmont is analytical and synthetic: creative scepticism. If scepticism is the ferment of analysis, the acid which permits the boldest dissociations, it is, on the other hand, opposed to all synthesis. To be capable of synthesis, one must have a sensitivity always offered with joy to the vibrations of the world. It is not the least of M. de Gourmont's peculiarities that he is a master in both these contradictory manifestations. It is impossible here to do more than affirm the exquisite grace with which, in "A Night in the Luxembourg," our notions of life are pulled to pieces, and the moral of Epicurus-Gourmont put in their place: there is no other philosophy, there is no other method. Virtue is to be happy. "... Epicurus was too wise to disdain any sort of pleasure. And some of the greatest pleasures are sexual. Why has this word a sense of opprobrium?" he has said. He has looked beyond the stars, and all pleasure has come to seem illicit, and work—really a sad necessity—the supreme idol. One day you will see that the gods are only men—who is old and cold and indifferent to Jupiter—and you will live your lives. It is worth the trouble. A fresh sensuality comes from the pages of "Un Coeur Virginal," like the wind, burdened with perfumes and sex, which blew from the flowers of the garden in which its scene is laid; and this book, free of all aridity and as sappy and despoiled of "literature" as
thousands of Youvatsheffs. The Tsar has borrowed continued suffering coming to these shores on a visit of friendship to our. . .

...break the monotony of their lives. . .

The Russian people will not be forever shackled liberty in these latter days. We care only for the good . . .

...Russia may give us and the big profits we . . .

...that, by behaving in this way, the prisoners helped to . . .

...writhe, he asked nothing of the Governor and . . .

...as a young rose-tree in June, was written after all the fantastic and precious work of his early days and after the criticism of his maturity. . .

...The Interpretation of Sex. By Frances Swiney. . .

...The Mind and its Effect on the Body.

...have lost all sense of duty . . .

...Asquith and Sir Edward Grey it owed many . . .

...Mr. Shaw said a few days ago, we have lost all sense of duty . . .

...The Caroline Religious Poets. By F. W. Orde Ward.

...new laws and resolutions . . .

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...Dr.metatable the translator of this book, reminds us . . .

...Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have aided the Russian Tsar in torturing, imprisoning, and murdering thousands of Youvatsheffs. The Tsar has borrowed money in this country to spend on his spies and torturers. . .

...The Moscow Nation is free from blame. . .

...and haunting me.

...and spooky not a word to the jailors. Some prisoners chose a different line of conduct. They set themselves in determined opposition to them, contradicted them, demanded and insisted upon things. . .


FOURTH TRIENNIAL INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF THE WORLD LEAGUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS AND AGAINST VIVISECTION.

CAXTON HALL, VICTORIA ST., WESTMINSTER, JULY 19th to 23rd, 1909.

NOTE THE DATE.
sense of still fighting—i.e., of still living and not being morally dead." If this is the case with these political prisoners, nearly all of whom were highly educated men, thinking that solitary confinement must be to our own prison denizens—the onslaughts upon warders and the emeutes can be readily understood. Fearful of losing his reason, "I endeavoured to control my mind, to re-establish discipline, by not allowing it for any length of time to remain idle. I used, therefore, mentally to deliver lectures to imaginary audiences on my favourite subjects." So as not to lose the power of speech, he started talking aloud until his jailer forbade it. He writes, "I waved my arms and legs, bent and twisted my body, sat down." Despite all his efforts he grew very feeble, and then was it possible to keep a healthier colour, considering how, indeed, was it possible to keep a healthier colour, considering nothing of life, knows nothing save what he has been told or has read of. Romance, passion, temper, love, childhood, old age, starvation, charity, men and women mean to him nothing—save, perchance, the writing of an article. He has of his own neither eyes, ears, nose, and he is utterly devoid of taste, which saves some of his kind. "I used to go to see Duse solely for the pleasure of watching her beautiful hands," he writes, and you don't believe him—probably someone, his wife, told him people said Duse had wonderful hands. When he tells you in successive Douglassian epigrams: "To be deliberate is to be lost. You must look before you leap," you are aware that here is the original of the bang went saxpence joke, who has become aware of the point and who would hesitate for half an hour whether to take the penny 'bus or the two penny tube. If Mr. Douglas is not as insincere as the pose of a fifth-rater is nauseous to a degree. After Mr. Douglas's affectations we feel a need for fresh air and clean water.

Mr. Hilquit has done a valuable service to the Socialist movement. He has put within the compass of a little more than 350 pages a really well-written, philosophical, scientific, and calm account of Socialism as a theory and as a practical policy. He has not overlooked any side of the subject; he has considered it in the abstract as it is distinguished from Individualism, and he has described it at work in the municipalities of, for example, Koulas and Lille. The book is of special value in this respect, for the late time when the leaders of the English Labour Party are blundering badly in their attempt to show the difference between the real reform of Socialism and the sham reforms of Liberalism and Tory Democracy. Mr. Hilquit sums up these sham reformers with a firm touch: "These kind-hearted but short-sighted gentlemen are thoroughly convinced of the soundness of our social system as a whole. They notice occasionally certain social evils and abuses. They happen to encounter an appalling condition of poverty, and they seek to allay it by alms. They notice the spread of disease among the poor, and they build hospitals and sanatoriums... They find their elected representatives in public offices incompetnt and corrupt, and they unite to turn them out of office and to elect more efficient and honest men. They treat each social abuse and evil as an isolated and casual phenomenon. They fail to see the connection between them all. For them, as for the late German-American statesman, Carl Schurz, there is no social problem, but there are many social problems." Not that Mr. Hilquit fails to appreciate the value of transition reforms; but he never loses balance in his valuations. There are a few misleading statements in the book; for example, it is not fair to call the English socialism in theory and practice. By Morris Hilquit. (The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d.)

Adventures in London. By James Douglas. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

Mr. Douglas is the typical journalist. Fortunately few journalists come up to type, and, more unfortunately still, the few who do have just wit enough to escape book publication. These pages about London adventures are more properly described as adventures in an office. Mr. Douglas has no gift of observation, he understands nothing of life, knows nothing save what he has been told or has read of. Romance, passion, temper, love, childhood, old age, starvation, charity, men and women mean to him nothing—save, perchance, the writing of an article. He has of his own neither eyes, ears, nose, and he is utterly devoid of taste, which saves some of his kind. "I used to go to see Duse solely for the pleasure of watching her beautiful hands," he writes, and you don't believe him—probably someone, his wife, told him people said Duse had wonderful hands. When he tells you in successive Douglassian epigrams: "To be deliberate is to be lost. You must look before you leap," you are aware that here is the original of the bang went saxpence joke, who has become aware of the point and who would hesitate for half an hour whether to take the penny 'bus or the two penny tube. If Mr. Douglas is not as insincere as the pose of a fifth-rater is nauseous to a degree. After Mr. Douglas's affectations we feel a need for fresh air and clean water.

Vol. II, No. 4. MONTHLY, 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH REVIEW

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With the July number is given, as a Supplement, Mr. Arnold Bennett's new play, "With the Female Villains," now being produced at the new Royalty Theatre. This is the first and only form in which Mr. Arnold Bennett's play is published.

DUCWORTH & CO., HENRIETTA ST., W.C.
income tax "progressive" merely on account of the rebate system on incomes below £700. Neither have we, practically, male suffrage.

The Condition of England. By C. F. G. Masterman. (Methuen. 6s.)

The condition of England is indeed a matter for anxious concern when a member of his Majesty's Government (for Mr. Masterman is Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board) can produce the book which lies before us. Perhaps we have no right to criticise it, for we candidly confess that we have read only a part of it. We ask our readers to try the experiment themselves before they call this action unfair. When each chapter with almost unbalancing regularity yields a sentimental platitude which would scarcely pass muster in a Sunday School; when vague and unproved generalities are offered in the place of close reasoning; when we look for practical plans and find that our statesman prefers idle musings and amateur evasions—then it is small wonder that the reviewer quickly concludes that he has nothing to hope for here. It is a sad fact to contemplate that this book may be a fair estimate of the intellectual calibre of the men who govern England. Little wonder that England is not governed—but merely survives as best it can.

The Menace of Socialism. By W. Lawler Wilson. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

It is not for a Socialist Review to deny the intelligence of a writer who declares that the greatest factor in the politics of to-morrow is the "menace of Socialism." An anti-Socialist who addresses his friends thus, "Your social system is more vulnerable and its enemies are more dangerous than you know. And the hour of trial is at hand"—need not expect that we will try to drown his voice. The Fabians may be distressed that at last Socialism is discovered; but all the rest of us are convinced that discovery is our greatest triumph. The people will never follow the unknown. But Mr. Lawler Wilson does not stop at criticism; he has an alternative policy. Of course it is only of the policy of throwing scraps to the pursuers with a prayer that they will be foolishly satisfied with the scraps when they can take all. But we admit that Mr. Wilson is able to write down his innumerable fallacies and misstatements in an entertaining manner. "It must always stand to the credit of Mr. Keir Hardie that he first successfully proved that a Socialist shilling and a Trade Union pound make a good Labour guinea," is distinctly pretty. So, with due care not to take all, we quickly conclude that he has nothing to hope for here.

MAN AND SUPERMAN. A COMEDY AND A PHILOSOPHY. Vol. 1. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)


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Rosalind Nash's essay which should be carefully weighed: "If the vigorous life of the new movement had at first been poured from all quarters into the wide channel of publicity, there would have been no need for troublesome grubbing to make way for wandering streams. ... It would be a mistake to treat the objections to limited Bills as an invention of the enemy."

**The Englishwoman.** Studies in her Psychic Evolution.

By David Staars (Smith Elder, 6s. net.)

This work has a certain interest for French readers; but there was not the slightest reason to issue an English translation of this dull, superficial, and yet pretentious book. An introductory chapter of 43 pages is full of nonsense about evolution and psychic ties and all the jargon of the age, and the rest of the book, as the author himself says, is "a dull mixture of the most solid accounts of English women during the Renaissance, with a chapter on Shakespeare's women; English women in the 18th century, with a rather more interesting chapter on Mary Wollstonecraft. Then follow three chapters dealing with Barnet, Martineau, George Eliot, Frances Power Cobbe, and a slight account of the woman movement. Here is something delightful in "Educational Reform": "The Court of William IV was not very moral. ... The tone of the Court changed as soon as Queen Victoria came to the throne. She was virtuous, she had a deep sense of duty; she loved her husband sincerely, and she was a woman. When licence is removed then serious questions emerge from surrounding commonplaces. Such was the beneficial influence of the reign of this beloved Queen." We suppose the greater activity of the Women's Movement under King Edward is because the Court has become virtuous and virtuoso. We especially like the discovery that Queen Victoria was a woman. Almost any writer of the Filer for Women will give a more solid account of the movement than this book, with its misleading sub-title; there is no attempt to get at the make up of the English woman. The translation is not into English, and is occasionally somewhat perilous. Describing a woman's college at Oxford the author is made to say that: "Relations between the men and women students are few and transient." We are sure Mr. David Staars never meant anything so improper as this.

**Botticelli.** By Mary L. Bonnor. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is another worthy addition to that capital series, "Little Books on Art." The author has wisely arranged the whole study of Botticelli on the basis of his biographical evolution; for the study of the historical development is usually the only manner in which a rational conception of a great intellect can be gained. We thus can most easily trace effect to cause. On these sound lines given a very clear idea of the place which Botticelli occupies in the history of Art.

The thirty-three illustrations, arranged in their chronological order, give great assistance in following the argument of the text. It is a pity this series could not have been slightly larger in size of page, for the more crowded pictures necessarily somewhat lose their details; but one cannot have everything for half-a-crown.

**A Three-Foot Stool.** By Peter Wright. (Smith Elder. 6s. net.)

There are two ways of combining literature and Nature; the one, that adopted by a novelist who lately started to walk through Africa. His photo revealed him standing encased in ironclad fittings, a gun in each hand and a rifle in the other, wearing a necklace of revolvers, with bowie knives stuck in his hair, and surrounded by pyramids of cartridges and flea-powder. The other, that of a Balliol man with poetic tendencies adapting himself to the free life of North Canada, and discussing its philosophy and sociology in literary language and cowpuncherese. The result as shown in the book before us is a stimulating blend of poetic, literary, and ranching experiences. But the author's Oxford manner of making love—to a cowpuncheress—is the sort of thing to make honest lovers squirm.
Varieties.

Odette Valery (Coliseum).

What strange times we live in! Surely it was never more easy to capture the public—or has a woman of massive flanks and ample bust always been able to bring large audiences by her numerous display of these charms? Odette Valery is a bad, heavy dancer. For the moment she has chosen the personality of Dalilah as a cover for her brazenness. There are just two ideas in action. One is to keep the audience back so that her body sticks out and round like the half of a monstrous pumpkin, and the other is to slither across the stage, a horrid, creeping thing. One fully expected to see the sticky trail that a slug leaves behind it.

Last year this incomparable "artist" announced in a long circular that she saw no reason why she should not dance to Beethoven's music. When I saw her name billed once more the paralysing suspicion occurred to me that she might have carried out this suggestion. Apparently, however, the gods interfered.

Maud Allan has much to answer for besides her personal performances. Her d- - scent upon us was the signal for a whole species of females to appear, greedy for the gold of deluded men. Here was a chance to rake in the shekels for precious little work—no technique or tricks required! Foolish and blinded men, I would tell you that Maud Allan is the pickled spinster type. Miss Odette Valery is like the hippopotamus out at grass, and that the "Divine" one who lately graced one of our palaces of amusement is an indecorous one—(I speak of stage personalities, these are doubtless admirable young women in private life). However, it is useless casting pearls in this poor world. But what will you do in the next? The Peris assuredly will not be to your taste.

Maurice Farkoa at Home (Grafton Galleries).

How delightful it would be if Mr. Farkoa would start a Cabaret Artistique in London like the attractive haunts that one finds scattered over Paris. He gave us an idea of what he might do in that way on Wednesday night, a suggestion of the intimacy and rapport which should exist between artist and audience. Mr. Farkoa sang one or two songs with more than his usual bluish tinge, cried for food for criticism, I finally surrendered myself to see the sticky trail that she saw no reason why she should do in the next? The Peris assuredly will not be to your taste.

The evening was crammed with things inexplicable and delightful. Devant lifted solid masses of water and left them lying about in unexpected quarters, pre- sided at a long lesson for gold fish, and made ladies disappear into thin air or glass trunks with his usual adaptability. There was moral fare, too. A pleasing old saint exposed the seaminess of a gambler's trade with positively vicious enthusiasm.

I suggest that producers in search of bizarre performances will find this show an enormous rest. I speak of the yearly increasing mob which roves in search of shocks. It would be a change to look for them at St. George's Hall, as well as the productions of such societies as the Playactors. They had a good old rouser at the Court Theatre last Sunday evening. We know that "Kit's Woman" is a problem play, but there must have been many exciting thrills in it for the genteely cultured members.

Everyone surely knows the story of "Kit's Woman." In a Cornish fishery village lived a couple whose marriage was ideally happy. By an accident the husband loses the use of his limbs; he is a cripple for life. Henceforth the marriage can only be purely spirituous. They bear their lot with fortitude, but the husband, from his chair of bondage, observes that youth and the desire of motherhood unsettle the wife. He understands, he—liberal-minded far beyond the station—is ready to commence acquaintance untoward possibilities; he even hopes that someone will bring the solace and appeasement to his wife which fate forbids him to vouchsafe to her. The inevitable happens. She yields to the treaty and the male force of a ship's mate; she hates him in the aftermath, but fearing the consequences, and to clear her conscience, she decides to confess to her husband—as a contemporary puts it. I always look for decorative methods of expressing delicate subjects in our journals of to-day. They possess the gift to a nicety.

All through the play there was a hushed listening for references and suggestions to facts not usually spoken of in public. It would seem shameful to blame a play which honestly seeks to put a problem fairly for the prurience of its audience, but this play is revolting, not in its essentials, but in the accidents with which Mrs. Ellis has chosen to embellish her work. Authors and dramatists should be no more exempt from the ordinary rules of expectation that attend man's work than any other artists. If you give out poor materials to a tailor and you are reasonable, you will not demand a very splendid result, but if you put at his disposal stuffs of the very best quality you will label him a bad workman if he gives you a stupidly-cut, ill-balanced garment.

Mrs. Ellis has taken for her play some of the most valuable and beautiful materials an artist may have to work on—crude human passions, the struggle between love and sensuality, with the maternity feeling thrown in, the pathos of a lover who cannot give his love the
desire of her heart, a child, and the rest of the assets, for instance, the comedy to be extracted from the coarse talk of village gossips.

All these ideas belong to the world. They are not new. They are not borrowed from the treasury of the world's standard ideas, and she should justify her presumption. Now this play is thin and poor. To begin with, the difficulty of making rough, uncultured people express their feelings naturally but solved. They talk like a book, like Mrs. Ellis's book, in fact, and like nothing else in the world. Most of the conversation of Loveday and the other village women has absolutely no bearing on the development of the drama. The whole thing is stained with ugly patches. It is unwise to add that I wish to label Mrs. Ellis as a bad dramatist.

Miss Beryl Faber gave rather a beautiful performance of Janet—beautiful in that it was simple and sincere, though her method of intensifying emotion is melodramatic. Miss Clare Greet and Miss Mary Ralph played the village gossips very cleverly.

Music.

The Orchestral Crisis in England.

We are face to face with a crisis. Not since the days of Henry Purcell has there been so much activity in music as there is to-day in this country, and not since those days have we produced so many composers of the first rank. Of course we cannot look upon mingling shuffling and elbowing going on among English composers and conductors, to say nothing of the extraordinary pitch to which they have developed the subtle art of intrigue. The prevalence of the latter in English musical life would suggest that this company are returning to the period of the Stuarts and Count Grammont. I say "to-day," for in turning over the pages of the cantatas and anthems which immediately precede modern English music it is too humorous to think that the composers of this harmless music ever contrived an intrigue.

When Elgar came along he created an impetus or revival, which brought a large number of composers, full of the modern spirit (albeit many of them reflections of Wagner, Elgar, and Strauss, etc.); whose number extends year after year, and who fight and struggle to keep or get "their feet in." By whom has this modern spirit chiefly been fostered? A few years ago there were only two permanent orchestras in London, the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by August Manns. He was the first conductor to encourage English orchestral music. As time went by the Queen's Hall orchestra was founded, and Mr. Henry J. Wood took up the work begun by Manns: as the Crystal Palace orchestra and conductor faded out into the twilight of non-existing things, the fostering of modern English composers almost became Mr. Wood's sole privilege, and one which he used royally. Twelve years ago Mr. Granville Bantock became the conductor of a fine orchestra at the New Brighton Tower.

Some time later Mr. George Halford commenced the "half-a-crown orchestral concerts" in Birminghalm, in each case English composers were received with open arms, and special attention was given to their works. At New Brighton Mr. Bantock's enthusiasm led him to devise programmes to individual English composers and his work there can hardly be said to have resulted in seating the Principal of the Midland School of Music. Later he carried on his enterprise at Liverpool, on being appointed conductor of the Hallé Orchestra bearing the name Birmingham. In case of Mr. Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," which has been done in Manchester for two consecutive seasons, on the first occasion of its performance at the Hallé concerts the composer was invited to conduct his own work—Mr. Bantock has always been prepared to "take the air" at Blackpool. There is also the Scottish Orchestra which performs in the North under Dr. Cowen.

To sum up and review the whole situation. Real concerts have outrun discretion, or we have produced the men before the nation is ready for them. We have three virtuosi conductors not excelled by any German or other foreign contemporary in Henry J. Wood, Gustav von Holst, J. W. Hathaway are recent successful English orchestral writers. It is right to point out under what enormous disadvantages the young English composer suffers as compared with his foreign colleagues. Of course when you are there are about 200 good orchestras and many first-class opera-houses; the cost of hearing orchestra or opera is a mere trifle. When one reflects that Weimar, for example (which is the home where, a few years ago, gathered Liszt, Wagner, Cornelius, Dvorak, and others, who gave the impetus to the modern movement) contains a smaller number of inhabitants than the town of, say, Stoke-upon-Trent, it will readily be seen how intensely musical is Germany. In this country most of the first-class orchestras are in London, as well as the only decent Opera House we possess—Covent Garden Theatre. The German composer has the further stimulating of living in an atmosphere which has produced a line of great composers, commencing with Bach and culminating in Wagner and Strauss. We have not produced a Bach, a Wagner, or a Strauss, but we may do so.

We have produced Elgar, Bantock, Holbrooke, and others, notwithstanding the enormous advantages which retard the development of the English composer. And if the work of the rank and file of the English School be placed by the side of that of its German contemporary, it will be seen that we are by no means inferior.

To return to the Orchestral Crisis. At the present time there are four permanent orchestras in London: Queen's Hall, London Symphony, New Symphony, and the Beecham smiling upon us. I would say that the aristocrats, Band are returning to the period of the Stuarts and Count Grammont. I say "to-day," for in turning over the pages of the cantatas and anthems which immediately precede modern English music it is too humorous to think that the composers of this harmless music ever contrived an intrigue.

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Landon Ronald, and Thomas Beecham; and we have a few, only a very few, first-class orchestras. From the composers' point of view, it would appear, looking back upon the fine work being produced, that the harvest is now ripe, but from a financial point of view it would appear that English orchestral music was never so near bankruptcy.

HAVERGAL BRIAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of length.

WHITED SEPULCHRES, AND SOME OTHERS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Although some years a reader, I have not hitherto been guilty of attempting to inflect any communication, but the administration of "L'Evolution Créatrice," an assertion which, of late, has given me some space for a word of personal explanation?

It seems to me, sir, that the movement for which The New Age stands would be advanced by some association where teachers and students could meet and discuss freely, and frankly things as they really are, and not as the teachers of sham conventions would have us believe them to be. Why not a New Age club, offering facilities for social intercourse plus propaganda work? Failing this, why not a Correspondence Circle? I take it there must be many readers with a wide experience of, and in close contact with, the actualities of life, and it seems peculiar that an exchange of opinion between them and the intellectuals would be of service to both, as well as benefit the movement generally.

Perhaps this or a similar idea has been already suggested. If so I am sorry I have missed it, and I shall be grateful to you, or any reader, for particulars of any club or centre where realities are discussed free from convention. Perhaps, too, the experiences of some who, like myself, have filled positions in Public Health work, and as such have seen through the walls of many a score of "homes," might be of service or interest to the others who have not had so close an association with Mrs. Wood in various places in varying conditions of society. Apart from the want of knowledge displayed by Mrs. Tom Heck, and suspected or feared by "Amonore," there are other cases of this kind, not to mention another hundred similar ones urgently needing the light of full and frank discussion preparatory to treatment by the sociologist. Included in this should be the case of "prostitution," voluntary and involuntary. For Mrs. Heck, and those who, like her, can "suffer" in comparative comfort, there are others that have to suffer in misery and want, and who have to drain the very dregs to the bitter depths. Their tragedy does not end "all in accordance with the rules." No, it is theirs to struggle on, and to suffer everything, even to death itself, and often to be vilified after that.

I venture to submit, sir, that action on the above lines would be beneficial, and I believe your readers will welcome a Correspondence Association, when I feel sure you will not find them so afraid of plain speaking as you suggest in your note to "Amonore's" letter.

Being a public official, I must perforce conform so far to conventions as to enclose my card and subscribe myself.

DENOVARIAN.

BERGSON AND BAX.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Referring to Mr. Hume's article on Bergson, will you give me space for a word of personal explanation?

One or two of my friends have remarked on a similarity in certain of the broad principles enunciated by Bergson in L'Evolution Créatrice, and certain of the fundamental positions in my "Roots of Reality," reviewed by you in The New Age about a year ago.

If this is the case, I may say not only that I have not as yet read L'Evolution Créatrice, an assertion which, of course, rests on my word alone, but I would also point out as regards any question of priority, that the whole of the main contentions advanced in the "Roots of Reality" are to be found in a cruder and abbreviated form in a little book (now out of print), entitled "The Problem of Reality," and published by Mears. Sonnenchein in 1891 or 1892, I forget which, that is, before M. Bergson's name was known, and years before the publication of L'Evolution Créatrice.

E. BELLPORT BAX.

MOUNTED POLICE IN CROWDS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In view of the question of priority in the above and similar highly important social questions.

It seems to me, sir, that the movement for which The New Age stands was advanced by some association where teachers and students could meet and discuss freely, and frankly things as they really are, and not as the teachers of sham conventions would have us believe them to be. Why not a New Age club, offering facilities for social intercourse plus propaganda work? Failing this, why not a Correspondence Circle? I take it there must be many readers with a wide experience of, and in close contact with, the actualities of life, and it seems peculiar that an exchange of opinion between them and the intellectuals would be of service to both, as well as benefit the movement generally.

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MOUNTED POLICE IN CROWDS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In view of what happened in Westminster on the night of June 29th is it not obvious that the use of mounted police in such affairs is a serious mistake on the part of the authorities? The ordinary police strive admirably to maintain order; the mounted police succeeded still more admirably in creating disorder. Many good-humoured groups were made extremely angry by the ridings down which they experienced, and when certain mounted police—probably annoyed by the booping to which they were subjected—tried using their own feet as well as the hoofs of their horses, it was not to be wondered at that the crowd broke out into a general striking and stabbing of horses is regrettable, but the responsibility rests with the authorities who employ these means to turn a crush into a riot.

I did not see the stabbing reported in the paper, but I saw a horse severely struck with a walking-stick, and several times saw people strike the horses with their clenched fists; but I also saw a mounted policeman strike his heavily shod boot against a woman's breast, and others riding on to the pavement at inoffensive ladies. Neither act was justifiable, but surely the blame rests with the authorities.

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* * * HAROLD CHAPLIN.

THE NEW BIOLOGY.

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."

Having convinced himself that his own opinion is the right one, because it is right (vide his own articles of last year in this review, to which Dr. Eder again refers), the Doctor, as a conscientious Socialist is also an unconscious Lamarckist, singing paeans of praise to good old Butler, whilst cudgelling craftily the professional Biologist who dares to differ from him.

One is used to this sort of cheap fictitious victory. Dr. Eder wins over his absent opponents. But I would remind him that instead of reviling science which happens not to be inclined to concede to them.

The question is by no means settled, least of all in the way Dr. Eder wishes us to assume it settled.

As for the suggestion that the advocates of Eugenics would stop all campaigning against consumption, insanitary dwelling, etc., Dr. Eder does not believe it. Or, if incredibly he should, may I tell him I am not the only one who advocates Socialism and Eugenics combined?

In conclusion, but, on the contrary, complementary factors in the progress of civilisation.

(If the) S. HERBERT.

"NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY."

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."

In his notice of the above in last week's New Age your reviewer says: "But the author fails to point out that in other works Canada is more sinned against than sinning. Its Government has insufficient capital to develop its vast territories, and is therefore unable to make the country an El Dorado for white settlers." It is just, however, to make it out to be. The point is, not that the Government are unable to make Canada an El Dorado (Nature has long ago settled that question), but that they try to persuade all and sundry that it is such, without any assistance on their part. To show that their laudation of Canada must be taken cum grano salis—like most advertisements—is one object of "No English Need Apply."

B. STEWART.

EXPERIMENTS IN DEVILRY.

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."

Can it be that a writer like Mr. Eden Phillpotts is so grossly ill-informed on the subject he writes about in his new book, that he assimilates with the present in your issue as not to be aware that among the "old ladies" to whom he so contemptuously consigns it—as adapted grossly ill-informed on the subject he whistles up the wind whilst cudgelling craftily the professional Biologist who dares to differ from him. To show that their laudation of Canada must be taken cum grano salis—like most advertisements—is one object of "No English Need Apply."

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."

If literature is to more have the right to be—more appropriate for a man pretending to know better to give arguments and facts for his own contentions.

It is an old saying that a writer like Mr. Eden Phillpotts is so grossly ill-informed on the subject he writes about in his new book, that he assimilates with the present in your issue as not to be aware that among the "old ladies" to whom he so contemptuously consigns it—as adapted grossly ill-informed on the subject he whistles up the wind whilst cudgelling craftily the professional Biologist who dares to differ from him.

This is just what a paper like The New Age is in danger of becoming, and what was not unexpected. The quotation at the very outset. Nowhere does Mr. Grierson show that Canada is an El Dorado (Nature has long ago settled that question), but that they try to persuade all and sundry that it is such, without any assistance on their part. To show that their laudation of Canada must be taken cum grano salis—like most advertisements—is one object of "No English Need Apply."

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THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

To THE EDITOR OF "The New Age."

In my letter I wrote that "the report of Joint Committee which the W.E.A. are adopting as the basis of Lord Curzon's suggestion, etc. This appeared as 'adopts the basis of,' etc. This printer's error, due entirely to my own bad handwriting, is the only correction Mr. Mansbridge has to make. The rest of his letter deals with opinions wherein he differs from mine, as was not unexpected. He gives the quotations at the very outset. Nowhere does Mr. Grierson show that Canada is an El Dorado (Nature has long ago settled that question), but that they try to persuade all and sundry that it is such, without any assistance on their part. To show that their laudation of Canada must be taken cum grano salis—like most advertisements—is one object of "No English Need Apply."

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