A FLUNKEY WORLD.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Of the mysteries of Isis it is written: Veil after veil will uplift, but veil after veil will remain. Similarly of the issues which arise in politics. There are issues which appear to be fundamental and are not. Behind each is discovered an issue still more vital, still nearer reality. We have, as our readers know, been disposed to regard the issue that is now being raised on the question of the Lords as in some respects the most important politically that has come up for public judgment for several generations; and so indeed it is. Remembering that the House of Lords is the last stronghold of artificial privilege, of privilege without responsibility, its abolition must needs be a main plank in any progressive programme. For all that, however, it is well to remember that the abolition of the House of Lords is but a milestone on the road to Dover: it is not Dover itself, but something more, which the other milestones, scores of them, each in its turn as difficult to pass. Nothing but a clear conception of the nature of Dover itself and of the indispensable means of arriving thither will be of any value to us either in the present or in any future crisis.

There are certain facts which it would be well if all would-be reformers might learn by heart. We are told by Tariff Reformers that the final test of prosperity is a large export trade. To other parties the final test of prosperity is a big Navy or a large shipping, or a big market value of Consols, or the price of Home Raisins. Really these have only to be stated to be refuted. The only test of prosperity is the health and happiness of the people, and it is by that test that every Government must be judged, whether its works are good or bad. Now, is there a single living soul who would maintain that in health and happiness the people of this country of England are to be judged as having been rightfully ruled during the last hundred, fifty, twenty, ten, or even five years? We are no alarmists, nor are we Anarchists, but the plain facts of the case are there to be faced and to be met with a remedy.

Everybody knows that the main criticism of Socialists, as of all genuine reformers, is directed primarily against the present system of industry, not on account of the mere fact of private property, but on account of the appalling consequences of that system. It would be easy enough academically to maintain that the existence of vast accumulations of wealth in individual hands is one of the very conditions of progress. Mr. Balfour, we think it was, once remarked that, bad as the presence of wide-spread poverty might be for the State, the absence of a few rich would be still worse; since on the existence of a small rich class depended, we suppose, the creation and encouragement of all the finer and more expensive arts. That, indeed, might be true if the old and now obsolete doctrine of noblesse oblige had been displaced by the doctrine of richesse oblige. But the actual fact is that the small wealthy class which our industrial system has produced is at the same time the least humanely instructed, the most selfish, and the most vulgar of any privileged class known in history. Far from discarding the noble responsibilities which the possession of great wealth may be supposed to have entailed, our plutocrats have, with few exceptions, devoted their energies to increasing their privileges, while they have diminished the sum of their duties. Thus it comes about that never before in the history of the world has a nation been so permanently engaged in civil war as the two classes of rich and poor in England to-day. That, indeed, is the secondary meaning of the struggle now in progress between the Commons and the Lords. In one sense that struggle is an episode in the Thousand Years' War of the poor against the rich.

And what an unequal struggle it has been and still is! The casualties alone on one side are beyond calculation greater than ever were sustained in the bloodiest battles ever fought in war. By starvation, unemployment, under-employment, overwork, sweating, underfeeding, insanitary conditions, preventable diseases, neglect, dirt—in a word, by poverty—the army of the poor lose in numbers every year a greater percentage of killed and fatally wounded than were slain during the whole of the European Thirty Years' War. Year by year, too, the odds against them become constantly greater: the rich become richer and the poor poorer. In the last ten years income assessable to the tax has increased by some £1,273,000,000, in the same period the total amount paid in wages has remained almost stationary, while prices have risen three and more per cent. Every year the working classes, numbering 40,000,000 of the population, share between them £880,000,000 of the national aggregate income, of which no more than a handful of 75,000 persons absorb for their own exclusive use another lump of £240,000,000. In the last ten years sixty millionaires have died leaving an average of £1,750,000 each to their relatives.

Four thousand three hundred persons have between them more than half the land of England; 30,000,000 of our population have not so much as a grave space of land among them, either to own or to rent. The aggregate income of twelve men whom Mr. Lloyd George could name would be enough to provide a whole year's subsistence to 4,000 families of five persons each. In London alone one person in every three dies in a workhouse, hospital, or asylum. Every year one in six of the total labouring population is a pauper. And, as for health, the present physique of our population is the despair of army officers no less than of humanitarians. Of the accepted recruits to the Army one in three is rejected on final examination. On an average the rich and well-fed males of our population are 2 inches taller and 20 lbs. heavier at the age of 22 than the males among manual labourers. Add to these facts the terrible facts of sweating, overcrowding, and starva-
tion, and the dimensions of the real problem behind the problem of the Lordes begin to be dimly described.

Now, it is perfectly true that we are, on the whole, with Mr. Balfour. But Mr. Balfour once professed himself to be, namely, House of Commons. But let nobody suppose that any Socialist is satisfied with the House of Commons as at present constituted. Even as a representative body the House of Commons is almost as exclusively privi-

eous as the House of Lords. Of the 670 members of the late Parliament 89 were large landowners, 95 ex-

Government officials, 171 lawyers, 16 bankers, 119 large employers, 44 coal, iron, and ship-masters, and 13 com-

pany promoters. These "represented" an electorate of 74 millions, of whom five millions are wage-earners. These latter had a total representation of 68 workmen, several of whom were opposed to their own class. Such a House of Commons could not conceivably be revolu-

tionary in any real sense of the word; nor, in our view, is any Second Chamber necessary as a check or brake on any action likely to be taken by such a body of necessarily conservative plutocrats.

In the coming election it is, we hope, such facts as these that will be taken into account by the "silent voice" which will not always be said of the Liberals in the coming election. The Labour Party as a national party, at least it will be admitted that they have a strict title to a greater repre-

sentation than they possess already. We urged that the Alliance had never existed, and will never exist. The proposal struck all the readers of THE NEW AGE as being the right course to pursue. Needless to say, it has not been pursued, nor, we may add, has the justice of the proposal been repudiated. The truth is that the Alliance has never existed, and will never exist.
FOLLY IS KING!
An Improvisation.

Let us reason together said the wise man,
For folly and fear
Have ruled the world from year to year.

Let us reason together, and if we can
Devise a means of living content
'Twixt fools on this hand and cowards on that,
Before our lives are completely spent.

We have wept and wailed
For six thousand years,
And 'twixt two deadly powers quailed
In doubt and silent fears.

Then up rose another, and thus expressed:
Mock folly with laughter and fear with contempt,
For the wise can do nothing but live by the day,
Weep when we must and laugh when we may,
And nothing more attempt.

For folly is King
On a throne of Pleasure,
His footstool is Pain
And his people are Famine and Fear.

When all had spoken, uprose a form
Like a spectre of Time out of history's storm.
He spoke with a voice that came through the years
Like a spectre of Time out of history's storm.

Wisdum arrives at last, he said,
With piercing eye and haughty head,
Learn, my friends, that fools have a place
In the realm of the mighty of every race
Where Folly is King!

He was crowned at the dawn of science and fame,
When religion and art from the nebulous came,
For folly's eternal!
His laugh will arise
From the depths of the earth to the dome of the skies,
Stilling the voice of the great and wise.

Aye! Folly is King
And Pleasure's his Queen,
And Pain's his children
And Famine's his people
And Death their regal train!

Judah P. Benjamin.

Ballads of Hecate.

III.—The Ballad of the Were-Wolves.

He calls his pack, the Grisly Hunter calls them.
His wild hallow soundeth at many gates.
In their deep sleep mysterious change befalls them:
They rise, scarce conscious, to their darker fates.

Out to the forlorn places, where are hiding
The lost, the homeless, and the trapped by night,
With yap and bay they rush, their Black Lord guiding,
To the rich quarry, theirs by bestial right.

Urged by the primal hunger never sated,
Round their grey maws curled the cruel foam.
Scarce is the horror of the chase abated
When in the dawn they scatter and go home.

With foul red maw I saw one homeward slinking.
The pale light, as he limped on alone,
Showed me a shamed human face and shrinking.—
Meek at high noon he trembled on a throne.

"My people," said he. Pious his preambles,
As "God preserve ye," and "I wish ye well."—
Ah, Tsar, thou trembledst less among the shambles
When to thy lot the silly yearlings fell!

Young blood thou wilt, rich blood, the purest;
But not a little doth thy hunger stay.
Out to the waste thine own flocks first thou lurest.—
Why then so puny in the light of day?

Holes hast thou for thy victims torn and bleeding.
Dost grudge it that they still draw anguish'd breath?
To-night mayhap in Finland thou'll be feeding.
Thyser th Black Lord calls his pack of death.

And swift and keen, and with a sound like laughter,
Through the mist-wreaths I saw another pass.
Deftly he cast his skin, and short space after
He served with unction at the morning mass.

Sweet on the altar is the Victim's savour.
With holy peace his soul it inundates.—
Had not that other victim sweeter savour?
Thou struck'st 't the dark within Monjuich's gates?

Dog of the Lord, thy cruel craft did fail thee
Long, ere he fell to thee that luckless night!
But when his offspring to the judgment hale thee,
The court shall holden he in full daylight.

'Along the slow sleek things from the waste defiling
Straight to a castle one takes his homing road.
Falls on deep sleep, and wakens, suave and smiling
Proud to the world across his acres broad.

Prop of the State is he.
And tells the humble
Their duties, and is liberal with his doles.
So not one stone of his great castle crumble,
He grudges not the mud that walls their holes.

Last night they came and said they would be sharing
The fruit of their own country's heritage
And of their toll. The primal beast upflaring,
He rent their hopes and charters in his rage.

Who is he fiercer, leaner than the others,
That tore the sleeping watch-dogs on the hills;
Then in the silence urged his grisly brothers;
Stabbed their mad ecstasy with savage thrills?

Keen-eyed and specious was he in the morning,
Under the banner of the Sons of Light.
His word moved myriads, who knew not of his coming,
His venal pact with the Black Lord of Night.

Brutish and blinded are the rest, and drunken
With old wine turn'd to poison.
But, more base,
Thou of the thrice-bought Press far lower
Lick'st i' the mire thy hire before the chase.

Coldly by day ye will disown each other.
Yet one your madness.
Of one kin are ye.
Ye suck'd one poison from an aging mother—
Old power turn'd now to maniac tyranny.

One the dark hunting-field without division.
One lord doth lead you drowsy to the night.
Slum rents and Congo rubber make provision
For lead to shoot the Soldiers of the Light.

The warders of the Amour Road are smiling
To Strangways' promise—while for his Cossack
Italian peasants pay. "Our eyes beguiling,
A purchased Press hides Finland on the rack.

The New Age

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**Foreign Affairs.**

The Conservative Party is moving slowly towards its last resort when desperate—a Jingo campaign. Mr. Robert Blatchford is a willing tool of the "Daily Mail" and the "National Review." There is something incongruous in this continual henchmanship to the jingoists. Mr. Blatchford is assuming that the Liberal Ministers are all traitors, deliberately bent on reducing British armaments below safety level. Men who make charges of this character against an Administration, because they disagree with its policy, are outside national remonstrance. Mr. Garvin, the editor of the "Observer," and one of the Harmsworth ring, is another writer whose tactics are equally reprehensible. Really, the numerous Socialist and Liberal employees of the Harmsworth firm can only regard with amazement. That they should lend the brains without which Harmsworth would be harmless, to a campaign against the liberties of England is, perhaps, the saddest contemporary spectacle.

The war scare is undoubtedly being revived to confuse the issue now awaiting decision. The militarist caste have indeed worked this device for centuries. While the Englishman is being incited against the German, the Rothschilds are profiting by the war loans. Englishmen should remember the "Morning Leader" cartoon, representing Tommy Atkins watching the Chinese entering the mines. It was a master stroke of satire as showing vividly how England had been deduced in the interests of the South African gang of financiers. Again, Lord Rothschild, Lord Rosebery, Lord Avebury, and Mr. Balfour, a solid anti-Budget square of plutocrats, were the men who signed the most selfish political letter ever written, protesting against the halfpenny rate for the benefit of London's straying children.

The London Tory Press is almost controlled by Lord Northcliffe. Toryism speaks with the voice of Lord Northcliffe. While simple Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, this gentleman signed a leading article in the "Daily Mail," stating he would resist any tax on food as against the public interest. This pronouncement was made during Mr. Chamberlain's unauthorised Tariff Reform campaign. In those days the "Daily Mail" opposed food taxation. But Mr. Alfred Harmsworth received a baronetcy, whereupon the "Daily Mail" received light on the subject of food taxes, and its opposition was turned into approval. In consideration, we must suppose, of this consistent support, Sir Alfred Harmsworth was made a peer by Mr. Balfour, a creation which was followed by a buzzing protest in the "Saturday Review," entitled "The Adulteration of the Peerage." Lord Northcliffe has now control of the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," the "Weekly Dispatch," the "Daily Mirror," the "Observer," and the "World," and the value of his support has correspondingly appreciated.

The Parisian correspondent of the "World" writes that the French Press have welcomed the rejection of the budget. This is an outrageous mis-statement. The Royalist Catholic Press is hoping for a Conservative victory at the British elections, because, then, a European war may be forced on France and England, during which the Catholic reactionaries in France hope to regain much of their lost power. The reactionaries in France are embarking on an election campaign, during which the religious bogey is to be raised, so as to check the Socialist advance. The financiers are supporting the Catholic and Royalist candidates.

The slavery in Angola and the Islands of San Thomé and Principe was discussed at length in the action between Messrs. Cadbury and the "Standard." The attitude of the British Foreign Office, as shown by the evidence of Mr. Edward Grey, was all but incredible. Our ally of Portugal has been convicted of the most abominable cruelties. Sombre protests are made against the Congo atrocities; but Portugal is greeted as England's bosom friend. The "Standard," which was a supporter of Chamberlain's Bill, was taken by the native cause by the herding of the Chinenko together without womenfolk, attacked the Messrs.Cadbury for their hypocrisy in denouncing Chinese labour, while commercially maintaining their connection with the Angola slave trade in cocoa. Messrs. Cadbury were very dilatory; but the "Standard's" hypocrisy is much worse than that of Messrs. Cadbury. A question like this can be decided by the shorthand notes and the various reports. The present writer long ago acquainted himself with the accounts of the Portuguese slave trade, and also with the evidence given before a secret commission on the vice prevalent among the Chinese contract labourers. Mr. Lyttelton and his colleagues owe a debt of gratitude to the Liberal Ministers for not having published that secret report of the vice on the Rand. Had Lord Elgin published that document, England would have been too hot to hold Mr. Lyttelton, and Messrs. Wernher, Eckstein, Beit & Co. would have been lynched. If driven to it the present writer will issue this document as an antidote to the Jingo scare; but he is reluctant to cast such a blot on the name of England throughout the world.

The Catholic influence at the English Court has prevented any action being taken on the Portuguese slave trade. The Portuguese Court is financially interested in the cocoa trade. The English Catholics have refused to join in any movement of reform. Great alarm is being felt in Protestant circles at the growing power of the Catholics at the English Court. The Society of Jesus is the secret body which has checkmated the Messrs. Cadbury and the Congo Reformers. This Society intervened in the last Presidential Election on behalf of President Taft, and it is working internationally in many different ways. Because it was an international association, and opposed to the general spirit of democratic liberty, the "New Age" advocated intervention in the Ferrer case. It is sound doctrine that moral atrocities cannot be interfered with; but when the atrocity will profoundly affect human progress, then a progressive people should endeavour to prevent its execution. The Jesuits ranged themselves against Democracy when they secured Ferrer's assassination. As the upholder of the democratic Ideal, England should have prevented this crime; but the English democrats had not calculated on the conversion of the English Court to Catholic doctrine.

"Stanhope of Chester."*

NEW AGE readers will be interested to learn that under the Supervision or Deportation Law, promoted to deal with persons "dangerous to the community," which came into force only in July of this year, 107 persons, up to November 2nd, had been ordered to the Kharjeh oasis. The cases of these people were heard in public, whatever that may mean in Egypt; and some only were defended by counsel. The proceedings were conducted on the same lines as those of the ordinary courts. The amount of security demanded varied from £1,000 to £1,000,000, except in eleven cases, in which, for special reasons, it was fixed between £1,000 and £1,500. At these people could not find the securities, they were deported. The matter seems to have been deliberately watched. Without more information, the affair seems to come somewhere between a long-firm swindle and the Russian transportation tyranny. C.
Mr. Robert Blatchford is a gentleman who has rendered great services to Socialism. He is a representative leader among Socialists on many points. His fire and forceful writing have been valuable assets to Socialism; they are still potent in their persuasive effect.

The truer all these facts are, the more remarkable does his anti-German attitude become, and the more necessary it is for his fellow-Socialists to deny his right to speak for English Socialism, or any section of Socialists, on the question of Anglo-German relationship. Mr. Robert Blatchford is a party of one when he assumes the rôle of a Jingo.

The announcement in the "Daily Mail" that Mr. Blatchford is to write a series of articles warning the British public of the German danger, coincides with an anti-liberal campaign by those Tory Jingoists who are prepared to use any means to turn the Liberals out of office. Mr. Blatchford may be actuated by the purest motives; but the consequences of his action are anti-Socialist and anti-Liberal. That is a hard fact which he cannot escape. He is lending his abilities to the political manoeuvre which won the Croydon election for the Tory Party.

This is not Mr. Blatchford's first offence by any means. In the summer of 1908, he was a party to the working up of a similar scare. Nothing happened from that miscchievous outbreak except the embitterment of feeling between England and Germany. The relations between England and Germany have been put on a better footing, so that the wickedness of stirring up strife just now cannot be overlooked.

In 1908, Mr. Robert Blatchford asserted that he had special information which induced him to warn England of a probable German attack. The German attack has not taken place yet, and which is far more important, has Mr. Robert Blatchford produced his special information. What reason has Mr. Blatchford for intervening now (in the columns of an anti-Socialist, anti-Liberal, anti-German, anti-Peace newspaper, owned by the most dangerous political incendiary in England) when everyone else has been congratulating each other on the improvement of Anglo-German relations?

Mr. Blatchford, as Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has reminded us in an extraordinary biographical note on the editor of the "Clarion," has attained 58 years of age. He has had a strenuous life, and he has reached that period when it is most difficult to rid the mind of mental delusions. Mr. Blatchford is an honest man; but he has the myopia of g. Mr. Frederic Harrison, the famous Positivist, another recent recruit to the Jingo ranks, is 78. Mr. Frederic Harrison has lived a comparatively comfortable life; but the early years of Mr. Blatchford's career were hardly prosperous. At 58, Mr. Blatchford has become as old a man as Mr. Frederic Harrison is at 78. One feature of the aged is panic. None are more likely to clamour for war than those who are debarred by their age from fighting. None are more anxious about mysterious designs of others than those who have been innocent of conspiracies for five or six decades. This is the psychology of these strange ebullitions. Harmful as they may be, they should not be taken too seriously, though apt to provoke much wrath.

In the days preceding the Transvaal War Mr. Robert Blatchford took no part in the agitation against that catastrophe. When the war was proceeding he denounced in vehement terms those men and women who were giving time and money to checkmate the intrigues of the South African ring of capitalists. Mr. Blatchford was keenly alive to the perils of the war of cheap labour war. He urged the trusting workmen who read his journal on to the South African battlefields, while Eckstein and Beit rejoiced. In 1894 President Kruger refused to allow the mine-owners to import 10,000 Chinese labourers into the mines. In 1895 the Jameson Raid took place. From then onwards the British people were inflamed against the South African Republics. In 1899 war broke out. In 1902 the Boer Republics surrendered. In 1903 a shortage of labour was suddenly rediscovered. From 1894 to 1903 the Kaflir workmen had been receiving £23 a month in wages. In 1904 the Chinese were introduced at the rate of 30s. a month as blackleg labour. This was the most gigantic piece of capitalist blacklegism ever carried out. From 1904 to 1906 the Liberal and Labour Parties carried on an agitation against Chinese labour and the moral scandal of allowing many thousand men to be imported without their womenfolk. In this agitation Mr. Robert Blatchford declined to assist. The "Clarion" described it as the "Chinese labour lie." The fact is that nearly all the Chinamen have gone, but the rate of the black workman's wage has been reduced to 30s. a month. That is the definite result of the South African War for Eckstein, Beit, and Co.

Will Mr. Robert Blatchford explain what farthing of advantage British workmen have secured from the South African War? They spent, partly at his instigation, £250,000,000, and laid down many thousands of lives. For what? Surely not for the cures of the ghost of Tommy Atkins watching the Chinese labourers entering the mines, saying, "This is what I fought for," was the bitterest and truest answer to this question. The pounds of disadvantage were the misery the war caused in South Africa and England, and the complete absence of social legislation from 1899, when the war broke out, until 1906, when Mr. Blatchford's present allies, the Jingoists, were swept out of office, amid a torrent of public indignation.

England is being driven along the same perilous road. In 1894-1899 the Transvaal was the enemy which was nursing designs of hurling the English into the sea. In 1909 it is Germany which is constructing a nefarious conspiracy to blot out the European hegemony! Panic breeds dissension and war. The ruling classes in Germany may want a European war, but the German people can control those classes if approached in a fair spirit by the representatives of the English people. Mr. Blatchford had no proposal of this kind in 1908, and has not moved an inch since to help on an understanding between the English trade unions, the German trade unions, the English Socialists, and the German Social-Democrats. Nay, he has sneered at any such efforts and mocked at the advocates of peace. Mr. Robert Blatchford should answer in this matter the query he has never answered relating to the South African War: Was it not in line with the German and English working classes gain from an Anglo-German conflict? Millions of money would be expended in such a war and thousands of lives thrown away. Both countries would be well-nigh bankrupted, and their common enemies would reap the crops of their weakness.

Yet this is the policy which the English electorate is asked to pronounce in favour of at the next election. The return of the Conservative party means the blood tax of conscription, the food tax, and an Anglo-German war. Reaction, in other words, would flourish everywhere. Mr. Blatchford is undoing much of his good work of the past. Tragic and deplorable as his conduct is, it is conceivable that the South will fall into the trap into which the Tory party led the country during 1894-1904.

C. H. NORMAN.
Imaginary Speeches.

I.—By Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

Style: the discursivo-epigrammatico-polite.

[Extract from the "Maily Pelegrost," June 10th, 1910. The new Liberal Government has introduced a Local Veto Bill.]

On Saturday Mr. F. E. Smith opened the new premises of the Unionists and Tariff Reform Club at Doodle-cum-Flap. Subsequently Mr. Smith addressed a mass meeting in the Balfour Hall. Lord Beres was in the chair, and amongst those on the platform were many ladies. Mr. Smith, who on rising received an ovation, said that the Radicals, in their own inimitable way—(laughter)—had seized the very first opportunity that had offered toiddle and swindle the electors who, in a misguided frenzy, had sent them back to the premises which they, and the numerous minute but distinctly unpleasant occupants of their hats—(loud laugh)—had infested for six years. (Shame!) They had produced a Local Veto Bill, a Bill which provided the people in every town and village throughout the whole length and breadth of the country where the Clifford-canters and the Horne humbugs and the Whittaker Billaries shall be cocoa, towards which beverage they had perverted the narrow path of the whole generation of some of its members, he would say, was a contemptible handful of equally undistinguished peers, who, knowing that they would have perished in the Socialist State, had a multiplicity of fathers. (Loud laughter and cheers.) These were the gentlemen who held that the liquid aliment of the entire population should be cocoa, towards which beverage they had perhaps a natural bias, because they manufactured it themselves. (Laughter.) These were the gentlemen who had purchased comfort and hoped to purchase peacings out of the profits made from the sale of those repellant effervescences—(laughter)—which amongst Radicals went, he believed, under the names of lemonade—(laughter)—and ginger-ale. (Much laughter.) These were the fish-eyed Pharisees who believed that a discriminating deity had sent them into the world to purgethe of its sins. Pure, sweet souls! Good men! They wanted to make England sober; but they did not know that they could never make men sober by Act of Parliament. (Loud cheers.) Even if they could, he personally would rather see England in a state of unintermittent inebriety—(laughter)—than wearing the dyspeptic lily of a blameless Nonconformity. These were the fathers of the Bill; these and one long last. But not least reptilian—(laughter)—there were the professional agitators at present in control of the Radical caucus. Did they drink cocoa? Did they drink lemonade? Were they concerned about leading the erring British soul into the straight and narrow path? They certainly mouthed the mealiest platitudes. Their fluency as panegyrists of virtue, their self-abnegatory repudiation of interested motives were worthy of St. Titus Oates and the Very Reverend Uriah Heap. (Laughter.) But when one had smelled the breath of some of them after dinner—(loud laughter)—across the floor of the House—(roars of laughter)—one was somewhat inclined to discount their unctuous utterances.

What was the composition of this Cabinet—this Radical Cabinet which had foisted itself on a patient nation? If he had the elegance of diction and facility of generalisation of some of its members, he would say that it was composed half of fools on the bombast and half of rogues on the make. (Laughter and cheers.) Its head was that prize puppet Mr. Asquith, whose most distinctive characteristic was the complacency with which he permitted himself to be led by his rather bulbous nose. (Laughter.) Then they had that genial spirit Mr. Alexander Ure, who seemed to labour under the quite erroneous impression that a juvenile talent for eluding the constabulary whilst poaching rabbits qualified him to legislate for his betters, and who, by the beastly vulgarity of his invective, had made the tone of our public life approximate to that of the circles in which he had been brought up. There was a jostling mob of undistinguished lawyers, who had been ousted by superior men from practice at the Bar; and there was a contemptible handful of equally undistinguished peers, who, knowing that they would have no chance of getting jobs from the Unionist party, had degraded themselves to the level of rascally Welsh solicitors in order to obtain jobs from the other. And there was Mr. Winston Churchill, the arch-adventurer, whose carefully prepared impromptus and oil-saturated epigrams had made him a little tin god with the deluded worshippers who squatted at the feet of the Radical leaders. But then Mr. Churchill was a rat. (Loud cheers.)

The Radical party was a hollow sham. The country was finding it out. The Radicals abused the rich, when every sensible man knew that every single Radical M.P. would joyfully wade through six miles of sewage to shake hands with a lord. At all events, they would stink no more at the end of it than they did when they went in. Radicals said Tories drank. Well, Tories did. The country did not want local veto, and it did not want the Government. What it wanted was work, and only the Unionist party could give it work. They would be returned to power under their great leader, Mr. Balfour, to formulate and enforce a scheme of Tariff Reform—(prolonged cheers)—which would increase employment, multiply our revenues, and bind with indissoluble links the Empire of which they were all so proud. (Loud and continued cheering.)

Mr. Smith (subsequently to his cronies): "'Jolly good speech that, eh, wha-at!"

J. C. Squire.
By W. Shaw Sparrow.

V. Town Lands and Civic Needs.

The industrialism which now rules the world is very young among the private ownership of town land; and when old age neither quits public affairs nor obliterates altered conditions quarrels arise between it and alert youth and thought. That is why heredity and ancient rights to keep town land as private property are opposed to the spirit of reform. No useful reform is necessary is to note how they conflict with the uncertain fight for bread under the wear and tear of a universal trade war. If town lands were communal, paper control could save dire pressures and would be uplifted from the welfare of social life and enterprise. For rents would fall at once, and building work—it now costs about three times more than was spent on better art in the Middle Ages, though wages have not improved, according to Thorold Rogers—would cease to be a foolish gamble in torrid prices for sites. Vast sums of money would then be freed year by year from expenditure in land and from the burden of mortgages, shops, trades, factories, amusements; and this gleaned capital could enrich many fields where elevated study goes hand in hand with practical energy. There would be then a surer hope of keeping greatness young and wide awake. Besides, however venerable customs and laws may be, there comes a time that unfits them for further use.

These facts are horrible to groundlords, of course. It is said that the history of British land since the Norman Conquest must be repeated from this hour to the last one in the life of Britain. There is to be a final Domesday Book, an amplification of the first. If you try to throw a chill on their prophetic ardour they cry, "Thief!" If you ask them to change their private old oafs into town's corporate fight for life they bellow "Robber! You want to snatch our lands for your personal ends." You are supposed to be a fool if you try to understand the needs of the day as they are affected by antique rights at standing odds with the men of to-day.

Yet many personal rights have already disappeared with the walled citizenship of the past. Indeed, science, with her inventions—with steam machines of infinite variety, and telephones, telegraphs, and other conquests over labour and time and distance—has completely altered the battle of life, and men have now to be units in vast schemes of collective effort. And this effort, though shared by all, is not for the benefit of a few; its object is the corporate welfare of this or that town in its competition with thousands of other towns, partly British, partly foreign; because each town now has a corporate fight for life, and ambitions clash with our own, where tactics and strategy arrive from abroad by telegraph and telephone, and do either good or harm to the commonweal of citizens. Amid such a conflict as this new warfare it is childish to talk of individualism, as do so many litterers in byways of unconcern. To them I have nothing to say.

It is worth while to understand these things. Not many do. British trade tactics are like the French war under Napoleon III. against German thoroughness and unity of action, for there is friction between class and class, and also between enterprise in each industrial camp and campaign. Manufacturers of the same useful wares despise and harm their common lot in trade by cutting prices wildly. Meantime, individualism is dead in trade unions, in great trusts of capitalists, in huge shops that kill the smaller ones, in many newspapers that control the same companies, in free libraries and museums, in State schools, as well as in many laws to enforce private respect for public rights and health and morals. But we look in vain for unity between all the general co-operative and general oppositions.

Our collectivism is chaotic, anti-social. Each town should fight together as a whole, and all the towns in a country should have a common policy of trade defence, since all are in competition with the world-war of trade and finance. By this means alone England will prosper, despite the universal conflict in the affairs of life. The socialism that Art serves is not socialism of peace, but a socialism of united and strenuous conflict in all places, supported by thoroughness in all things, by homes friendly to health, and by a devoted submission to the common welfare. There cannot be any freedom from international rivalry while human nature and science continue their present strife in evolution.

Each for all—all for each; in that is future progress.

Men die, what we do lives always, and the man of a day cannot fetter the undying with laws fixed for all time. A truth for landowners. Moreover, it is always upon the nation's homes that mistakes in public policy fall with tragic consequence. We have suffered abominably from an individualistic free trade in jerry-building; we see trash and cheapness rated at a higher value than common-sense and thoroughness; and we know that private ownership of town lands adds to the cost of building, and uplifts rents above the average level of prosperity among each class in the State. In these evils there is social degeneration, of course. Yet it will take a very long time to remove them. Progress in human life creeps. It is quite as slow of growth as the yew tree.

Again, what essential morality can there be in private ownership of civic land? Why should it be handed on from father to son century after century? Why did not Shakespeare bequeath to his family entitled lands to increase in worth with the nation's wealth and strength? For the most part, the genius of invention is this country, since the time of Alfred the Great, has been treated asocialistic, while fields and other grounds have brought harvests of hereditary ownerships. Yet logic will come by its own eventually.

If anything in this world ought to be common property it is the land upon which citizens live and labour, since the value of it to each town depends not on a private owner's toil and thought, but on the degree of success achieved by civic enterprise and by a nation's general progress. What would be the value of London land to its present groundholders if Germany crippled us at sea and invaded our shores? Yet landowners like to believe that they owe no debt of recompense—no ground taxes—to either town or State. Unearned increment is a honey that never cloys. I should love it myself. But change in the land laws will come, riding the hobby-horse called Patience, the untired Rosinante of Reform.

It is said that death duties will make the land national by impoverishing its ancient owners. If so, then groundholders will pay the State for the gradual disappearance of their rights, instead of receiving a compensation in money for the necessary withdrawal of those rights. Then there is no morality in that. Justice demands that legal rights in property should be bought by the State at their business value to the community. But whatever effect death duties have on land and on other property they are now spent as cash, year by year, instead of being hoarded as capital for the State and its future.

These problems are infinitely perplexing when considered in their relation to the present cost of houses, pressing ground rents that are not the only other essential factors in to-day's home-making. The art of civilisation by the fireside is wonderfully handi-capped, above all in towns. Here and there, it is true, there are signs of progress. The Manufactures and Industries Association does excellent work as a pioneer—is, indeed, a sort of corporative Ruskin; and Mr. John Burns has retained more reform than compromise usually admits into a ridded Act of Parliament. Even London County Councillors and school overseers speak wisely about social policies of local schools as a new apprenticeship, while showing a want of judgment in recent matters of architecture. All national building work ought to be competed for by the nation's architects, under the guidance of a committee of practical experts. For we need the best that the best men can do, and not routine designs concocted by an official department.
The Sociologist upon the Streets. 

III.—The River.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

For place, and work, and folk, for the stream of time through history, or for the variations of the year, the up-and-down-rush of the tides, the ripples and eddies of the moment, it is time for us to be leaving the vivacities of Fleet Street as we left the societies of the learned, and to begin to observe and interpret the cause of things more directly for ourselves. For this there is nothing more suggestive in detail, as certainly nothing more fundamental, than the River, that old Father Thames who for untold ages, and by every annalist and observer, has been recognised as the very source of the city's being, the pulse and life-blood of its permanence throughout incessant change. Yet your modern London, for the first time in history, largely forgets this.

One would expect that every one of her children should know the Lord Mayor's rebuke to King James' threat to remove his court custom from London: "We beseech your Majesty not also to take away the river." Yet it is not long since I had to say to one of London's eminent daughters, otherwise far from unintelligent: "Surely you do not forget that there is more in London than you speak of—more than your West End trying to amuse itself, more than Westminster and Whitehall trying to govern, more than Fleet Street trying to tell them, more than the City trying to make money, and more than an East End trying to find employment, there is the great river, the foremost seaport of the world, with all its docks and argosies." Whereupon she said, "Dear me, so there is! How very interesting! I never thought of that!" Even a brother of the Sociological Society has asked me: "In your studies of cities have you ever considered the importance of the river to London?"

Of course, as the culminating and superlative example of this decline or disappearance of any general and living comprehension of the river's value and significance, and still more of its vast potentialities, must be recalled here the abolition of the steamers. It is absurd merely to blame the County Council for this; it is of the very essence of representative institutions that we cannot be much governed than we deserve, and when such things happen it can only be because not only civic consciousness, but even civic conscience, have long been allowed to lapse, by rulers and ruled together.

To recover something of this essential reality, and see London once more upon its life-stream, the geographer is at hand with his oft-told yet constantly forgotten tale. To make this clear has been the task not only of every topographer but even of all chroniclers since the earliest, and even of their legendary predecessors. And is it not Mr. Gomme himself who tells us that King Lud was not that jovial combination of early British potentate and modern potman his familiar presentsments display, but a water-deity, plainly an early avatar of Father Thames himself? While Mr. Gilbert Slater goes yet farther back, and claims, if not positive credence, at least certain reasonable elements in that most ancient of legends which ascribes the very foundation of London to the coming of the wanderer Brutus and his companions, home-seekers in some new land from the fall of Troy!

We cannot here attempt to recall even the main phases in the growth of London; and, after all, these lie rather between the historian in his library, the archaeologist in his museum, and now the pageant-maker in his amphitheatre, than before the Sociologist in the streets; although it is not to be forgotten that, especially after a little guidance from these men of study or stimulus from this renewing world of art, we may all increasingly learn to see the vestiges of many a phase of bygone London still unburied beneath the new. For our sociological purpose a larger view than that of annalist and antiquary, or even of field-observer, is needed: since for a river even its greatest city is but a topographic incident, a local growth, however interesting in detail. The river-system as a whole is what we must endeavour to see, the main valley-sections at least; and, if it may be also, its main tributaries at any rate, with all that arises upon them. For as the river is constantly working along its banks, and brings down mad and gravel from all its levels, so with the human life along its course; samples of each and all its rural forms and types are carried down to swell the population of its cities, which so commonly, and here superlatively, enlarge as we descend. Cities and their civilisations have been usefully classed as of river, of sea, and of ocean—potamic, thalassic, oceanic—but London is pre-eminently of all three; and hence its greatest aspect overpowers the simple and initial ones. Still, if we would be sociologists at all, that is evolutionists, the embryology of cities must be fundamental in our studies—and the origins of their vast modern complexity and division of labour must thus be sought out from the earliest beginnings. Is an illustration needed? In brief space we must choose one pointed enough to arrest interest, broad enough to express something of the general evolutionary process. Leave then the London Directory, with its multifarious lists of specialised occupations, its well-nigh interminable sub-division of labour, these are too much for us, too much even for the Census-taker, too much even for Mr. Charles Booth's vast survey of the "Life and Labour of London." Start then from the other pole, that of Occupations in their extremest rustic simplicity, and from river source to sea. What are these? In the hills we may at most find miner and woodman, hunter and shepherd, on the lower slopes the poorer peasant, and on the fertile plain the richer farmer, here and there in favourable spots that most intensive food-producers, the gardener. On the river, until with our modern city-streams, pollution expels him, we have the salmon-fisher, towards the mouth the sea-fisher. Now, since these simplest, most ancient occupations are the natural ones of rustic and village life, how comes the town, the city, into being? By what process of development can and do these few simple occupations give birth to the complex and multiform activities of the town? Or has this some other secret of its own? Even if this be so, our civic observation and enquiry cannot dispense with some corresponding rustic interests; and, if so, we have thus reached a suggestive method in which the simpler country-life should help us towards the understanding of the town, and no doubt conversely also. Let us appropriate, in fact, from an old serial which has done good service in its day, its united yet twofold standpoint, and might, in face of the vast majority who are too easily contented with the one or the other, the need of applying these anew, indeed of personalising them in our individual selves. In sum then, the sociologist can neither remain essentially a rustic with the naturalist nor essentially a townsman with his friends of Fleet Street or Clare Market; he must be first one and then the other—Sylvanus Urban for short.
Prophetic Paragraphs.
By Our Professional Sorcerer.
II. The Hatfield Horror.
Carnivoracity by a Gentleman.
Incredible Evidence.
The case which has shocked public opinion more than any other in recent years came before Lady Coke at the New Bailey yesterday. Before the proceedings commenced her Ladyship ordered the Court to be cleared of all men not engaged in the case, stating that she was given to understand that the details of the evidence were of a peculiarly exciting and suggestive character.

On Sir Timothy Coke, who represented the Crown, rising to open the case, Miss Stephen, K.C., interposed with an objection on the part of the prisoner. It was well settled law that the wife or husband of a counsel engaged in a case was not eligible as a jurywoman or jurymen, if the other side objected. She well knew the great difference between a jurymen and a judge, but nevertheless she felt it her duty, on behalf of the prisoner, to ask that the case should be tried before a judge who it could not be suspected was in a relation of peculiar confidence with the prosecuting counsel.

The Court: I am surprised and pained that my learned sister should have felt it decent to make that objection. I should have thought she was better aware than anyone that the Attorney-General was not weakly susceptible to feminine influence. (Laughter.) If that natural courtesy and chivalry towards women which distinguishes him have in the past raised mistaken expectations in certain minds, that is no fault of his. (Laughter.) If the learned counsel had any personal experience of the relation between wife and husband, she would know that it was perfectly compatible with the most complete divergence of opinion on occasion. (Renewed laughter, which was mildly suppressed.)

The Attorney-General thanked the Bench for those observations. He was convinced that Miss Stephen had spoken on instructions from her client, and that she personally shared his own confidence in her Ladyship's entire impartiality. At this point Miss Stephen, who appeared to be suffering from a nervous storm, rose and left the Court, her junior, Mr. Littleton, remaining in charge of the case.

Sir Timothy Coke, resuming, said that this prosecution had been originally undertaken by the S.P.C.A., but on account of the extreme gravity of the offence charged, it was felt that the Public Prosecutor was the proper person to be in charge of the proceedings. The prisoner was charged with the wilful and malicious killing, cooking, and eating of an animal, namely, a rabbit—(sensation)—a crime, so horrible that it had practically disappeared from the purview of civilised jurisprudence. In listening to the loathsome evidence which it would be his painful duty to put before them, the jury would feel themselves back in the twentieth century among the savage conditions of pre-socialist barbarism.

The defence which it was proposed to set up for the prisoner was, he understood, the ordinary one of temporary insanity; and in the circumstances it would of course lie with the Crown to rebut that defence by establishing that the prisoner was permanently insane, and that he was subject for electrocution. But he had little doubt of his ability to satisfy the jury on that point. When they learned the details of this most revolting story, the deliberation with which the prisoner went to work; the artful means employed by him to mislead the jury; the ghastly sight which he took its life; the careful instructions given by him to the wretched woman who was his accomplice, for preparing the remains for his consumption;—and he would tell them here that the skin of the victim had been removed entire with diabolical skill, and would be produced in that Court—(sensation);—when they had described to them how the animal's corpse was positively strewed over the kitchen table; how the prisoner actually instructed his miserable cook to put appetising condiments in the bloody juices which streamed from the carcass—Mr. Littleton (rising): I bow your Ladyship's pardon. I am sorry to interrupt the Attorney-General, but he is now going into a matter which is not charged in the indictment, and therefore cannot be put in evidence. What the prisoner is charged with eating is "the flesh of a certain animal, to wit, a rabbit." There is no charge as to the gravy. The two things are quite distinct, as was laid down in the case of Shylock against Antonio, reported by Lord Bacon.

The Attorney-General: I believe your Ladyship is right. And from that, I am not introducing the Attorney-General, but he is now going into a matter which is not charged: the gravy (for that disgusting detail had been happily dismissed from the case by your Ladyship's ruling); and set before the prisoner on his dinner-table, in place of the innocent potato or the permissible egg. They must imagine, unless their rebellious minds refused to imagine it, the prisoner armed with a knife—(sensation)—yes, a carving-knife, one of those objects preserved in museums to remind us of what we have escaped, and to increase our thankfulness for the blessings of civilisation; and fork, yes, he was instructed, a carving-fork—(renewed sensation)—attacking his defenceless victim over again in its culinary condition, hewing its bones apart and transferring gross fragments of flesh to his own plate;—he would not, for her Ladyship had decided, no doubt rightly, that he must not, say with what savoury accompaniment.

They had better not try to imagine, for the effort might well sear and blast the boldest imagination, the next stages of that terrible banquet: the ogre picking out delicate portions of the mutilated animal's anatomy, posing what he was told were known, in the filthy la-guage of the extinct carnivorous races, as the "tib-bits," or "tib-bits" (for both forms were used indiscriminately) upon his fork, and finally thrusting them into his mouth, where their subsequent disposition could only be matter of conjecture and inference, and not of direct evidence. Happily the law had provided a means whereby the proof that unlawful food had penetrated between the prisoner's jaws should be deemed proof of deglutition.

In conclusion, Sir Timothy said that there was no
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Dispute between himself and his learned friend as to the facts. The sole issue which the jury would have to try was whether those facts, as he had stated them, and as he should prove them, with the exception of the admission in subterfuge of the gravity of a rabbit, and deference to her Ladyship's ruling, was not his intention to refer, did or did not satisfy them that the insanity of the prisoner was permanent, and not merely temporary.

He would put it to them whether there was not a true and legitimate distinction to be drawn between a man, suffering perhaps from melancholia or influenza, walking out by himself in some field or wood, suddenly roused by the unexpected sight of a rabbit, and yielding almost automatically to one of those dark atavistic impulses which from time to time arise to trouble the most socialistic mind, and remind it that our species was formerly human. Was there no distinction to be drawn between such a case and this one? He would not nauseate and stain their minds by a repetition of the sickening particulars which they were about to hear from the mouth of the unhappy creature, retained by the prisoner in his service as working-housekeeper, and coerced, as she would tell them, he could well believe, truthfully, by the fear of forfeiting his miserable wage, by the prisoner, into becoming an accessory, though not, he was thankful to be able to say, for the sake of superhuman nature, a principal in this unnatural and human deed.

Acofrida.

The Harbour.

Sea-stars are dancing in and out of the waves, as the night-stars glitter in the sky; as wishes flit through the eyes; as thoughts illumine the meditative mind.

Blue billows come out of a gale abating behind the sun, on to the rolling sea-plateau which flattens down to the shore beside Algoa. Recife and Woody Cape throw reins about the breakers, and pace them slower and ever slower to their iridescent charge up the white sand.

Soon, Neptune seems to be leaning upon his elbow, idling among the lapping waters, these all forgetful of their late endeavour. What matters it to a sea-wave whether it ebb or flow?

But the dry and below the Happy Valley a red-spliced aloe speaks to the shadeless empyrean.

The girl who landed from the ship yesterday sits between the sand-bluffs, half-buried, mark the course of the south-east bay. The pools are eyes of gold light. The sky flames mirror reflecting straight from the swift wheeling sun.

Although the aloe has been sleeping over its own shadow, but now it awakes and the spike throws an indigo stick upon the sand. The waves, as the echoes of the gale flee away, the desert becomes an orange-coloured, stillly paradise for the creeping creatures. A tiny sun-beetle, all alone, goes, as if dancing way as if she were at home.

It is a dazzling flood of the sun. Its oblique rays strike upon Alexandria so intensely as to shut the hills of that shore behind a veil of sheen, and the sea is a dazzling flood; but Recife at the opposite point looms up green and white, and discloses the crested on-come of the ocean swerving along leagues of coast.

Now the great hill which backs the valley cuts off from the seaward end all the direct rays of the sun, and the aloe stands a blue-green phantom with an upraised scarlet blade in the encircling dusk. But up where the vale winds northerly—that is, here, to the right—and spreads into a wide kloof full of pools, the sheer drop of cliffs called the Krantz is a burnished mirror reflecting straight from the shifting swell of the sun. The pools are eyes of gold light. The sky flames orange and yellow-blue, red and yellow-green, purple—no colour of all the rainbow and no harmony of complex hues but it seems must be here, forth-flowing into mass, or spiral, or peak.

The girl who had wept for chagrin at the gravy, to which in deference to her irritated and anxious mother, spying for her ever since the gale two days since, and has kept the town, like an irritated and anxious mother, spying for her ever since morning.

The sun sinks deeper westward. Its oblique rays strike upon Alexandria so intensely as to shut the hills of that shore behind a veil of sheen, and the sea is a dazzling flood; but Recife at the opposite point looms up green and white, and discloses the crested on-come of the ocean swerving along leagues of coast.

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Peoples and Countries.

By Friedrich Nietzsche.

[The following twenty-seven fragments were intended by Nietzsche, in his essay "Beyond Good and Evil," dealing with Peoples and Countries. They were published posthumously; have not hitherto been translated into any language, and are now specially translated for THE NEW AGE by J. M. Kennedy, by permission of Dr. Oscar Levy, holder of the English copyright.]

The Europeans now imagine themselves as representing, in the main, the highest types of men on earth.

A characteristic of Europeans: Inconsistency between word and deed; the Oriental is true to himself in daily life. How the European has established colonies is explained by his nature, which resembles that of a beast of prey. This inconsistency is explained by the fact that Christianity has abandoned the class from which it sprang.

This is the difference between us and the Hellenes: their morals grew up among the governing castes. "Thucydides" means the same as those that exploded everywhere with Plato.

Attempts towards honesty at the Renaissance, for example: always for the benefit of the arts. Michael Angelo's conception of God as the "Tyrant of the World" was an honest one.

I rate Michael Angelo higher than Raphael, because, through all the Christian clouds and prejudices of his time, he saw the ideal of a culture nobler than the Christo-Raphaelian: whilst Raphael truly and modestly glorified only the values handed down to him, and did not carry within himself any enquiring, yearning instincts. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, saw and felt the problem of the law-giver of new values: the problem of the conqueror made perfect, who first had to subdue the "hero within himself," the man exalted to his highest pedestal, master even of his pity, who mercilessly shatters and annihilates everything that does not bear his own stamp, shining in Olympian divinity.

Michael Angelo was naturally only at certain moments so high and so far beyond his age and Christian Europe: for the most part he adopted a condescending attitude towards the eternal feminine in Christianity; it would seem, indeed, that in the end he broke down before her, and gave up the ideal of his most inspired birthright. It was a man in the strongest and highest vigour of life who could bear; but not a man advanced in years! Indeed, he would have had to demolish Christianity with his ideal! But he was not thinker and philosopher enough for that. Perhaps Leonardo da Vinci alone of those artists had a really super-Christian outlook. He knows the East, the "land of dawn," within himself as well as without himself. There is something super-European and silent in him: a characteristic of everyone who has seen too wide a circle of things good and bad.

How much we have learnt and learnt anew in fifty years! The whole Romantic School with its belief in "the people" is refuted! No Homeric poetry as "popular" poetry! No deification of the great powers of Nature! No deduction from language-relationship to race-relationship! No "intellectual contemplations" of the supernatural! No truth unbroiled in religion.

The problem of truthfulness is quite a new one. I am astonished. From this standpoint we regard such natures as Bismarck as culpable out of carelessness, such as Richard Wagner out of want of modesty; we would commend Plato for his pia fraus. Kant for the derivation of his Categorical Imperative, his own belief certainly not having come to him from this source.

Finally, even doubt turns against itself: doubt in doubt. And the question as to the value of truthfulness and its extent lies there.

What I observe with pleasure in the German is his Mephistophelian nature: but, to tell the truth, one must have a higher conception of Mephistophiles than Goethe had, who found it necessary to diminish his Mephistophiles in order to magnify his "inner Faust." The true German Mephistophiles is much more dangerous, bold, wicked, and cunning, and consequently more open-hearted: remember the nature of Frederick the Great, or of that much greater Frederick, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II.

The real German Mephistophiles crosses the Alps, and believes that everything there belongs to him. Then he recovers himself, like Winckelmann, like Mozart. He looks upon Faust and Hamlet as caricatures, invented for laughing at, and upon Luther also. Goethe had his good German moments, when he laughed inwardly at all these things. But then he fell back again into his cloudy moods.

Perhaps the Germans have only grown up in a wrong climate! There is something in them that might be Hellenic—everything that was awakened when they were brought into touch with the South-Winckelmann, Goethe, Mozart. We should not forget, however, that we are still young. Luther is still our last event; our last book is still the Bible. The Germans have never "moralized." Also, the very found of the Germans was their doom: its consequence, Philistinism.

The Germans are a dangerous people: they are experts at inventing intoxicants. Gothic, rocco (according to Semper), the historical sense and exoticism, Hegel, Richard Wagner—Leibniz, too (dangerous at the present day)—they even idealised the serving soul as the virtue of scholars and soldiers, also as the nobler, gentler, and tidier elements of the simple mind. The Germans may well be the most composite people on earth.

The people of the Middle," the inventors of porcelain and of a kind of Chinese breed of Privy Councillor.

The smallness and baseness of the German soul were not and are not consequences of the system of small states; for it is well known that smaller states were more prone to moral and independent: and it is not a large state per se that makes souls freer and more manly. The man whose soul obeys the slavish command: "Thou shalt and must kneel!" in whose hands the inventive bounty and scandal of titles, orders, gracious glances from above—well, such a man in an "Empire" will only bow all the more deeply and lick the dust more fervently in the presence of the greater sovereign than in the presence of the lesser: this cannot be doubted. We can still see in the lower classes of Italians that aristocratic self-sufficiency; mainly discipline, and self-confidence still form a part of the long history of their country: these are virtues which once manifested themselves before their eyes.

The poor Venetian cordonnier makes a far better man than a Privy Councillor from Berlin, and is even a better man in the end—anyone can see this. Just ask the women.

Most artists, even some of the greatest (including the historians) have up to the present belonged to the serving classes (whether they serve people of high position or princes or women or the masses), not to smaller states: weigen upon us our Hellenic and un-Hellenic, moral law. Thus Rubens portrayed the nobility of his age; but only according to their vague conception of taste, not according to his own measure of beauty—on the whole, therefore, against his own taste. Van Dyck was nobler in this respect: who in all those whom he painted added a certain amount of what he himself most highly valued: he did not descend from himself, but rather lifted up others to himself when he "rendered."
The slavish humility of the artist to his public (as Sebastian Bach has testified in undying and outrageous words in the dedication of his High Mass) is perhaps more difficult to perceive in music; but it is all the more deeply engrained. A hearing would be refused me if I endeavoured to impart my views on this subject. Chopin possesses distinction, like Van Dyck. The disposition of Beethoven is that of a proud peasant; of Haydn, that of a proud servant. Mendelssohn, too, possesses distinction—like Goethe, in the most natural way in the world.

(10.)

We could at any time have counted on the fingers of one hand those German learned men who possessed wit: the remainder have understanding, and a few of them, happily, that famous "child-like character" which divines. . . . It is our privilege: with this "child-like" science we have discovered some things which we can hardly conceive of, and which, after all, do not exist, perhaps. It is only the Jews among the Germans who do not "divine" like them.

(11.)

As Frenchmen reflect the politeness and spirit of French society, so do Germans reflect something of the deep, pensive earnestness of their mystics and moralists, and also of their silly chicaneness. Italian exhibits a great deal of republican distinctness and art, and can show himself to be noble and proud without vanity.

(12.)

A larger number of the higher and better-endowed men will, I hope, have in the end so much self-restraint as to be able to get rid of their bad taste for affectation and sentimental darkness, and to turn against Richard Wagner as much as against Schopenhauer. These two Germans are leading us to ruin; they flatten our dangerous qualities. A stronger future is prepared for us in Goethe, Beethoven, and Bismarck than in these racial aberrations. We have had no philosophers yet.

(13.)

The peasant is the commonest type of noblesse, for he is dependent upon himself most of all. Peasant blood is still the best blood in Germany—for example, Luther, Niebuhr, Bismarck. Bismarck a Slav. Let anyone look upon the face of Germany, for example, Napoleon, Heinrich Heine, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Schopenhauer. Perhaps Richard Wagner likewise belongs to their number, concerning whom, as a successful type of German obscurity, nothing can be said without some such "perhaps."

But to the help of such minds as feel the need of a new unity there comes a great explanatory economic fact: the small States of Europe—I refer to all our present kingdoms and "empires"—in a short time will become economically untenable owing to the mad, uncontrolled struggle for the possession of local and international trade. Money is even now compelling Europe to amalgamate into one Power. In order, however, that Europe may enter into the battle for the mastery of the world with good prospects of victory (it is easy to perceive against whom this battle will be waged) she must probably come to an understanding with England. The English colonies are needed for this struggle, just as much as modern Germany, to play her new role of broker and middleman, requires the colonial possessions of Holland. For no one any longer believes that England alone is strong enough to continue to act her old part for fifty years more; the impossibility of shutting out homines novi from the government will ruin her, and her continual change of political parties is a fatal obstacle to the carrying out of any tasks which require to be spread out over a long period of time. A man must to-day be a soldier first and foremost that he may not afterwards lose his credit as a merchant. Enough; here, as in other matters, the coming century will be found following in the footsteps of Napoleon—the first man, and the man of greatest initiative and advanced views, of modern times. For the tasks of the next century, the methods of popular representation and parliaments are the most inappropriate imaginable.

The condition of Europe in the next century will once still but a short time under cultivation, and could easily be uprooted—take a deeper root; whilst, of course, its introduction was only an expedient to steer clear of temporary difficulties.
again lead to the breeding of many virtues, because men will live in continual danger. Universal military service is already the curious antidote which we possess for the effeminacy of democratic ideas, and it has grown up out of the struggle of the nations. (Nation—men who speak one language and read the same newspapers. These men now call themselves "nations," and would far too readily trace their descent from the same source and through the same history; which, however, even with the assistance of the most malignant lying in the past, they have not succeeded in doing.)

(20.)
What quagmires and mendacity must there be about it, if it is possible, in the modern European hotch-potch, to raise questions of "race"? (It being premised that the origin of such writers is not in Horney and Borneo.)

(21.)
Maxim: To associate with no man who takes any part in the mendacious race swindle.

(22.)
With the freedom of travel now existing, groups of men of the same kindred can join together and establish communal habits and customs. The overcoming of "nations."

To make Europe a centre of culture, national stupidities should not make us blind to the fact that in the higher regions there is already a continuous reciprocal dependence. France and German philosophy.

Richard Wagner and Paris puerile) plays with our hearts and their enthusiasm, our care, which never lets us sleep, our question, which possibly is a lower region.

Perhaps merely in regard to the present, which latter is possibly a lower region.

(23.)
Mankind has still much before it—how, generally speaking, could the ideal be taken from the past? Perhaps merely in relation to the present, which latter is possibly a lower region.

(24.)
This is our distrust, which recurs again and again, our care, which never lets us sleep, our question, which no one listens to or wishes to listen to, our Sphynx, near which there is more than one precipice; we believe that the men of present-day Europe are deceived in regard to the things which we love best, and a pitiless demon (no, not pitiless, only indifferent and puérile)—plays with our hearts and their enthusiasm, as it may perhaps have already played with everything that lived and loved; I believe that everything which we Europeans of to-day are in the habit of admiring as the values of all these respected things called "humanity," "mankind," "sympathy," "pity," may be of some value as the debilitation and moderating of certain powerful and dangerous primitive impulses. Nevertheless, in the long run all these things are nothing else than the belligerence of the entire type "man," his mediocrisation, if in such a desperate situation I may make use of such a desperate expression. I think that the comedia humana for an epicurean spectator god must consist in this, that the Europeans, by virtue of their growing morality, believe in all their innocence and vanity that they are rising higher and higher, whereas the truth is that they are sinking lower and lower—i.e., through the cultivation of all the virtues which are useful to a herd, and through the repression of the other and contrary virtues which give rise to a new, higher, stronger, masterful race of men—the first-named virtues merely develop the herd-animal in man and stablish the animal "man," for until now man has been "the animal as yet unstablished."

(26.)
GENIUS AND EPOCH.—Heroism is no form of selfishness, for one is shipwrecked by it. . . . The direction of power is often conditioned by the state of the period in which the great man happens to be born; and this fact brings about the hesitation that he is the expression of his time. But this same power could be applied in several different ways; and between him and his time there is always this difference: that public opinion always worships the herd instinct—i.e., the instinct of the weak—while he, the strong man, fights for strong ideals. (27.)

The fate now overhanging Europe is simply this: that it is exactly her strongest sons that come races and late to the spring-time of their existence; that, as a rule, when they are already in their early youth they perish, saddened, disgusted, darkened in mind, just because they have already, with the entire passion of their strength, drained to the dregs the cup of disillusionment, which in our days is no longer than four years old, and they would not have been the strongest had they not also been the most disillusionised. For that is the test of their power—they must first of all rise out of the illusive of their epoch to reach their own health. A late spring-time is their mark of distinction; also, let us add, late meritment, late folly, the late exuberance of joy! For this is the danger of to-day: everything that we loved when we were young has betrayed us. Our last ingenious charlatan, mentioned also from time to time in our love for Truth—let us take care that she, too, does not betray us!

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

The new number of "Cornhill" will, it is stated, mark the fiftieth anniversary of that magazine; and, on reference, I find that "Cornhill" was founded in January, 1860. It seems more than fifty years ago. We shall now see it repeated in the entire Press, anxious to be brotherly on this august occasion, the ancient and too-off-told story of how the benign Thack, height six foot three, made a success of the venture from the start, and how the unique and lordly Smith at once raised his salary from one to two thousand a year, and gave him to boot twelve guineas a page for those "delightful Roundabout Halls," which he has seen repeated in the entire Press that "Cornhill" is good as ever. It may be. It probably is. The reproach that I have to make against "Cornhill" is that it is the same as ever. "Cornhill" reminds me of the ingenious charlatan, mentioned also from time to time in the entire Press, who has not missed a service in the cathedral for fifty years. Imagine the mentality of such a person! Imagine his ideas on the present into which he has always been resplendently and consistently introduced, and that entertaining entity known as "Cornhill" a similar mentality. About a year ago something caused me to be very rude to "Cornhill." It would be tedious to repeat what I said then, though I adhere to all of it. I want to do you an article on the scandalous defects of London municipal government. Or, "I want to do you an article on the scandalous defects of London municipal government."

I wonder what Mr. Greenough Smith, editor of the "Strand," or Mr. Charles Morley, editor of the "Pall Mall Magazine," would reply to a journalist who called on them and said: "I want to do you an article on the organisation of prostitution in London." Or, "I want to do you an article on a mysterious disease which is decimating a peasantry."

I wonder what Mr. Greenough Smith and Mr. Charles Morley would undoubtedly say, in their respective manners. My dear sir, you ought to go and consult a brain specialist. You are mad."

(27.)
I have before me the last number of "McClure's Magazine." McClure's Magazine is an American magazine. Its price is 1d., which is a popular appeal. It can only bare by pleasing a very large number of people, and it lives. It readers are probably of the same class of intelligence.
as the readers of the "Pall Mall," the "Strand," and "Cornhill." It is absolutely respectable and correct, and far better illustrated and turned out than any English magazine. Here are a few items from the table of contents:


"The Daughters of the Poor, a plain story of the development of New York City, as a leading center of the White Slave Trade of the World," by George Kibbe

"Psychology and the Market," by Professor Hugo Münsterberg.

"Pellagra, the Medical Mystery of To-day," by Marion H. Carter.

"Notes on Pellagra."


In addition there is an illustrated article by Sir Ernest Shackleton on that South Pole of his. Also five poems. Also five short stories. I have read only one of the latter. It does not end happily. Scarcely expecting to be belied, I reiterate that it does not end happily. 

Such a magazine can be read. One may object to certain intellectual crudities of presentation, but one can see a consist of persistent pap. Why cannot we have such a magazine in England? Capitalists in American journalism do not conduct their enterprises exclusively on the assumption that the larger public consists solely of (a) imbeciles and (b) lunatics who become dangerous if they are so inclined, casting an occasional sop to some charity or philanthropic scheme to meet the extra demands of the tax-gatherer, by shutting up my stables and glass-houses, and they and their families will have to join the army of the unemployed. But if the other side know they have and what they make as their own, to be spent on themselves, according to their own caprice, or on others, if they are so inclined, casting an occasional sop to some charity or philanthropic scheme as a salve to their consciences. Hundreds of thousands of persons still hold their lives at the disposal of these rich, with their threats to dismiss their gardeners and their coachmen, or to spend in wages to the working man, then I shall not be obliged to dismiss my servants. 

As, also, charity begins at home, I must curtail my subscriptions; indeed, they may be unnecessary, as the poor gent is to be made rich by taking our money, which we spend in wages to the working man. Perhaps some Socialist will say, truthfully, how my discharged servants will benefit by the Budget under these circumstances, which must happen to thousands of gentlemen living on fixed incomes. —Yours,

Clifton Down, Bristol, December 7th.

—From The Bristol Times and Mercury.

Such a letter makes one very hopeful about the advance of Social Democracy. In former days thousands of "gentlemen" would not have taken the trouble to boast about their charities, would not have troubled to invent lies about their reasons for desiring money— "to spend in wages to the working man." These gentlemen no longer live. Mr. Ponsonby writes from within; he has the evidence, rich. Mr. Ponsonby can tell us that the army of unemployed. But if the other side know they have and what they make as their own, to be spent on themselves, according to their own caprice, or on others, if they are so inclined, casting an occasional sop to some charity or philanthropic scheme as a salve to their consciences. Hundreds of thousands of persons still hold their lives at the disposal of these rich, with their threats to dismiss their gardeners and their coachmen, or the income tax is raised.

Here are some of the Budgets given by Mr. Ponsonby "following authentic information, based on actual facts and not hearsay":

"Married, two children. Four houses. London house, 62 rooms; one of the county houses considerably larger. 36 indoor servants." Among the servants are 2 grooms of the chamber,
The household of an unemployed man, living in Square, S.W., 4 in family and 14 servants, amounts to £60 12s. 7d. a week. In addition, 390 eggs were sent up from the country for making dulse or dilisk—a kind of dried sea-weed. They do not have to omit some of their guzzling; that they may have to put on their own boots and wash their own bodies.

Many of the wealthy landowners have been offering to present their account books showing that their land brings them in no revenue, that as landowners they are over-fed and under-educated; that they may have to put off their own boots and wash their own bodies.

The extreme value of Mr. Ponsonby's book is the exact knowledge it gives as to how 'gentlemen' spend their money; I have quoted in full, because I have no first-hand knowledge of these things, and I believe how these people sap the independence of all who come into contact with them—directly or indirectly. These parasites, servants, doctors, shopkeepers, artists, journalists, literary men, are paid to minister to their wants and to provide fresh fillips for a renewal of the gentleman's predatory life.

The existence of these hordes of parasites means that Socialism must proceed somewhat slowly or by revolution. It must proceed slowly and be accompanied by a right to work Bill, so that the parasites of the rich may be gradually absorbed into profitable occupations by the national spending of the unequally increased taken over from the wealthy; support must be given until they have found work. This money must go to build houses for English men and women, schools for English children, supply food and clothing to English people, instead of town and country houses, shooting parties, yachts, and motors for English 'gentlemen.'

A revolution would mean the immediate taking over by the people of their own possessions; it would be not only a quicker process but result in more stable conditions. (I must explain this on another occasion).

If, after reading Mr. Ponsonby's book, 'I think there is still something to be said for the moneyed class let him read the last Fabian tract, "Socialism and Superior Brains," by Mr. Shaw.

M. D. EDER.

REVIEWS.

Home Life in Ireland. By Robert Lynd. (Mills and Boon. 8s. net.)

'The 'real Irishman' is neither essentially a Celt nor essentially a Catholic. He is merely a man who has had the good or bad fortune to be born in Ireland or of Irish parents, and who is interested in Ireland more than in any other country in the world,' and, we may add, who shows his interest by being less in it than in many counties of his own land. This is the problem of regarding everyone born in his country as a real Irishman, but we notice that he has himself some doubts thereof. He tells us that a good number of people in Ireland deny their Irishness, but 'luckily this sort of talk is as well as fruit, and the English, by their money, is in full command of the Irish.' But we suppose these people have as just right to make their own definition of Irish as the younger generation of writers. But we have no mind to quarrel with Mr. Lynd; he has given us a most excellent description of the present condition of Ireland, North and South and West (Ireland seems fortunately to possess no Eastern question); if anyone has any unsettled convictions about the folly and crime that England is committing in its attempt to govern an alien folk, this is just the kind of book to remove them. 'Cricket has never aroused much interest in Ireland,' but they play Gaelic football and hurling. Not Socker or Rugger, but Gaelic football. Think of it, and leave such people to their own devices. Spoil-fives not whist—is the national card game. They have a contempt for turnip-tops, but eat dulse or dilisk—a kind of dried sea-weed. They do not drink beers and wines at their dinner, which among alien classes is general at mid-day. Meat is rarely eaten by small farmers; the like of five to ten pounds per bird shot, all for the sake of having the shooting and asking friends down for a few days in the year to enjoy it.' Much of this land is taken away from agriculture for sporting purposes; shooting is the real education of the gentleman's son. Mr. Ponsonby informs us: 'No question, even with respect to his education or possible professional career, is treated with more seriousness than the moment he first handles a gun, and family advice is sought as to how and when encouragement can be given to the development of this essential qualification, which, coupled with a knowledge of bridge, will make him a desirable visitor in any country house.'

The page contains a list of household servants and the weekly costs associated with them. The costs include butchers, bakers, and other household staff. The text also discusses the impact of this lifestyle on the Irish people and their identity, comparing it to the habits of the Irish landlords and their servants. The text ends with a reflection on the prospects for social change in Ireland, noting the obstacles and the potential for a more equitable society.
aims at uniting Irishmen of all creeds and classes on a common platform for Irish ends." Remembering that "No Irish need apply," Sinn Fein insists that those who have the spending of public money should give a preference to Irish contractors and Irish manufacturers. Some 1,000 Irishmen believe that the financial confidence of Ireland will issue today. Mr. R. D. C. Pedder writes a letter in the "Irish Times", and 100 members of the Irish National League are in H-ll? The Society for Psychical Research has added a new member to the list of its London members. The objection that this kind of immortality cannot be true because it has no meaning in it, or that it would be senseless for ghosts to perambulate the rooms at midnight in grave clothes can obviously be parried by the objection that most of our actions in this life seem equally without meaning. Why do night-riders start their horses, and why do they have coachmen and footmen? Is there any more ridiculous for a non-ghost to walk about in the top-hat, frock-coat attire?

Sir Oliver Lodge brings us fresh evidence to favour his views upon telepathy, automatic writing, trance speech, etc. For ourselves we do not believe that ex-perimental methods will ever afford proof of these activities. Being related to man's survival of bodily death. Science, it is known, proves nothing and explains nothing. To arrive at certainty we must depend upon the high road of philosophy; we must appeal to the laws of nature, and to the laws of society. In short, introspection in varying moods must determine for us what is and what is not. The objection that this kind of immortality cannot be true because it has no meaning in it, or that it would be senseless for ghosts to perambulate the rooms at midnight in grave clothes can obviously be parried by the objection that most of our actions in this life seem equally without meaning. Why do night-riders start their horses, and why do they have coachmen and footmen? Is there any more ridiculous for a non-ghost to walk about in the top-hat, frock-coat attire?

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tain them." The gentlemen of England, the Press, parsons, and brewers will resort to lies and menaces to maintain their ban on cigarette smoking. With the labour party going, Mr. Duff has not only been threatened with dismissal, but will be soon found among the unemployed. "For whom is the labourer lint?" Dr. Duff's account of the German invasion should be read by those who believe that romance and adventure are dead. Dr. Kirkup writes sen-

sibly of the German invasion the whole invasion of Germany to notions and designs of aggression and adventure should meditate the fact that she has had the strongest army in the world for nearly forty years, and has not waged a single war. The non-political articles are dull to a degree this month.

In the "English Review" there are plain-spoken words by Mr. C. C. Hurst on the "Shooting Bench," whilst Mr. Brasford, in his learned essay, writes it out, as we have so often insisted in THE NEW AGE, that in foreign and Colonial affairs the House of Commons is virtually impotent. After the destruction of the veto, Mr. Hobson in his new article on the Cabinet still weighs so heavily, even in Liberal Administrations, allied impotent. After the destruction of the veto, Mr. Hobson wants abolition of Lords' veto, adult suffrage, proportional representation, and the referendum. Mr. Brasford dissects "The Cabinet and of State Affairs." His remedy is one that has been so long and ably advocated by Mr. Jowett in the "Clarion" the formation of a Standing Committee. Professor Gilbert Murray's article on sex is predestined in the germ cells, and is determined to the verge of superstition; it is sceptical in that it mostly rejects traditional myths and creeds. There is a similarity between Sallustius and the James-Bergson philosophy. Mr. Lords Dickinson values his honors in America, without reference to personal ability. Mr. Brasford dissects a Sunday newspaper, describes Redbloods and Mollycoddles, and speaks of advertisement. The Modern Poets, "The Messiah" by T. H. Huxley, and Mr. C. H. Harte. Then we switch on to the ethics of capital punishment. "Blanco Posnet," is not yet due. "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet," is a very long one-act play, with all the obvious virtues of its species and few of the compensating virtues. Far be it from us to declare Mr. Shaw's play, "Major Barbara," to be dramatically worthless; this is followed by a one-act play of dramatic literature, to provide his
tist should give both sides a fair hearing, even if he cannot, indeed, be done within the limits of a review. But in a sense, one-act plays of this generation are to be found in Felix Salten's "Vom Andern Ufer." (From the Other Shore). These three little dramas deal with three single incidents, three crises as complete in their way as it is possible of physical death, and as irreproachable. They do not contain a superfluous sentence. "Blanco Posnet" also treats of a crisis in a man's life, but complicates the issue with a vast amount of irrelevant talk and a wealth of dramatically worthless ideas. I say dramatically worthless, because, in themselves, the ideas are intensely interesting. We begin, for instance, with a discussion among a group of women on the use of bringing children into the world with infinite pain and trouble, only to have them shot at sight when they grow up, in the manner of Undershaft. Then we switch on to the ethics of capital punishment for horse-stealing, and the relative values of human and equine life. Presently we are invited to consider the ethics of capital punishment for the animals; and so forth. The one-act plays of this generation are likely to give his vote?" The non-political articles are dull to a

PHOTOGRAPHY: "The Gentleman's Magazine," "Vom Andern Ufer," "The Messiah," "The Dilemma," "Getting Married," "Press Cuttings," and now "Blanco Posnet." They all suffer from too much Undershaft; they all tend to become what I think Mr. Shaw calls a "considerable one-act on the verge of superstition; it is sceptical in that it mostly rejects traditional myths and creeds. There is a similarity between Sallustius and the James-Bergson philosophy. Mr. Lords Dickinson values his honors in America, without reference to personal ability. Mr. Brasford dissects a Sunday newspaper, describes Redbloods and Mollycoddles, and speaks of advertisement. The Modern Poets, "The Messiah" by T. H. Huxley, and Mr. C. H. Harte. Then we switch on to the ethics of capital punishment. "Blanco Posnet," is not yet due. "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet," is a very long one-act play, with all the obvious virtues of its species and few of the compensating virtues. Far be it from us to declare Mr. Shaw's play, "Major Barbara," to be dramatically worthless; this is followed by a one-act play of dramatic literature, to provide his-
to lend the horse to a woman with a dying child, and so to put his own neck in the halter, for lack of the money needed to ransom him. But the candidate to whom the trial is a prostitute, whose advances Blanco has rejected. She swears to having seen him with the horse — the Sheriff's own horse, by the way. When things are at their blackest the mysterious woman appears to tell her story. The Sheriff is moved to mercy by Blanco's heroic sacrifice and his own relief at recovering the lost animal, and Blanco is acquitted. Then it appears that the little child has led him to find a new God, and it's true; there is the talk of some Dick Dudgeon style to make a speech about Him.

Mr. Shaw calls this a sermon in crude melodrama, and, doubtless, does not expect it to be treated as anything else. The crudest melodrama, however, cannot rely simply upon explanation as an substitute by character drawing. This is the real secret of the play's failure. Mere wordy self-explanation is easy to write; the suggestion of character upon which drama rests is difficult. In "Blanco Posnet" there is very little but the former. Let me give one or two instances. Blanco's preposterous brother (no more than a convenient Aunt Sally for his rhetorical brickbats), after the discussion of God aforesaid, is about to leave him alone to reflect. Come another. "Mr. Shaw himself has gone about uttering his flat blasphemy. Of a very different stamp is the Sheriff who would not regard his sentiments as an attempt at creating a stir. Carton Moore Park's old Chester, or of straggling Cheltenham, or when working Continental sale-rooms with a connoisseur friend sworn to smash the villainous "knock-out"— in some place other than a horse to the carpenter. Ever since I have been on the look out for a real find. But I discovered nothing of the kind at the bric-a-brac sale at the United Arts Club. Of all the interesting odds and ends only a Baxter colour print arrested me. During his life the Baxter's production was extensive, and I have seen much of it, and this of one day he crossed the Rubicon, taking with him the secret of his production. Now his wonderful little pictures are fetching pounds a-piece.

Mr. Shaw has succeeded in moving some of the critics to flattery, if not to tears. The "Standard," I see, "trumpets that the cavalry will grow." This is pathetic. The same journal continues: "It (the play) leads one to hope that he will at no distant date give us something of emotional appeal. . . . He will one day impress without shackling.

Unfortunately "Blanco Posnet" does neither.

ART.

It was in the dim, dusty, though beautiful treasure house of Cousin Pons, or in Nogués and Bond Street dealers, intermixed with the bric-a-brac shops of quaint old-world interiors. Here, too, Vernon Hill's drawings are of great importance. They point to a new illustrator of immense promise. His work is strong, imaginative, arresting in ideas, full of decided power and originality. It is destined to make a stir. Cartoon Moore Park's lac collection reveals ability to work in several mediums. The most successful things are some coloured monotypes.

* * *

As I write a small beautifully shaped Wedgwood ornament presses against my sleeve and reminds me of two absorbing days I once spent at Etruria watching the various processes of manufacturing the famous Jasper ware. At the time I was a medical student and interested in the country in easy fashion, asking questions as we went—he concerning the diseases of occupations, I gathering bits of local colour. But the doctor led and I followed. So we descended mines, penetrated linen and cotton factories, iron foundries, potteries, shoddy-sorting hells—every possible labour centre in search of men rotting with dust, fumes, poisons, parasites, and temperature. In a little pathological museum at New- castle we saw the lungs of men following dusty occupations. The collector's black with coal dust, the stone mason's yellow with stone, the needle-grinder's grey with steel, the smoker's like shrivelled leather. Near- by in the Hancock Ornithological Museum we saw the poetry of dead birds, beautiful and tender shadow, as it were, that drop from the hand of Nature like the pearls from the mouth of the little girl in the fairy tale. Thus are preserved, almost side by side, the black horrors with which man strews the earth and the exquisite fancies with which Nature embroils the heavens.

* * *

Later I had occasion to go to St. Petersburg for odd scraps of history for a big Catherine play of mine, which, by the way, was read by Coquelin Ainé, who played shortingly as a dandy. I felt quite at home at Peterhof, I did not know I was near a big Wedg-
wood find. That such, however, was the case may be seen at the Wedgwood Exhibition, Conduit Street, where a portion of the long-lost Museum of Service made by Josiah for Catherine II., and recently unearthed by Dr. G. C. Williamson, is on view. Apart from their artistic and historic value, these pieces of glazed earthenware have a great topographical interest. East of the Pitti, a little Italian town, Loggia della Signoria was transplanted to Florence with the result that the Queen's service as it now stands forms the finest key to the topography of its period. Besides this, Messrs. Wedgwood have brought their Etruria Museum to London. Apart from art treasures which I should like to possess is a case of beautiful steel medalion frames, now rare on account of the secret of their production being lost.

Arthur Rackham's work at the Leicester Galleries has a very tired appearance. He appears to have grasped the latest methods of three-colour process of reproduction, and has very cleverly suited his drawings to it. But he has done it so long that his work is beginning to look tired, and in spite of its undoubted excellence of imaginations, drawing, and expression. The "Peter Pan" illustrations struck a comparatively fresh note. But it is fresh no longer, and Mr. Rackham should strike another.

I am convinced that Mr. Sainton's silver points at the Brook Street Art Gallery will never rejoice the art collector. They do not rank high. Facility in the handling of the needle is no excuse for bad subjects, such as chocolate-cream angels, nymphs on twigs, and slight portraits. If it be urged that Mr. Sainton uses a medium only suited for subjects that demand delicacy of tone and modelling, I can only reply that such subjects do not exclude drawing and character. For evidence I may point to Whistler's Silver Points.

Among the curiosities of literature mentioned by Disraeli the thoughts of painters and sculptors are not one of them. Perhaps to remedy this omission, and for other reasons, Mrs. Laurence Binyon has prepared an excellent monograph of "The Mind of the Artist" (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), consisting of the thoughts and sayings of painters and sculptors on their Art. In this form she no doubt believed much practical wisdom might be imparted. So it might if true artists were among the members, with sufficient discretion to sign every extract correctly. For instance, a thought concerning the painter's business with poetry is attributed to Morris, whereas it rightly belongs to Rossetti, who had Keats in mind when he uttered it. For a sound and complete estimate of the work of the French artists [C. Williamson, Notes on the Science of Picture-Making (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), to which I must return later also. As a guide to the true inwardness of the artist's mind, story-telling biographers are not usually of much account. Messrs. P. M. Turner and C. H. Collins Baker form no exception to the rule. In their admirable book "The Painters and Sculptors of the French Artists" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), does not pretend to be more than a story-telling account of the French painters from {Cleuziot} to Delacroix, but even this is no excuse for an incoherently bad grammar, unnecessary French terms, and a general air of pot-boiling. A book on French artists is greatly needed just now when there is a widespread interest in 18th century French boudoir arts, and when many people are making French prints of the period. To them the biographies of the many French painters who have attained success or fame, and the account of

their careers and works should appeal. But the book before me makes its appeal rather on the side of got-up, excellent reportage. Miss Edith Sitwell has a Plan, and we hear all is said it must be admitted that the beauty of the gold from the artist's mind is best seen expressed in his works. Take Rodin, for example. He is the sculptor of love, "Joys, griefs, its madness," as Mr. Gustave Kahn says in the beautiful essays which he has contributed to Mr. Unwin's five-shilling International Art Series. Rodin has taken the soul of Paris and carved it in stone and quickened it with immense passion and strength—the quintessence of his art. All this is clearly set forth in his fine reproductions in this ample monograph. Those who want, however, the key to these illustrations must neglect Mr. Kahn and cultivate Mr. Arthur Symons. His essay on Rodin in "Studies in Seven Arts" is far more convincing and much less provocative of bad language.

HUNTY CARTER.

Insurance Notes.

The decision of Mr. Justice Joyce in the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, where an injunction restraining the Royal Co-operative Collecting Society from registering or acting upon a resolution for the conversion of the society, comporting with a limited liability company, was touched a deep subject when he questioned the power of a friendly society under the Act of 1896 to convert itself into a limited company. The decision of Mr. Justice Joyce in the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, where an injunction restraining the Royal Co-operative Collecting Society from registering or acting upon a resolution for the conversion of the society, comporting with a limited liability company, was touched a deep subject when he questioned the power of a friendly society under the Act of 1896 to convert itself into a limited company. He decided the argument is ethically sound, and one with which we entirely agree; but we only wish we had the conviction that it is sound as a practical issue. It is true legally and ethically that the difficult factor in the case is public opinion, which is exactly the factor which has restrained the Royal Co-operative. Mr. Justice Joyce has asked a question whether a friendly society can transform itself into a company with aims and powers foreign to its origin. It is a nice debatable point.

We have heard that the decision is to be appealed against, and we are not surprised. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. There were also to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company. The principle underlying the judgment of Mr. Justice Joyce is that a friendly society can only be converted into a company having a range of objects far more limited than those which were in the Bill before the House, and that those objects were to be shares and shareholders quite distinct from the members of the friendly society, who were to be shareholders in the new company.

HUNTY CARTER.
December 16, 1909 THE NEW AGE 165

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passing, instead of waiting until July 1st next, when the Act comes into force. The amendment which he and his colleagues managed to get accepted by Mr. Churchill avoids the complications which might have arisen during the first half of 1910 over illegal policies. It was hailed with universal approbation, and in this case pre-vision, which will do industrial assurance companies and collecting friendly societies great service.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

ELECTORAL POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

You are glad that there is "no sort of alliance between the Liberal and Labour parties." Have you, Sir, considered what the consequences will be if the Tories are returned by a majority? Government by a non-elected House of Lords—
a House of landowners and capitalists. The Commons may be bad, but at least the male population has, to a large extent, its making in its own hands. Those will-deer forests, pheasant preserves, slums.

The latest enunciation from Professor Pearson's Biometric Laboratory. Dealing with the association between overcrowding and phthisis, Dr. C. Goring finds that "the badly housed poor are, if anything, more immune to phthisis than the well-to-do who are healthily housed."

Professor Pearson will doubtless now call upon the State to house him, his staff, and the middle classes generally in the slums, and to provide palaces for the poor, whom he, Sir, considered at the extent of the rich, who own the greater part of the country. They make of what they will—deer forests, pheasant preserves, slums.

I do not say an alliance of any kind may be justified, but this I do say: that every Socialist and Labour man must consider what is likely to happen if the Tories win. Tariff Reform or Free Trade I regard as a question of importance, but the existence of this society, or to acquaint them with the feeling of my heart, is pitied when I consider the spirit of the rich

Professor Pearson has just gone through the farce of drawing up a schedule for an enquiry as to the extent to which nature and nurture combine to determine the character of the child. I call it a farce because the results are a foregone conclusion. The guardians are to be weighed out at the will of his friends. The sending out of the papers is a waste of time and trouble.

M. D. EDER.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE POOR TO THE C. O. S.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

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He told a simple story, and one which I have heard frequently. Being out of work, and without resources, he had been advised to apply to the Charity Organisation Society for temporary assistance. He did so with much reluctance, as he had a full share of the pride that all genuine poverty develops, and like most self-reliant characters he hated to admit that he was helpless. But his wife and children were in a pitiable condition, and at last he yielded. He went to the office and told his story. There he was asked to get his home together, of the pride he took in it, and the pleasure that he and his family derived from the possession of their furniture and few comforts of civilisation. I had never seen a bearded man weep before, and the sight affected me strongly; but when he cursed the C. O. S., Christianity, God, and the whole social order, I was electrified into agreement. I was only thirteen at the time, but I believe that I made a Socialist on the spot, although the consciousness of my sympathies did not come for some years.

That was my first impression of the C. O. S., and it has been confirmed by all subsequent experience. I have met cases where assistance has been given, but I have never met a case where gratitude was shown, unless the character was utterly broken by long suffering of privation. Quoted, said, Paul, is a mere fly, thinketh he, who is before it was organised. He must have lived in a time when charity was not merely a duty, but a generosity; when the fulness of heart that pitied awoken the gratitude of the heart that was consoled; when the giver was gracious, and the receiver was blessed. But these parasites on poverty have made charity a stench in the nostrils, have made poverty an insult to the poor. It is not enough that a man should be subjected to an inquiry that no detective could improve upon, it is not enough that his privacy should be invaded and his self-respect insulted by the suspicion that directs the enquiry; if he comes through this successfully he is introduced to the "small siewe" (of which, I believe, the C. O. S. are the only inventors, and certainly are the most skilful users), and he may get irrelevant advice or quite inadequate assistance. With the authority of kindness, among or for the giver and receiver, is only of the right to benefit the poor. It is curious that the poor should be so little minded of the dead and the "sclaireladies" who made their degradation easy. But wherever working men gather and the subject is raised, you will hear nothing but resentment of their methods and contempt of their assistance. I am speaking, of course, of men; I have met people, old men, who would have entered the "dear ladies" who made their degradation easy. The letter in a recent NEW AGE on the C. O. S. has set me thinking. I first remember hearing of this society, or to acquaint them with the feeling of my heart, is pitied when I consider the spirit of the rich

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By Dudley Tennant

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By Stanhope of Chester
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By O. W. Dice

PROPHECTIC PARAGRAPHS.
1. By Alcofride

THE FINNISH SITUATION.
By Mme. Aino Malmburg

THE BURDEN OF RENT.
By W. Shaw Sparrow

A CONTINENTAL TRIP.
VI.
BY BART KENNEDY

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.
By Holben Bagman

THE STAR—PLAYER: A POEM.
By E. H. Visiak

THE PALE PERSON.
By Allen Upward

BOOKS AND PERSONS.
1,200 FROZEN MEN.
By Aage Madelung.

BOOK OF THE WEEK: HIGHER EDUCATION.
By Jacob Tonnson

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THE NEW AGE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW AGE.

THE NEW AGE.

NEXT WEEK.

[The following items have been arranged for and will probably appear.]

A CARTOON.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JUDAS ISCARIOT.

BY LUCIFER

PSYCHIC PARALLELS.

BY FRANCIS GRIERSON

UNKNOWN SHAKESPEARE.

BY ALLEN UPWARD

THE COLLAPSE OF SINF FEIN.

BY P. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON

THRIFT.

BY M. D. EDER

DRAMA.

ART.

ETC.

ETC.